

THE

**R O V E R :**

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OF

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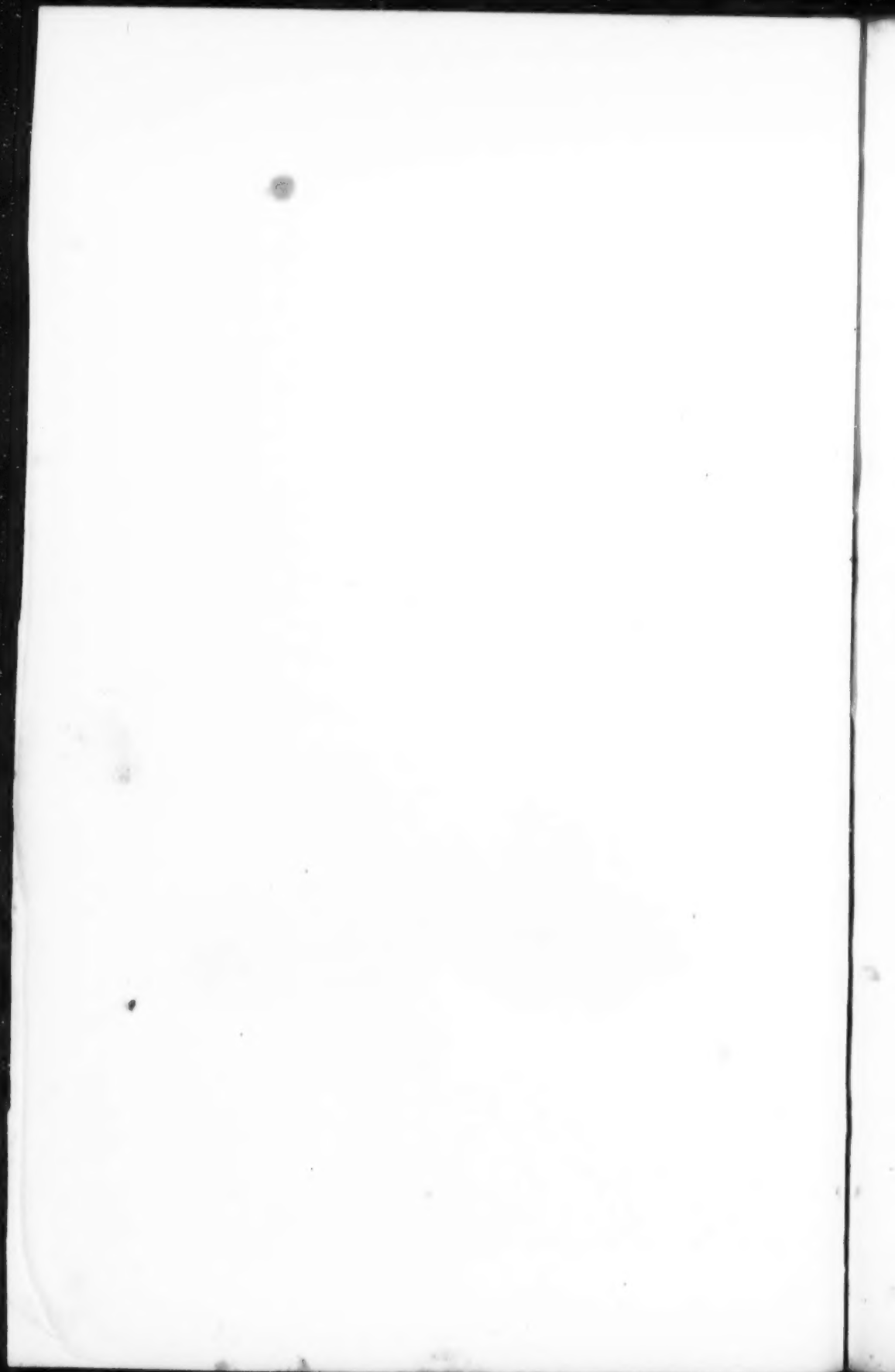
*Travel, Poetry, and Biography.*

VOL. II.



NEW YORK:

1848-9.



# THE ROVER.

## THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

The following English version of this singularly wild ballad was published in the London Foreign Quarterly Review in 1829, and was said to have been written by a young Hungarian poet by the name of Sedlitz.

It is a second translation, having been translated into French, and then into English. Of course much of its original force and vividness is probably lost. But still the reader of taste, will agree with the editor of the Quarterly, who considers it "one of the most remarkable ballads of modern times."

A short history of the introduction of the ballad into France, may be interesting. Two French Poets, Mery and Barthelemy, who, according to the editor of the Quarterly, wrote in partnership, sent presentation copies of their "Napoleon in Egypt," to some of the dispersed members of Napoleon's family, which, they say, was acknowledged "with august commendation, in letters written by hands that had once signed decrees." Thus encouraged, one of them proceeded to Vienna, to present a copy in person to Napoleon's son. But on his arrival, he was neither permitted to present his poem, nor allowed so much as an introduction. He, however, got sight of the young Napoleon at the theatre, and watched him with peculiar emotions, during the evening, as he sat in an opposite box. His reflections while sitting in the theatre at Vienna, furnished matter for another poem, which was published in a pamphlet on his return to Paris, and among the notes in the pamphlet, appeared a French version of the following ballad, which he said had been furnished him at Vienna by the author. Whether this statement is correct, or whether it was the production of some Frenchman of revolutionary feelings, may admit of some doubt.

The pamphlet was seized by government on its first appearance, and a prosecution commenced against the author, printer, and two publishers, on the charges of "attacks against the royal dignity, and the rights of the throne, which the king derives from his birth, and of provocation to overthrow the legitimate monarchy." Mr. Barthelemy defended himself at the trial in a poem recited from memory. He was sentenced to a fine of one thousand francs and three months imprisonment. The printer was fined twenty five francs, and the publishers were acquitted.

### THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave,  
The drummer woke and rose,  
And beating loud the drum,  
Forth on his round he goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,  
The drum-sticks palsy fall,  
He beats the loud retreat,  
Reveille, and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,  
So deep it echoes round!  
Old soldiers in their graves,  
To life, start at the sound.

Both they in furthest north,  
Stiff in the ice that lay,  
And who, too warm, repose  
Beneath Italian clay;

Below the mud of Nile,  
And 'neath Arabian sand

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Their burial places they quit,  
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight, from his grave,  
The trumpeter arose;  
And, mounted on his horse,  
A loud shrill blast he blows.

On airy couriers then  
The cavalry are seen,  
Old squadrons erst renown'd,  
Gory and gash'd, I ween.

Beneath the ensque their blanch'd skulls  
Smile grim, and proud their air,  
As in their bony hands  
Their long sharp swords they bear.

And at midnight, from his tomb,  
The chief awoke and rose;  
And followed by his staff,  
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,  
A coat quite plain has he,  
A little sword for arms,  
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon  
A paly lustre threw:  
The man with the little hat  
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,  
Deep roll the drums the while,  
Recovering then, the troops  
Before the Chief defile.

Captains and gen'als round  
In circle form'd appear;  
The Chief to the first a word  
Then whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,  
Resounds along the Seine;  
That word they give is—FRANCE,  
The answer SAINTE HELENE.

'Tis there, at midnight hour,  
The grand review, they say,  
Is by dead Cæsar held,  
In the Champs-Elysees

## JERRY GUTTRIDGE'S REFORMATION.

OR AN IDLER'S NATURE CHANGED.

BY SARA SMITH.

On, for "the good old days of Adam and Eve!" when vagabond idlers were not; or the good old days of the pilgrim fathers of New England, when they were suitably rewarded! That they could not bide those days, there is extant the following testimony. In the early court records of that portion of the old Bay State called the District of Maine, in the year 1656, we have the following entry of a presentment by a grand jury:

"We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family, and for giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness.

"The court, for his offence, adjudges the delinquent to have twenty lashes on his back, and to bring security to the court, to be of better behaviour, in providing for his family."

The whole history of this affair, thus faintly shadowed forth in these few lines, has recently come to light, and is now published, for the benefit of the world, as hereafter followeth.

"WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr. Guttridge?" said the wife of Jerry Guttridge, in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into their log hovel, from a neighboring grog-shop about twelve o'clock on a hot July day.

"O, pick up something," said Jerry, "and I wish you would be spry and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over, by an' by to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round; I can't wait."

"We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat," said Mrs. Guttridge. "What shall I get?"

"Well cook something," said Jerry; "no matter what it is."

"But, Mr. Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook."

"Well, well, pick up *something*," said Jerry, rather snappishly, "for I'm in a hurry."

"I can't make victuals out of nothing," said the wife; "if you'll only bring any thing in the world in to the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house, we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast, neither."

"Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon," said Jerry, "that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr. Whitman's and borrow some meal?"

"Because," said Mrs. Guttridge, "we've borrowed meal there three times, that is n't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again, till that was paid. And beside, the baby's cried so, I've had to 'tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out."

"Then you a-n't a-goin' to give us any dinner, are you?" said Jerry, with a reproachful tone and look. "I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?"

"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said the wife, with tears in her eyes, "you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted any thing but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand."

"Always a-grumblin'," said Jerry; "I can't never come into the house, but what I must hear a fuss about something or other. What's this boy an'velling about?" he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy, a little ragged, dirty-faced, slookly-looking thing, about six years old; at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him his length on the floor. "Now ahet up!" said Jerry, "or I'll larn you to be crying about all day for nothing."

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs. Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

"What is Bob crying about?" said Jerry fretfully.

"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, "the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's ate nothin' to-

day, but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half starved."

At this moment their neighbor, Mr. Nat Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man made his appearance at the door; and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labor in his haying-field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavor to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr. Frier, toward whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. The truth was Jerry had not received the visits of his neighbors, of late years, with a very gracious welcome. He regarded them rather as spies, who came to search out the nakedness of the land, than as neighborly visitors, calling to exchange friendly salutations. He said not a word; and the first address of Mr. Frier was to little Bobby.

"What's the matter with little Bobby?" said he, in a gentle tone; "come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what's the matter."

"Go, run, Bobby; go and see Mr. Frier," said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along side-ways up to Mr. Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

"I want a piece of bread!" said Bobby.

"And wont your mother give you some?" said Mr. Frier, tenderly.

"She he'n't got none," replied Bobby, "nor 'taters too." Mrs. Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forebore to ask any farther questions; but told Bobby if he would go over to his house, he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he:

"Neighbor Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow; and I've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you'll go this afternoon, and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork."

"I can't go," said Jerry; "I've got something else to do."

"O, well," said Mr. Frier, "if you've got any thing else to do, that will be more profitable, I'm glad of it, for there's enough hands that I can get; only I thought you might like to go, bein' you was scant of provisions."

"Do pray go, Mr. Guttridge!" said his wife with a beseeching look, "for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that wont do no good; you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothin', and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper, again. Do pray go, Mr. Guttridge, do!"

"I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!" said Jerry; "you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day, if the women are a-goin' to rule the roast. I shall go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else;



and if you are too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say."

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr. Frier addressed him as follows:

"Now I must say, neighbor Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over to the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbor Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty."

Upon this, Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr. Frier full in the face, "gunning horribly a ghastly smile," and said he:

"You old, miserable, dirty, meddling vagabond! you are a scoundrel, and a scape-gallows, and an infernal small piece of a man, I think! I've as good a mind to kick you out of doors, as ever I had to eat! Who made you a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You better go home, and take care of your own brats, and let your neighbors' alone!"

Mr. Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face, without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to "pick up something," if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation."

Mr. Frier was a benevolent man, and a christian, and in the true spirit of christianity he always sought to relieve distress, wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs. Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold, brutal treatment to his family, he forebore to remark upon the scene which had just past; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand, and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

"Poor cre'tur!" said Mrs. Frier; "why, he's half starved! Betsey, bring him a dish of bread-and-milk; that will set the best on his poor, empty, starved stomach."

Betsey ran and got the bowl of bread-and-milk, and, little Bobby's hand soon began to move from the dish to his mouth, with a motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum of a clock. The whole family stood and looked on, with pity and surprise, until he had finished his meal, or rather until he had eaten as much as they dared allow him to eat at once; for although he had devoured a large plate of meat and vegetables, and two dishes of bread-and-milk, his appetite seemed as ravenous as when he first began; and he still, like the memorable Oliver Twist, "asked for more."

While Bobby had been eating, Mr. Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed, that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said "Mrs. Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so."

Accordingly, a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsey ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put

that in, "so the poor starving cre'turs might have a little taste of something that was good."

"Yes," said her mother, "and put in a bit of cheese with it; I do n't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for 'he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Frier, "and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin, to last till pumpkins come again." So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed in the basket, and the pie laid on top, and George was despatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr. Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer, they would starve. He told his wife he "had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand jury ag'in' Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that did n't provide for his family. The court sets at Saco to-morrow, and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?"

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs. Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr. Frier said, he "could go over and talk with her, but he did n't think it would be the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court."

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs. Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly he took his hat, and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into pieces, and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs. Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr. Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterward, "that for a minute or two, he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach!"

He sat and looked on, until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread, and meat, and vegetables, enough for two common men's dinner, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and, without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr. Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs. Guttridge. He told her the neighbors could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he did n't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs. Guttridge began to cry. She said "she did n't know what they should do; she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr. Guttridge did n't seem to love to work. She believed it was n't his natur' to work."

"Well, Mrs. Guttridge, do you believe the scriptures?" said Mr. Frier, solemnly.

"I'm sure I do," said Mrs. Guttridge; "I believe all there is in the Bible."

"And do n't you know," said Mr. Frier, the Bible says, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat?'"

"I know there's something in the Bible like that," said Mrs. Guttridge, with a very serious look.

"Then do you think it right," added Mr. Frier, "when your neighbors send you in a basket of provisions, do you think it right, that Mr. Guttridge, who wont work and 'arn a mouthful himself, should sit down and eat more than all the rest of you, and pick out the best part of it, too?"

"Well, I do n't s'pose it 's right," said Mrs. Guttridge, thoughtfully; "but somehow, Mr. Guttridge is so hearty, it seems as if he would faint away, if he did n't have more than the rest of us to eat."

"Well, are you willing to go on in this way," continued Mr. Frier, "in open violation of the scriptures, and keep yourself and children every day in danger of starving?"

"What can I do, Mr. Frier?" said Mrs. Guttridge, bursting into a flood of tears; "I've talked, and it's no use; Mr. Guttridge wont work; it do n't seem to be in him. May be if you should talk to him, Mr. Frier, he might do better."

"No that would be no use," said Mr. Frier. "When I was over here before, you see how he took it, jest because I spoke to him about going over to the shop, when he ought to be to work, to get something for his family to eat; you see how mad he was, and how provoking he talked to me. It's no use for me to say anything to him; but I think, Mrs. Guttridge, if somebody should complain to the grand jury about him, the court would make him go to work. And if you are willing for it, I think I should feel it my duty to go and complain of him."

"Well, I do n't know but it would be best," said Mrs. Guttridge, "and if you think it would make him go to work, I'm willing you should. When will the court sit?"

"To-morrow," said Mr. Frier; "and I'll give up all other business, and go and attend to it."

"But what will the court do to him, Mr. Frier?" said Mrs. Guttridge.

"Well, I do n't know, said Mr. Frier "but I expect they'll punish him; and I know they'll make him go to work."

"Punish him!" exclaimed Mrs. Guttridge, with a troubled air. "Seems to me I do n't want to have him punished. But do you think, Mr. Frier, they will hurt him any?"

"Well, I think it's likely," said Mr. Frier, "they will hurt him some; but you must remember, Mrs. Guttridge, it is better once to smart than always to ache. Remember, too, you'll be out of provisions again by to-morrow. Your neighbors can't support your family all the time; and if your husband don't go to work, you'll be starving again."

"Oh dear!—well, I do n't know!" said Mrs. Guttridge, with tears in her eyes. "You may do jest as you think best about it, Mr. Frier; that is, if you do n't think they'll hurt him much."

Mr. Frier returned home; but the afternoon was so far spent, that he was able to get in only one ton of his hay, leaving the other three tons out, to take the chance of the weather. He and his wife spent the evening in

discussing what course it was best to pursue with regard to the complaint against Mr. Guttridge; but notwithstanding his wife was decidedly in favor of his going the next morning and entering the complaint, since Mrs. Guttridge had consented, yet Mr. Frier was undecided. He did not like to do it; Mr. Guttridge was a neighbor, and it was an unpleasant business. But when he arose the next morning, looked out, and beheld his three tons of hay drenched with a heavy rain, and a prospect of a continued storm, he was not long in making up his mind.

"Here," said he, "I spent a good part of the day, yesterday, in looking after Guttridge's family, to keep them from starving; and now, by his means, I've nigh about as good as lost three tons of hay. I do n't think it's my duty to put up with it any longer."

Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Frier was out, spattering along in the mud and rain, with his old great-coat thrown over his shoulders, the sleeves flapping loosely down by his side, and his drooping hat twisted awry, wending his way to court, to appear before the grand jury.

"Well, Mr. Frier, what do you want?" asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand jury," replied Mr. Frier, taking off his hat, and shaking the rain from off it.

"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?" said the foreman. "I did n't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the grand jury."

"It's because he *has* n't got life enough to do anything," said Mr. Frier, "that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr. Foreman, he's a lazy, idle fellow, and wont work, nor provide nothin' for his family to eat; and they've been half starving this long time; and the neighbors have had to keep sending in something, all the time, to keep 'em alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr. Frier; has anybody ever talked to him about it, in a neighborly way, and advised him to do differently? And may be he has no chance to work, where he could get anything for it."

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Frier, "that he's been talked to a good deal, and it do n't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me, yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family 'most a week, but I could n't get him to, and he went off to the grog-shop, to see some jockeys swap horses. And when I told him, calmly, I did n't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old, miserable, dirty, meddling vagabond, and a scoundrel, and a scape-gallows, and an infernal small piece of a man!"

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury; "who ever heard of such outrageous conduct?"

"What a vile, blasphemous wretch!" exclaimed another; "I should n't 'a wondered if he'd 'a fell dead on the spot!"

The foreman asked Mr. Frier if Jerry had "used them very words."

"Exactly them words, every one of 'em," said Mr. Frier.

"Well," said the foreman, "then there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if any body in this world ever did."

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court, to answer to the charges preferred against

him. Mrs. Sally Guttridge and Mr. Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honorable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following, viz: "We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness." "Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jerry; "and here's my wife can tell you the same, any day. Sally, hav'n't I always provided for my family?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Guttridge, "I don't know but you have as well as —"

"Stop stop!" said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness, "stop, Mrs. Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn."

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon, he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward, and hold up their right hands. Mr. Frier advanced, with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs. Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, toward the court, and exhibited her care-worn features, which, though sun-burnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs. Guttridge was called to the stand.

"Now, Mrs. Guttridge," said the judge, "you are not obliged to testify against your husband anything more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?"

"Well, we go pretty hungry, a good deal of the time," said Mrs. Guttridge, trembling; "but I don't know but Mr. Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get, a good deal of the time."

"Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?"

"Why, as to that," replied the witness, "Mr. Guttridge don't work much; but I don't know as he can help it; it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow, he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time; the natur' don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with his mouth wide open, and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that showed he began to take some interest in the matter; "well, well, perhaps the court will be able to put the natur' in him."

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr. Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point; clear, and conclusive. But

as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, that when he was called upon to repeat the reproachful language which Jerry had bestowed upon the witness, there was much shuddering, and an awful rolling of eyes, throughout the court room. Even the prisoner's face kindled up almost to a blaze, and thick drops of sweat were seen to start from his forehead. The judge, to be sure, retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said it was not necessary to question the witness any farther; the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy toward the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence, until she had retired; which she did, on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court, with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows:

"Jerry Guttridge! you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith, by the constables, at the whipping-post in the yard, adjoining the court-house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colors, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promised better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails, and laid the blows heavily across the naked back of the victim. Nearly every blow brought blood, and as they successively fell, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments, with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good-bye, he straightened for home, as fast as he could go.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door, with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There



he found the table set, and well supplied, for dinner; for Mrs Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr. Filer, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something," that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr. Nat. Frier, might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterward, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort, outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat, hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterward, Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say, that, "somehow, ever since that 'ere trial, Mr. Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed!"

## A CENTURY SINCE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

How wagg'd the world a hundred years ago? Who was living, dreaming, and buffeting with "the ills that flesh is heir to" in 1743. Let us "bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down on the sun-dial" of a century, and behold a portion of our earth as it was then; and thus we may judge of the progress of events, perceive the advancement of mind, and how one great era is but the prelude to one still more remarkable. How would the gifted men of an earlier epoch, the few who were capable of anticipating the progress of civil and religious liberty, have rejoiced, could they have foreseen the events which the last century has served to develop; could they have laid their hands upon the heads of those unconscious children who were destined to do so much in solving the great problem of human government, how would they have exclaimed, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Who ever thinks of the heroes of the revolution as children? Even when we read of George Washington as having once been a mischievous boy, like other boys, and struggling between truth and falsehood, crying, "papa, papa I can't tell a lie, I can't tell a lie," as the embryo hero breaks forth; and all the other stories of immature intellect related of him, we read with a sort of incredulity, an uncertainty, half leaning to the faith, that he and the other great champions of freedom sprang to life, Minerva-like, armed for the contest; and yet in 1743, Washington and Warren, Marion and Green, were little boys paddling in mud-puddles, wrangling for marbles, munching peanuts and gingerbread, and exhibiting those martial propensities, which at a future day were to disenthral a nation, only in pitched battles with their equals as to the distribution of a bird's nest, the possession of a spot of ground for a game of hop-scotch, or the adjustment of claims to a bat, a hoop, or two-shilling piece of artillery; eloquen-

over the wrongs of a flogged school boy, and munificent in molasses-candy and hot buns.

Turn to the world, and we find Souvaroff guiltless of beard or moustache, mumbling his biscuit, never having dreamed of fighting the battles of the great Catherine, or siding by his military skill in the unhallowed dismemberment of ill-fated Poland.

Hayden was probably drumming on a tin-kettle. Herschel dodging at corners and playing "I spy." Guillotine was inventing a machine for impaling flies, leaving the invention of the Guillotine for the emergency of a great revolution, when it became necessary to despatch human beings with the greatest possible celerity.

What an infinity of events have transpired since these boys were installed into the dignity of bib and tucker! America has thrown off the yoke of British supremacy, and gone forth among the nations of the earth a nation in her own right; and besides this, she has yearly in every town, village and corner throughout our great Republic, achieved a triumph, or suffered a defeat, which, if we may believe the chroniclers of each location, was as tremendous, and as important in its results, as the great contest that secured our independence; to say nothing of those terrible crises that await the elections of our Chief Magistrate every four years.

France has seen her vineyards deluged with the blood of her noblest citizens, her monarchs elevated or hurled from their thrones like the kings of a scenic representation; the myriads of Europe have groaned under the juggernaut car of the Corsican, and he the disturber of nations, the brilliant pageant throned on the neck of kings expires in sorrow and exile, leaving the volatile French after all their restless heavings for liberty, to submit to one dictation after another, till finally they are content to settle down under a political quibble, governed, not by a King of France, but a "King of the French," till such time as Europe is prepared for more popular forms of government.

Poland has been stricken from the calendar of nations, and her people driven into chains or exile. Russia is assuming the balance of power in Europe, and Turkey is gradually assimilating to the usages of civilized and enlightened nations, while Egypt is advancing to a portion, of its ancient splendor.

Compare the situation of these countries now, with what they were a hundred years ago; Russia with what she was when Elizabeth, the daughter of the Great Peter was styled the "humane," even when ladies of the court were adjudged to the revolting infliction of the "knout."

De Toqueville has remarked that the contest for empire must hereafter be between Russia and America; the one newly emerging from barbarism, and the other fresh from a struggle for independence, by which it has cast off the thralldom of old dynasties. These each are new nations, just starting in the career of empire, while of the other kingdoms of the earth, might be written "the glory is departed."

It has been said that an Englishman and Frenchman are natural foes, the same may be applied to the Russian and the Turk. When we consider the protracted contests in which these two nations have been engaged, with the inconsiderable advantages secured on either side, our respect for the prowess of each must be very nearly balanced. At the time of which

we are writing, Turkey had but just concluded a treaty of peace with Russia, being on the eve of a war with Germany, in which Belgrade became as usual the football of the contending powers. At the same time Turkey is involved in a hazardous warfare with the celebrated Khoul Khan of Persia, on his return from his triumphant career in the East, where he had overthrown the empire of Aurung Zeeb, the monarch of a century.

In 1743, the shadows of the grave were closing over many of the great spirits, that had mingled in the turmoil of a former century.

Frederic William of Prussia, had passed away leaving his tall regiment to the favor of his successor, and his children freed from his "fisticuffs."

The Great Frederic was engaged in a sanguinary contest for empire, and the heroic Maria Theresa defending herself with the steadfastness of a Queen, superadded to the tenderness and forethought of a mother.

As yet Voltaire had not lampooned the monarch whose hospitality he shared, nor abstracted a poem remarkable only as being the bantling of royalty: but he was propagating doctrines that made Napoleon afterwards to exclaim, "It is impossible to govern a people who read Voltaire."

Death had just slipped the pontifical robe from the shoulders of Clement the Twelfth, and the conclave very wisely threw it over the shoulders of Benedict the Fourteenth, entirely satisfied with his own recommendation, when, weary with their protracted deliberations, he exclaimed, "If it be your pleasure to pluck upon a saint, there is Cardinal Gottl; if upon a politician, there is Aldrovandi; if upon a booby, here am I."

Emanuel Swedenborg might have begun to experience those extraordinary views, that have since produced such an excitement in the religious world.

Wesley was literally preaching the "gospel to the poor," and establishing a system of ecclesiastical government, involving the most consummate powers of legislation.

Whitfield, with not less of devout enterprize, and more of enthusiasm, was calling together the multitudes from the way-side, and as in the days of primitive Christians, the cathedral-like woods and the everlasting hills resound

"Their songs of lofty cheer."

Swift had fallen into hopeless idocy, thus verifying his own sad prediction on beholding a tree dying at the top—"Thus will it be with me;" and he who had been the idol of the gay, and the envy of wits, in the language of his contemporary who shortly followed him to the grave,

"Expired a driveller and a show."

an approach to retribution. It may be, for his cruelty to Mrs. Johnson, the once beautiful Stella.

Pope was writhing under the playful, but cutting reports of Cibber, which penetrated deeply, however much he might pretend to despise their source.

Johnson was writing his parliamentary debates in a garret, having as yet not dreamed of solving the question that "Taxation is no Tyranny;" his dictionary and noble prefaces still latent. The everlasting "Evelina" had not as yet hid her blushes in a flutter of gratified vanity, and the baby Boswell was undoubtedly mummifying his pap.

Savage had retired from the temptations of London, on a paltry subscription, into Wales. Whatever may

have been his errors, let us find his apology in his own pathetic language—

"No mother's care

Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;

No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,

Called forth my virtues or from vice restrained."

Gray was traveling in Europe, in company with Horace Walpole; the one had not yet written the Castle of Otranto, or flattered the sculpture of Anna Damer, nor the other composed his inimitable Elegy.

Lady Montagu lived long after her early admirer, Pope, had passed to that bourne where rivalries and estrangements are unknown.

Hogarth tolled for years upon those moral pictures, which the world persists in calling very "funny," and West went with quaker-like quietude, year by year, to the Palace of St. James, often covered with dust from the gay chariot of Sir Joshua, with the "Seasons," painted upon the panels."

Richardson composed his quartos upon the trials of the invincible Pamela, and Fielding those of the no less immaculate Joseph Andrews. The rivers of tears that once flowed over the sorrows of the one have long since dried up, and the broad mirth of the other has ceased to be genteel.

Mark the shadows as they pass the lapse of a century. The mutations of empire, the progress of civil liberty, the refinement of taste, the reavalment of thought, the clearer development of truth! Who can mark these things and not feel that the progress of society is onward? that there is no limit affixed to human improvement, that forever and forever the finite struggleth for the infinite?

Enough! Vale to the phantoms of a century since. Who in 1943 shall write the chronicles of 1843? and who among us will be remembered? Alas, alas!

## ZEPHANIAH STARLING.

### A REAL DOWN EAST STORY.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

#### CHAPTER I.

In the town of B—, in the state of Maine, is a beautiful valley, bounded on one extremity by hills of the greenest verdure, and washed on the other by the shallow and murmuring waters of the beautiful Kennebec. There is scarce a spot on earth where the music of the birds sounds sweeter at the blush of day, and where the roses wear a lovelier hue, or impart to the senses a fragrance more delicious. It seems as though designed by nature as the residence of some peculiar favorite of her own; as none but a mind incapable of appreciating its beauties to their full extent, could, without sacrilege, long dwell in the heart of its loveliness. I pity the man who could not love the place; his soul must be dead within him—his sentiments scared, and his brain numbed with a sense of stupidity.

In the heart of this modern paradise, dwelt Squire Ephraim Starling, deacon of the first Baptist church of that place, &c.,—a plain, honest, simple and good hearted Yankee of the old school, with none of the new fangled system of aristocracy, which has lately crept into the bosoms of many of our modern "lords of the soil," "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength." The Squire, at the time of our story, was about sixty years of age, robust and

healthy as in the prime of life, and possessing the same energy both of mind and body. He owned one of the best farms in the state, in all about two hundred acres, suitably divided into arable, meadow, pasture and wood-land, and none had their farms in better tillage, better stocked, or kept better fences than did the Squire; all looked to him for an example, and he was a proper one. His good dame was in every respect worthy of him she loved; plain in her manners, good hearted to those who came in contact with her, an industrious woman, and a good housewife.

This happy couple had but one child—a son—Zephaniah Starling, not exactly a chip of the old block, but a graceful and delicately formed youth as ever won the heart of a fair lady. I think his height could not have exceeded six feet two inches, and the composition of his delicate frame was the *bona fide* flesh and muscle—nothing superfluous. He was graceful in his form and behaviour; and his dress was invariably the same, viz: to begin at the bottom; he always wore thick cow-hide boots, on which the dirt would always tell the place that he was last in; his pantaloons were homespun, and of the coarsest materials, generally black, they reached about half way down from the knee to the foot, and on Sundays there were huge leathern straps attached to them to keep them from riding entirely above the knee; his vest was black and yellow in stripes up and down, and his coat was green, decorated with massive brass buttons, the skirts hanging broad and square. His shirt collar was always arranged in such a foppish manner, that it gave his head the appearance of hanging on it by the ears; his hat once might possibly have been taken for a white one, but the rain and the sunshine of five years had dimmed its lustre, and scattered much of its downy fur to the winds of heaven; and to close the description of his artificial appearance, I will make but this addenda: that his coat sleeves did not come lower than within two inches of his wrist, and were ornamented with about three rows of pins each, displaying to natural advantage a hand of most exquisite beauty—long, and large, and red. This was generally his Sunday and courting apparel—for Zephaniah did sometimes lavish his smiles upon the fair—such smiles! His every-day costume was far more fanciful—my pen refuses to describe it. A moment more and I have done with his description. Of his physiognomy I must not forget to speak; it was one of deep and searching interest—it spoke of a Promethian fire that slumbered within, that might, if aroused too suddenly, consume the heart of the unenviable possessor. The hair on his depositary of knowledge was of a deep caroty color; his eyebrows and lashes were jet black, his eyes gray, his face freckled, his nose of the *turn-up* order, a mouth of extreme proportions, and lips of corresponding magnitude. Such was Zephaniah Starling, the buck and bully of the town. And Zephaniah was in love; and Zephaniah was beloved—not on account of his person—not on account of his abilities, but—on account of the farm that would in all probability one day be his; but Zeph did not know of this—he thought it was all on account of his own peculiar attractions, and his talent for making poetry. Zeph could write poetry—he thought so—so did Sally Dumpkins—what matter was it if others did not?—they had a little world of their own—creations of their own, or soon intended to have. I said Zeph could write poetry. In his school-boy days (he was not twenty-two) he had fallen

in with an odd volume of Burns' poems, and had bought it from a fellow play-mate for a penny whistle; and this he made his constant companion in all his perambulations, until he conceived that he had imbibed a portion of the Ayreshire ploughman's enthusiasm, and accordingly vented his sublime lucubrations upon whatever theme might be so fortunate as to elicit his peculiar attention. He studied poetry without autography—rhyme without reason. In fact, Zeph was an enthusiast of the first water. But what added to the peculiar beauty of the recitation of his own pieces by himself, was, the agreeably raw and nasal twang with which he spiced them. Many thought it a wonder of no uncommon magnitude, that a young man of such promising poetical abilities should have sprung up in the son of one of the most venerable and venerated citizens of B—; and many a young man envied the growing reputation, and promised popularity of Zephaniah Starling; and many a jealous and withering glance was thrown at him on Sunday, as he monopolized the sweetest of the village maidens, in going to and returning from church, and in particular the attractive and charming Sally Dumpkins; and many a languishing and wistful look was cast at him during church service, by the assembled belles. But of all the bewitching beauties of the town, he had chosen Sally from among the many, and for sufficient reasons; for Sally was—but I must leave a description of her for the commencement of another chapter.

#### CHAPTER II.

"There were two beings in the hue of youth."—BYRON.

Sally Dumpkins was a girl of no common appearance; she seemed a being formed for love and loving; all light and beauty—loveliness and mirth. Plump, rosy and fair, it is no wonder that Zephaniah fell in love with her. She was below the middling stature of women, with rather more than a proportionate show of bodily magnitude. Her head was round as a pumpkin, and her face, the frontispiece, was a fair title-page to so rare a volume of human nature. Her eyes twinkled with mirth, through which peeped that little devil, mischief. Her mouth was small, and her lips pouted all manner of sweet things; her hair was black as the raven's wing, and although not finical in her appearance generally, yet at church on Sundays, no maiden of the parish showed a hat of more liberal dimensions, or decorated with ribbons and flowers of more gorgeous and attractive colors; no dress had flounces of greater depth and later fashions; the fingers of no sweet hand were ornamented with a greater profusion of brass rings; and during service no ears were less devoted to the sacred precepts of the holy man, and no eyes wandered more freely among the young men of the congregation, than did those of the enchanting Sally Dumpkins. In fact, she was the admired belle of the whole town, (other belles excepted) the paragon of the assembled multitude in church—the magnificent—the beautiful—the charming—the lovely Sally Dumpkins;—the—the adored and adoring innamorata of Zephaniah Starling; the heroine of his dreams—the companion in thought of all his wanderings—his goings to and fro. Sally was a lass full of genuine Yankee "spunk," and nothing but the everlasting perseverance and determination of Zeph, could have accomplished the extraordinary difficulty of fixing the warm affections of the lovely Sally, and further, of forcing her to an

avowal of them. Many and many a struggle had the different attractive youths of the town, to win the sought of all; but in "the tug of war" they were generally worsted, and were glad to make their escape in the most convenient manner possible, minus their ruffles, collars, and other little etceteras, to say nothing of sundry scratches in the face, and it was left for Zeph to complete a conquest which so many had begun and left unfinished.

The parents of Sally were well enough for this world, having a farm well stocked, with good buildings. Farmer Dumpkins was a plain, honest hearted man, and spouse Doratha, was such a help mate as such a man deserved; she was a Christian—a Methodist—a strict observer of Christian rights and charities—a sincere and devoted follower of the cross. Sally was their only daughter, possessing all the mettle that a dozen should have had. There were six sons—Joel and Jonathan; Ezekiel and Jeremiah; Joshua and Hezekiah; but they had all with the spirit of Yankee enterprise, embarked, set off, emigrated, to some distant state to push their fortunes in any way that might appear the most advantageous. One was in the city of Boston, another in New York, another in Pennsylvania, another in New Orleans, and two, Joshua and Joel, had settled themselves in the wilds of Illinois. Thus were they scattered over the country, and mile upon mile had severed the heart-warm affections of a household—no, not their affections, for those can unite, though the earth's diameter lie between objects dear to each other—it was only their bodies—their corporeal substances that were separated, one from the other. Yet, though so far away, epistles were often handed to "the good farmer Dumpkins" from one or the other of his affectionate sons, and commencing with—"Dear Father: I now set down to let you know that I am well, and hope these few lines will find you the same," &c. It was a sad thought to the Farmer to see his sons, one after the other, leaving him to seek a strange home, but as he saw their determination to leave him, he strengthened his heart to the bereavement, and as they crossed their parental threshold, he gave them his blessing and recommended them to the superintending care of Him who readeth the hearts of all men, and understandeth their thoughts.

#### CHAPTER III.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."—SHAKESPEARE.

It was the close of October—beautiful, charming October. Autumn had stripped forest and orchard of their lovely and refreshing foliage; the harvest and the fruit season was over, and the well filled garners of the husbandman told in language unequivocal, how well had been repaid his patient and untiring industry; while the tinkling cow bell, the low of the herds and the plaintive bleat of the shepherd's charge on the adjacent hills, and amid the valleys, spoke of peace and plenty, and inviting the care-worn brow and the lonely heart of a city's crowd, from the selfish formula of a congregated multitude, to the rural simplicity of its own vales, and the invigorating breezes of its rugged hills. Beautiful—thrice more beautiful than the voluptuous and lordly palace of the aristocrat, is the cloud capped mountain, the valley and the hill, the purling brook and the dark and solemn movement of the majestic river; the surging cataract and the waterfall of the lonely glen, and the eternal and melancholy groan-

ing of the unsearched forests, whose depth human eye never penetrated, whose secrets human ingenuity never unraveled.

It was evening. The farmer had finished his daily toil; the fowl of the yard had betaken themselves to their roost; the kind and faithful cow had added her treasure to the pail of the dairy maid. The wild bark of the fox was heard in the vale; the hooting of that ill-omened bird of night, the owl, was heard on the hill; the shrill cry of the night hawk broke occasionally on the ear, as with graceful and easy motion he wound his "airy flight, as in delight to measure out the ample range beneath," and to complete the pleasing sadness of the scene, the musical, though mournful note of the whip-poor-will was not wanting. It was such an evening as would inspire a poet with a sonnet to the moon.

The homestead of Farmer Dumpkins was more than two miles from Squire Starling's. It was a beautiful residence. The house stood about five hundred rods from the river, with an inclined plane of the most beautiful verdure in front, through which gurgled a brook but a few yards from the door, that paid its small tribute to the more majestic Kennebec; in the rear of the house was a small growth of maples with no underwood—nothing but the green sward to tread upon, which formed in the summer a delicious and refreshing retreat from the noon-day sun, and a delightful promenade for the moonlit evenings. The Farmer, who, unlike some of his neighbors, had not entirely given up his soul to the accumulation of property, and the accomplishments of selfish ends, had placed at different intervals, in this sylvan forest, seats to recline or sit upon; and often in their leisure hours would the neighbors lounge from their own domains, into this woody retreat, and often would the farmer meet them to give them a cordial greeting, or, anticipating their arrival, he would prepare, on a rudely formed table, a collation, made up of the little delicacies and fruit for which his good dame was famous; sometimes the table would appear crowned with a bowl of punch; sometimes would be substituted in its place, a flagon or two of that most delicious beverage—currant wine, for sometimes the farmers of Maine will take the trouble to make that exquisite drink. Thus did Farmer Dumpkins keep up a reciprocal feeling of amity; and between himself and Squire Starling, especially, there subsisted all the intimacy and affection of brothers.

It was evening—three hours after an October sunset. Zephaniah, after having thrown off his every-day apparel, and donned his Sunday suit, repaired to the stable to saddle the Squire's white mare, which, having done, he lend her forth, sprung into his seat—in the act of which, by the bye, he came near, in his eagerness, going over on the other side, and putting the birch switch that he held in his hand, pretty smartly on the sides of his Rosanante, he was soon in high spirits on the road to Farmer Dumpkins'.

A half hour's moderate trotting, with no uncommon occurrence, brought Zeph safely up before the door of Farmer Dumpkins, when he hitched the old mare to the end of a stick that projected from the wood pile. He then advanced with a bold and confidential step to the door, and rapped loudly with the but end of his stick. A loud *hem* and a *haw* announced that the knock was heard, and at the same moment the door was opened by the enchanting Sally, who, on seeing Zephaniah, started back at his unexpected arrival, exclaiming:



"Why, Zeph! is that yew?"

"Why, Sal, I rather reckon it are; but I may be disappointed, as I feel little the cursest ye ever did see, and don't quite know myself, nother. How's the Farmer?"

"Wal, none o' the best, I thank ye, for he's got an unproper headache; but I've bin rubbin it in new rum, so he's got considerably better now, and he don't feel sick at all. It tell'd him he'd be well in the morning, if he tuk a dose of salts before goin tew bed to-night, and soaked his feet in hot water, with leetle vinegar and burdock leaf in it."

"Wal, I guess so tew," responded Zeph; "tarnation tough mess, that—cure a hoss of a spavined eye. Guess I'll step in and see your father—no toll, I hope?" and he made a motion as though he meant to kiss Sally, but there was something in hereye that cautioned him, and for once Zeph was wise. Giving a parting injunction to the old mare to "stand still, or expect t'phet!" he entered the room, where the first sight that met his searching eyes, was the Farmer sitting in a huge old fashioned arm chair, his feet calmly resting in a tub of hot water, an empty tumbler of salts in one hand, a large cotton handkerchief bound around his head, and his face embellished with innumerable grins and contortions, in compliment to the exquisite flavor of the important drug which, but a minute before, he had taken the courage to swallow. The good dame Dorathen, was standing by a fire warming his blankets and pillow-cases to render the bed of Mr. Dumpkins in a fit sleeping condition. As the junior Mr. Starling entered the room, he advanced to the person of the farmer, and clapping him pretty smartly on the shoulder, exclaimed in a loud and familiar tone:

"Well, Farmer, how d'ye dew? Guess ye got the headache, aint ye? Gosh, darnation take it, but it's a proper nice feeling, aint it tho?"

"Why, Zephaniah," returned the Farmer, "if you speak from experience, bellike you know."

"As for that air matter, it's likely I dew, but then I never medicines for it, but jist as soon as I feel it come in on, the way I dus work would astonish a rigular blue nigger. Them's my way of takin' meddersains. I sez—sez I, natur brought it on, let natur take it off."

"Ah, Zephaniah, when as many years roll over your head as there already have over mine, you will think and speak differently," sighed Mr. Dumpkins, as he shifted his position.

"I don't calkilate to live as long as you have, and to bring up sich a hul grist of sons, and sich a pretty darter tew boot."

"I kinder guess, father, that Zeph's intended tew be a long liner, 'cording tew all appearances," said Sally, with a sinister expression in her eye.

"I calkilate a little longer than yew, by half," replied Zeph, in a manner to let her know that he took her meaning.

"I expect," said Dorathen, to her husband, "I expect, my dear, that you had ought to be thinking o' bed, for I am going to put the blankets and pillows on, and you must git in while they are warm."

"Well, I don't know but what I had, my love. Good night, Zephaniah—don't stay late." And with this kind and parting injunction, the good Mr. Dumpkins retired from the room, preceded by his dame Dorathen with a light, leaving Zeph and Sally by themselves, with their own discretion to guide them through the intricate maze of courtship.

Sally had located herself in one corner of the fireplace, busied with her knitting work, and Zephaniah, after having deposited his hat on the table, had adapted himself to the conveniences of the Farmer's arm chair, which he had drawn closer to the fire, and was amusing himself with making diagrams with his stick among the ashes. In this manner they both sat together for the space of fifteen minutes, neither speaking a syllable. At last Zeph began to feel awkward, from the situation in which he was placed, and thought that a word, of however small importance, would break the spell, and might possibly start a train of ideas which would furnish them with conversation during the period of his present visit. Well, in good time out came the all-important word which might affect the future destinies of these two loving and devoted beings. Zephaniah began:

"Sal!"

Sally started as though struck with an electrical shock—her knitting work almost fell from her hands. Zeph repeated:

"Sally!"

The blood crimsoned the damask cheek, and a smile seemed for a moment to quiver around her playful lips in scintillating brilliancy, and Sally ventured a timorous and inquiring glance at the magnanimous Zeph from beneath the raven lashes of her liquid eyes.

Zephaniah caught the glance; his muscles were stiffened, his nerves regained their power, and his heart once more felt the invigorating glow of manly fortitude, and more assured, he continued:

"Sally, there is some gals as I believe, as wot ought tew be loved with a precious and admirin' love."

Sally trembled—she was afraid, and she could not for the soul in her, open her lips to yield the enamored youth a reply. She seemed like Mahomet's coffin—poised between earth and heaven, but she had a secret purpose to fulfil, and to depart from it would be a sacrifice greater than she could make. But still the persevering youth continued:

"I say, Sal, there be some gals wat be most darnation awful pooty—there be no help from loving them."

"There may be a few," replied Sally, beginning to recover.

"Yes, there is a few, and a darnation small few, I tell ye—akerce as flowers in winter, or June bugs in sleighing."

"I expect you mean Miss Deborah Dinkins," roughly stammered forth Miss Sally Dumpkins.

"Well now, that air dus beat natur, all holler, by gum! I guess if I was a mind tew enlighten yew, I should any it warn't her no how, any way yew can fix it at all. Guess agin."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know, unless it is Temperance Osgood," still evasively answered Sally.

"What! she?" cried Zeph; "She looks like a burnt scrap in a skillet. You know better nor that, Sal. Sposin 'twas Comfort York?"

"Comfort York is a very nice young woman," said Sally, hitching in her chair.

"Well, 'tain't her, I sallow," exclaimed Zeph. "Fa'ly, you have got handsome lips, and any one as sez tew the contrary, I'll lick um."

At this communication of Zephaniah's, Sally begun to assume a new position, and show her true colors.

"Come, come, Mr. Starling, enough is enough, and I likes nothing further; so don't come any of your sugar speeches over me."

"Take it cooly, Sal, and don't git mad," replied

Zeph, "for from them splendid eyes ang r musent never flash, and that brow, that's jist as smooth as a planned board, don't ought to be rumbled by a frown."

"I'll tell you what it is, Zeph; if you don't shet that air ugly meouth of yourn, I'll go right of tew bed—that's wat I will. So yew may tell your stuff tew other gals—I want none on't."

"Now, Sally, don't be so cruel as for to go for tew leave me alone, cos I haint said nothin, Sally, but what I meant."

"And what business have you tew mean anything, Zeph Starling; and who give you leave tew say rich things to me?"

"Because, Sally, yew don't know my heart. It's big, Sally—its growin' every day—its gittin bigger an bigger, and bimeby it'll bust, Sally—it'll bust, and all for yew—all because you were so cruel tew, Sally. Because, Sally, I love you, and I dream on you every night, I do."

"Glt along, Zeph! You aint a goin to come any of your silly stuff over me, no how, vociferated the amiable Sally."

"Now Sally, dwant for to go to be so tarnation cruel. I know you love me, Sal; then let me kiss ye and be friends."

"I want let you kiss me Zeph Starling, and I hate you like pisen, I do; so git out, I tell ye."

"Now look here Sally. I haint loved you all this ere time for nothin, to be treated so; and I mean tew have a kiss out on you, in spite of yourself."

"Hands off, Zeph, I tell ye!"

But no! Zeph heeded not the precaution, friendly as it was given, but finding that sentiment would avail him nothing, he commenced the warfare in good earnest. He made a hasty movement, and located himself by her side, and in another moment one arm was thrown around her neck, while with eyes fixed upon the animated features of his charmer, the other hand was engaged in quieting the mutinous movements of those of Sally.

"Now," said Zeph—"to be fair—will you let me give your cheek and lips a right good smack without any obstoperousness, or must I dew it the best way I can."

"You ought tew be ashamed of yourself, you old thing. Owe—owe—e—e—e!" screamed Sally, as Zeph attempted to kiss her. "Take that, you horrid old beast you!" and bang went a blow over Zeph's ears that made him hear thunder, and slap went another over his eyes that made him see lightning.

During this struggle, Zephaniah uttered not a syllable, but diligently persevered in his strife for conquest. Crack went Sally's comb, but in the general havoc, it was unheeded; snap went the string that held together the gold bonds that were her great-grandmother's before her; still raged the battle, and victory to either party seemed uncertain, until at last, Sally, worn out with the fatigue of exertion, began to fail, and exclaimed:

"You are a good-for-nothing feller, Zeph—that's what you—you are."

Zephaniah did not think so—perhaps not Sally; but she gently and listlessly awayed back into the arms of the too happy youth, her eyes shut—her beautiful mouth half open, and her heart beating fast with excitement. Then came the ravishment of kisses—the moment when Zephaniah yielded himself to the insipid fire of enthusiastic passion, and buried in extatic bliss, poured forth the endearments of his soul over the ido. of his first attachment.

Well, the words of the imperial Cesar, were, *veni, vidi, vici!* Those of the immaculate Zeph were, *I loved, I sought, I won!*

After the first moments of excitement were over, both felt a little shy. The first knowledge of an earthly existence either of them gave signs of having regained, was, by Zeph's suddenly looking toward the window, and exclaiming:

"Well, who'd ha' thought it? the moon is clean up; I rayther guess I must ride home the old mare."

At this announcement, the conquered Sally started as if awoke from a dream, and gazing fondly into Zephaniah's eyes, in a feeble tone, inquired if he really was a going to leave her. The question for a moment staggered the firmness of Zephaniah, and he had almost resolved to lengthen his stay an hour or two, but the stamping of a horse's feet, and then a quick trot, brought him to his recollection, and drawing Sally closer to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her ruby lips, told her that he "thought he heard the old mare trot off, and that he reckoned that she was tired of waiting, and had broken loose."

"Well," said Sally, "if you must go, you must, but when will you come again?"

"Next Saberdar, my love, sartin as I'm alive," replied Zeph, "or else I'm a woodchuck."

By this time he had reached the door, and snatching another kiss, opened it, and proceeded toward the wood-ple; he looked to the place where he had fastened the old mare, and there stood—nothing. "Gosh darn it!" exclaimed Zeph, as he pursued his steps to the place to ascertain if she had slipped her bridle. No! Bridle and mare both had disappeared, and the stick to which he had tied her remained exactly as he had left it, but at his feet lay a piece of dirty white paper, which Zeph in his wonderment unconsciously took up, probably for the purpose of tearing in pieces, when his eyes were arrested with the following words written thereon with a pencil:

"I gess iph Zef Starlin spends of this ere happa nite in cortin Sal dumpkins, he wunt want eny ole mare nor nothin tu ride home on, and thinkin as how as the ole mare mought git hungry a watin for yu I tould hur i kalkilate she mite as wel be goin on home to gras, as yu was kivered over in luv bi this time and like ernuff solted down in pickel tu luv is luv but stain ol nite is kortin krulty tu dum beasts is unhumun specially starvin um dont tel eny boddy i peeked thru the winders and laffed at you when yu go home remember me tu the old mare I hope yule git safe home its a putty nite the moon shines bright and fine sportin goin cortin. Yurs til deth.

Snap dragon.

octowber 25 ateen 00 twenty six.

"Well, this *dus* beat all natur holler by jings?" exclaimed Zeph. "This is a note with a vengeance, ending with poetry to boot. Well, its done, and I sposo it cant be helped, so its no use makin bones of it."

Now this was a philosophical argument of Zephaniah. He knew that it was a joke and past remedy, and the best way to get over it, was to seem as much pleased with it as the authors themselves probably were, and that to permit his temper to be riled by the event would only render his progress home more toilsome. Turning to Sally with his face beaming with smiles, he observed:

"I rayther reckon the critters have played me a trick for sartin, but I calculate that if I ever find out who it was, I'll be up with 'um in two shakes of a stick. I guess, though, I must be goin. Good night Sally; good mornin, my love."

"Good mor—night, Zeffy. Don't forget tew come next Saberdlay—come tew tea."

"If I don't, by golly! Swaller me whole if I aint! Good night again. I'm off by gum!"

And away went Zephaniah, with his shadow before him, exalted and glorified in his own opinion by the success of his late conquest, and in opposition to the general silence around, and to render the lonesomeness of the road less irksome, he commenced singing part of a patriotic song, written by him expressly for the previous forth of July celebration.

Sally stood in the doorway and listened until the sounds no longer reached her ear, and then returned into the house, sought her bed, and soon comfortably disposed of herself, to dream over the incidents but just transpired, and to fancy herself once more in the arms of Zephaniah.

And now, for the present, I must leave my simple and honest friends to introduce new characters necessary to the construction of my story.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Beware, my lord—beware of jealousy!  
It is a green eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds upon."—SHAKESPEARE.

On a certain part of Farmer Dumpkins' farm, and near the public road, lived a man bearing the familiar cognomen of Smith—Sam Smith. He was a Pedlar—a Yankee Pedlar—that vender of small articles, than whom none appear to be more honest or sincere, make less, or are less inclined to overvalue their own goods. Who would not, if it was in his power, be a Yankee Pedlar? Who has a better opportunity of knowing the world, and perceiving its hollowness, than the Pedlar? Yes, I candidly and sincerely protest that the person who would not be a Yankee Pedlar, it is impossible for me to tell what he would be, unless he would be—an honest man—which at least is the antipode. Sam Smith was—but I am not going to describe him further than to say, that he was about five feet six inches high, sandy complexion and hair, abrupt nose, large mouth, with thick lips, small twinkling gray eyes, with a roguish smile, and something of the devil in his countenance.

I said that Sam resided on a certain part of Dumpkins' farm, near the public road. Even so. There was a small house, a kind of shantee for a barn, and about two acres of ground which he rented from the Farmer; for the pasturage of his horse and one cow he paid extra. With him lived his mother, an old crone of a thing who never said much to any one, nor any one much to her. There was nothing particular in her character, neither one way nor the other, only—she was an old crone. They had resided there ever since Sam was a small boy. None knew positively where they came from, or but *guessed where they would go*. Some did pretend to say that the woman was once no better than she should be, and that she had lived a licentious and lascivious life in some city or an other, and that having amassed a sum of money, how large or how small, no one could tell—she suddenly determined to retreat while it was yet time, bearing with her the solitary fruit of her evil doings in the shape of Sam. Yet there were some who did not believe this story, and among them was Farmer Dumpkins and his family; for had they believed it, the Farmer would never have consented for them to reside on land of his. But among those who did believe it was Squire Star-

ling and the hopeful Zeph—and faithfully—perseveringly did they believe it.

Sally Dumpkins had a love for variety. She was likewise whimsical, and whatever she took a notion to, she would have, let the consequence seem ever so alarming. In reality she did "take no heed of the morrow" (except in the matter of Zeph's farm,) for she was a creature of impulse.

Mr. Samuel Smith had a talent for pleasing the girls; he was insinuating—he was dangerous. He was not the ignorant country fellow that many might imagine him. Though generally loose in his conversation, and withal, spicing it with odd sentiments, and outlandish expressions, yet within there ran a deep current—a something that might have made the man. In his earliest days his morals had been woefully neglected. He had been sent to school more to get him out of the way, than for any benefit that might accrue to him. What education he there got, his travels in after years enabled him to profit by; and add to, and roughly finish what he had begun at school. For dress he had a particular passion, and to this frivolous accomplishment he owed most of his success among the girls wherever he sojourned. He invariably sported a large watch establishment, and to this metal I will not pretend to say. Every article he wore was in the extreme of country dandyism.

Now, the Pedlar and Sally were intimate—that is as friends—they walked together—talked together—sat together—stood together. For two or three reasons did Sally do this; not that she cared a fig for him, but she was a mortal woman, and she knew it would tease young Starling; besides, all the lasses of the town would be envious of her; and this was her grand delight. Zeph had observed it long and patiently. He would first win her consent to be his own, and then he was indeed an interested party, and he would soon know which of the two had the better right—himself or the Pedlar. Thus all things were drawing to a focus—and they did draw to a focus. Zephaniah courted—proposed, (in his way) and was accepted in Sally's way. Zeph considered himself one of the happiest of mortals, and Sally one of the most divine angels; and Sally, no doubt, considered herself fully entitled to a *quantum sufficit* of natural bliss, although she did not choose to show it or tell of it, and in all human probability believed Zephaniah to be all that the gods had made him. But the deuce of it was, and so thought Zeph, she would flirt with the Pedlar; he thought, too, and perhaps hope favored the thought, that it was Smith who did such a kind favor to the old mare, by letting her loose, and writing such a polite note to himself. As it happened, the Pedlar had got home that same evening from a speculating excursion abroad, and this fixed the suspicion more strongly on him. Now fancy dictated to him how he would have revenge, and he was determined to watch for an opportunity.

Meanwhile time wore slowly but surely on, and the "next Saberdlay" arrived at last, and a glorious day it was. The sun shone fair and bright, the day was mild and balmy. Early in the morning Smith called upon Sally, to solicit the happiness of attending her to church. It was human nature, of course, for Sally to accept; the head ruled the heart in this instance, and how could it do otherwise? The Pedlar was trimmed out in his best "bib and tucker"—new white hat, blue coat and drab pantaloons. His hair was sufficiently well pomatored to make it stay in any con-

dition he might put it; he looked like a pink of a fellow. Well, Sally consented to be waited upon to church by him; she thought of Starling, and she wished to experimentalize, for she had determined to do her best. It was agreed that they should take the Pedlar's horse and the Farmer's wagon, and in this manner they should proceed to church, or as they termed it, "goin tu meetin."

The morning wore on; and in due time Smith had the horse and wagon ready, and Sally was arrayed in her gaudiest colors—silks, ribbons, and other little et-ceteras. After Mr. Smith had got all in readiness that was incumbent on him as a duty, snapping his whip, he advanced toward the door where Sally stood ready, and watching his preparations, and stepping up to her, he exclaimed:

"Well, my lady, are you ready?"

"Well, I guess I are; don't I look as ef I ware, Mr. Smith?" said Sally.

"'Cording to my notion o'thinking, I kinder calculate you do, my charming duck."

"Come, none o' your ducking me, Mr. Smith, ef you do, I comprehend I wont ride a step with you—that's what I wont, now," retorted Sally, although she did not mean it.

"Keep cool, Miss Dumpkins, cause it's a Sunday; I didn't mean any thing, you know; but if you are ready, say so, and I will boost you in, in the twinkling of a cat's thumb."

"Let me see, now; I reckon I be ready; but law me, what a queerish feller yew air, I veow—stop, I've forgot my smellin bottle!" and back Sally turned into the house to get her smelling bottle, and after searching five minutes for it she found it, and soon, with the help of Smith, she was safely seated in the wagon, where he quickly followed her, and in another minute they were on their way to meeting, travelling at a very slow pace, with no inclination on either side to increase their speed in the least. They conversed together pretty freely upon no particular subject, and they had nearly exhausted what *little* things they had to say, when the sound of a horse's hoofs at full speed arrested their attention, and caused them to look back, to ascertain, if possible, the reason of this uncommon movement on the holy day of the week. The dust stirred up by the rapid progress of the horse, prevented them at first from recognizing the person of the rider; and when they did, they were both equally surprised that that person should be Mr. Zephaniah Starling; but they looked harder, and were satisfied that it was. On, on came the horse and his rider, like Mercury armed from heaven—as though death were in pursuit, and their lives depended upon the issue of the chase. But why was this?—why should Zeph drive on at so unusual a pace? It will be necessary to retrograde in order explain the reason.

In the morning when Zeph arose from his couch of down, and had fairly washed out the corners of his eyes that he might see distinctly, his first thought was that he would put on his best apparel to appear among the congregation of Elder Berry. Now, so far, this was a wise resolution on the part of Zeph; but whether it arose from any devout principle within, or from some more selfish motive, it is impossible for me to tell. As long as the deed is good, it is not for mortals to scan the motive. Well, his resolution once made up, he was not long in putting it into operation.

The good Squire, his father, owned, besides the "old mare," a three year old colt, as yet not very familiar with the bit, and not over fond of being directed by other will than his own. On him, then, in preference to riding the dam, he was determined to go to "meetin," and after much trouble, and many petty oaths and threatenings, he succeeded in catching him, and leading him to the door of the house, where he was properly prepared for mounting. In about thirty minutes more he had finished his own toilet, and after viewing himself admiringly in the old fashioned mahogany framed looking-glass, and satisfying himself that all was correct, he sallied out to the wood pile to choose therefrom a twig of proper pliability, and strength, for the purpose of propelling the gallant steed, in case he should become unruly, which he strongly suspected would be the case. After pleasing himself in this particular, he advanced toward the colt, which immediately began to show strong demonstrations of restlessness. As Zeph was in somewhat of a hurry, this capering of the colt's a little riled his generally very even temper, and he launched forth several severe imprecations upon the head of the beastly offender.

"Whoa! neow, I tell ye—better mind yer eyes, I guess!" were the first words he spoke, as the animal sprung aside at his advance. Zeph passed round to the other side, when the colt jumped back the other way. This was vexatious—Zeph felt it to be so, and he bit his lips to stop the big oath he was on the point of uttering, but it only modulated it without preventing its escape.

"Snakes and thunder! Yew plaguy farnal critter yew, if yew don't stand still I'll Maul you to darnation—snap my gizzard if I don't! Whoa! now, I tell ye!"

But what good does it do to tell a restive, unbroken colt to "whoa!" One might as well talk to the ocean in a storm, or to the cataract of Niagara. The colt would jump this side, and the colt would jump that side, and the colt would pull back and turn round, and in spite of all Zephaniah's ingenuity, he could not get at him any way, and in some of his antic movements, he came very near kicking Zeph over—he just grazed his breast and no more. At this Zeph was mad in good earnest; he swore a terrible oath that he would do something, and he was generally as good as his word—especially this time.

He proceeded forthwith to the barn, and there procured himself a good strong rope and a cart whip, which done, he returned to the colt, and after some trouble, managed to tie one end of the rope round his neck, and the other to a large post that stood by; then standing off with the whip in his hand, he prepared to commence operations.

"Take that, ye varmint!" and crack went the whip over the colt's side; and the colt danced a pretty figure and kicked up his heels. "Take that, ye sarplint yew! I'll larn ye tew klick!" and crack, crack, crack went the whip over the animal's ears, which made him jump ten times as hard as before. "I'll tell yew what it is, mister boss, by Satan! I reckon yew and I will show some striking tokens of friendship, 'fore matters come tew a stand 'tween us, unless yew become more convincingly sincere in your oskerlations; darnation take me if I don't!" Whack! whack! crack! crack! "Take that yew young inferdel—yew unbeliever in okular demonstrations!" Whack! whack! "Klick,



will ye? yew pocky tarnal critter, yew! I'll larn ye tew use yer feet tew better advantage, yew young hoss—yew devil's colt yew!" and again went the whip over his head and ears, sides and legs, 'til the young beast spun again, snorted, and at last stood still, trembling in every joint, while the marks of the whip were plainly visible on his hide. "Now I guess you've got enough, aint ye? cos if ye aint, I'll try ye agin, for I aint tired yet by a jug full, no how yew can fix it, I snum!"

He took the rope from the colt's neck, and once more attempted to mount him, and was more successful than before, being enabled, with very little trouble to raise himself into the saddle; but no sooner had he bestrode the beast, than away he flew, as though fire was in his heels. Zeph pulled back with all his strength, but the colt had got the bit in his mouth, and no force of Zeph's could stop him. It had been Zeph's intention to stop at Farmer Dumpkins', and spend a few moments with Sally; but no, the Fates had ordained it otherwise; for, in the first place Sally would have been gone, and in the second place, the mettled beast that he bestrode, had not the least thought of stopping so near home, for it pursued its course by the Farmer's, as though pursued by a thousand furies; and the only evidence dropped that he had passed at all, was the unpremeditated fall of Zephaniah's hat, which, after it first struck the ground, rolled gently toward the Farmer's door, who soon issued from his house, picked it up, and with his coat sleeve, carefully wiped the dirt from it. Now, in reality, Zeph would have stopped his horse, could he have done so, for he had no notion of going to meeting bare headed; but he could not help it. He would be thankful if he did not have to go further than meeting. On he sped by the Farmer's, and it was something of an addition to his already agitated bosom, that he saw at a distance before him, the Pedlar's horse in the Farmer's wagon, and those in it, whom he supposed rightly enough, to be the Pedlar and his own beloved and adorable Sally. His heart swelled within him at the thought, but it was for a moment only, for in the next the colt had dashed by them at full drive, letting his heels fly at them as a token of brief recognition. As Zeph passed, Smith uttered a loud laugh of derision, that drove the blood to young Starling's cheek; and Sally started and exclaimed, in a half abstracted and frightened manner,

"Marcy on us! if that aint Zeph! He'll kill himself."

"Never fear the devil—he's immortal," said Smith, addressing himself to Sally.

"I suppose you aint never frightened at trifles, Mr. Smith?" rather sarcastically inquired Sally.

Smith turned his head—their eyes met, he understood, and was silent.

In the mean time, the speed of Zeph's horse had not diminished, but rather increased, if any thing; and like the steed of Mazeppa, wildly flew up a long hill that was before them, and as wildly down on the other side. Smith and Sally, although they could not see, could hear his receding steps down the hill, and his feet strike once on the wooden bridge at its base, accompanied with a loud snort, and then the gradual dying away of the sounds in the distance.

The devil was in the heart of the Pedlar, for he mistrusted something, and immediately reined in his own horse to a slow walk, nor, although Sally wished it,

would he drive any faster than a walk for the rest of the way. This vexed Sally very much, but she said nothing. Now the Pedlar knew the nature of a horse too well, not to draw certain conclusions from the snorting of Zeph's, as it crossed the bridge; and had Sally looked in his face at that moment, she would have seen a smile that would have startled her. However, on they proceeded at a slow walk to the foot of the hill, and up it, and continued at the same slow pace down on the other side.

Now there is something in human nature, that leads us, if we have any pique against a fellow being, to exult over any misfortune, anticipated or real, that may befall them.

The Pedlar, from the natural consequences, deduced very plain and palpable reasons for finding Zephaniah unhorsed in the brook at the foot of the hill; and his evil heart prompted him to wish that it might be so; and he even carried his hopes further, for a gleam of malignant pleasure for a moment lightened up his small gray eyes, as he thought—as he hoped that he might find Zeph seriously if not mortally injured from the effects of his fall. How far Smith was right in his calculations, the event will show; for as they passed slowly down the hill, and over the bridge, Smith, who was on the watch saw poor Starling apparently lifeless, lying upon his back in a shallow part of the stream. In a moment his attentions were directed to Sally, endeavoring to draw her into conversation, and, if possible, to keep her attention from that side of the bridge on which lay Starling. But fate will sometimes misdirect the hand of the wily assassin, and mar the intention of an evil thought. Just as the Pedlar had conceived his intention nearly effected, the attention of Sally was attracted to the loud howling of a dog, and on looking round she perceived Starling lying in the water, and his dog, which he had left behind, but which had followed him, and had that moment found him, standing by his body howling most piteously. In a moment Sally comprehended the whole, and with an exclamation of surprise, she instinctively grasped the reins in Smith's hand, stopped the horse, and in the next moment she sprang over the side of the wagon, and hastened to the side of Zephaniah. As she reached him, he had just begun to show tokens of animation, and made some effort to recover himself. Sally leaned over him to assist him, and thus he was enabled to raise himself to his feet so as to lean on the shoulder of Sally for support. She slowly led him from the water to the road side, and sat him down upon the dry grass, with herself by his side.

"Zephaniah—dear Zephaniah!" exclaimed Sally, when at last she could speak—"tell me, are you hurt?"

"Bruised, Sally—badly bruised, but not seriously," answered Zephaniah. "But let me not interrupt your ride, Sally; go you on to meeting and leave me here; only when you get there, ask some one that knows me to take a wagon and come after me to take me home, for I don't 'spose I can walk. That is all Sally; Mr. Smith is coming for you—he is tired of waiting."

"Now Zeph, you can't mean that; and if you do, don't say it for I won't hear a word on't. I aint naturally cruel, Zeph, if I be sometimes kind of thoughtless and wild-headed; and as for leaving you here on the cold ground, is what I aint got the heart to do.

So you shall go right home with us now in father's wagon."

"No, Sally; I guess I had better not; and as for leaving me here alone—why I don't know as the cold ground is any worse than a cold heart."

"Now, Zeph, you shant say so, for it is now as warm as ever—my heart will never be cold as long as it beats—at any rate you must go home with us. Mr. Smith, turn the horse and wagon and bring it this way, for we must take Mr. Starling back with us."

Smith, as she addressed him, was slowly coming toward them, his face ungraced with beaming smiles; but sad, and long, and most unpleasantly inclined. His motions when coming toward them betrayed that he was in no hurry to assist, and the way in which he turned to obey Sally's request, so unlike alacrity, went more to confirm the suspicion; and he conducted the whole in so slovenly a manner, that it attracted the notice of Sally, who determined that after the present time she should have no further use for the Pedlar.

By the time these resolutions were forming in the head of Sally, Smith had got the wagon tolerably near, so that with a little trouble to themselves, and some pain to Zephaniah, they contrived to put him in, and in a few moments more they were on their return, each one differently impressed than when they left their homes.

Prone as we are to form schemes for our mutual advantage, and to rail most incoherently against our ill fortune, as we are pleased to term it, still this same dame Fortune deems it inexpedient to notice our discontents, and often in direct contrariety to our own wishes, overturns all our plans, and in one moment accomplishes more for our benefit, than ourselves could bring about in a whole year of vexation and trouble. Such freaks she often delights in, for her bandage is sometimes removed from her eyes.

Such was her freak with Zephaniah; and saved him much trouble at the expense of considerable pain.

In carrying Zephaniah home, he had to sit on the bottom of the wagon, and rest his head in Sally's lap. As he lay smarting under the pain of his bruises, Sally pondered well over the whole affair; how, in the first place, she had, in a coquettish moment, consented to go to meeting with the Pedlar, merely, as she thought to vex the spirit of poor Zeph. She fancied she could still see his frightened horse dash by with the speed of lightning—the tramp on the bridge—the loud snorting of the beast, and the fall of Zephaniah; she remembered, too, the full gleam of malice in the eyes of Smith; his unwillingness to hurry forward when she thought that he anticipated some accident to Starling, and his reluctant and dilatory movements in assisting her when she had found him, rendered him in her eyes equally odious and contemptible, as he had before been pleasing and acceptable, and she resolved that from that time forth she would avoid his society as she would a pestilence. As for the Pedlar, he found his situation anything but pleasant and agreeable, for neither Zephaniah nor Sally exchanged a word with him on their return, and it was a load from his mind when they arrived at the door of Farmer Dumpkins, and with the assistance of the Farmer, he had transferred Starling from the wagon to the house, leaving him at liberty to depart as soon as he should see proper, which he did forthwith, regardless of an invitation from the Farmer to spend the afternoon with them. He felt that he was not wanted, and

in a few moments he was mounted on his own horse and pursuing his way homeward. What his thoughts were as he trotted along on his nag, I am not free to say, for I never make a pretention of meddling with other people's private affairs; but enough I will disclose to let the reader know that Smith formed from that time a very convenient hatred to poor Zeph, and had any one listened as he turned away his horse's head, he might have been heard to mutter between his teeth—"That if there was such a thing a licking this side of the Rocky Mountains, Zeph Starling should get it before long, any how."

After Zephaniah was comfortably attended to in the house, a physician was immediately sent for, who residing not far distant, was soon present, and examining his bruises, he pronounced them not at all serious or important, and after leaving a few directions for his comfort, took his departure, adding, as he went, and pointing to Sally, who sat by the bed-side, that he did not think the patient would suffer much from his pain, while so important and able a physician attended him.

\* \* \* \* \*

About two months after the above incidents occurred, upon a certain Sunday, a man might have been seen busily engaged in the porch of the village church, sticking with wafers in a small case with a glass door, a notice that "marriage was intended between Zephaniah Starling and Sally Dumpkins." Of course, if any one had any objections to the wedding, then was the time to make them. None were, however, made; and in three weeks from that time, Zeph and Sally were man and wife, to the inexpressible delight of all the neighboring children, who, on that important occasion were allowed to gorge a whole week upon gingerbread, sugar-plumbs, and molasses candy.

Two weeks before his wedding, the grand drama of Revenge was enacted by Zephaniah and Sam Smith. They met alone in a meadow, about a mile from the Farmer's house, each bent on a deed of blood. Few words were uttered between them, but their flashing eyes and their clenched teeth, told how desperate and terrible were their thoughts. Some minutes elapsed before anything was done by either, till at last Zeph's patience getting low, he made a regular grab at the coat collar of Smith, who, on the impulse of the moment, seized Zeph in a similar manner, and at it they went hot and in earnest. Zeph was a powerful man, and the little Pedlar was like a child in his hands. Smith possessed the most skill, Starling the most muscle, and the scuffle was long and uncertain, when, with a sudden jerk, Zeph put the Pedlar on his back. However, he was soon up and renewed the strife with three-fold energy and ferocity. Blows of no childish quality were exchanged between them. Their clothes became ragged, their faces scratched their eyes "bunged up," while the perspiration coursed freely down their cheeks. For twenty minutes they fought with the ferocity of tigers, and at last it finally terminated in the success of Starling; and well might it be so, for no man was ever more completely "used up" at the end of a fight, than was the Pedlar by the doughty prowess of his successful rival.

It was his "last appearance" in that part of the country; for on that very night, when sleep spread her dark wing over the peaceful cottages of the farmers, the Pedlar and his mother departed from their lonely tenement, nor did any one know of their where-

bouts, nor did any one seem to care. We may certainly add, that Mr. Starling and his devoted better half are at this moment living in all the enjoyment that can be possibly realized from a good farm well stocked, and "six lovely babes."

#### JOHN NEAL—

Nor Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, of "charcoal" memory—but John Neal of Portland, Maine, for the names of these two writers are sometimes confounded by the less discriminating reader—John Neal has written some things, which both for power and pathos are seldom surpassed. His style is eccentric, and frequently faulty, and his productions, though unequally sustained, are strongly marked with originality of thought and vigor of expression. There is no writer perhaps in the country, whose productions have raised in the minds of readers more various and conflicting opinions. We are among those who attribute to him the possession of genius and power. A fragment of Neal's, written years ago, and at this moment lying before us, will sustain our last remark.

During a severe draught in 1824, the fires run through the towns of Wiscasset and Olney in the State of Maine, driving the inhabitants before them, consuming their dwellings, and eating up to a wide extent all vegetable matter from the face of the earth over grass-land and forest. From an article entitled "The Squatter," describing some of these scenes the following sketch is taken.

"Sir, said he, I am a sad fellow—very childish, very wicked, and of course, very wretched. I am a fool, I know—but I can't help it. I never see a fur-cap of that color, pointing to his own which lay steaming on a settle, before a huge roaring fire—on the head of a boy, without feeling as if I could cry my eyes out. I have been, what you told me once you were—a husband and a father, a proud father and a happy husband. You remember the fires we had in 1824? Well, I had camped out that fall, and was making a fortune; how, and with what view is nobody's business. You need n't stare—I saw the question rising to your throat—Well, I had left my wife; no matter why; incompatibility of temper if you like. All I have to say is that she was altogether too good for me. Had she been more of a woman less of an angel, I should not have been what I am now—an outcast—a wanderer—a hunted outlaw. Oh, you need n't stare. I've told you about all I mean to tell you on that head. Well—we separated—in plain English, I ran away and left my wife; taking with me only one child—my poor dear Jerry—the only child I was sure of; for between ourselves, my good sir, the devil had put it into my head to be jealous of my poor wife—and so I left her all the children with blue and gray eyes, and took with me the only one that resembled me. Ah, if you could but have seen that boy's eyes! They were like sun-shine, though black as death. Well, Jerry and I got along pretty well together for nearly three years, when one day, I received a letter from my wife, saying that Luther, my eldest boy, and the two blue-eyed babies, were in their graves. Two were drowned in each others arms—the other died of a broken heart—a mere baby—but it pined itself to death after I disappeared—she told me so and I believed her—asking for *farther, poor farther*, a hundred times in a day, and whenever it awoke in

the night; and dying—literally dying with that word upon its lips. My wife added that she was coming home. What could I say? I knew that I had wronged her; that I was a fool and a madman; but what could I say? Well, our arrangements were made and I set off to meet her—leaving my poor little boy at home, with a hired girl to take care of him until I got back. To be sure that he would not go astray, I had tied a young Newfoundland puppy, of which he was very fond, to the post of his trundle-bed—telling him to stay there until I returned with his mother, which would be in the course of that afternoon, or toward night-fall.

Here he stopped, and his breathing changed; but after a few minutes, began anew, in a lower and steadier, though much altered tone.

Well sir—we met once more—and she forgave me; and we were happy. And so, I took her into my arms, lifted her into the saddle, and we started together—two as happy human creatures, as there were upon the face of the whole earth—notwithstanding the self-reproach and heaviness I felt on hearing the particulars of what I cannot bear to speak of yet, or even to think of—the death of Luther and his two elder sisters. Poor Luther—poor baby! Well, we were already more than half way back to the place where she was prepared to see her little nestling asleep, and dreaming of its mother—his dear, new mother, as he called her, and persisted in calling her from the moment I told him that she was coming to live with us. Poor little fellow! He had almost forgotten her. Suddenly, as we were descending the top of a hill, our horses began to snort—my wife caught my arm, and as I turned toward her, I saw the whole western sky in a preternatural glow. Before I could speak, a strange darkness swept by, and I felt as if the hand of death were upon me, I tried to speak, but I could not. I could only urge my wife to follow—and clapping spurs to my horse, I rode straight-way toward the fire. Once only did I turn—and then only to look back and forbid her to follow me further. Well, I arrived at the place; and there I found—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl, frightened half out of her senses, and hiding under a fence. I asked her for my boy. She stood aghast at the inquiry. Her only reply was a wandering of the eyes as if in search of something. At last, and with great difficulty, she recollected herself enough to say that she had seen the fire in time to escape with my dear boy—that being dreadfully fatigued, though she had not run far, she sat down to rest herself, looking toward the path by which we were expected—that some how or other she fell asleep—and that the last she remembered was, something little Jerry had said about *going back to untie poor Carlo!* My heart died away within me. I knew that I was childless—I *knew it*—do n't talk to me—I *knew it*. And it was so. When I arrived at my house, I found it nearly destroyed by the fire—and a little way off, lay my poor boy with Carlo watching over him. The child was dead—that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the mad-house at Philadelphia—and here am I. God forgive me!"

THE SECOND VOLUME.—In order to secure full sets of the second volume of the ROVER, which commences with this number, subscribers and agents should send in their orders as early as possible. The work is not stereotyped, and after the edition printed is exhausted, the reprint of back numbers is so expensive the publishers cannot promise to do it in future.





*Engraved expressly for the River*

**WICKET HOUSE NEAR CALDWELL'S LANDING.**  
(Hudson River.)





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# THE ROVER.

## TWO SONNETS.

BY LAWRENCE LABREK.

When the sad spirit of the earth grows weary,  
And droops beneath the weight of troublous thought,  
Finding that life's a desert waste, and dreary,  
And all its hopes of earthly bliss are naught—  
That, like frail barks upon the vasty ocean,  
We're toss'd about by every wind that blows,  
Despairing rest, fretted by wild commotion,  
Pining beneath a multitude of woes—  
Convinced at last, earth's joys, though seeming fair,  
Are meteor-lights that lend us to despair,  
Hope, like a beacon, points beyond the sky,  
As a bright land of promise and of bliss,  
Till the worn spirit longs at once to fly  
To realms more pure, more fair, more blest than this.

Though the world frown and Fate herself look sad,  
Let not the heart droop with unceasing sorrow;  
Through deepest gloom some beam will shine to glad  
The weary soul, and whisper of a morrow,  
When Hope, like a sweet angel, shall come crowned  
With bliss immortal, and shall wreath the brow  
With chaplets of bright smiles, and fling around,  
The gloomy chaos of the mind, a glow  
Of joyous aspiration and high thought,  
Till from Despair's dark vale the soul is taught  
To mount with spirit-pinions, and take flight  
Into the realms of rapturous delight,  
Where all is harmony, and love, and peace,  
And joy, through time eternal, ever does increase.

## CALDWELL'S LANDING, STONY POINT, AND THE HUDSON.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THE scenery on the Hudson is renowned the world over, and from the borders of this noble river the history of our country has drawn some of its most interesting records. Our engraving in the present number of the Rover gives a view of Stony Point, with its light house, and Haverstraw bay, about forty miles from New York. Haverstraw is the northern town in Rockland County, and Stony Point and Caldwell's Landing are in the northern part of the town, and at the entrance of the ever memorable "highlands." This vicinity and these waters are rich in revolutionary history. The successful storming of Stony Point by General Wayne, when in the possession of the British, was among the most brilliant achievements of the war. Our soldiers were ordered not to fire a gun, but to force their way into the centre of the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet. The order was literally and faithfully obeyed; our men approaching in two columns from different points, pressed forward in the face of the most tremendous and incessant fire of musketry, and cannon loaded with grape shot, and overcoming every obstacle, the two columns met in the centre of the enemy's fortifications, taking upward of five hundred prisoners. The British, according to General Wayne's return had sixty-three killed, and the Americans fifteen.

General Wayne had offered a reward, before the engagement, of five hundred dollars to the first man who should enter the enemy's works; four hundred to the second, three hundred to the third, two hundred to the fourth, and one hundred to the fifth.

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Congress afterward ratified the promise, and paid the reward. Congress also gave the value of the ordnance and stores taken, amounting to upward of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to the officers and men who were engaged in the action, and the amount was divided among them in proportion to their rank and pay.

In this vicinity, too, was the scene of the capture, confinement, and execution of the lamented Andre. The melancholy story of this heroic but ill-fated man has been often told, and must be familiar to most of our readers. The story of the disinterment and removal of his remains to his native country, after they had slumbered near half a century on the banks of the Hudson, we apprehend, is not so familiar, and therefore have we concluded to transfer the account in this connection to the pages of the Rover.

In the summer of 1831, the Duke of York commissioned J. Buchanan, Esq., late British Consul at New York, to have the remains of Major Andre removed to England, and from Mr. Buchanan's own account of the transaction we extract the following interesting details:

" . . . . . My next step was to proceed to Tappan, distant from this city [New York] twenty-four miles. Thither I went, accompanied by Mr. Moore, his majesty's agent for packets. Upon reaching the village, which does not contain above fifty or sixty houses, the first we inquired at proved to be the very house in which the Major had been confined while a prisoner there, kept by one Dupuy, who was also postmaster, who took us to view the room which had been used as his prison. Excited as we were, it would be difficult to describe our feelings on entering this little chamber; it was then used as a milk and store room—otherwise unaltered from the period of his confinement—about twelve feet by eight, with one window looking into a garden, the view extending to the hill, and directly to the spot on which he suffered, as the landlord pointed out from the window, while in the room, the trees growing at the place where he was buried.

" Having inquired for the owner of the field, I waited on the Rev. Mr. Demarat, a minister residing in Tappan, to whom I explained the object of my visit, who generously expressed his satisfaction at the honor, 'which at length,' to use his words, 'was intended the memory of Major Andre,' and assured me that every facility should be afforded by him. Whereupon we all proceeded to examine the grave, attended by many of the inhabitants, who by this time had become acquainted with the cause of our visit; and it was truly gratifying to us, as it was honorable to them, that all were loud in the expressions of their gratification on this occasion.

" We proceeded up a narrow lane, or broken road, with trees at each side, which obscured the place where he suffered, until we came to the opening into the field, which at once led to an elevated spot on the hill. On reaching the mount we found it commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles. General Washington's head-quarters, and the house in which he resided, was distant about a mile and a half or two miles, but fully in view. The army lay encamped chiefly also in view of the place, and must necessarily have witnessed the catastrophe. The field, as well as I could judge,



contained from eight to ten acres, and was cultivated; but around the grave the plough had not approached nearer than three or four yards, that space being covered with loose stones thrown upon and around the grave, which was only indicated by two cedar trees about ten feet high. A small peach tree had also been placed at the head of the grave, by the kindly feeling of a lady in the neighborhood.

"Doubts were expressed by many who attended, that the body had been secretly carried to England, and not a few believed we should not find the remains; but there surmises were set aside by the more general testimony of the community. . . . Arriving at Tappan by ten o'clock, A. M., though I was not expected until the following Tuesday, as I had fixed, yet a number of persons soon assembled, some of whom betrayed symptoms of displeasure at the proceeding, arising from the observations of some of the public journals, which asserted 'that any honor paid Major Andre's remains was casting imputation on General Washington, and the officers who tried him.' As these characters were of the lowest cast, and their observations were condemned by every respectable person in the village, I yet deemed it prudent, while the worthy pastor was preparing his men to open the grave, to resort to a mode of argument, the only one I had time or inclination to bestow upon them, in which I was sure to find the landlord a powerful auxiliary. I therefore stated to these noisy patriots, that I wished to follow a custom not unfrequent in Ireland, from whence I came, namely, of taking some spirits before proceeding to a grave. The landlord approved the Irish practice, and accordingly supplied abundance of liquor, so that in a short time, General Washington, Major Andre, and the object of my visit, were forgotten by them, and I was left at perfect liberty, with the respectable inhabitants of the place, to proceed to the exhumation, leaving the landlord to supply the guests, a duty which he faithfully performed, to my entire satisfaction.

"At twelve o'clock, quite an unexpected crowd assembled at the grave—as our proceeding up the hill was seen by the inhabitants all around. The day was unusually fine; a number of ladies, and many aged matrons who witnessed his fall—who had seen his person—who had mingled tears with his sufferings—attended, and were loud in their praises of the prince for thus at length honoring one who still lived in their recollection with unsubdued sympathy. The laborers proceeded with diligence, yet caution. Surmises about the body having been removed were revived, and it would be difficult to imagine any event which could convey a degree of more intense excitement.

"As soon as the stones were cleared away, and the grave was found, not a tongue moved among the multitude—breathless anxiety was depicted in every countenance. When, at length, one of the men cried out he had touched the coffin, so great was the enthusiasm at this moment, that I found it necessary to call in the aid of several of the ladies to form an enlarged circle, so that all could see the operation; which being effected, the men proceeded with the greatest caution, and the clay was removed with the hands, as we soon discovered the lid of the coffin was broken in the centre. With great care the broken lid was removed, and there to our view lay the bones of the brave Andre, in perfect order. I, among others, for the first time discovered that he had been a small man; this observation I made from the skeleton, which was confirmed by some

then present. The roots of the small peach tree had completely surrounded the skull like a net. After allowing all the people to pass round in regular order, and view the remains as they lay, which very many did with unfeigned tears and lamentation, the bones were carefully removed, and placed in the sarcophagus, (the circle having been again formed;) after which I descended into the coffin, which was not more than three feet below the surface, and with my own hands raked the dust together, to ascertain whether he had been buried in his regimentals or not, as it was rumored among the assemblage that he was stripped; for, if buried in his regimentals, I expected to find the buttons of the clothes, which would have disproved the rumor;\* but I did not find a single button, nor any article save a string of leather that had tied his hair, in perfect preservation, coiled and tied as it had been on his hair at the time. This string I forwarded to his sister in England. I examined the dust of the coffin so minutely (as the quantity would not fill a quart) that no mistake could have arisen in the examination. Let no unworthy motive be attributed to me for recording this fact; I state it as one which I was anxious to ascertain for the reason given. Having placed the remains in the sarcophagus, it was borne amid the silent and unbought regret of the numerous assemblage, and deposited in the worthy pastor's house, with the intention of removing it to his majesty's packet, in New York City, on the Tuesday following.

"As soon as the removal of the sarcophagus to the packet was known in this city, it was not only honorable to the feelings of the citizens, but cheering to my mind, depressed as it had been, to find the sentiments which prevailed. Ladies sent me flowers; others, various emblematic devices, garlands &c., to decorate the remains of the 'lamented and beloved Andre.' A beautiful and ornamental myrtle among those sent I forwarded with the sarcophagus to Halifax, where Lieut. General Sir James Kempt, governor of Nova Scotia, caused every proper mark of respect to be paid to the remains. From thence they reached London, and were deposited near the monument which had been erected to his memory in the Abbey, and a marble slab placed at the foot of the monument, on which is set forth their removal by the order of his royal highness the Duke of York.

"Having represented to his royal highness the generous conduct of the Reverend Mr. Demarat, I recommended that his royal highness should convey to him a snuff-box, made out of one of the trees which grew at the grave, which I sent home. But my suggestion was far outdone by the princely munificence of his royal highness, who ordered a box to be made out of the tree, and lined with gold, with an inscription, 'From his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to the Rev. Mr. Demarat.' While speaking of this act of liberality, I was unexpectedly honored with a silver inkstand, with the following inscription:—'The surviving sisters of Major Andre to James Buchanan, Esq., his Majesty's Consul, New York.' They also sent a silver cup, with a suitable inscription, to Mr. Demarat. I need not add, that I cherish this inkstand, (which I am now using,) and shall bequeath it to my children as a memorial which I prize with no ordinary feeling.

\* It has since been ascertained, from an American officer present at the burial, that the regimentals of Major Andre were given to his servants, after his execution. This statement has satisfied Mr. Buchanan, and will account for the absence of any vestiges in his tomb.

"I omitted to mention, that I had the peach tree which had been planted on the grave, (the roots of which had surrounded the skull, as set forth,) taken up with great care, with as much of the clay as it was possible to preserve around the roots, and brought it to my garden in New York, where my daughters attended it with almost pious solicitude, shading it during the heat of the day, watering it in the cool of the evening, in the hope of preserving it to send to England. Had it reached his sisters, they would no doubt have regarded it as another Minerva; for, though it did not spring out of, yet it was nourished by their beloved brother's head.

"I have only to add, that, through the kind interference of my brother consul at Philadelphia, I obtained Major Andre's watch, which he had to part with when a prisoner during the early part of the war. This watch I sent to England lately; so that I believe every vestige connected with the subject of this narrative has been sent to the land of his birth, in the service of which his life was sacrificed."

#### THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE.

THE arrival of the mail in a village is always a great event to the loungers and do-nothings—that class of men who having nothing to do themselves, from a mingled motive of benevolence and curiosity, are particularly zealous to superintend that of others. They expect the coach as anxiously as if the interests of the nation depended upon its "coming in regular season."

"Mail in?" inquires one of the loungers who has just entered the office, and who, so far from expecting a letter, has never received one in his life.

"The mail is rather tardy," suggests a modest individual, who, having written a scrap of poetry for a city periodical, is impatiently awaiting its appearance.

"Its a coming," shouts a little archin who has run until a profuse perspiration covers his face and neck, and who, on being rewarded for his promptitude by a new penny, immediately invests it in a "stick of lemon."

Instantly all eyes are directed to the stage coach which is rumbling slowly over a stony road; and one would suppose it contained some animal hitherto unknown, or was a travelling managerie, so steady is the gaze of the multitude. But the coach draws up before the office door and the immense cloud of dust subsides.

What does it matter to the crowd upon the stoop, if there is a handsome brunette upon the middle seat, or a sparkling black-eyed widow behind her, or a steady old gentleman before her. He may be a member of Congress, and surely his well combed wig, and gold tipped cane entitle him to a respectful bow or glance? But no! All eyes are fixed solely upon the mail bag, which the driver has handed to the clerk, who has conveyed his precious burden to an inner counter. The crowd even turn their backs upon the inmates of the coach. What shameful conduct! Yet behold how dignified the old gentleman with the well combed wig appears, as, without noticing the insult, he coolly and unconcernedly scratches his upper lip with the shining head of his hickory cane.

But the padlock is now removed—that padlock which has the happiness and well being of so many entrusted to its care—the bag is turned, and how gracefully the contents roll out; yet how cruel is the postmaster to

suffer that heavy newspaper package, with the coarse brown wrapper, to lie upon that delicately folded letter with so neat a direction; it must be a love note. How many tender words and almost written sighs may it contain—dear to the writer and the receiver. And I am right—it is a love epistle. Yonder stands the fortunate owner, intently gazing upon one little corner which protrudes from beneath the heavy bundle above it. Postman remove the package and gladden his eyes with a full view of the much looked for letter!

"Mail ahoy!" shouts the driver who was once a sailor, "I'm behind my time and the roads are rough."

At length the letters are assorted, the straps of the bag are untied, and the padlock clasped firmly in their embrace; the driver has it between his feet, and the coach moves slowly on.

"Any letter for me?" inquired a would-be majestically looking man with a red face, and who is studiously endeavoring to split his teeth with the knob of huge gold pencil.

"In a moment, Judge," responds the now modest official, sufficiently abashed by the haughty tone of the inquirer to respond in a less consequential manner than he is wont.

"Hello!" cried the clerk, very undignifiedly, "I guess the mysterious stranger has got a letter at last; here's a double one directed to the care of Widow Perkins."

"His name! His name!" shouts a dozen eager voices.

"John Smith," answers the clerk, "and its got a wax seal with the picter of an old woman rushing to the arms of a young man, while beneath them is inscribed—Venice."

"Veni," suggests the schoolmaster, who has just returned from expounding Cesar's note, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*," to a pumpkin headed youth who rendered it—"I came with a hand saw and conquered!"

But the papers are distributed. The lover has his epistle, the merchant his check, the school-teacher his recommendation, the lawyer his certificate of commission, the lounge his neighbors' papers. Reclining upon the counter they patronizingly, for the present, peruse them, yet never think how much better it would be for thselves, the printer, and the Post-Office Department, if they also subscribed for a copy, and read it at home to their wives and children.

J. M. F.

#### THE ROBBER OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BEFORE the introduction of steamboats into the waters of the Mississippi, the vast wilderness, through which people traveled and transported their goods in that part of the country, was infested with numerous banditti, and a journey of any distance, through woods or unsettled places, was performed with great peril.

About the year 1802, the wilderness was infested by a notorious freebooter, who, with two sons, and a few other desperate miscreants, were the terror of the peaceful traveler. From the morasses of the southern frontier, to the silent shores of the Tennessee river, the name of Mason and his band, was known and dreaded. Their depredations, became at length, so frequent and daring, that the citizens of the adjoining Territories, were driven to adopt measures for their suppression; but the knowledge of the wilderness,

possessed by the banditti, their circumspection and enterprize, not surpassed by the savages among whom they wandered, baffled every attempt concerted for their capture. One of these incidents, as detailed by a contemporary, possesses some interest; and some of the individuals composing the party, it is believed, still survive, who will attest the general truth of the narrative, tho' unimportant errors may be observed. They will at all events recollect the jokes and good sayings, occasioned by the result of the expedition.

A robbery and murder, of more than usual atrocity had been perpetrated, and a number of citizens of the then Mississippi territory, united in a determination to pursue the robbers, to bring them to justice or put them to death. Under the command (it is believed) of the late Col. B., the party well mounted and armed commenced their march. Soon after entering the borders of the wilderness, they came upon the trail of Mason, and ascertained that he was but a day or two in advance, making toward Pearl river: they pushed on, day and night, and did not halt until they came to the river—here they found new evidence of a party having preceded them; and they did not doubt, but that it was he, of whom they were in pursuit—but men and horses were all in need of rest and sustenance, they, therefore resolved to strip their horses, repose for a few hours, and again renew the chase. Those preliminaries being disposed of, two of the party strolled to the bank of the river, and tempted by the coolness and beauty of the stream went into bathe. In the course of their gambol they crossed to the opposite shore, where they encountered an individual, whose society under present circumstances, afforded them very little satisfaction.

Mason, aware that he was pursued, and having ascertained the superior force of his pursuers, determined to effect by stratagem, what he could not hope to do by open contest. The path into the forest was here narrow, and much beset with undergrowth; and he placed his men in ambush, so that by a sudden onset, the party of Col. B. on entering the woods would be thrown into confusion, and thus be easily despatched or routed. Chance, however, produced a success more complete than any he could have anticipated. No sooner had the two naked and unarmed men reached the eastern shore of the Pearl, than Mason rushed upon them, before they could collect their thoughts, or comprehend their danger. He was a hale, athletic figure, and roughly clad in the leather shirt and leggings, common to the Indians and hunters of the frontier.

"I am glad to see you gentlemen," said he sarcastically; "and though our meeting did not promise to be quite so friendly, I am just as well satisfied; my arms and ammunition will cost less than I expected."

His prisoners were thunderstruck, and totally incapable of reply. Having placed a guard over them, Mason walked deliberately down to the shore, and hailed the party on the opposite bank, who had witnessed the scene that has been detailed, in amazement and apprehension. As he approached, they instinctively seized their arms.

"If you approach one step, or raise a rifle," cried the robber, "you may bid your friends farewell: there is no hope for them but in your obedience: I want nothing but security against danger to myself and party, and this I mean to have."

"Stack your arms, and deposite your ammunition on the beach near the water. I will send for them."

Any violence to my messenger, or the least hesitation to perform my orders, will prove certain and sudden death to your companions. Your compliance will ensure their release, and I pledge my honor as a man to take no other advantage of my victory."

There was no alternative. The arms and ammunition were disposed as Mason directed. Two of the band were dispatched for them, while a rifle was held to the head of each prisoner. No resistance was attempted, however, by Col. B. or his party, and the arms were brought across. The banditti were soon in readiness for a march; the prisoners were dismissed with a good humored farewell; and the dreaded Mason, true to his word, was soon lost in the depths of the wilderness. It is hardly necessary to say, that the pursuers, disarmed, discomfited, and a little chafallen made the best of their way back to "the settlements."

Subsequent to the occurrences just detailed, the violence and depredations of Mason became more frequent and sanguinary. One day found him marauding on the banks of the Pearl; the next proved fatal to the life and fortune of the trader, in the midst of the wilderness; and before pursuit was organized, the hunter, arrested by the descending sweep of the solitary vulture, learned the story of robbery and blood, on the remote shores of the Mississippi.

Treachery, however, at last effected what stratagem, enterprize, and courage, had in vain attempted. Mr. W., a citizen of great respectability, now deceased, passing with his sons through the wilderness, was plundered by the banditti. Therelives were, however, spared, and they returned. Public feeling was now excited, and the government of the Territory found it necessary to act. Gov. Claiborne accordingly offered a large and liberal reward for the robber Mason, "*dead or alive.*" The proclamation was widely distributed, and a copy of it reached Mason himself, who indulged in much merriment upon the occasion. Two of his band, however, tempted by the large reward, concerted a plan by which they might obtain it. An opportunity soon occurred, and while Mason, in company only with the two conspirators, was counting out and adjusting some ill-gotten plunder, a tomahawk was buried in his brain. His head was severed from his body, and borne in triumph to Washington, then the seat of Government of the Mississippi Territory.

The head of Mason was well known, and recognized by many, and identified by all who had read the proclamation, from the head so entirely corresponding with the description given of it, and the existence of certain scars and peculiar marks. Some delay, however, occurred in paying over the reward, owing to the slender state of the treasury. In the mean time a great assemblage from all the adjacent country, had taken place, to view the grim and ghastly head of the robber chief. They were not less inspired with curiosity to see and converse with the individuals whose prowess had delivered the country from so great a scourge. Among these spectators were the sons of Mr. W., who, unfortunately for these traitors, immediately recognized them as companions of Mason, in the robbery of their father.

It is unnecessary to say, that treachery met its just reward, and that justice was also satisfied. The reward was not only withheld, but the robbers were imprisoned, and on the evidence of the W—'s, condemned and executed at Greenville, Jefferson County.

The band of Mason being thus deprived of their leader, and two of his most efficient men, dispersed and fled the country. That vast wilderness, though much contracted by acquisition from the Indians, still presents ample haunts to the bandit; but the genius of Fulton has pointed out a mode of transportation so safe, efficient, and expeditious, that no inducement is held out to him; and the silent forest is now as safe for the traveler, as the paved streets and crowded walks of the city.

## AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN AN ARTIST

AND A MILLERITE.

A few weeks ago we published a brief notice of T. B. Read, a young artist of much promise, who originated in Pennsylvania, was cast on his own resources when a mere child, wandered away to Cincinnati when a raw uneducated boy, and "took to painting;" then came to New York and stopped a year or two, and for the last year and a half has resided in Boston, where he is making rapid and successful strides to a high rank in his profession. Some of his more leisure moments he seems to be fond of devoting to literature; yes, to literature, although he has scarcely had the advantages of a common school education. Another proof to be added to thousands before, that genius overleaps all barriers.

We have already published two articles from his pen, which prove that he possesses a poetic vein of no mean value, and we have another on hand which is eminently beautiful. Before publishing that, however, we give place to the following graphic and humorous prose sketch from the same hand.

By the way, the writer in his private letter modestly asks us to give him our advice about his "scribbling." To which we, with less modesty perhaps, reply here publicly by repeating the advice once given by Scott; "make literature your staff, but not your crutch." Take it in your hand as a pleasant companion and sometimes a comfortable aid in an idle afternoon or an evening walk; but in the long and tugging journey of life, lean only on your profession. Depend upon that for support, for fame, wealth, and honor; all of which, if life and health are spared you, are within your reach.

In the mean time, when the brain grows restless, and throws down the pencil for the pen, and will manufacture literary wares, you will of course ship them for a market on board of that tight and fast sailing little craft, the *Rover*.

## THE CONSEQUENCE OF WEARING A WHITE CRAVAT.

BY T. B. READ.

One year ago I sported a white cravat, which on a person so youthful, presented certainly, a very unique appearance. My exact reasons for wearing the ministerial badge, were never known, and perhaps never will be. Some of my friends asserted that it was in harmony with my general bearing; others thought that it added a seriousness to my character which was usually too gay. So much for my friends. But my enemies, ("Heaven forgive them, for I can't!") not only looked upon, but spoke of the kerchief as a mark of affectation. Though my reasons for appearing so singular may never be known, why I ceased to appear so, shall. I spent the summer of eighteen hundred and forty at Andover, Mass., where, as may readily be imagined,

scarcely any other color than white is worn on the neck. Having occasion to visit Boston, I repaired to the railroad depot to take passage in the cars—down they came, the bells ringing, and the screamer screaming, all seeming to evince very much the same terror and affright that we might suppose Lucifer would in passing so near the very head quarters of Orthodoxy. Each saloon was crowded with people who were returning from a Millerite camp meeting; however, I squeezed into a place beside a very fat old lady—yes she was tremendously fat! I actually felt wicked, and wished with all my heart that people had to pay for their passage according to the number of inches which they required for a seat. However, there I was, wedged in for an hour to come! Delightful anticipation! The old lady was snoring—yes, snoring; but she could n't make more noise than the cars did, although she tried it. Just before me sat a little primmed up middle aged lady, riding backward; and beside her was a coarse fanatical looking man, who ought to have been the lady's husband if he was not. (The gentleman will forgive me, I trust, if I wished him too much happiness.) But there sat the lady primmed from the very toe of her shoe to the top of the green bow on her bonnet. I knew that she was a Millerite for who could ever mistake one? The fanatical gentleman looked at me queer; and after contemplating my person for some minutes, he leant his head against the lady's bonnet and whispered something out of the side of his mouth into her ear; which made the prim little lady open her eyes very wide, cease twiddling her thumbs, and bend her precious orbs of vision on me with an expression that spoke just as plain as though she had said, "Do tell! I want to know! why so he is!" Now, what this all meant, I could not for the life of me divine. The lady whispered something to the gentleman, and then drew back and looked imploringly; the gentleman crossed his legs, placed his elbows on his knees, and leaning toward me, exclaimed, "Rather sleepy business this ere ridin'." I nodded my head and directed my attention across the saloon. The stranger sunk back in his seat despairingly. The little lady punched him in the side with her elbow, and he attacked me again. "What's the name o' that 'ere town back there?"

"Andover," said I.

"Oh!" replied he "quite a nice place that; a good many students there arn't they?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Perhaps you're stoppin' there this term," continued he.

Again I answered in the affirmative.

"P'raps you know Professor Stuart?"

"Yes sir, very well."

"Well now, he's a nice smart man I guess."

"Generally considered so," I replied.

"P'raps you've studied him considerable."

I replied that I had studied a very interesting part of the professor.

"What part?"

"His countenance," said I.

"I never saw the work," replied he, looking very obliquely at the floor; "when was it published?"

"Oh, it must have been when he was quite young."

"Indeed!" continued he; "what does it prove?"

"It proves a great deal," answered I. "It proves that he is a man of extraordinary ability, a man in fact, that you don't meet with every day."



"No!" said the stranger.

"Yes!" answered I.

"Well, now see here," continued he, "do you know that I would like to talk to that there professor for about one half hour straight?"

"I was not aware of the fact," was the reply.

"Yes sir, just one half hour, and I'd convince that ere man of his error!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed with astonishment; "what error?"

"Oh, all about them ere 'Hints,' of his on the prophecy; they prove nothing. Phew! and they're gone."

"You don't mean so!" said I.

"Oh, but I do though; and if you like, I'll explain the whole to you right here."

I begged the gentleman not to fatigue himself. "Never fear," said he. Still I insisted that he would not attempt it.

"Well," continued he, "on one condition, I'll not insist upon convincing you on the spot."

"Go on," said I.

"That is, that you'll promise to never promulgate from the pulpit any of Professor Stuart's notions about the second coming of Christ."

I promised him; and the fanatical gentleman sunk back in his seat, winked at the prim little lady, and assumed an air of great triumph. Again the bell rung, the screamer screamed, the fat lady yawned, and we were in Boston.

"Want a cab? Want a cab?"

"No!" cried I.

"What?" said the fanatical gentleman, still close by me, "Do you *walk* up town?"

"Yes!" answered I.

"Well I declare! how tired I am." Said the prim little lady, looking very languishingly at me.

"Where do you stop at?" enquired the man.

"At a private house," was the reply.

"Well now brother look here," said he. I did look there with considerable astonishment.

"You see, brother, I'm on a benevolent kind o' jaunt. There's a man up our way as has a son way off at Buffalo in the state o' New York, who is sick with the fever and *agee*; and I'm goin' on arter him. You see, the old man started on, a spell ago, himself, and went as far as Albany, but got scared about the fever and *agee*, so he wheeled about and cum hum agin. I kind o' piled the old man, and told him if he'd jist give me the money, I'd go on after his son, and not charge him much o' nothin. He did so, and you see I'm goin; and mean to see Nlag'ra falls in the bargain. But as I was saying, brother, I'm on a kind o' benevolent jaunt, and if you've got spare lodgings, you know it'll be so much saved for the old man."

"I have no doubt," was the reply; "but I am sorry to say—"

"Now don't say you can't accomodate a *brother*, because, you see, we *ministers* of the Gospel—"

"Stop!" cried I, "why do you take me for a minister?"

"Why!" reiterated he, "ain't it as plain as the nose on your face? Ain't you studyin' at Andover? and don't you wear a *white neckcloth*? and—"

"Holloa! cab!" cried I, "open the door, be in a hurry!"

"Where to sir?" asked the driver.

"Any where up town; it wont do to name the place here."

"But, brother, ain't there room for *two more*?" cried the fanatical gentleman.

"Drive on, cabman!"

"Aye, aye, sir"—and the two hopeful travelers were soon left to follow the bent of their own inclinations.

I have never worn a white cravat since.

Boston, Sept. 1843.

## ONLY IN JOKE.

BY H. H. WELD.

ONLY in joke! We can have no patience with such fellows. If they lived in countries where the bow-string is fashionable, or where a head may be sliced off, or a woman bagged off for the asking, they would have your brother strangled, or your wife launched in to the Bosphorus, done up in a bag, like a kitten for transportation, and when you complained, the ready answer would be, that it was "only in joke! Or they might do some similar good turn for yourself, and tell your executors the same story. They think that a joke will answer as an apology for any thing, even to the smashing of furniture, breaking of glass and fracturing of bones, and are particularly hard and rough, upon any who happen to be cursed with their friendship. There is no getting angry with them, until you are actually ruined, past a joke in body, purse, or chattels. To complain of any such small matter, as the dislocation of a limb, is only to make the joke richer; for the more you lament the riper is the fun. Say nothing, and bear these injuries without remonstrance or resistance, and half their amusement is lost. True friendship this—enjoyment of your neighbor's misery, and appreciable only by the "real good natured fellows," the practical jokers—jolly companions—confusion to them and their like!

Edith Blanchard was just one of the most gentle, equable, inoffensive lasses, that Heaven ever put upon earth as the incarnation of kindness and good humor. Jack Robinson was good humored too—but he was one of those same blustering, noisy, troublesome mortals, who seem to live only to torment all who are compelled to live in their association. What the gentle Edith found in such a chesnut burr to love, the blind god only knows. Certainly it was for nothing in his manners, for the pair was the antipodes of each other in every possible respect. There was no single point in which they resembled each other. If poor Edith's heart fluttered with that pleasure which poets and lovers speak of, when she saw his approach, it fluttered with genuine fear when he was present. He could not take her hand without squeezing her fingers in his vice of a paw, till the blood was ready to gush from those finger ends and the tears did start from her eyes. If he tried to steal a kiss, (pass this sentence, maiden ladies) she struggled to escape in real earnest—for she knew that he was not thus affectionate, except when he had been cheating the barber of his revenue, and his shoe-brush of a beard was rubbed so roughly on her "damask cheek," as to make scarlet of it.

If he invited her to ride, she was sure to find herself seated behind some harum scarum animal of a horse, which was never harnessed except for some such Van Amburgh in horseflesh as her tender suitor. Once with his victim seated by his side, he would regale her ear with a history of his broken vehicles, overturns and hair-breadth 'scapes with the same quadruped, and take all the time particular care so to drive, and over such

uneven ground, as to inflict upon Edith the horrors of an overturn, in every thing but the actual occurrence of it, at every step. If, in walking with Edith, he saw her step outside to avoid an ant-hill he would take particular pains to go back and grind it level with his ugly heel. He would counterfeit drunkenness so naturally as to bring the fond foolish child into tears; and indeed, there was no conceivable enormity, short of knocking her down with malice prepense, that he did not practice. All this he assured was "in joke;" and when he wound up his obstreperous feats with a fit of laughter as boisterous as his jokes, Edith would faintly laugh too, while a tear stood in his eyes.

Poor Edith! She wondered if all men were like Jack Robinson—but she dared not ask. Others treated her with deferential civility; and so she remembered did Jack once, but that was before he was an accepted and declared lover; and she more than half wished that she had always kept him on terms as distant. But just as she had reasoned herself into half hating him, he would always regain his standing by some real proof of affection, unstudied and perhaps unrefined on his part, and unexpected on hers. What could she do with such an awkward cub of a lover? Hate and dismiss him she could not; for his very gaucheries had become tolerable and even pleasant to her. The match was something like the affection of a bride of a bandit for her lord—Jack was a bandit in manners, and he hanged to him; with not half the refinement ment that a real genteel romance or stage freebooter throws into his love passages. The idea of being yoked for life to such an unreformed griffin would seem terrible to her, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary. It certainly did to her friends; but when they began to tell her so, Edith showed all the woman; declared that Jack was a great deal better than those who maligned him! that unpolished worth and sense was better than varnished villainy, and that she would marry him, were he twenty times Jack Robinson. To this there was no answer, and the dear friends of Edith only sighed and shrugged their shoulders, while she strutted out of the room like a stage bouncer. Gentle women can show fire sometimes—and when they do! Let those who know speak.

Jack was a great lover of aquatic amusements. Beside his membership of a boat club, he boasted the possession of various description of small water craft, his pride in which was second only to his fondness for his horses, if even to that. Just at a moment when Edith had been resenting the interference of her friends in Jack's disfavor, that worthy made his appearance, and invited her to take a water excursion with him. This, which was a standing invitation in the boat season, she had always resolutely declined. She looked up, as Robinson put the question and saw the malicious smiles of her friends, which plainly intimated that they knew she dare not accept. To stop to think—to gratify them by a moment's hesitation, her pride would not permit; and to Jack's surprise and pleasure, she accepted the invitation at once. She only intimated to him, as they passed to the water side, that she acceded to the jaunt to show her friends that she was not afraid to trust herself to his guidance, under any circumstances. The rascal! Not to heed this delicate and maidenly appeal to his generosity to spare her fears.

To do Robinson justice, he intended to respect her timidity, and to forbear, for once, to make it the butt

of his roguery. On the very point of embarkation, the temptation to break over his good resolution almost mastered him. His man Friday, who was in waiting, on board, regarded them as they stepped into the boat, with such a confident anticipation of "fun," that Jack regretted his good resolution. As the sail was spread to the breeze, and the little barque careened under it, his determination to spare Edith became weaker and weaker, as she begged him to return, or "sail slower." She clung to the windward side with the agony of a drowning woman, and Jack, who would have laid down his life for her at that moment, had such a sacrifice been necessary, made no scruple to laugh at her misery: for what is more miserable, more tormenting than fear?

Step by step they advanced, Jack and his man Friday, in the audacity of what they called "d——d good fun." They rocked the little shallop till Edith screamed, and at last almost fainted with terror; or they steered so as to cause a dash of spray from the bow to the stern, and frighten the poor girl with the idea that the boat was going under. For two or three long hours, "all in joke," did they thus torment her, until the joke became a matter of serious earnest. A sudden flaw, unnoticed in its approach by the two practical jokers, capsized their boat, and the three were at a blow spilled into the water.

Robinson's first and only thought was for Edith. Fleetlier than the winged lightning, is the activity of thought in a moment of extremity. As he madly plunged, unaware what course to pursue, or whither to look, the whole life, the whole love of the gentle Edith passed through his mind. He felt that he was a murderer, and as he vainly buffeted the wave, the deep damnation of eternity seemed his lot in the few short moments that were spent by him in frantic struggles. He strove to call aloud, and the salt water mocked all his attempts at utterance. Despair became despondence; fatigue paralyzed his limbs, and mocked his skill as a swimmer; cramps seized him, and the light of heaven was shut out from his eyes, as he thought, forever.

When he recovered, it was as though heaven's whole artillery were pointed at his brain. Thunder rung in his ears, and the first gasps for breath were infinitely more painful than when that breath departed. With returning consciousness his memory did not immediately return, and he looked about him with vacant surprise, at the crew of the ballast droger, who had been his deliverers from a watery grave. Incident by incident, events came to him. He remembered the most distant first; till, thought by thought the excursion and its circumstances came to him. For a moment still, all was indistinct, till the last sad event of his life fell on his heart, with an echo, like the damp sod on a coffin. In a moment more he started wildly up—"Edith! Edith! where are you? My God! My God! It was ONLY A JOKE!"

No Edith answered—nobody answered. The sailors knew nothing of Edith—they knew only that they had saved a drowning man. They could suggest nothing—could say nothing. Robinson sunk to the deck insensible, and while the humane mariners strove to restore him to animation, their vessel sluggishly ploughed its way to the city. Slow as was its progress, was the return of Robinson to consciousness. Upon his arrival at the city he was at once carried home; and when his messenger could bring him no intelligence of Edith, again he relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Better tidings awaited him upon his recovery of his senses, the third time. Edith, too, had been saved, by another vessel; and though Robinson's deliverers knew that some one had been picked up, the circumstance of a woman's being in such a boat had never once occurred to them; and the ravings of Robinson seemed but incoherence. Her safety was better than any physician's prescription could be; and a very few days carried him to her house, to tender his subdued congratulations that she had not been drowned "all in joke."

Edith did not reproach him. It was not in her nature to dissemble; it was not in her heart to offer reproof to one with whom she could only mingle congratulations. After the first meeting, the affair of the boat was never alluded to. One day—it is strange how a narrow escape enjoyed together, or a community of misfortune, or of good fortune, will tender two people to each other—one day Jack bluntly asked Edith to fix a time for the nuptials.

"One year from this date."

"Surely you joke!"

"I never joke—and it is to give you a chance to prove your reformation that I set a day more distant, than—to tell the truth—my own heart prompts."

The time of probation has just expired; the pair are just married; and there after the fashion of all story-tellers, we shall leave them to enjoy their honeymoon.

## DYING FOR LOVE.

BY LAWRENCE LARRER.

It is a sad thing to die for love, and withal a very foolish thing; and there are few, now-a-days, in this prosy and money-making age, who would ever be guilty of such an antiquated notion. In sooth, men are now too sensible, either to mildew or commit suicide for a woman's bright eye; and if they are so unfortunate as to be jilted by one of these same tormentors, it is but the simplest task in the world to find a thousand happy faces and free hearts for the one they have lost. Alas! it is a woful thing that ever the world contained such causes for broken hearts as disappointed love and false vows; but if people will retain too much soft material in them, they must expect to be most awfully duped sometimes.

In my schoolboy days I had a most striking story told to me about "dying for love." I then scarcely knew what the term meant, unless it was something like the cholera morbus or the sick-headache. I used often to hear my maiden aunts tell of "poor Harry Ransom!" and for the life of me I could not understand what the word *poor* meant; for I knew that the Ransoms were immensely rich, and that they lived in a large three-story white house with green blinds to the windows; that they kept a carriage, and that "Old Ransom," as he was familiarly called by the country people, was president of a bank. It confused all my ideas about being poor for some time, and I began to think that Walker's dictionary was not right, and felt somewhat fearful that I should never live to be a poor man "in my life."

But I used to hear my aunts talk about poor Harry Ransom, and about something that he did one dark, stormy night, in the pond just above the old saw-mill. When I came to grow older, I learned his story. It ran thus:—

It seemed that he had been the pet of his father's fa-

mily. He had grown nearly to manhood, and scarcely had ever a wish of his been thwarted, although his parents were at that time poor, and depended upon their own industry for the comforts of life. It is a pity that Fortune, instead of bestowing her liberal gifts upon the Ransoms after many grievous trials had mocked them, had not been less blind to them ere misfortune had broken the heart of their only son. Poor Harry! he might have been happy, then. But the decrees of Providence none can foresee; and Fortune is the most fickle of women.

Harry was but a youth of eighteen when he fell in love, and his warm and glowing heart felt all the ecstasy of the first passion; but he was an unfortunate lover, and the object of his admiration was a wild, romping, laughing, rosy-cheeked girl of fifteen; but she did not care a pin for him, farther than to treat him well; and whenever he spoke to her of love, her gay laugh touched unpleasantly the heart of Harry, and caused him many a bitter pang and sleepless night; but like a bird charmed by a serpent's eye, he could not flee from the certainty of ruin. She had been dazzled by the supposed wealth of a gay fellow, and, incited by the stupid ambition of an ignorant mother, she thought that the purse of the one was far superior to the heart of the other. Such an infatuation is by no means an uncommon thing at the present day; but sorrow and repentance are as sure to follow as darkness follows daylight.

After much patience, tears and perseverance, Harry found that his hopes were like moonlight shadows, and from that time he grew demented, and would wander alone through broad fields and gloomy forests, and return home at night to sorrowful dreams and restless slumber. His fond parents could do nothing toward alleviating his misery, and all their arguments and advice were unheard or unheeded by him. They beheld him withering away—their darling boy. Not even his beautiful sisters could succeed in attracting any notice from him. There was but one with whom he would be at all intimate or communicative—one who had grown up with him as a playmate and schoolfellow; into his ears would he pour all his sorrows, and to him alone did Harry look for sympathy.

It was late on an evening succeeding a day when Harry had been away from home since morning, and there were still no signs of his return. The family grew impatient. Hour after hour passed away, and the pet of the household came not. Inquiries were set on foot, and search was made for him, but nothing could be heard of him to quiet the distracted fears of the mother, dispel the apprehensions of the father, or dry the fast flowing tears of the sisters. The neighbors became alarmed, and a general turn out and search were made; but the morning sun arose upon the mourning house of the Ransoms. Even the idol of his fruitless passion, felt, for a time, deep interest in the fate of Poor Harry; and some even went so far as to say that they saw a few tears of remorse stray down her cheeks, and heard one or two half suppressed sighs escape from her, which certainly did not argue a mind perfectly at peace with itself—at any rate, her features and appearance belied her most wofully, else she was very unhappy.

Toward noon he was found drowned in a mill-pond.—found by the very friend who had been his confidant and sympathizer. It was a mournful sight to witness father, mother and sisters gather around, weeping over

the cold and lifeless body of their poor Harry. Among the whole assembly there was not one dry eye, for he was beloved and respected by all. Even to her whom he had so unwisely loved, his cold lifeless form seemed but an awful embodiment of reproach. Surely, what can be more terrible than the "curse in a dead man's eye"—the dead, whom living, we have injured—the dead whom we have destroyed!

Well, month after month rolled by—years passed into eternity—the first love of Harry had become a deserted and miserable wife—Fortune had bestowed golden favors upon the Ransoms, but the sable pall of mourning was never removed from their hearts. The father became gloomy and cold—some called it pride, but they were mistaken—the mother became melancholy and thoughtful. Their wealth was only enjoyed by the daughters, who, from youth and pleasure, soon recovered their natural flow of spirit.

This is a gloomy picture of unfortunate "love," and I do hope, for the prosperity of this fair world, that such "little weaknesses" may ever be "few and far between," for, take my word for it, that however comfortable a faith it may be to live in, it is an uncomfortable one to die in. My "gentlemen" friends, I hope, will ever have strength of mind to avoid getting desperately in love with a pretty girl who prefers a well filled purse to an honest man's heart. My "lady" friends I dare say, have too much sense to be guilty of foolishly tampering with sincere affection.

It is with pleasure that we again have an opportunity of transferring to our pages another capital story from the columns of the *Western Star*, by S. D. G., the talented authoress of the tale published some weeks since, entitled "JUST FIFTEEN." Right glad are we that the great West owns so gifted a writer; nor shall we be surprised, if, ere long, she should take a prominent stand among the many talented authors of the present day. She holds a ready and a nervous pen, and we are apt to think that many of her most spirited touches are the result of close observation and experience. With considerable interest have we watched this lady's progress in the literary world to which she has attached herself, and have been much gratified at every improvement we have noticed. But she has chosen a thorny path—she has imposed upon herself a thankless task; therefore it becomes us to give her all the cheer we can, to help her onward in her lonely toil—to make more light the burden she has volunteered. We would that our appreciation of her talents could come more in the shape of substance; as it is, we hope that some of our enterprising publishers will call her abilities to their assistance; and with pleasure do we offer our services to communicate between them and her for any offering they may be pleased to call from her gifted pen. We speak advisedly. Come gentlemen, shall we introduce you? However, you may as well read her story first. It is called

#### THE DEFORMED.

BY S. D. G., OF MAYSVILLE, KY.

THE evening shades were gathering slowly over the calm, quiet loveliness of the scene around the flower-wreathed cottage of farmer Merle, as Rose Merle, the farmer's young and lovely, but not his *only* daughter, came bounding lightly into the room where her sister, the humble, homely, and *deformed* Ellen, sat quietly engaged in some coarse sewing, that her sister had

an hour before commended to her attention and performance.

"For pity's sake, Ellen, have you not done that work yet?" enquired the thoughtless, impatient sister, as with a scowling and reproving eye, she scanned the progress poor Ellen had been able to make in the short time allotted to the completion of her task. "Are you not done yet? I could have finished it long ago!"

Ellen made no answer; but she raised a pair of dark, keen, searching gray eyes (her only good feature, alas!) to her sister's beautiful face; and with a glance half contemptuous, half humble, coldly resumed her labor; while the spoiled and petted Rose continued, though in a somewhat softened and gentler tone, "Well, never mind it now. To-morrow will do. Put it by, Ellen, and let us take a walk in the orchard. I promised Philip Moran that I would be there to receive the June Apples he wanted to send father, who you know will not be in till after night, when Philip will be gone home. Come, get your bonnet, and let's go quick. I hear him singing down the meadow on his way to the trees."

Ellen still did not reply, but silently prepared to follow her lovely sister; whose supreme beauty had always given her the ascendancy in all things, over the plain-featured and unprepossessing Ellen, whom custom had long since taught the bitter lesson of mute endurance and uncomplaining resignation and humility.

The younger girl, Ellen, was disfigured from her birth; and though her face was by no means lovely, yet a deep, expressive, intensely-brilliant eye, gave to its extreme plainness, a character and an interest, independent of mere beauty and the attraction which beauty generally commands. Owing to her unfortunate deformity of person, perhaps, Ellen had early evinced a moody, retiring, unobtrusive, gentle temper and disposition, entirely in opposition to the gay, imperious, overbearing, and haughty wilfulness of her matchless and beautiful sister; whose high and aspiring nature but ill suited with the limited circumstances, and humble station of the poor, but honest farmer.

The grass was green beneath their feet as the sisters walked onward—Rose, with the light bounding step, indicative of a heart as light and free—while Ellen moved along with difficulty and restraint, the effects of her blemished figure and cramped and prisoned feelings and spirit. They might have formed a not uninteresting picture for the hand of a sculptor—the two sisters. Rose, with her beaming, radiant loveliness, her full, well-developed figure, her graceful walk, and proud distinguished air, all so seemingly above her station and birth; and Ellen, pale, home-like, humble and sorrowful, moving by her side so meekly, and silently, and with the staid, sober, and uncertain motion, consequent on her deformity. Poor Ellen! how many a heart and nature, as good and noble as thine own, go down to the grave unappreciated, unloved, and unnoticed, because, forsooth, they are encased in an uncouth frame, or set in a form not moulded to the fine proportions of grace, loveliness and beauty! How unjust and illiberal is the principle that forms its estimate of the human heart and character, by the expression of the human face alone! Alas! were this the standard by which we must all be weighed and judged, I much fear me that many would have just and righteous cause for discontent and murmuring!



The two sisters walked together for some moments in silence; until Rose, no longer able to bear so staid and sober a pace as that of her sister, bounded away, saying she would run on and meet Philip Moran at the crossing place of the little river that meandered with a wild sweet voice, along the meadow and among the mimic hills that relieved its character from a tendency to the monotonous and level, that would otherwise have destroyed much of its charm and beauty. Glad to be left alone, Ellen sat down under a tree to arrange some wild flowers that had tempted her in their ramble; and as she pursued her quiet occupation, she began warbling a low, wild melody, in a voice singularly sweet, soothing, and harmonious. As she thus sat and sang, still weaving her garland of wild-flowers, with a skillful and dexterous hand, she suddenly heard a light, hasty step close by her; and looking up, she beheld before her a tall noble youth, of some nineteen summers, perhaps, though to judge from the bronzed hue and mature expression of a face whose manly beauty is but seldom equalled, you might have deemed more years than I have named, to have pressed their stamp upon his brow, and their experience on his heart. The youth gazed on her for a moment, as he stood with flushed cheek and excited eye by her side; and there was an air of evident disappointment in his manner, almost amounting to disgust, as he asked in a cross, contemptuous tone, so humiliating to every feeling of pride in the bosom of the person addressed, "Was that you singing?"

"Yes, Philip, it was me," replied the poor deformed girl, suppressing the keen and bitter pang that wrung her heart at the youth's insulting tone and manner; and leaning yet closer against the tree, she sought to conceal her form as much as possible from his view, while she continued, "did you think it was Rose?"

"Yes," replied Philip Moran, for such he was, "I did think it was Rose." And the flush on his dark cheek became yet deeper as he spoke.

"Rose never sings such sad songs as that was," answered Ellen, with a half-playful smile; but Philip Moran paid no heed to the words, and was turning away toward the cottage to seek the object of his day-dreams, the proud and beautiful Rose Merle, when the girl perceiving his intention, called him back, and directed him where to find her sister; adding in conclusion, "she thought she heard you singing and went down to the bridge in order to meet you."

"It was not me, but James Corbin. I saw him when I was coming through the woods half an hour ago. Strange he should come here just at this time!" And the youth stood for an instant gazing in moody abstraction on the ground, a dark shade of suspicion and jealousy settling over his beautiful and most noble countenance. Whether his companion remarked that expression or not I cannot say; but after looking earnestly in his face for a little while, she timidly extended her prettily woven wreath toward him, saying with a smile half playful, half sorrowful, "will you have it?"

If an adder had stung him, the boy could not have started forward with a wilder and more sudden movement; while his whole countenance wore but one expression of loathing, contempt, and abhorrence, that withered the very soul of the poor girl whose deformity and hideousness of form and feature had called those feelings into action. With an expression of contempt, the young man rudely put the flowers from him, and turned to leave the spot, when he encoun-

tered the full gaze of those bright, wild, dreamy, life-like eyes fixed upon his face, as though reading his heart and thoughts. There seemed to be a spell of witchery and fascination in that gaze, for it sunk into his very soul, and deprived him of the power to leave the place; and he stood undecided and trembling in every limb, with a nameless and indescribable sensation of pain and pleasure throbbing in his heart, and thrilling throughout his frame.

Ellen had ceased to hold the garland toward him; but she pressed the rejected offering for a moment to her lips, and a few warm, passionate tears fell lightly over it, as it lay now upon her heaving bosom. With an irresistible impulse, Philip Moran took the flowers, and seating himself on the grass beside Ellen, he would have twined them in the glossy waves of her luxuriant brown hair, (which he did not know till then, possessed either gloss or richness,) but the deformed girl gently withdrew his hand from her head, and vainly sought to release his clasp of her own; for the fire of a burning passion was kindling up in the bosom that till now had known only contempt, pity, and loathing, for the wretched blemished creature beside him. The more he looked into the clear depths of those strange bright eyes, the deeper grew their spell of passion in his soul; and the more he assimilated and accustomed his gaze to the lank and bowed form of the hitherto despised and neglected dwarf girl, the less hideous and hateful became the sight to his eyes. But a singular change seemed to have come over the girl herself, in the last few minutes; for though she answered his remarks kindly and even gently, yet there was a deep, intense fire in the clear depth of her restless eye, and her pale lip wore a curl of scorn, most unusual to its serene and almost humble expression; while a dark red spot on either cheek, and a strange contraction of her forehead, gave evidence of some strong and masterly emotion busy in her usually so very calm untroubled bosom.

"Poor Ellen!" exclaimed the youth, in a tone of commiseration and tender pity, as he softly laid his hand on her head, and looked down into her eyes—those singular, mysterious, and soul-searching eyes, that seemed now to throw a spell of the wildest passion around his heart that ever woke the turbulent waves of feeling in the breast of man, "Poor Ellen! how very hard is your fate, now I come to reflect upon it! How cruel and ungenerous I have been to you, and how can you ever forgive me? But I will be so no more, and henceforth and forever I will befriend you, and do everything in my power to make you happy!"

Were not these sweet words to the ear and the heart of the poor, deformed girl, especially when spoken in the low soft tones of him toward whom her lonely, isolated heart had turned for the only meed of affection the cold, unappreciating and soulless world could afford to her? Alas! "what deep wounds ever closed without a scar!" An hour ago the girl would have listened to those words, breathed in that voice, as to the music of heaven, when poured forth by angel voices in the eternal praises of the most High! An hour ago, and life itself would have been too small a sacrifice to make for his sake. But the golden hour had passed away when he could command the energies of her heart, its devotion, its love, and its life. She was no longer the simple, forgiving, hopeful, confiding creature, yielding in all things, ascribing the words of slight and contumely to better motives than really prompted them, that but a short time before would have received the taunt of

scorn as her due, and the jeering, bitter words and jest against her blighted figure, as a natural inevitable consequence. But

"A changeful thing

Is the human heart, as a mountain spring."

and Ellen Merle left that spot, a changed and altered woman. All the meek humility that had before distinguished her manner and conduct were now forever gone from her nature; and no longer the same in person nor in heart, the deformed girl sought the hitherto sedulously-avoided fellowship of the young of both sexes who visited her father's house, displayed a marked and tasteful care in the arrangement of her dress and her hair, made her clothes so as to set tightly to her figure and in some degree, also, to conceal much of that figure's uncouthness and disproportion, and in the course of a very few weeks the strange improvement in the appearance, demeanor, and dress of Ellen Merle, was the theme of general marvel and surprize among all who witnessed it; and by none was that astonishment more greatly felt and less tamely borne with, than by her lovely sister; whose proud, imperious nature now bent to one yet more haughty and wilful than her own, in the whilome gentle, meek, and unassuming spirit of the deformed girl, hitherto the jest of every idle tongue, the derided, scorned, ill-endured object of universal contempt; now the fierce, proud, gay, self-confident woman of society, commanding the admiration of all who came within the influence of her sparkling wit, and high and haughty superiority of mind and talent, effectually shrouding, by the two last, the effects of her sister's exceeding loveliness of person, and drawing around her all the intelligence and information of the neighborhood and its villages. The air around her seemed to bear a charm not to be resisted or withstood, "The spell of her illumined eyes" had power to fix the heart of all who met their fatal gaze; and those who listened to the low, sweet, musical tones of that melodious voice, forgot the plain face and unprepossessing form to which they belonged.

"Among the rest young Philip bowed  
In perfect adoration;"

and turning from the loveliness of the once-adored Rose Merle, Philip Moran bowed before the shrine of the deformed sister, with a devotedness and an intensity of passion never felt in their warmest day of affection, for the beautiful and matchless object of his first early dream of love. And, strange inconsistency of human nature! the girl, once so loving and so passionate, so devoted, and so humble in her devotedness, now refused to him alone the smile of her favor and friendship; and while that smile beamed upon all others, for him there was her word of cold indifference and contempt, her look of incredulous and undisguised scorn whenever he breathed his wild professions and extravagant praises in her unheeding ear, or told the tale of his measureless affection and burning love, in the impassioned language so entirely his own to command and hers to resist. How had she loved, to bear her part toward the loved one? Go ask the midnight vigils of unresting, feverish anxiety and care; ask the sleepless pillow, nightly dewed with the heart-wrung tears of shame, agony and love; the convulsive, but low, and unheard groan in yonder lonely chamber, whence streams the pale, solitary lamp that tells of a sleepless eye and a troubled heart within—I say, ask of these the depth and intensity of that love, the conquering of which had severed every tie of human and kindly

feeling in the heart it had left a waste and arid wilderness—a desert, breathing the spirit of desolation and despair—ask of these and they will tell thee a tale in words of convincing eloquence and truth, that might blanch thy cheek and chill thy veins with a more than momentary horror! Oh! if we could but lift the artificial mantle of deception, "large and broad," that veils from our eyes the bosoms of those who dance by us in the sunshine of life—but it matters not! I saw a young girl, erewhile, with a heart beating warm to the impulses of a noble nature meekly repentant for errors firmly resolved on its atonement; sorrowful over the past; hopeful, timidly, trustingly—aye, tearfully hopeful, for the future; but the world frowned upon her efforts—the cold, uncharitable, bitter world; and mark me! she will rest beneath the sod, anon, and the world will smile, and smirk, and condemn, as lightly, as if she owed not her untimely doom to its heartless decree! I speak bitterly, perhaps; but my reader, so long accustomed to see and forgive my foibles, will not suffer a "light word" to "part us now." He has gone with me through so many scenes and so many changes, has seen how sedulously, in my own poor and humble way, I have sought to while a lonely hour by telling him my homely, uninteresting, ungarnished stories, after my own plain manner and fashion, that he will not condemn me for this little deviation from the smooth, unruffled serenity of temper that should distinguish one like me; nor will he refuse his forgiveness to any future fault of the same nature; for "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and mine is often very, very full.

I do not mean this—narrative, shall I call it? as a mere tale of fiction; or, indeed, scarcely is it intended as a tale, at all; but as a moral, "like," to borrow the poor boy's strongest epithet of delineation and instance; and my reader will therefore not be surprized to find a disconnected, wild, disjointed, and somewhat incoherent, recital of events and things, to tax his time and patience, when *this* shall fall into his hands, and claim his perusal.

I said Philip Moran, the high, proud, and beautiful, bent a lowly knee to the woman he had before scorned, with all the bitterness of his haughty, ill regulated, and imperious spirit. But in proportion as he evinced the intensity and depth of his affection for the deformed girl, was the chilling, icy coldness and haughteur of her own manner and tone toward one, for whose sake she would *once* have poured out her heart's blood, like water, to the ground. But that rosy time was forever past away, and a proud look was in the eye, a sinister and haughty smile on the lip, that shone with joyous tenderness, and wreathed into dimpling witchery for all and every one, *but* him.

"Ellen! stop, one moment, and listen to me!" he entreated one evening, as he encountered her in the garden; for the deformed girl was moving away when she saw him approaching the little summer-house, beneath whose flowery shade she was seated, in an attitude of deep despondency and meditation. "Stay one moment, I pray you! Why is it," he continued, as he sat down beside her, and attempted to take her hand, which, however, she calmly withdrew, "Why is it that you thus shun me? Have I not yet atoned to you for those early years of error, and the misguided ignorance of your worth and character, that led me into so heinous a course of injustice and cruelty toward you, augmented, too, as the fault was, by your own

nearest and dearest kindred? If I have not convinced you of my sincerity and truth by my past devotion, oh, point out some sacrifice, I care not how great, and I will joyfully, willingly make it, if by doing so I can prove to you the depth and concentration of the passion that now prompts me to offer you my hand and heart—my name and my fortune! Oh, Ellen! scorn not the offer unless you would drive me to distraction. Give me but one of your old-time smiles, as the guerdon for my devotion and truth, and I shall be happy!"

For some moments the deformed girl answered not; and if her heart ever wavered from its high and fixed purpose of self-sacrifice and revenge, it was during that brief and momentary silence, when the soul seemed to sink back within her own lightless chambers, and bring to the altar of memory, the only ray of light not utterly extinguished beneath the chilling damps of charnel pride, and the imperishable remembrance of unjust, and not-to-be-forgotten wrongs—and that light, the love that had filled her early years with a false, but brilliant coloring of another and holier existence! But the quiver passed away from her lips, the softness from her eye, the smile from her brow; and assuming once more the high, proud tone of haughty dignity habitual to her, and rising from her seat to the full height of her figure, while all the demons of scorn seemed enthroned on that low, white brow, she answered, in a calm, unflinching voice, not a tone of which varied from the clear and even modulation which long practice had rendered perfect:

"Philip Moran! Is it the same hand that scornfully rejected my simple offering of affection down by yonder apple tree, long, long ago one summer evening, that you now ask me to accept? Is it the same heart that then nourished for me the feelings of loathing, contempt and abhorrence, that, even in the presence of others, you made no attempt to conceal or suppress? Could such feelings be replaced with the pure and beautiful emotions of the love you affect to feel at this moment? Love! It is a profanation of the very term! Go to my lovely sister and say to her what you have now said to me, and I will believe you; for in her you will find beauty, pride, vanity, frivolity, lightness, and all, that, being most congenial to your own nature, you could esteem and love in another. But what could there be in common between you and myself? And yet I have loved you once! Nay, touch me not, speak not, and you shall hear. For years I loved you—oh, so well, so passionately! I watched your every look and tone; and though I did not try to forestall Rose in your love, yet I did seek to open your eyes to the contrast of our characters, and by constantly placing them in juxtaposition with each other, the frivolous, unmeaning, overbearing temper of my sister, and my own gentle, easy, retiring simplicity of character, and heart, (for my heart was pure then!) I cherished the wild dream of seeing you at last appreciate me, and—but why need I say it? Day by day I forgave some glaring act of cruelty and neglect, at your hands. I hoped you might even yet repent—you were young, warm, impetuous; and I still forgave every insult, every taunt, every jibe, jest and jeer, without a murmur of complaint, until the evening you rejected my flowers. From that moment a demon entered my breast! Forbearance, love, tenderness, all the soft and winning graces of affection, vanished away, and left a dull, aching, sickening sense of humiliation and shame at my heart; that revenge alone could ever overcome or obliterate. And that

vengeance, for the attainment of which I have toiled day and night, is mine at last, complete, full, and entire—the love for which I have striven with more unvarying constancy than ever galley-slave strove for the meed of freedom from oar and chain! Philip Moran! you love me! you love me! *This* is my revenge, and *this* the hope that has given light to the darkness of my lone and dreary pathway of existence. Yes, you, too, will feel as I have felt, the bitterness of a scorned affection; but not like me will you ever learn to master that withering passion; but through every change of thy life, amid the smiles of prosperity and the sunshine of an unclouded heaven, thou wilt turn sickening from them all, and vainly seek to forget, and to tame the rebel heart that will mock at thy control by loving till it beats no more! Yes! I am revenged! ha! ha!" And the low, wild, bitter laugh of the deformed girl rang in his ears, long after her form had ceased to fill his gaze. Those words were the words of prophecy and truth! After vainly seeking, again and again, to change the stern resolution and unbending will of Ellen Merle, Philip Moran resorted to travel, and an active life; the novelty of which served to distract his thoughts, for a while, from the object now ever present to his mind and heart. But memory would not thus be foiled; and Philip Moran, the gay, proud, high minded, gifted child of fortune and prosperity, died, the inmate of a private madhouse.

Rose Merle ended her career of heartless coquetry, and selfish overbearance over all who *would* be ruled by her, by bestowing her hand and most lovely person, (we say nothing of the heart,) on James Corbin; whom we have casually mentioned in the earlier part of this story; and if her husband was not altogether so happy in the smiles of his beautiful wife, he was at least too well bred, if not too well trained, to betray as much to the eyes of the curious and gossiping world, that as it was, pronounced them the happiest couple in the neighborhood, almost in the village itself.

Oh let us kindly draw a curtain over the after-fate of the deformed Ellen Merle! Why should we seek to penetrate the secrets of her veiled and hidden bosom, or read the mysteries therein concealed from every human ken? If she repented of her stern and bitter decree, or if she did not, was never known; nor was there anything apparent in her manner or conduct that might serve opinion to build upon, save only the fact of her retiring altogether from society and the social circles of life, on learning the wretched death of Philip Moran. But no word on the subject ever escaped her lips; and if that was indeed the true cause of her conduct, I cannot tell.

My kind reader! do you perceive the moral of this tale? Can you appreciate that moral, now you *do* perceive it? I hope so, indeed; for there is much of good contained therein, if you can only see clearly where it lies hidden among the rubbish of the disconnected thoughts, feelings, and events, that "make up the sum" of this wild, and not altogether fabricated narrative.

Mayeville, August, 1843.

Live, while you live, the epicure will say,  
And give to pleasure every passing day.  
Live, while you live, the holy parson cries,  
And give to heaven each moment as it flies.  
Lord, in my view may both united be,  
I live to pleasure when I live to thee.



## THE FATE OF THE OAK.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The Owl to its mate is calling,  
The river his hoarse song sings,  
But the Oak is marked for felling.  
That has stood for a hundred springs.  
Hark! a blow—and a dull sound follows:  
A second,—he bows his head:  
A third,—and the Wood's dark hollows,  
Now know that their King is dead.

His arms from the trunks are riven—  
His body all barked and squared—  
And he's now, like a felon, driven  
In chains, to the strong dock yard.  
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,  
For the ribs of a frigate free,  
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned,  
And now—he is fit for sea.

Oh! now—with his wings outspread  
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be)  
He will triumph again, though dead,  
And be dreaded in every sea.  
The lightning will blaze about,  
And wrap him in flaming pride,  
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout  
In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought—and won  
And been honored from shore to shore,  
And his journey on earth is done—  
Why, what can he ask for more?  
There is nought that a king can claim,  
Or a poet or warrior bold,  
Save a rhyme and a short lived name,  
And to mix with the common mould!

## A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN.

WHAT a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry; or rather, perhaps I should say, what a blockhead he was not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to have him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow; what a forlorn, desolate kind of a life he leads: no wife to take care of him; no children to love him; no domestic enjoyment; nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home; nice sociable dinners, pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up all the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There is my wife and her two sisters, that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy, and Sarah, and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook, and the house-maid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes here every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery maid—sixteen; surely there must be another; I'm sure I made it out seventeen, when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere. Let me see again; wife, wife's

sisters, boys, girls—oh, it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other, they all have most furious appetites: but then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the the buck-wheat cakes, of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself, in a boarding house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him or coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in good humor; no dawning intellects, whose development he can amuse himself with watching, day after day; nobody to study his wishes and keep all his comforts ready.

Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to day; Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put into their stocking. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old young Tom is; let me see, when does his birth-day come? next month as I am a Christian, and then he'll be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots at seven dollars a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints as to the propriety of getting a watch for him, gold, of course. Sliver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then I believe in my soul the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heigho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there is no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight forward screaming.

I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day time when I am out of the way. Then again what a pleasure it is to be routed from one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays

me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the two girls and their three brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say to read in the school when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

## HUMAN LIFE.

### OR, THE FIRST AND LAST MINUTE

The following graphic and thought-inspiring picture of human life was published about a dozen years ago in the New England Galaxy. We know not the author.

**MINUTES PASS.**—The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father—a man-child is born unto him. *Minutes pass*—the child has been blessed by a parent, whom I cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom, to which instinct alone guides for sustenance—the young wife too has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

**HOURS PASS.**—The low moanings from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first wants of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy; and the nameless articles, which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

**DAYS PASS.**—Visitors are thronging the chamber, and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone, as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

**WEEKS PASS.**—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch over his dreamless slumber—to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity, of which he is the bearer to them.

**MONTHS PASS.**—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewn with playthings, and there is a little one loitering among them whose half lapsed words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance tell you, that the entrance into life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayer of the parent is uttered over the small crib, which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

**YEARS PASS.**—Childhood has strengthened into boyhood and gambolled along into manhood. Old connexions are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves—new intimacies are formed—a new home is about him, new cares distract. He is abroad, struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gaiety, and study has dimmed his eyes. Those who began life, after he had grown up, are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love for protection and support.

**YEARS PASS.**—His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with the cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the bustle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each day's paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the names of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself, that he is younger, and stronger, and has a better hold upon life than any of his contemporaries.

**MONTHS PASS.**—He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad where he finds so many new faces: and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished, a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise, and his early bed, form for him the sum total of his pleasures.

**WEEKS PASS.**—Infirmity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty, and his cup is but half filled, since otherwise, his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunk lips without spilling its contents. His powers are weakened—his faculties blunted—his strength is lost.

**DAYS PASS.**—The old man does not leave his bed—his memory is failing—he talks but cannot be understood—he asks questions, but they relate to the transactions of a former generation—he speaks of occurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes—he seems to commune with comrades, but when he names them, it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have long covered their tombs.

**HOURS PASS.**—The taper grows dimmer and dimmer—the machinery moves yet more and more slowly—the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him is unheeded, or becomes a vexation. Each fresh inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels—the “silver chord” is fast untwisting—the pitcher is broken at the fountain—and time, “is a burden.” His children are about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near, but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run—and utter weakness brings the damp, which ushers in the night of death.

**MINUTES PASS.**—His breathing grows softer and slower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out—and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His “three-score years and ten” are numbered. Human life “is finished.”



We know not the author of the following exceedingly clever Yankee sketch, or we should be happy to give him due credit.

### JOSIAH,

#### HIS TURKEYS AND HIS SWEETHEART.

HAVE you ever been in Windsor, Vermont? If so, you have heard of Josiah Baker. Indeed you may have heard of him even though you have not been in the state of Vermont; for he is well known in Boston as the greatest dealer in poultry in all New England. About thanksgiving time, you may see in all parts of Boston, Josiah Baker's wagons, literally crammed with turkey's, geese, chickens and ducks, together with pumpkins and squashes, and all manner of thanksgiving sauce. 'Twas thought by some, if Josiah should die without an heir to inherit his virtues and perpetuate the stock of poultry, that thanksgiving would have to be abolished altogether in that region; for, as to being thankful upon an empty stomach, it could not in the nature of things be expected. In fact, they tried it on one occasion. Josiah did not die, to be sure, but 'twas just as bad for the time being, as you shall see.

Contrary to all usages, and probably for the sake of doing something wherewith to distinguish himself, the Governor of Massachusetts appointed thanksgiving on the same day which had been set apart for that purpose in Vermont. Now no real Yankee will ever absent himself from his kindred on thanksgiving day, not even for gain; and Josiah, though a bachelor was in the habit of having all his blood relations to make merry with him on that occasion: and you know that the habits of an old bachelor are not easily broken in upon. Besides, his worthy sister Hester, would have felt herself scandalized indeed, if she were denied the privilege of bustling and scolding, and storming about as usual, in the hurry of preparation for this joyous festival. Not that she was ill-natured, or given to scolding under ordinary circumstances—far from it; but there is a time for every thing. Then Josiah's numerous relatives, (and you've no idea, unless you've been there, how numerous one's relatives are in that part of the country,) who were always expected to partake of the luxuries of his farm yard, and to devour with an appetite which fortunately returns but once a year. Miss Hester's puddings, pies, tarts, &c. would have felt any thing but thankful if Josiah had gone to Boston, instead of keeping thanksgiving at home. But he had no idea of such a thing.

He could as well afford to keep his turkeys as the Boston folks could do without 'em, and he'd teach Governor Lincoln to appoint the same day as the Governor of Vermont.

So Josiah kept thanksgiving, as in time past, though his heart was not as light as usual, for he pined the Boston folks, and could not help saying now and then, as he cut a splice of turkey; "Governor Lincoln ought to have known better."

But there was this drawback upon his happiness, it was a trifle compared with the consternation of the Boston people. His old customers who had for fifteen or twenty years relied upon him for supplies, and had never once been disappointed, could not believe he would fail to appear now, and even the day preceeding thanksgiving, refused to purchase of others under the full conviction that he would come, though it was at the eleventh hour. But, alas he came not; and for the first time in their lives, and I hope the last, many of

the good citizens were obliged to forego the luxury of a roast turkey, and dine upon roast beef; and, instead of being thankful, they did nothing but eat and drink, and grumble. But there is no calamity, however great, from which good may not be extracted.

This unhappy event led the good people to reflect upon what might be the consequence if Josiah should be removed by death, leaving no issue to keep up the stock of turkeys; and as life is uncertain, even in Vermont, they sat about devising means of averting so serious an evil. Accordingly, Josiah began to receive letters advising him to marry; disinterestedly pointing out to him the cheerlessness of his present mode of life; and hinting also that if he should die childless, thanksgiving would be broken up. Now the subject of matrimony had never entered Josiah's head. His maiden sister attended to his house—darned his stockings for Sunday—washed his neck and ears for him of a Saturday night—and combed his hair in more ways than one. In short he could not see what more a woman could do. However, the subject had got into his mind, and it was not easy to get it out again. It was constantly before him. He could not even sleep in meeting, but was constantly looking about, and observing how nice and chirk the young women looked. Finally he concluded to open his mind to his sister and ask her advice.

After weighing the matter, thoroughly and mourning over the prospect of laying down the sceptre, she advised him (with magnanimity which none but a sister could exhibit) to comply with the suggestions of his friends—and Mary stated that she was willing to resign her authority to another for the sake of promoting his happiness, but in order to secure the latter, she must make the match herself, at least so far as to point out a proper person for him to court. This was a great relief to him, but he would have been better pleased if she could have settled the whole matter. For he had a great horror of encountering one of the sex face to face, having never been in company with any one but his own relations. However, his sister who was in the habit of gossiping in the intermission with all the women that came to meeting, soon made choice of a wife for her brother, in the person of Sally Jepson, who lived but a couple of miles from his farm yard. She was (as she told Josiah) of a rugged make, thick set, wholesome looking and as smart as a steel trap. So it was agreed upon that on Sunday night, Josiah should commence his courtship. Accordingly, after supper he mounted his horse, and started with much fear and trembling for Squire Jepson's. He rode very slow, that he might con over what he should say to Sally; but after thinking over many forms of speech, he arrived at the house quite at a loss how to open his heart. Having tied his horse to a fence, he thought he would reconnoitre the premises before going in; but although there was a light in the sitting room, the paper curtains were drawn, and nothing could be discovered. After walking round the house two or three times, and going as often to the fence to see if his horse was tied securely, he finally made a desperate effort, went to the well and took a drink from the bucket, and then gave a rap on the door. "Walk in," bawled the Squire. After fumbling some time, he finally raised the latch, and entered. "Why, Josiah Baker!" exclaimed the Squire. "Why, Mr. Baker!" echoed his wife—"Is that you? Set to the fire." Sally said nothing, but smoothed down her vandyke, laid her hands in her lap, and look-

ed in the fire. The three youngest children who were sitting on the hearth commenced whispering together respecting the object of the visit, for being Sunday night they suspected he had come a sparking. Silence continued for some minutes, till the children could contain themselves no longer, but snickered out a laughing. "Now pick up your legs and go to bed for your manners," said the Squire, the dame at the same time giving them a slap that helped them on their way considerably.

After the confusion arising from this sudden movement had subsided the dame asked, "how is Miss Hester, Mr. Baker?"

"Reasonable, I thank you."

After an interval of a few minutes, the dame broke out again; "I think Deacon Spring's wife must be poorly, for I see she sat down in the last prayer, and didn't get up to the blessing."

"Well now, I didn't mind that," said Josiah.

"Why, where were your eyes, Mr. Baker?"

Josiah made no reply for the fact was, his eyes were fixed upon the corner pew on the right hand side, where sat Sally Jepson.

"Our little man was unusually solemn to-day, I thought the self-righteous was pretty well cut up. The shoe fitted a good many on 'em."

Josiah, replied, "Yes." The truth was he would have given the world to change the subject, if he had known what to say, for his thoughts had been with his eyes, upon Sally, and he had not heard a word of the sermon.

"Even the singers seemed uncommon balked up," said the Squire. "I never heard 'em sing louder. But I do wish they would give up the new collection and stick to Mear and Bray, so that a body could jine with 'em. 'Twould be much more edifyin'. And then they've got to openin' their mouths so wide, that none of the sound goes through the nose at all, and seems to loose all the solemnness as 'twere."

"Didn't you think, Mr. Baker, that the little man uncommon lifted up in prayer?" said the dame.

Fortunately for Josiah this was a leading question, and that blessed monosyllable, yes, came to his relief. Just at that moment, the clock behind the door began to strike nine, and before it was done, the Squire and his wife had taken a candle and gone to bed, cautioning Sally not to forget to cover up the embers after Mr. Baker was gone.

Now, though the sudden departure of the old folks had relieved Josiah from one dilemma, it left him in a worse one; for he was alone with Sally without a single idea in his head, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, which was as dry as a powder horn.

"I believe my horse is a little uneasy," said he, after a silence of several minutes; and he jumped up and went out to the fence, and walked round a little, took another drink from the well, and then rushed into the house, determined to make a bold push, and broach the subject at once. So he drew his chair up near Sally and addressed her.

"Miss Sally!—darnation!—"

"What do you say, Mr. Baker?"

"Darnation!"

"Oh! I thought you spoke to me."

"What do you think of getting married, Miss Sally?"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Baker?"

"Sartingly I did—there's nobody else to speak to as I see," said Josiah, looking round the room.

Sally now began to color up, her throat swelled, and she reminded Josiah of one of his turkeys, and thus furnished him with a tonic for conversation.

"Miss Sally do you love Turkey?"

"Yes."

"So do I," said Josiah.

"Which do you like the best on it, apple sauce or cramberry?"

"Cramberry?"

"So do I," said Josiah. "Which do you think the sweetest, Sally, honey or maple sugar?"

"Honey."

"Thunder!—we're are near a like as two pumpkins. Now Sally, I'll tell you what's the sweetest thing in natur—It's you."

"Now be still Mr. Baker; for mother says praise to the face is open disgrace."

He now drew his chair close to her's, for as he told his sister afterward, he began to get his pluck up. "Sally," says he, what's the sign when any body treads on your toe?"

"It's a sign they love you. Oh! Mr. Baker you've smashed my foot to pieces!"

Upon this he threw his arm round her neck, and gave her such a smack as Sally Jones got when old Mrs. Jones thought her bottle of emptins had burst.

"What's the matter my dear?" said the Squire, who was awakened out of a sound sleep by his wife jumping in bed.

"Nothing," said she, "only I heard a great crackling just now, I thought at first 'twas your shootin' gun goin' off; but I guess it's only the frost comin' out of the ground."

At the mention of his gun the Squire got out of bed, and opened the door into the sitting room, "Sally are you up? what noise was that?"

"'Twas—'twas: I just shut the front door! that's all the noise I heard."

"Well, you'd better put the nail over the latch and go to bed."

The next morning the old lady gave Sally a severe scolding for slamming the door so hard, when people were asleep.

That interesting interview, and above all that parting kiss, was more than Sally Jepson could stand, unmoved—and on the next Sunday when she went to church and got a sly wink and a nod from Josiah, for her life she couldnt tell whether she had a heart left among her goods and chattles, although she tried all meeting time to decide the doubt. Josiah repeated the kiss on that very evening, and performed more, for he popped the alternative, and had the satisfaction to see Sally blush—an infallible symptom that his question had gone straightway to her heart, and caused it to flood her cheeks.

The parson soon blessed the happy twain, and they became one flesh—very much to the delight of all lovers of thanksgiving dainties—who in that union foresaw a perpetuation of Josiah's incomparable breed of turkeys, as well as some other things.

#### FASHION—A POEM!

What's fashionable, I'll maintain,  
Is always a-sart, cried sprightly Jane.  
Ah, would to heaven, cried grave Sue,  
What's right were fashionable too.

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PALENTAL COLLECTION



# THE ROVER.

## PARENTAL SOLICITUDE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

It was a summer sabbath,  
A bright and holy day,  
The church was done, and the setting sun  
Behind the dark woods lay;

When good old father Conway,  
With all his household train,  
In sadness stood by the dark green wood,  
Where they ne'er might meet again.

His good dame sat before him,  
Their daughter stood between,  
And all the rest round the good man press'd  
To know what his look might mean.

Their fair and gentle daughter,  
Of all the house the pride,  
Had twin'd her hair with flowerets rare,  
And her apron filled beside.

"Give me thy hand, my daughter,"  
And he press'd it to his heart,  
And bent his head, as he sadly said,  
"To-morrow we must part.

"To-morrow is thy bridal;  
Thou art going far away;  
And we ne'er again, on this grassy plain,  
May walk, as we have to day.

"But ere thou goest, daughter,  
A word I have for thee;  
The world is wide, and the happy bridal  
Knoweth not her destiny.

"The sun that shines so brightly  
In morning's early hour,  
Ere noon be past, is oft o'ercast  
By clouds that darkly lower.

"The sweet flowers thou hast gather'd,  
And twin'd around thy head,  
Will fade away by another day,  
And every leaf be dead.

"And thus all earthly treasures  
Will perish like the flower,  
And the brightest ray in life's long way  
Scarce shineth for an hour.

"Out in the wide world, daughter,  
Far from thy father's care,  
When trouble's press, in thy deep distress,  
Look up to God in prayer.

"And let thy cherished husband  
Share freely all thy heart;  
And God above protect thee, love—  
To-morrow we must part."

## FRAGMENT.

We are all mariners on this sea of Life—  
And they who climb above us up the shrouds,  
Have only, in their overtopping place,  
Gained a more dangerous station, and foothold  
More insecure. The wind that passes over,  
And harmeth not the humble crowd below,  
Whistles amid the shrouds, and shaketh down  
Those overweening climbers of the ocean  
Into the great gigantic vast of Death.

A. P.

## AN ILL THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

STROLLING leisurely down Broadway, on a sunny afternoon a few days since, with a friend, after having sipped a delicious cup of coffee at Pinteaux's, we could not but notice the many beautiful ladies, who, with their happy faces and bright smiles, were continually passing us. Here flaunted along some rich and gay dressed belle, whose nodding plumes and haughty bearing caught the quick eye of the effeminate fop, or the reckless and heartless debauchee. There tripped along some pretty milliner, neatly and chasteily dressed, upon some necessary errand connected with the occupation which procured her a respectable subsistence. The sober matron followed, viewing with a cold, though perhaps envious eye, the gayety and smiles of others. Then came the unfortunate girl of pleasure, (awful misnomer!) dressed in gaudy colors, lavishly displayed; her eyes beaming most wickedly, and smiles of fascination dancing upon her lips, while within the evil demon of despair gnawed at her heart.

Alas! for the deceitfulness of human life! Smiles often gild the surface of a troubled mind, like sunshine on the bosom of the Dead Sea, while all beneath is barrenness and death.

After sauntering along awhile, observing the living panorama that is always on exhibition in this our fashionable thoroughfare, we were accosted by a female in miserable apparel, who asked us for alms, saying that she was perishing for the want of food. She said that she had been without eating for two days, and whenever she dared ask for charity, she was rebuffed by unkind words, or insulted by ungenerous remarks. We gave her a few shillings, for which she thanked us, and we again moved on, my friend remarking at the same time, that he thought it strange she did not recognize him.

"Did you know her?" said I to him.

"I once knew her," replied he; "but that was some-time ago. It is a wonder that I knew her, however. It was before I came to the city; we were schoolmates together."

"She is well spoken," said I to him; "I should naturally suppose that she was of no low origin."

"God knows," returned my friend, "that she scarce ever had a wish that was not gratified while beneath her father's roof. It broke the old man's heart when he lost her, and fortunate was it that her mother never lived to see the disgrace of her only daughter."

This awakened my curiosity, and I requested to learn the history of this ill-fated being, and the circumstances connected with her sad fate.

"How old is she?" said I to him. "No doubt misery has added many years to her natural age; for grief is a sterner tyrant to the poor existence of our flesh than time."

"Her age," he replied, "cannot be more than twenty-six; for I know that we always considered that there were three year's difference between our ages, and I am now twenty-nine. I wonder she did not know me, though perhaps, poor girl! she did not care to recognize me. I wish I knew where to find her again."

"I should like to know more of this girl's history,

Frank," said I. "What you have already said has excited my curiosity."

"It is but an oft-told tale; he answered. "You may read it almost every day in the newspapers. It is a common plot for stories: no ways an uncommon incident in a novel. As a transaction of human life, such scenes are being acted about us every day, without scarcely receiving our notice or the cognizance of the law. I have made up my mind that a majority of the human race see much misery; and therefore the wonder is not that so many suffer, but that so many laugh and seem merry. However, if you wish to learn what I know of the history of that miserable being, come to my room and you shall hear it."

We soon arrived at the room my friend, and while we helped ourselves to some rare flavored cigars, he thus commenced the history of poor

#### KATHARINE EMERSON.

"She and I grew up playmates and schoolmates together, in a small village in the western part of this state. Her father was a physician of very high standing in that part of the country, and by his extensive practice he had acquired a very handsome fortune. Katharine was his only daughter. He had four sons. One has since been lost at sea—another has been sent to the state-prison for forgery; the third was educated for a clergyman, and the fourth has assumed the practice of his father. Katharine was always a gay girl—the wildest in the school-room, but yet she proved an apt scholar, and was ever at the head of her class. She was, moreover, the prettiest lass in the village, and many a young buck did his best to win a smile from her, or her hand for a dance on the school-house green. As she grew older, her charms increased, her form improved in voluptuous proportions, and at the age of sixteen, your eye might wander over many a fair face, nor see one so full of beauty as sweet Katharine Emerson's. But she soon became aware of her charms, and then every day it seemed she grew more and more vain, and less and less liked by her companions. Her favors were confined to a smaller number of her male friends, and the tongues of matronly dames and ancient maidens found rare food for scandal—partly from envy, and partly from a fanatic zeal for the pucillious. At this time she was a boarding-school Miss, and though always perfect in her study, she still found sufficient leisure for amusement and gayety.

"She had been at school somewhat more than a year, when she became acquainted with a dashing law-student from this city, who was, at the time, on a visit to his uncle's. He was a smooth and artful fellow, and he so well studied the character and nature of Katharine, that he knew in what particular points she was most weak, and upon these he took care to play with consummate skill. Flattery of the most seductive kind flowed from his oily tongue; nor were any means neglected by him to ensnare her heart and her faculties.

"Her friends were not blind to her apparent danger, and many a kind warning, and much good instruction did she receive, but she laughed at all their fears, considering that her virtue was within an impregnable fortress—in her own keeping—and that sufficient warning would be given her of all danger, to make a safe retreat under cover of her own good sense and sound judgment. I should call that trusting an enemy who had once betrayed me—too much of a hazard to risk upon,

"It is a sad thing that the human mind, while reposing in seeming safety, keeps not a sufficient outward watch for those hidden dangers which continually surround us, and which, at any moment, may fall upon us when we are least guarded. It is unfortunately true that young ladies who are flattered with the close attentions of a handsome and dashing young gentleman, not over-gifted with moral sublimity, are very apt, in a long run, to be often in extreme danger; and there is no surer and more certain method of increasing the flame than the strong opposition of parents or guardians, unqualified with reason. Girls in their teens are very obstinate creatures—more headstrong than an unbroken steed. They may be coaxed, but they would rather rush upon their own ruin than be driven to do anything which they might suddenly think to oppose. Oh! certainly there are exceptions—I hope there are a great many.

"It was, however, somehow so with Miss Emerson. The young student, while in the neighborhood, cut up many a wild caper, at which people in sober years often shook their heads, and the more thoughtful, with an air of self-conceived wisdom, prophesied an unfortunate termination to the career of the gay youth.

"Katharine's intimacy with the student increased; and they were frequently seen riding together, or strolling over green fields, culling sweet flowers, of which he often formed wreaths for her whom he flattered as his true love, and best beloved. It was in vain that her father cautioned her; she would laugh at his cool and wholesome advice. Equally vain were his commands, for in spite of them, she would still seek the company of her wild lover.

"Thus time went on for a month or two. The intimacy of the lovers increased. Strange rumors got afloat—awful words were whispered, and they who were the objects of all these mysterious thoughts, soon discovered that suspicion had fixed a dreadful stain upon them. Mr. Emerson was not ignorant of the scandal; but in vain did he use advice, entreaties or threats. He sought the young man himself, and begged of him not to keep the company of his daughter. He reasoned with him—said all that a kind father could, and the young man promised him that he would relieve his mind from all fears, as he should soon return to the city. The young gentleman was of course sincere, for when Mr. Emerson left him, he laughed long and heartily at the fears of the foolish old father! He was a brave boy! He had no fear of consequences—what cared he for the sacred name of parent! No, time slipped on, and still he lingered, and often found an opportunity to be in company with Katharine, in spite of all the efforts of her father. This would not do.

"At last, to put an end to his fears, Mr. Emerson proposed that his daughter should visit an aunt of hers, who resided about fifty miles distant, and with whom she should remain for the rest of the summer. The time was fixed for her departure. The evening preceeding the morning on which she was to leave her father's protection, Mr. Emerson sought his daughter for the purpose of having an hour's instructive conversation with her, and to impress upon her mind the necessity of so guarding that frail flower, reputation, that not a breath of that foul leper, slander, should blight the perfect beauty of its blossom—should nip it ere its strength was sufficient to withstand the chilling blasts of misfortune. He sought for her, but in vain. Where could she be? A strange, horrid thought flashed upon

his brain! Had she fled? Fain would the doating father have banished such a thought, but it rose before him like a defying, laughing spectre! In vain did he bid the "unreal mockery hence!"—in vain did he run from room to room, calling upon the name of his child—Katharine, his only daughter! Nothing but the echo of the tenantless apartments answered the cries of the agonized parent. He sought the house of the young man's uncle; but he was there informed that Charles had set out that very afternoon for New York, alone. He was to take the stage on the outskirts of the village.

"On the verge of despair, Mr. Emerson hastened to the stage-office, accompanied by Charles's uncle. He there learned that a young man, answering their description, had taken the stage several hours before for Albany, accompanied by a young lady.

"A cry of anguish burst from the lips of Mr. Emerson. He immediately ordered horses, and rode in pursuit, and arrived at the steamboat landing in Albany only ten minutes after the last boat for New York had left the dock. The next morning he followed them to this city, and spent three weeks in searching for his child, but in vain. He gave up the search as fruitless, and returned home with a broken heart; and ere the flowers of summer had ceased to bloom, he was laid in his quiet grave.

"More I know not. That she has lived a life of misery in this city, is evident from her appearance—an awful retribution for one false step. God forgive her!"

Thus my friend concluded the sad story of the miserable Katharine Emerson. Her unhappy fate made me melancholy for the rest of the evening, and I could but acknowledge to myself, with great grief, that the cause of her fall was, unfortunately, an "ill that flesh is heir to." Let us pray for strength to resist temptation, and diligently seek protection from the baneful influence of a corrupted imagination.

## LIFE ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY E. K.

### SKETCH IV.—INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN WAR.

The winter of 1836 was the time fixed by treaty for the removal of the Indians to the lands assigned them, west of the Mississippi. General Clinch, then in command of the troops in Florida, from various indications, apprehended a delay, if not difficulty, in this removal; he had, therefore, advised the government, by strengthening the garrison at Tampa, and the adjacent forts, to overawe those who were refractory, and thus compel a peaceable embarkation. This advice was disregarded, and the torch and the war-whoop brought light to the eyes of those who would not see, and hearing to those who were deaf to all but the sounds it suited them to hear, "peace, when there was no peace."

The Indians were in the habit of going in and out of the forts at their pleasure, treated uniformly with kindness, but a watchful eye kept on their proceedings. Ocoila, a sub-chief, having shown signs of insubordination, was confined in irons, but set at liberty by General Thompson, the Indian agent. To this gentleman, however, Ocoila bore a strong antipathy. One day a party of gentlemen, among whom was General T., having dined together at Fort King, walked out to the store-house, a building within the precincts of the fort, and were there fired upon and killed by a band of Indians, Ocoila at their head. The Indians fled at once to the forests, and consternation reigned around,

Simultaneously with this murder, orders had been received at Tampa, to concentrate the forces at Fort King; a detachment of one hundred and fifteen men under the command of Major Dade set out, but had not proceeded more than half way, when the war-whoop rang in their ears. Desperately fought these brave men; a slight barricade was thrown up, but what protection did this afford against unseen foes? One only escaped to tell the sad tale—a tale that was not credited at Tampa, for it was thought when Sergeant Clarke made his appearance, that he had deserted. The story was fully confirmed and believed, however, when the fatal enclosure was discovered by General Gaines's detachment, as it marched on to Fort King. A hundred and fourteen brave men were interred in that wild spot by comrades who knew not but the requiem of the one might be the death-knell of the other.

The battle of the Withlacooche followed—the whole country was roused, Indians were everywhere, and the militia had turned out to aid their brave defenders; the regulars, however, fought this battle alone, with the exception of a few determined men who succeeded in crossing the river.

An amusing story is told of this delay of the militia. The negro guide of General Clinch's army, upon being asked why the militia had not joined in the fight, replied: "Ah, Massa! um had but one canoe; gwino ober river him hardly can squeeze in four men; but comin back, him hold ten easy."

The regulars, however, did not carry off all the laurels in this famous war. Scouting parties set off in every direction, to rendezvous at certain places; some of these parties would suddenly appear at Tallahassee, the very beau-ideal of the toil-worn soldier; whence they came no one knew, but the uncombed hair, long beard, dusty apparel, and above all, voracious appetites,

"Did mark them extraordinary,  
And all the courses of their life did show  
They were not in the roll of common men."

Blushes are beautiful, but the deep red of an Indian's face is not particularly agreeable, even to a regular; the truth is, these rendezvous were at some twenty or thirty miles apart, in all directions, and a smart ride from one to the other, with an indulgence in the comfortable *neglige*, induced by the climate, sufficed in a few days to impart quite a soldierly appearance. We who were in the midst of these troubles, have a right to laugh at the odd incidents.

My husband was a member of the Legislative Council this winter, consequently I was left alone with our young family. Our dwelling was on the extreme verge of the town, (Pensacola,) the road from Mobile and the interior passing in front of the house; it was very solitary, and very much exposed. I was ill at the time, my infant being but two weeks old. One day, the mail from Mobile having just arrived, I took up a paper, and, to my horror and astonishment read an account of the burning of Tallahassee. I sent down immediately for Dr. —, who in a few minutes made his appearance. As he entered my room, he exclaimed: "You need not say a word. I know what you fear—it is a false report, however; Tallahassee is safe, but the Indians are within thirty miles of it."

He then proceeded to tell me that the news had arrived in town three days before, but that he had prohibited the papers being shown me. Young as my children were, they observed this necessary caution, saving me, thereby, three days of intense anxiety. The Doctor assured me there was no apprehension in town

with regard to the Indians, but that serious fears were entertained that advantage might be taken of this outbreak, to organize an insurrection among the negroes. There were several large plantations in the neighboring counties of Alabama and Georgia, and strong forces employed at the navy-yard, and the brick-yards in the county.

The town's-people were making their arrangements to guard against danger. A public meeting had been called, and it had been decided, that upon the first alarm, the town bell should be rung as a signal for all the old men, women and children to assemble in the square formed by the crossing of the two principal streets; a cannon was to be placed in front of the square, and all the efficient men to come armed with whatever they could lay their hands on.

There was to be another meeting held that night, in order to ascertain the state of the town armory; every man was to bring with him all the different kinds of arms he could muster. I heard of this exhibition afterwards—rifles, pistols, swords, daggers, dirks, (these abounded,) sword-canes, and guns without lock, stock or barrel, for those who thought "discretion the better part of valor." Some I know there were, who agreed with Hudibras, that "he who fought and ran away, might live to fight another day."

In reality we were not in a pleasant situation—we were particularly in our lone dwelling. The Doctor therefore advised that one of the young men should sleep at the house, and keep his loaded gun at his bed-side. For several nights all was quiet. As the fates would have it, one dark and stormy night obliged our guard to remain in town. I was roused from sleep by the loud outcry of the cook: "Missus, Missus, a man in de house!" I sprang up and called to Nancy (the name of a young woman who lived with us) to bring the gun. She came in an instant; the window was thrown open, and she inquired who was there? (the negro quarters were at the opposite side of the yard, and it was in there the man had been.) No other answer was given, than a brick-bat thrown against our house. Without a moment's hesitation Nancy fired, but the nocturnal visitant escaped unhurt, as the receding sound of his heels gave notice. Old Elsie had caught him by the leg, and it was by dint of struggling that he carried his boots with him. This was our only alarm.

Letters from my husband assured me of his safety, although every man in Tallahassee was enrolled in the patrol list, council included. This was not in the bond, however, and as there was no extra pay with the extra duty, we may reasonably suppose that *exercice*, and not *glory*, gave the zest to the *petit-sousvers* that divided the watches.

Women are accused of being indignant, if the term "a lady of a certain age" is applied to them. We believe, to some of the lords of creation, this ultimatum is found rather an agreeable shelter, when war's dread front is lowering. As the militia in every county are drafted upon a requisition from Gov. Calhoun, substitutes were the order of the day. If No. 1's substitute fell on the field of battle, (alas! in the arms of victory we cannot say,) No. 1 was dead to all intents and purposes in the eye of the law, and rested securely beneath the laurels won by his proxy.

Hydrophobia occurs at the South as well as at the North, and while the Dog-star rages, dog-killers are in demand. Pensacola could boast but one, however, known by the soubriquet of "Dog Williams," his Christian name, if ever he had one, being forgotten.

Poor Dog Williams, having escaped the draft as an involuntary volunteer, was first tempted with a drink, and afterward with the offer of twenty or thirty dollars, into becoming the substitute of a patriot, who on the day of embarkation, had failed in screwing his courage to the sticking point.

Upon the day of embarkation, as we have said, No. 1's courage had retrograded, and Dog Williams was to make,

"Big Mars seem bankrupt in the host."

Near neighbors, like valets, often discover the weaknesses of heroes. On the morning in question there was heard a loud sobbing on the beach, toward a large acacia bush; thinking for some time it might be occasioned by the anticipated parting of lovers or friends, I refrained from enquiring the cause; but upon the sounds increasing, I went Nancy to discover what was the matter. There sat Dog Williams, holding his new shoes in one hand, and his volunteer uniform jacket in the other, sighing and sobbing as though his heart would break—go to fight the Indians he would not. "He had not drawn the lot, and it was a sin and a shame to take advantage of a man because he had taken a drink too much!"

Threats and entreaties had no effect, at last Nancy told him, unless he picked up his bundle and started down to the wharf, he would be shot as a deserter. To comfort him, Nancy told him, if they met the Indians to hide behind a tree, it was their mode of fighting, and the Volunteer Braves could do so too. With this peg of comfort in his heart, poor Dog set off.

"There was not a piece of feather in the host of these rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers," and as every man came dressed according to his own fancy, the City Fathers agreed to equip them in uniform jackets, of a dark blue cloth, these not being as good targets for the enemy, as the original rainbow hue of the company—as to the nether garments, it was thought the bushes would hide them; a stout pair of shoes therefore, completed the military attire of our Volunteers.

As the note of preparation had already sounded, two tailors could not be expected to make eighty jackets in two or three days, the ladies therefore offered their services; jackets were distributed in every direction, and two were my allotment; one of them, Nancy soon completed, but I was not so fortunate; never before having put needle in man's attire, save in fine linen only, I was rather awkward in fitting the parts—the seams were sewed up properly enough, but the sleeves puzzled me; the tailor had neglected to arrange them ready for sewing, I accordingly sewed them up as I found them, thus making a long sleeve and a short one; it fell to Nancy's lot to complete this, as she had done the other.

Before the breaking out of hostilities, there had been a settlement of Indians on Black Water River, a tributary to the bay of Pensacola, who during the summer, were often seen in town for the purpose of disposing by sale, or barter, the game they had shot, the faggots of wood they carried on their backs, or the delicious whortleberries, or blackberries gathered in nature's garden. These were always welcome visitants. Among the women, might be seen comely shapes, and dark flashing eyes, that would excite the envy of many a civilized belle; one in particular called Lalle, was a model of grace and beauty. Many a time have I sat in our gallery, watching the light canoe shoot



from the opposite shore, its motion so light and buoyant, that, while at a distance, it might easily be mistaken for some graceful bird. With war's alarm, these children of the forest vanished, and when again Indians were seen, it was either as emigrants for the Far West, or as allies, on their way to Tampa bay to aid the government in enforcing the fulfillment of the treaty.

Retaliation was generally the order of the day; we had well-nigh incurred eternal disgrace in our town, from the indulgence of this lawless passion. It so happened, that a number of Creeks wandering in search of the Indian bands, massacred a family of whites, and burnt their house and stock. The neighbors instantly joined in pursuit, and soon fell in with a family, consisting of a man, a woman, and a boy aged about ten years; when discovered they were hid under a boat, perceiving resistance useless, the Indian stabbed himself to the heart, and handing the knife to his son, bade him do so likewise—this the brave boy was in the act of doing, when his arm was seized, and mother and son were made prisoners.

The news of the massacre reached Pensacola before the arrival of the prisoners; when the boat landed them, the lower order of the population were in such a state of excitement, that they determined to take the unfortunate captives out into the woods, and burn them. Several gentlemen who happened to be on the wharf, came to the rescue. It was the dusk of evening, and this favored my husband's project for saving them; while the other gentlemen were endeavoring to dissuade the rabble from their fell purpose, he told the guard of the Indians to follow him; walking at a quick pace they soon reached his office; making them to understand they had nothing now to fear, he locked them up, and set a guard to watch. Upon a requisition, I sent over provisions and blankets to them, and they were thus made comfortable and secure, until the ferment was allayed. Subsequently they were sent on their voyage to the land of the Setting Sun.

One other incident, and I have done with these reminiscences. Judge S—— of St. Augustine, (after the adjournment of the legislative council in 1807), was wending his way homeward—his road laid through the most disturbed part of the country, he was therefore continually on the *qui vive*. One evening just before sunset, he stopped at the door of a log cabin, and asked permission to remain all night; this was readily granted, for it was only from chance travelers, that these sequestered people heard of the events of the war. Upon alighting from his horse, Judge S—— commenced grooming his faithful animal. In that wild country every man acted for himself. Observing a fire kindled in the yard, over which the matron was preparing the evening repast, he inquired if they were not afraid of attracting the notice of the Indians, whose scouts were in every direction; "No," they said, "they had kindled the fire there every evening, and they were still secure."

Could one breath of the whirlwind have levelled those giants of the forest, or withdrawn for an instant, the veil of entangled vines and shrubs that covered the ground, what would have been discovered? The wily foe, crouching to make his deadly aim more sure, or feeling the edge of his tomahawk or scalping knife, already to his mind's eye, red with the blood of his unsuspecting victims.

At an early hour, the family, consisting of the old man, his wife, daughter and two sons, together with

their guest, retired to rest; not however, before Judge S—— had examined his pistols, and placed them on a chair at his bedside; a loaded musket was also given him by his host, the family having been furnished from the nearest fort, with six United States muskets for their defence. The cabin was without other divisions, than the slight ones afforded by hanging quilts, or sheets round the beds. Upon hearing the dogs in the yard barking, it was an easy matter therefore for Judge S—— to express his belief that either wolves or Indians were near—the host said "It might be wolves, but he was not afraid of Indians." The barking of the dogs was frequently repeated, and a yell or growl from the thickets, favored the belief that it was indeed wolves that were disturbing their slumbers.

With the early dawn Judge S—— arose, saddled his horse, and after thanking his kind host for his hospitality, (no other compensation would be received) he started on his journey. Judge S—— had scarcely screened himself, by entering the forest, from the view of the old man and his sons who stood watching his departure, when the rapid report of rifles and the upsurging smoke, told too truly, the work of death was going on in that late peaceful dwelling.

It was a ride for life or death, to the next fort—worse than madness would it have been for Judge S—— to have returned to the assistance of the settlers; it was afterward ascertained, that the savage meditated the attack for the preceding night; the arrival of Judge S—— caused them to defer it until after his departure in the morning—they feared that the addition of one man to the family, might induce resistance.

Fierce eyes, had watched every movement of that doomed family, the whole of the previous day—the imaginary howling of wolves at night, being their signals to each other.

A detachment of troops instantly started in pursuit; upon reaching the clearing of the unfortunate settlers, smouldering ruins, and ghastly skeletons, were all that met their view.

## HUGH GLASS.

A HUNTER OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

[THE following thrilling and well-told narrative is extracted from "Scenes and adventures in the army, and life beyond the border, by a captain of the United States Dragoons," a valuable series of articles which appeared a year or two ago in the Southern Literary Messenger. The story of Glass is full of deep interest, and we suppose may be regarded throughout as a tale of truth.]

Those pioneers, who sixty years ago, as an advanced guard, fought the battles of civilization, for the very love of fighting, may now be recognized in the class of the hero of my sketch, who 1000 miles beyond the last wave of the troublous tide of emigration, seek their pleasures in the hunt of a Blackfoot of the Rocky Mountains, a grizzly bear or a buffalo. It must be difficult to give even a faint idea of the toils and risks of a set of men so constituted as to love a mode of life only for those attendants; who exist but in the excitement of narrow escapes—of dangers avoided or overcome; who often, such is their passionate devotion to roving, choose it, and in preference to comfortable circumstances within the pale of civilization. Little has been reaped from this field, so fertile in novel incident, that its real life throws romance into the shade.

This class of people above mentioned, excluded from choice from all intercourse with the world of white men, are at different periods very differently occupied;—at times, as trappers; at others, they live with Indians, conforming in every respect to their mode of life; and often they are found entirely alone, depending upon a rifle, knife, and a few traps, for defence, subsistence and employment.

A trapping expedition arrived on the hunting grounds, is divided into parties of four or five men, which separate for long periods of time; and as the beaver is mostly found in the country of hostile Indians, in and beyond the Rocky Mountains, it is an employment of much hazard, and the parties are under great pains for concealment. Trappers, and others who remain in these regions, subsist for years wholly upon game. They never taste bread, nor can they even procure salt, indispensable as it may be considered in civilized life;

To take the beaver requires practice and skill. The trap is set, and then sunk in the stream to a certain depth, (when the water is too deep for it to rest upon the bottom) by means of floats attached, and a chain confines it to something fixed or very heavy at the bottom. This depth must be such that the animal, in swimming over it, is caught by the leg. The bait consists of some strong scent, proceeding from a substance placed directly opposite upon the shore; an oil taken from the body of the animal is most generally used. The greatest care is necessary to destroy all trace of the presence of the trapper when making his arrangements, which, if discovered by the most sensitive instinct of the animal, it carefully avoids the place; they therefore wade, or use a canoe in setting the trap.

The solitary hunter is found occasionally thus employed, for the sake of the trade with those who visit the country solely for that purpose; getting for his skins the necessaries of his situation—blankets, powder, lead, &c.

The white, or more properly, the gray or grizzly bear is, next to the Indian, the greatest enemy the hunter meets with in this region; it is the lion of our forests; the strongest and most formidable of all its animals. It is about 400 pounds in weight; its claws more than three inches long; the buffalo bull, perhaps stronger and more active than the domestic, is a certain victim to its strength. If a grizzly bear is reported to be in the vicinity of an Indian camp or village, fifty or an hundred warriors turn out (as in the East for a lion or a tiger) to hunt to its death so dangerous and dreaded a neighbor.

The grizzly bear never avoids, very often attacks a man; while on the other hand, the hunter, but under the most favorable circumstances, carefully avoids him.

In the summer of 1823, immediately after the desertion and conflagration of the Arickara village, consequent upon its attack by the 6th Regiment United States Infantry, a party of eighty men, under the direction of Major Henry, (that had volunteered in that engagement,) left this point of the Missouri river, intending to gain the head waters of the Yellow Stone to make a fall hunt for beaver. The party had journeyed four days in the prairie; on the fifth we would introduce our hero (who has been rather backward) to the attention of the reader.—If, indeed, it has not been already lost in the rugged field prepared for his reception.

On the fifth day, Glass (who was an *engagee* in the expedition) left the main body, accompanied by two others, to make one of the usual hunts, by which, while subsistence is acquired, the party is not detained. Having, near night, succeeded in killing buffalo, they were directing their common course to a point, near which, they knew, must be the position of the camp for the night; it was on a small stream, and as they passed near one of its curves, Glass became somewhat detached from the others, intending to drink of its waters: at this moment his progress was arrested by the sight of a grizzly bear issuing from beneath the bank opposite to him. His companions, overcome by their fears, which no obligation to share with him his unavoidable danger could resist, profited by their more favorable situation to attempt escape by flight, leaving him to his destiny.

A contest with the grizzly bear, more tenacious of life than a buffalo, is always dangerous; to ensure a probability of success and safety, all the energies must arise in proportion to the magnitude of the danger; and they must be shown with perfect coolness; the slightest falter, which with the many would result from a loss of this presence of mind, would render the case hopeless and ensure destruction.

Glass would gladly have retreated, but he knew all attempt would be useless. This desperate situation only nerved him to the combat. All depended upon the success of his first and only shot;—with an aim, cool and deliberate, but quick, lest greater rapidity in the animal should render it more uncertain, he fired his rifle. The shot was a good one; eventually mortal; but its immediate effect was only to raise to its utmost degree of ferocity the animal, already greatly excited by the sight and opposition of its intended prey; it bounded forward with a rapidity that could not be eluded, in pursuit of its flying adversary, whom danger, with means of defence, had inspired with deliberate courage, but now only gave wings for his flight. But it was unavailing, and he knew it; an appalling roar of pain and rage, which alone could render pallid a cheek of firmness, chilled him to the soul; he heard it as a requiem for a departed spirit; he was overtaken, crushed to the earth, and rendered insensible but to thoughts of instant death. The act of contact had been two blows, inflicting ghastly wounds; the claws literally baring the flesh from the bones of the shoulder and thigh. Not sated with this work of an instant, the bear continued on to pursue, with unabated speed the flight of the two hunters;—the chase was to them awfully doubtful;—every muscle of a hunter's frame strained to utmost tension—the fear of a horrid death—the excitement of exertion—together producing a velocity seldom equalled by bipeds, had been unavailing in contest with the superior strength and fleetness of the raging animal. But, fortunately, it could not last; it was expended in the distance from loss of blood; its exertions became more feeble; the sacrifice of a deserted comrade had saved their lives; they reached the camp in safety.

When sufficiently recovered, they reported the death of Glass, and their escape from the pursuit of the wounded grizzly bear. A large party was instantly in arms. It had gone but a short distance when the bear was discovered and despatched without difficulty. Glass, they found, was not yet dead; they bore him to the camp, still insensible from the shock of his

dreadful wounds. They were considered mortal, and, of course, bound up and treated as well as their circumstances would permit.

A question then arose, how he should be disposed of; to carry him farther was useless, if not impossible; and it was finally settled that he should be left. Eighty dollars were subscribed for any two men who would volunteer to remain with him, await his death, and then overtake the party. A man named Fitzgerald, and a youth of seventeen, accepted the proposals; and the succeeding day the main party continued its route as usual.

For two days they faithfully administered to his wants; then their imaginations began to create difficulties in their situation; at least their inactive stay became very irksome; and as they considered his recovery hopeless, they equally agreed to think their remaining longer useless. Thus wrought upon and from innate depravity, they conceived the horrid idea of deserting him, overtaking the party and reporting his death:—and they determined upon the prompt execution of their design:—nay more, these most heartless of wretches, taking advantage of his first sleep, not contented with the desertion of a sacred trust, robbed him of his rifle, knife, and, in short, every thing but a small kettle containing water, and a wallet on which his head rested; and which fortunately contained a razor.

On awakening, how could he realize his situation! Helpless from painful wounds, he lay in the midst of a desert. His prospect was starvation and death. He was deserted by the human race.

But all could not equal the mental conflict created by this act, which words cannot sufficiently blacken. He muttered a mingled curse and prayer. He had a motive for living! He swore, as if on his grave for an altar, his endless hatred, and, if spared, his vengeance on the actors of so foul a deed.

Glass, when his water was exhausted, for fear he should become so weak as to perish for want of it, succeeded with great difficulty in crawling to the edge of the stream, where he lay incapable of further exertion for several days.

Few are aware, until tried, of their capacity for endurance: and the mind seldom shrinks from an exertion that will yield a single ray of hope to illumine the darkness of its waste.

Glass did not despair: he had found he could crawl, and he determined to endeavor to reach a spot where he could better hope for succor. He crawled toward the Missouri, moving at the rate of about two miles a day! He lived upon roots and buffalo berries. On the third day he witnessed near him the destruction of a buffalo calf by wolves; and here he gave proof of a cool judgment; he felt certain that an attempt to drive the wolves from their prey before their hunger was at least somewhat appeased, would be attended with danger, and he concluded to wait till they had devoured about half of it, when he was successful in depriving them of the remainder: and here he remained until it was consumed, resting and, perhaps, gaining strength. His knees and elbows had now become bare; he detached some of his other clothing, and tied them around these parts, which must necessarily be protected, as it was by their contact with the ground that motion was gained.

The wound on his thigh he could wash; but his shoulder, or back, was in a dreadful condition. For

more than forty days, he thus crawled on the earth, in accomplishing a five days' journey to the Arickara village. Here he found several Indian dogs still prowling among the ruins; he spent two days in taming one of them sufficiently to get it within his power; he killed it with the razor, and for several days subsisted upon the carcase.

Glass, by this time, though somewhat recovered of the effect of his wounds, was, as may be supposed, greatly reduced; but he continued his weary and distressing progress upon arms and knees, down the Missouri river. In a few days he was discovered by a small party of Sioux Indians: these acted toward him the part of the good Samaritan. The wound on his back was found in a dreadful condition. It was full of worms! The Indians carefully washed it, and applied an astringent vegetable liquid. He was soon after taken by them to a small trading house about eighty miles below at the mouth of the Little Missouri.

Glass slowly recovered from his wounds. He had been greatly reduced; he was, indeed, when found, a mere skeleton: but a vigorous frame, and strong constitution, inured to constant exercise and rough labors, thus rendered iron-like, with little encouragement, quickly recovers from shocks that would be fatal to men of different pursuits. While in this situation, his oath of vengeance on the authors of half his misfortune, had not been forgotten. When in his feverish dreams he fought his battles o'er—entrapped the wary beaver—enticed to its death the curious antelope—when the antlered buck was arrested in his pride by his skill, and weltered before him—and when the shaggy strength of the untameable buffalo sank beneath his fatal rifle, the bear, the grizzly bear, would still disturb his slumbers; a thousand times would he imaged to his mind the horrid, the threatening grin of its features; now its relentless paw was suspended over his head, with naught to avert the death-inflicting blow—and now its bloody teeth mangled his vitals. And again it would change, and he was confronted by mortal foes;—and he felt a spell-bound inactivity: goblin-like they danced before him; retreated advanced, in mockery of the impotence of their intended victim;—and then he would see them afar off, with demon countenances of grim satisfaction, in leaving him to a fate they could easily avert, of studied cruelty, worse than death. Awakening with convulsive start, the "Great Nemesis" ever invoked by the unfortunate, would seem to whisper him, "Hast thou forgotten thy oath."

His oath of revenge was far from forgotten. He nourished it as an only consolation; an excitement to hasten recovery. Near two months had elapsed, when Glass was again on his feet. Nor had his ill fate in the least dampened the hunter's ardor; he the rather felt uneasy quickly to resume his adopted habits, which he had so long, so unwillingly foregone.

The pleasures of this roving, independent, this easy, careless life of the hunter, when once tasted with relish, the subject is irrecalcitrant, and pines in disgust amid the tameness of more quiet occupations.

Glass had found sympathy among his new friends at the trading-house. Who could withhold deep interest from the story of such wrongs? He was destitute of clothing; the rifle, butcher knife, &c., the means of support, and even existence of the hunter. These they generously supplied him. A party of six engagés, headed by one Longevan had occasion about this time to ascend the Missouri, in a Mackinaw, with



the purpose of trading with the Mandans, about 300 miles above: these Glass resolved to accompany; he was anxious to rejoin the trapping expedition, from which he had been cut off; a great object, it may be readily conjectured, was to meet the two wretches he was so much indebted to.

The party set out in their Mackinaw in October; and near a month did they tug against the stubborn current of the Missouri: so slow is the progress of all boats but those impelled by resistless steam, that hunters have the greatest leisure to subsist a party thus employed. At the Big Bend, a half hour's walk across reaches the point gained in three days by the boatman's labor. Among the hunters, Glass was, as usual conspicuous for patience and success. Many fat elk fell by his hand.

The Arickara Indians, driven by armed forces from their extensive village, had retreated up the river to the Mandans for relief. They had been overpowered but not vanquished; and their immemorial hostility to whites was but aggravated to fresh deeds of outrage.

Late in October, the Mackinaw had reached within twenty miles of the Mandan village. Nor had its party been more cautious than is usual on the river. Late in the afternoon, at this time, they unsuspectingly landed to put ashore a hunter; and as it happened at a point nearly opposite the spot chosen by the Arickaras for their temporary abode. Ever on the alert, the boat-full of white men had in the morning been descried by one of their out parties; and a runner had informed the tribe of the glad tidings. So all was in readiness for the destruction of the unconscious objects of savage revenge. Scarce had the boat left the beach, and Glass, as the hunter, (his lucky star still prevailing,) gained the concealment of willows, when a hundred guns or bows sent forth their fatal missiles, and on the instant rose the shrill cry of war from a hundred mouths. Had a thunderbolt burst from the cloudless heaven upon the heads of the boat crew, greater could not have been their astonishment, or its destruction. The appalling din was echoed from hill to hill, and rolled far and wide through the dark bottoms; and it was such as to arrest in fear the fierce panther in the act of leaping upon the now trembling deer.

But few guns from the boat sent back a defiance to the murderous discharge; the shouts were but answered by the death-cry and expiring groans. The Indians rushed upon their victims, and the war-club and tomahawk finished a work that had been so fearfully begun. They rioted in blood; with horrid grimaces and convulsive action they hewed into fragments the dumb, lifeless bodies; they returned to their camp a moving group of dusky demons, exulting in revenge, besmeared with blood, bearing aloft each a mangled portion of the dead, trophies of brutal success.

Glass had thus far again escaped a cruel fate. He had gained the almost impervious concealment of drifted and matted willows, and undergrowth, when the dread ebullition of triumph and death announced to him the evil he had escaped, and his still imminent peril. Like the hunted fox, he doubled, he turned, ran or crawled, successively gaining the various concealments of the dense bottom to increase his distance from the bloody scene. And such was his success, that he had thought himself nearly safe, when at a slight opening he was suddenly faced by a foe. It was an Arickara scout. The discovery was simultaneous, and so close were these wily woodsmen, that but the one had

scarce time to use a weapon intended for a much greater distance. The deadly tomahawk of the other was most readily substituted for the steeled arrow. At the instant, it flew through the air, and the rifle was discharged; neither could see or feel the effect produced, but they rushed into each other's grasp, either endeavoring to crush his adversary by the shock of the onset. But not so the result; the grappling fold of their arms was so close, that they seemed as one animal; for a while, doubtful was the struggle for the mastery; so great was their exertion, that the grasped fingers met in the flesh! But Glass, not wholly recovered from his wounds, was doomed to sink beneath the superior strength of his adversary, by an irresistible effort, of which he was rolled upon the earth, the Indian above. At this instant the effect of his unerring shot was developed. The Indian's last convulsive exertion, so successful, was accompanied by a shout of victory—but dying on his lips, it had marked his spirit's departure. It was as if his proud soul, sensible of approaching feebleness, had willingly expired in the last desperate effort, and the shout of triumph with which he would have ushered both their souls into the presence of the "Great Spirit."

Redeemed, unhoped, from death, Glass beheld at his feet his late enemy, not only dead, but already stiffening, with hand instinctively touching the hilt of his knife.

Brief was his breathing time; he was soon rendered aware that the report of his rifle had been heard by the Arickaras; that his escape was discovered; he had instinctively reloaded his gun, and he renewed a flight of which his life was the stake. Concealment from his pursuers having become impossible, he used his utmost speed in the hope of soon gaining a shelter of such a nature that he could end a race which could no longer be doubtful. Horses had been called into requisition.

We may suppose his hurried thoughts now turned upon his late narrow escapes, which he feared were of little avail; that the crowning scene was now at hand; or that he prayed that that hand, so often interposed between him and death, would again extend its protection.

Horses were of little aid in the thick bottom; but shouts, uttered at occasional glimpses of his form, announced to Glass that his pursuers were thus excited to efforts that could not much longer fail of success; and his thoughts were intensely turned upon some desperate stratagem as his only hope, when a horseman suddenly crossed his path. In his present state of mind, any Indian appeared, in his eyes, a blood enemy. He felt his death now certain, and was determined not to fall single and unavenged; he was prepared for his last mortal strife. But fortune, which apparently delighted to reduce him to the narrowest straits, but to show her freaks in almost miraculous reverses, had thrown in his way a friend. The horseman was a Mandan Indian on a visit to the Arickaras. Attracted by the noise of the pursuit, he had urged his horse's speed to witness the result; and coming suddenly upon the object of it, he, at a glance, became aware of the state of the case; a hundred in his place, or he, a hundred times to this once, though of a friendly tribe, would have sacrificed the white; but taking one of the sudden unaccountable resolutions of an Indian, or, perhaps, thinking his interposition of almost impossi-



ble avall, at once entered into the excitement of the trial. Be this as it may, he motioned to Glass to mount behind him; it was instantly complied with, when turning his horse's head, he urged it to its greatest speed. Better ground was soon gained; and avoiding the Arickara camp, they that night entered the Mandan village in triumph.

Here Glass was well received; for the announcement of his presence was naturally accompanied by the recital of his escapes, which naught but the greatest prowess could have accomplished; and nothing is better calculated effectually to engage the interest and admiration of Indians.

And often are acts and events, which are set down to the score of fortune or good luck, the result of superiority in qualities immediately conducting to the result. Fortune is not so far removed from the agency of man, that a genius may not by a happy effort, insure its favor and apparently dictate to fate. A true knowledge of all of Glass' career leaves a first impression on the mind, that it is a rare combination of *fortunate escapes*, of *lucky accidents*; but much of it may be explained as the more natural result of physical strength, cool intrepidity, and untiring patience.

After remaining a few days with the Mandans, Glass, nothing daunted by his past dangers, and equally regardless of new ones, resumed, alone and on foot, his journey up the Missouri. The Mandan village is on the left or N. E. bank of the river: it was on the same side he commenced his journey, intending to leave the Missouri at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, about 300 miles higher up; his object in following water-courses, being to meet with white men, and to run no risk of missing the trapping party under Major Henry, he was so anxious to regain.

His arms were now a rifle, small axe, and the ever necessary knife; his dress, a blanket capote, (perhaps,) a flannel shirt, leather leggings, and moccasins, and a fur cap; he was, in addition, equipped with a blanket, spare moccasins, and a small kettle, composing a bundle suspended on his back. His route lay through a country infested by the Blackfeet Indians. The Blackfeet muster eight or ten thousand warriors: they live North of this part of the Missouri, and extend West to the mountains: and they are frequently upon the Yellow Stone. To their East live the Assinaboines, Mandans, and Minatarees; to the South the Crows and Sioux, and North and West the Mountain, or British, Indians. With these tribes they wage perpetual war; and to the whites, incited by British traders, they have been more dangerous than any other Indians. It was through the grounds of this people that Glass had to make his solitary way.

The country on the Missouri, from the L'eauquicourt up, is nearly bare of timber; the river bottoms are narrow, and on but one side at a time, changing at intervals of twenty or thirty miles, and sometimes there are none at all, the ground being generally high bluff prairies. This open, bare country is, at times, as far as vision extends, in every direction blackened with buffalo; it is within bounds to say, that fifteen or twenty thousand may be seen at a glance. One of these vast herds, all taking the same course to cross the Missouri, detained Glass for two days, declining the perilous attempt to penetrate a mass which, when in quick motion, is as irresistible as the waves of the ocean.

In two weeks he reached the mouth of the Yellow Stone, having met neither white man or Indian: here he crossed the Missouri on a raft made of two logs tied together with bark, and continued his journey up the Yellow Stone. This is a wide and shallow stream, emptying into the Missouri from the South; it is even more muddy and rapid than the latter river, to which it is believed to have considerable agency in imparting these qualities.

It is more than 300 miles to the forks of the river, nearer than which he could scarcely hope to meet with any of the party; since it had set in very cold, which would cause the small detachment of trappers to be drawn into that point, where, he knew, they were to winter. Right weary did he become of his journey, inured as he was to the toils and dangers which surrounded him. And the weather was extremely cold, for which he was scarcely prepared. Almost in despair, and having at times nearly resolved to retrace his steps and winter with some of the friendly Indians, one morning in December he was overjoyed to discover a hunting party of white men. On reaching them, long was it before they could make up their minds to believe their eyes; to believe that it was the same Glass before them, whom they left, as they thought, dying of wounds, and whose expected death was related to them by two witnesses. It was to them a mystery; and belief of the act of black treachery, which could only explain a part of it, was slow in being enforced upon their minds. Overwhelmed with question or demands of explanation, it was long before he could ascertain from them in return, that the party had rendezvoused for winter at the Forks, which was but a few miles distant; that Fitzgerald was not there, having deserted; and that the youth was still one of the expedition.

Fiercely excited with conflicting feelings: the escape of the main object of his just revenge, chiefly for which he had made so long a pilgrimage; and the certainty of soon facing the accomplice of his crime, Glass hastened to enter the encampment.

Nearly the first person he met, was the unfortunate and guilty young man; and it so happened they came upon each other suddenly. All attempt must fail to describe the scene that ensued; the effect of his appearance upon the youth. Had he awoke from a deep sleep in the embrace of a grizzly bear, or been confronted at noonday by the threatening ghost, (and such he firmly believed him) of a deeply injured enemy, greater could not have been the effect produced. He stood without power of any motion; his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets; his teeth chattered with fear, and a clammy sweat rose upon his ashy features. Glass was unprepared for such a spectacle; and well was it calculated to create pity; for some moments he could not find words, much less the act of his purpose. He leaned upon his rifle; his thoughts took a sudden turn; the more guilty object of his revenge had escaped; the pitiful being before him was, perhaps, but the unwilling and over-persuaded accomplice of his much elder companion; these, and other thoughts crowded upon his mind, and he determined upon the revenge which sinks deepest upon minds not wholly depraved, and of which the magnanimous are alone capable; he determined to spare his life.

"That curse shall be forgiveness."

With dignity and severity, but great feeling, he thus addressed the petrified youth, who but expected immediate death. "Young man," he said, "it is Glass

that is before you; the same, that not content with leaving, you thought, to a cruel death upon the prairie, you robbed, helpless as he was, of his rifle, his knife, of all, with which he could hope to defend, or save himself from famishing in the desert. In case I had died, you left me to a despair worse than death, with no being to close my eyes. I swore an oath that I would be revenged on you, and the wretch who was with you; and I ever thought to have kept it. For this meeting I have made a long journey; this has supported me in my weary path through the prairie; for this have I crossed raging rivers. But I cannot take your life; I see you repent; you have nothing to fear from me; go, you are free; for your youth I forgive you." But he remained mute and motionless; his reprieve, or rather pardon, for such it must be considered in a country where the law has never reached, could not allay the mental storm, which awe, fear, and an upbraiding conscience had created. He was taken off by some of the witnesses of the scene, in whose breasts pity had begun to take the place of wonder and resentment.

Glass was welcomed as one recovered from the dead; one whose memory—such is our lot—had already been swept far upon the gulf of oblivion. His services, ever highly appreciated, were again engaged in the company, where we leave him, employed as the rest, in the sole labors of supplying provisions, and of self-defence from the extreme coldness of the winter. Only adding, that his determination of revenge upon the more worthy object of punishment from his hands, far from being abated, was the rather confirmed; and that, what he considered a sacred duty to himself, though postponed to a more convenient season, was still nourished as a ruling passion.

## THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY ELIZABETH OAKEN SMITH.

THE unfortunate are always superstitious; just in proportion as the calamities in life impair the freedom of the human mind, do the elements of the dark and the mysterious gather about it. The past has been embittered by care and disappointment; and, in the words of Scripture, their "way is hedged up," there is no hopeful vista to relieve the gloom of the present, and they appeal to omens, predictions, and the rude superstitions current among the vulgar.

Too feeble to boldly enter the precincts of Truth, grasping with a strong faith the very horns of the altar; and thus to learn how the temporary yields to that which is eternal; how the partial is lost in the universal, they linger about the threshold, perplexing themselves with dim shadows and faint intimations. They pause in the vestibule, where Superstition sits portress, rather than enter to worship Truth herself.

It is the error of their destiny more than their own. The light that is in them has become darkness. The clearness and vigor of perception is lost under the pressure of circumstances, in which human wisdom would seem to be of no avail, and they yield at length as to an irresistible fate.

The history of Saul, the first king of Israel, is an affecting record of this kind. Raised to the dignity of royal power, by no ambition of his own, but by Divine appointment, in compliance with the will of a people weary of their Theocracy, we look upon him from the first as an instrument, a being impelled rather than impelling.

Painful, indeed, is the contrast of the proud and handsome youth commencing his royal career in the freshness and freedom of early manhood, when life presented but a long perspective of sunshine and verdure, to that of the stricken man, weighed down by calamities, bereft of hope, bereft of faith, yet manfully marching to that fatal field where death only had been promised him.

From the commencement of his career, the "choice young man and goodly" seems to have had a leaning to the occult, a willingness to avail himself of mysterious power, rather than to arrive at results through ordinary and recognized channels. We find him commissioned by his father, going forth in quest of three stray asses, which he seeks, not by the hill sides and pastures of Israel, but by consulting the seer, Samuel. The holy man hails him king, and gently rebukes him as to the object of his visit, by saying "set not thy mind upon the asses which were lost three days ago, for they are found."

Ardent and impulsive, he now goeth up and down in the spirit of prophecy, with the strange men who expound its mysteries, and anon he sendeth the bloody tokens to the tribes of Israel, rousing them from the yoke of oppression.

Generous and heroic, he repels the foes of his people, and loads the chivalric David with princely favors. Yet beneath all this, like hidden waters, heard but unseen, lurked this dark and gloomy mysticism, that embittered even his proudest and brightest hours. An evil spirit troubled him, which only the melody of the sweet psalmist of Israel could beguile.

Moses had been familiar with all the forms of Egyptian worship, and all their many sources of knowledge; but, as the promulgator of a new and holier faith, he wished to draw his people from the subtleties of divination, and induce them to a direct and open reliance upon Him who alone "knoweth the end from the beginning." No insight to the future is needed by the strong in faith and the strong in action. Hence the divinely appointed legislator prohibited all intercourse with those who dealt in this forbidden lore—*forbidden*, as subversive of human hope and human happiness. For the mind loses its tone when once impressed with the belief that the "shadows of coming events" have fallen upon it.

The impetuous and vacillating Saul, impelled by an irresistible instinct to this species of knowledge, sought to protect himself from its influence by removing the sources of it from his kingdom. For this reason he put in force the severe enactments of Moses against dealers in what were termed "familiar spirits." Thus betraying the infirmity of his manhood, by removing temptation rather than bravely resisting it.

Vain and superstitious, oh "choice young man and goodly," thou wert no match for the rival found in the person of the chivalric David, the warrior poet, the king minstrel, the man of many crimes, yet redeeming all by the fervency of his penitence, and his unflinching faith in the Highest. Still the noble and the heroic did never quite desert thee, even when thou didst implore the holy prophet to honor thee in the presence "of the elders of the people," and he turned and worshipped with thee. A kingly pageant when the sceptre was departing from thee!

Disheartened by intestine troubles, appalled by foreign invasion, the spirit of the unhappy king forsook

him, and it is said "his heart greatly trembled." Samuel, the stern and uncompromising revealer of truth, was no more. Unsustained by a hearty reliance upon divine things, Saul was like a reed cast upon the waters, in this his hour of trial and perplexity.

"When Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by prophets." Unhappy man, thy prayers were those of doubt, not of faith, and how could they enter that which is within the veil!

In the utterness of his despair, he consults the Woman of Endor. She might not control events, but she could reveal them. Perilous and appalling as his destiny threatened, he would yet know the worst.

There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in thy disguise and agony as thou didst confront thy stern counsellor brought from the land of shadows—"the old man covered with a mantle." When Samuel demands, "why hast thou disquieted me?" we share in the desolateness and sorrow which thy answer implies.

"God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams, therefore have I called thee, that thou mayst make known unto me what I shall do."

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous in aspect. To me she seemeth all that is genial and lovely in womanhood.

So great had been the mental suffering of Saul, that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the seer his strength utterly forsok him, and he fell all along upon the earth.

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. "Behold thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life; now, also, I pray thee, hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayst have strength."

Can aught be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal? Aught more foreign from a cruel and treacherous nature, aloof from human sympathies, and dealing with unholy and forbidden knowledge?

To the Jew, trained to seek counsel only from Jehovah, the Woman of Endor was a dealer with spirits of evil. With us, who imbibe truth through a thousand channels made turbid by prejudice and error, she is a distorted being, allied to the hags of a wild and fatal delusion. We confound her with the witches of Macbeth, the victims of Salem, and the Moll Pitchers of modern days.

Such is not the Woman of Endor—we have adopted the superstition of monk and priest through the long era of darkness and bigotry, and every age hath lent a shadow to the picture.

"Hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee." Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor riseth before me in the very attitude of her kind, correct entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiselled nostril, and the lip shading the ruby. The cold, haughty grace becoming the daughter of the Magi, hath now yielded to the tenderness of her woman's heart.

Woman of Endor! thou has gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis; thou has smothered the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods; thou art familiar with the mysteries of the pyramids; thou hast quaffed the waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults of the ancient Cheops; thou hast watched the stars, and learned their names and courses; art familiar with the sweet influences of the Pleiads, and the bands of Orion. Thy teacher was a reverent worshipper of nature, and thou a meek and earnest pupil. Thou heldest a more intimate communion with nature than we of a later and more worldly age. Thou workedst with her in her laboratory, creating the gem and the pearl, and all things whatsoever into which the breath of life entereth not.

There was nothing of falsehood, nothing of diabolic power in this. Men were nearer the primitive man, nearer the freshness of creation, and they who patiently and religiously dwelt in the temple of nature learned her secrets, and acquired power hidden from the vulgar, even as the learned now, in their dim libraries, and amid their musty tomes.

Thus was it with the Woman of Endor. She was learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had studied the religion of Egypt, had listened to the sages of Brahma, and studied philosophy in the schools to which the accomplished Greeks afterwards resorted to learn truth and lofty aspiration; yet even here did the daughter of the Magi feel the goal of truth unattained.

She had heard of a new faith—that of Israel—a singular people, who at one time had sojourned in Egypt, and yet who went forth, leaving their gods and their vast worship behind, to adopt a new and strange belief. Hither had she come with a meek spirit of inquiry, to learn something more of those great truths for which the human soul yearneth forever.

Hence was it that her wisdom and her beauty became a shield to her when the mandates of Saul banished all familiar with mysterious knowledge from the country. She was no trifter with the fears and credulities of men. She was an earnest disciple of Truth, and guilelessly using wisdom which patient genius had unfolded to her mind.

All night had she watched the stars, and firmly did she believe that human events were shadowed forth in their hushed movements.

She compounded rare fluids, and produced creations wondrous in their beauty.

There were angles described in the vast mechanism of nature, in the passage of the heavenly bodies, in the congealing of fluids, and the formation of gems, which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with certain words of mystic meaning, derived from the vocabulary of spirits; spirits who once familiarly visited our earth, and left these symbols of their power behind them. These the learned, who did so in the spirit of truth and goodness, were able to use; and great and marvelous were the results.

Such was the knowledge, and such the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise and beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the girl nor the child, but the full, intellectual, and glorious woman.

She had used a spell of great power in behalf of Saul who was in disguise, and unknown to her; and thus had compelled the visible presence of one of the most devout servants of the Most High God. Even she was appalled, not at the sight of the "old man covered with



n mantle," but she saw "Gods descending to the earth."

The fate of Saul would have been the same had not the prophet from the dead pronounced that fearful doom "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be as I am," but he might to the last have realized that vague comfort to be found in the uncertainty of destiny, and in the faint incitements of hope. Fancy might have painted plains beyond the mountains of Gilboa, where the dread issues of battle were to be tried, and he would have been spared that period of agony, when the strong man was bowed to the earth at the certainty of doom.

Saul and the Woman of Endor, ages on ages since, fulfilled their earthly mission, leaving behind this simple record of the power and fidelity of human emotions in all times and places; we cannot regret even the trials of Saul, in the view of enlarged humanity, for had he been other than he was, the world had been unblest with this episode of woman's grace and woman's tenderness, in the person of the Woman of Endor.

#### SONNET.

Written upon receiving a flower of *Amaranth* attached to a stem of cedar.

INSCRIBED TO THE GIVER, MISS. M. E. C., OF BROADALBIN, N. Y.

IMMORTAL hope!—thine emblem is not lost!  
Strength nerves the pinions of the struggling soul!  
Unheeding toil though life shall be the cost,  
Naught shall obstruct the passage to that goal  
But by the bravest won. Ambition high  
Points with her finger to the vaulted sky,  
And waving onward, bids the soul aspire  
To untracked heights; and by the spirit's fire,  
No nerve is wanting nor the will to dare  
The topmost steep of Fame, engraving there,  
Above the highest and the brightest name,  
One that the gazing world shall proudly claim,  
And unborn nations in far future time,  
With trembling tongues of awe, in loftiest numbers chime.  
Albany Aug. 1843.

E. G. S.

#### A SWISS AVALANCHE.

REMARKABLE CASE OF A FAMILY BURIED ALIVE UNDER THE SNOW THIRTY-FIVE DAYS.

A small cluster of houses, at a place called Bergemolletto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, in Switzerland, was, on the 19th of March, 1775, entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down from the neighboring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Jos. Rochia and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house clearing away the snow which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to mass, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain toward them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son, he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone thirty or forty paces, before his son, who followed him, fell down; on which looking back, he saw his own and his neighbors' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and his effects, were thus buried he fainted away; but soon reviving, got safe into a friend's house at some distance.

Five days after, Joseph being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow with his son, and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his

house stood; but after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavors to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth, to melt the snow, which on the 24 of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six English feet thick, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole and touched the ground, but evening coming on, he desisted.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed that night that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her; the man, affected by his dream, rose early in the morning and went to Bergemolletto, where Joseph was; and after resting himself a little, went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about two hundred and forty English feet distant, which having found, they heard the cry, "Help, my dear brother." Being greatly surprized as well as encouraged by these words, they labored with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother who had the dream, immediately went down, where the sisters with an agonizing and feeble voice told him, "I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me." The other brother and the husband then went down, and found still alive, the wife about forty-five, and the sister about thirty-five, and a daughter about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighboring house; they were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after, the intendente came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with difficulty; and the daughter needed no further remedies.

On the inendant's interrogating the women, they told him, that on the morning of the 19th of March they were in the stable with a boy of six years old, and a girl of about thirteen; in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a vessel of rye flour gruel; there was also an ass and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church bell should ring, intending to attend the service. The wife related, that wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down toward the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also a part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterward used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to



eat. The sister said she had fifteen chesnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfast, and should want no more that day. They remembered that there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavored to get them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave two chesnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and drank some snow water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being yet alive, and near the manger, they felt them, and recollected that one of them would kid, about the middle of April, the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all the time, they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day, from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chesnuts, and drank what milk the goats yielded, being very near two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes; so resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; but just above the manger was a hay loft, whence through a hole the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as they could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried, 'Oh, my father is in the snow! Oh, father, father!' and then expired.

In the meanwhile the goat's milk diminished daily, and the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day; but according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat should kid, which at length they knew was come, by its cries; the sister held it, and they killed the kid, to save the milk for their own subsistence; so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called the goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two pounds of milk, on which account they long after bore the poor creature a great affection.

They said, that during all this time, hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except for the first five or six days; and their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow water, which fell on them; from the smell of the dead ass, goats, fowls, &c.; but more than all, from the uneasy posture they were confined to, the manger in which they sat squatting against the wall, being no more than three feet four inches broad.

This interesting case of overwhelming by an avalanche, which has been frequently printed, is noted in the annals of Switzerland. Instances of a similar nature, though more disastrous in causing loss of life, are of frequent occurrence. A case of overwhelming, attended by circumstances very closely resembling those in the above narrative, happened but a few years ago. The village of La Colle, in the Lower Alps, was covered by an avalanche, which buried one of the houses for a period of twenty-three days. At the end of that period, the villagers gained access to the house by dig-

ging away the snow, when a man and a young girl were found in it alive. By a most fortunate circumstance, these two persons, at the time of the fall, were together in a part of the dwelling in which were all their provisions, with a cow and a goat; and the milk of these animals, which they fed with potatoes and bread, distributed with the most careful economy, had sufficed for their sustenance during their long and dismal captivity.

## THE MAN WITH A HORSE UPON HIS SHOULDERS.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

PASSING one day, nearly sixteen years ago, slowly along the street, we became involuntary auditors of a very small part of the conversation of two gentlemen, who were pursuing an opposite course.

"It is an evil to be deplored," said the younger.

"I agree with you," said the other; "but of all the inconveniences that I have found in the city, that of meeting and attempting to pass a man with a horse on his shoulders."

We turned short to see whether the speaker would explain by word or gesture, but the conversation appeared to have taken a different turn, and there was nothing in his step to indicate lightness. Thinking that a joke had been intended, we sought of no one an explanation. It happened that the same gentleman passed us a few days subsequent to the time we have noticed above, and he lifted his hat gravely to the person with whom we were talking. He had scarcely passed, before our friend mentioned him as one—perhaps the only person in the city, who never allowed himself in lightness of expression, and who invariably sought to be understood exactly as he spoke.

This was indeed a poser—the person who talked of meeting "a man with a horse on his shoulders," having the character of speaking just as he thought?—From that moment the strange sentence got possession of our minds. We never saw a handsome, well formed horse, without calculating his weight, and then thinking whether there was any man in the city who could, either for amusement or business, carry such a load upon his shoulders. The thing appeared impossible. The animal, however docile, or tractable under a saddle, could not be expected to consent to any such violation of the obvious laws of nature—to be sprawling in mid air; it was preposterous; and yet, if a horse could not be carried on a man's shoulders, what ground was there for the gentleman's exclamation? So completely had the matter got possession of our minds, that we stopped at stables to see whether the ostlers, in their familiar intercourse with horses, ever took one upon their shoulders. We hastened toward large crowds, in expectation that the people had assembled to see "a man with a horse on his shoulders." We remember one instance in particular. When perceiving some hundreds of persons of both sexes crowding together, we instantly conceived that it must have been nothing else than "a man with a horse on his shoulders." We hastened toward the place; but before attaining it, inquired of a lad who had squeezed out of the mass, the cause of the assemblage. A horse had been thrown down. That was it—it was what we had wished for—because if a horse had been thrown down, it was evident that he must have been up, and how could he have been up unless up on a man's shoulders?

We made our way into the midst of the crowd, and saw the horse stretched upon the pavement; but he was tackled to a dray; and it was an outrage upon common sense to suppose that the dray and horse too, had fallen from a man's shoulders. The idea followed us in sleep, and our dreams were peopled with men occupying the side walks, with large bay horses on their shoulders: and sometimes we saw these hippo-anthropists engaged in mortal combat, filling the neighborhood with alarm, and driving sleep from our pillow.

At the circus one night, a small horse was admitted into the ring, and the clown in taking his leave lifted the fore legs of the little animal upon his own shoulders, and they walked out together—*par nobile fratrum*. That was an approach to the wonder; but still the excessive awkwardness of the whole movement, exciting laughter in every part of the circus, where it was nightly repeated satisfied us that the hind legs of the horse upon the man's shoulders, should not touch the ground. We did not like to ask of those who might be supposed to know the extent of man's bearing, lest we might ascertain also the extent of his *forbearing*, whether they believed a man could be found who could carry a horse upon his shoulders; but we put the question in different forms as to how a much a horse would weigh, and how much a man could sustain on his shoulders.

We remembered the Greek proverb, "lift the calf and you may lift the ox;" and we entertained a hope that somebody had begun with the colt. We paid twenty-five cents to see the Irish giant at the Museum in Market street, in the hope that he could show "thews and sinews" enough to sustain a horse—but in vain; years passed away; and though the idea still pressed with its earliest force, we found no solution to the riddle. During one of the windy Wednesdays of this month, as we were passing up Fourth street by the Friend's burying ground, we noticed the side walk nearly occupied with a lady's dress, the owner of which was making what the sailors would call "small head way" against a stiff breeze; as we were following, it was only necessary to slacken our pace in order neither to cause nor receive inconvenience, as crossing the street was prevented by the rank and file of market carts along the gutter. Suddenly the lady stopped. There was an impediment—but the latitudinal display of sleeves prevented our discovering it. Just then the wind blew the lady's veil far out, like the streamers of a ship, hiding the upper part of a man that was attempting to pass her; there was a sudden crash, and the whole head gearing of the lady, bonnet, veil, cad, ribbons, &c. &c. were stretched over the shoulders of the black passenger, bedizening his honest visage like the corrugations of the setting sun shooting up from behind a cloud. "You brute," said the offended lady, "you brute, why do you come upon the side walk with a *SALE HORSE ON YOUR SHOULDERS?*"

"Eureka!" we shouted, in a tone far above the female's voice; and turned back incontinently, to write this account for the sake of adding two most excellent morals.

When you have anything to say, study perspicuity; and if you find a mystery in what others have said, wait with patience—time and observation will clear it all.

To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

## FIRST AND LAST TICKET.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL.

"CURSE the ticket!" was my first exclamation on leaving a lottery office, into which I had been to learn the fate of my *first ticket*. Would that it had been my last! Would that in cursing I had forsaken them entirely! Had I done so, now, perhaps, I should not have been here—my wife and my boy—my prattling David, would not have been mouldering in the charnel house—I might have been happy—have been unstained by the blood of a fellow creature. Oh, well may I curse the tickets! They have bowed me down with a curse—even a death-curse!

My first ticket was a blank. I was persuaded by a friend to buy it, who tempted me by holding up to view the glittering prize and exciting my hopes of obtaining it. I was not disappointed at the result of my purchase, although a curse involuntarily burst from my lips when I first learnt it. I hardly thought of drawing a high prize; yet the possibility of being so fortunate kept my mind in a constant burning excitement. I was a young man then, and could ill afford to lose the cost of the ticket. However, I comforted myself with the reflection, that experience must be paid for. I also made a determination that I would not be so foolish again. I kept it unbroken for six months. Yet all that time there was a whispering in my ear—"try again—you may be more fortunate." It was the whispering of my evil genius—and I obeyed it. I bought part of a ticket and drew five hundred dollars. I had previous to this, being in a good situation and with every prospect of *doing well* in the world, engaged myself to Eliza Berton, a young lady who had long possessed my affections. She was one—no, I will not, I cannot speak of her as she *was*. Well, shortly after my good fortune—I should say *misfortune*—I married her. I was considerably elated with my luck, and treated my friends freely. I did not, however, buy any tickets at that time although strongly urged to. One evening, after I had been married some months, I went out to visit a friend, intending to return home in the course of an hour. On the way to my friend's house I passed a lottery office. It was brilliantly lighted up, and in the windows were temptingly displayed schemes of chance and invitations to purchase. I had not *tried my luck* since my marriage, and had given up buying tickets. As I passed by the window of the office my eye caught the following, in illuminated letters and figures—"\$10,000 prize will be heard from this night. Tickets \$5." I hesitated a moment, then walked on—"who knows but what I may get it?" I said to myself. I stopped—turned about—still hesitating—"Try again," I heard, and retracing my steps I went into the office. A number of my acquaintance were sitting there smoking. The vendor gave me a cigar, and after awhile, asked me if I should not like to try my luck in the lottery which he was expecting every moment to hear from; his clerk having gone out to await the opening of the mall. So saying he handed me a package of quarters, which he prevailed on me to take, and pay twenty-five dollars; the price he sold them at. The clerk soon after came in with a list of the drawing; and I left the office that evening, one thousand dollars better off than when I entered. But where for? For home? No—for the tavern, where we all went for a treat. At midnight, I

went home to my anxious, sleepless wife in a fit of *intoxication*. This was her first experience.

A week went by, and Eliza began to smile again. The excitement I was in that night she admitted as an excuse for my conduct. But she tenderly advised me, nay, on her knees in the stillness of our chamber, every night she implored God to have me in his keeping, to preserve me from temptation. I was ashamed of myself, and I solemnly swore to abstain altogether from tickets. My wife was herself again. Months passed away;—a charge was entrusted to my keeping—a holy charge. I was presented with a son. He took his father's name. Thank God! he will not bear his sorrows—his shame! I was happy as man need be for a year. Business prospered—I enjoyed good health, and was blessed with a home where all was peace. I said I was happy—I was at times; but there was a secret thirst within me for riches—for the filthy lucre of the world: and I was not avaricious—nor was I parsimonious. But the desire had been awakened—the hope been encouraged, that, by venturing little, much might be had: and although my oath had been registered, that I would have nothing to do with lottery gambling, yet a burning thought of gain—of gain by lotteries—agitated me day and night. In the day time when about my business, the thought that by venturing a few dollars I might draw enough to make me independent of labor—to allow me to live at ease, was ever uppermost in my mind; and in the night my dreams were all of lotteries, of prizes. Almost every night I received large sums of prize money. I strove to banish such desires from my mind; but they haunted me like an evil spirit.

About eighteen months after taking my oath, a *grand scheme* was advertised to be drawn on a certain day in my own town. I felt a strong propensity to try my luck again. I was importuned by friends to buy tickets—the scheme was so good, the chance of success so great; but I thought of the oath I had taken and was firm in my denial. The day of drawing drew nigh. The vendor who sold me the prize urged me to take a few tickets—I was also urged by others to buy—even in the presence of my wife. But I resisted. She, trusting one, said not a word—she knew my oath was pledged—she knew that I remembered it, and she had confidence in my keeping it sacred. She only gave a glance of pleasure, it may be said triumph, she heard me refuse my friend's invitations. That night I *dreamt* that a particular number would be the fortunate one—that I purchased it and it came up in the highest prize. When I arose in the morning my firmness was a little shaken. It was the day of drawing. A friend came into my store in the forenoon and showed me a parcel of tickets; among them I saw the number of my *dream*! He offered them to me—I forgot myself—I mocked my God—I broke my oath! I did not stay in the house at noon any longer than to hurry through with dinner. My wife's presence was a burden to me; her happy smile discomfited me and her cheerful tones went to my heart like a reproach. From that day her presence was a curse to me; not that I loved her the less—not that she had changed—but how could I stand before her, perjured as I was, and she the while not doubting my innocence—how could I without feeling my unholiness? A thousand different times that forenoon did I resolve to seek my friend and return him the ticket, and as often did I break them. Conscience smote heavily—heavily.

But the prize thought I, will check it. Fool! to think paltry gold would reconcile an offended God—would buy off punishment! The lottery ~~was~~ drawn that afternoon. That evening I sat alone with my wife in her room. She was talking of some men, in not being contented with what they possessed, and for being ever on the search for more. "How many hearts have been agitated—wound up to the highest pitch this afternoon in hopes of drawing a prize," said she. What could I do: I was there, and had to listen to her, although each word that she uttered was like a burning coal at my heart. She continued—

"And how many have spent that, which should have gone for bread and clothing for their families—and for what? For a vain hope of obtaining more! for a piece of mere colored paper! And think you, my husband, there have been no vows violated—no oaths broken this afternoon?" Good God! how those words tortured me! I made no answer, and she went on. "If there are any such, and if they have been unfortunate, how keen must be their disappointment, and how doubly keen their remorse! Are you not, David, better pleased with yourself this evening for not buying tickets—allowing you had not pledged your oath not to meddle with them—than you would have been, had you purchased them and made money by it?" Thus did that woman talk to me, as though I were as pure and guileless as herself. Innocent one! she knew not, that at the moment her words were like daggers to my heart—that at every motion of her lips my soul writhed in agony—she knew not that my pocket book was crammed with the cursed tickets—*blank tickets*! And when she poured out her soul in prayer that night, she knew not that he for whom she prayed dare not listen to her words, but stopped his ears. So it was.

"Do, my dear husband, stay at home *one evening* this week! You shall read to me, or I will read to you; come, keep me company this evening." Thus said my wife one evening, as she took me affectionately by the arm, a tear at the same time filling her eye. Brute that I was! I shook her off repulsively, scarcely deigning her a reply as I went out. I was an altered man—my innocence had departed from me—I had perjured myself. My oath once broken, I still continued to break it. Not a lottery was drawn but that I had some chance in it. Ill luck attended me. Blanks—blanks were my portion. Still I kept on. Most of my hours were spent in lottery offices. I neglected my business—debts accumulated—wants came upon me; and I had nothing to satisfy them but a *hope*—a hope, that at the next drawing I should be lucky. As cares increased I went to the tavern for relief. Remorse gnawed at my heart like a worm. It had drank up all my happiness. When I first broke my oath I thought gold would still my conscience. Gold I had none, so I attempted to ease it by strong drink. Rum burnt up my tender feelings—my better nature; but it only added to the quenchless fire that was raging at my heart. It was not uncommon for me at this stage, to get intoxicated every night. Oft have I staggered home at midnight to my patient dying Eliza—for my conduct was making sad inroads on a constitution naturally delicate; and without a shadow of cause fell to abusing her. Merciful God forgive me. Even while she was on her knees in prayer—*praying for me*! What insult and misery has not that woman endured! and all brought on by me—her husband, her protector!



About this time our child died. I dare not think of his death—how it was brought on. The poor child might have lived longer—perhaps he might, but he complained of cold sometimes, of wanting clothes; and sometimes his cry for bread was in vain. It was a great shock to my wife; and her gradual falling day by day for a time sobered me and made me thoughtful. But what had I to do with reflection? The past was made up of sharp points, and when I turned to it I was pierced! and the future—ha! ha! what could I *anticipate*? what was there in store for me? So I closed my ears—shut my heart to the starving, dying condition of Eliza, and become—a brute again! \* \* \*

It was in the evening of a wet, cloudy day, that I sailed forth from my boarding hovel of shame and sin, to learn the fate of my *last ticket*! The woman with whom I boarded was clamorous for her day. That night I told her I expected some money. I had a ticket; from that I expected to realize something. This was my last ticket. To obtain it, I had to dispose of a Bible, which had belonged to my late wife—my dead Eliza—and which was the dying gift of her mother. It was the last thing I held that belonged to her. One by one had I disposed of what little effects she left, to gratify my passion for drinking and gambling. I had lost all feelings of shame. My wife had been dead two years. During her life for her sake I was not entirely shunned—for her sake some little respect was shown me. But when she was taken away, and her friends found I did not reform they abandoned me to my fate, and I became truly an outcast—an outcast from the society of the virtuous. I blame no one—it was my own fault. I was advised—urged by all that was dear in life—by my wife's dying prayer—by the hopes and fears of an hereafter, to restrain my vicious propensities, and walk in the paths of virtue. But I would not hear them—I laughed them to scorn. So they left me in my stubbornness.

The ticket I now had was to seal my fate. I had fasted more than one day to obtain means to purchase it; I had even stinted my drink for means, so strong was my passion for gambling. Well, I went to the office and called for the prize list. At a glance I saw my hopes were frustrated; and crushing the list convulsively in my hand, I muttered a deep oath and stalked out of the office. That ticket indeed sealed my fate. "The world owes me a living, and a living I will have!" I said to myself, as I turned away with a despairing heart and walked up the street. My mind was suddenly made up to a strong purpose. "There is money!" I said between my teeth, as I sauntered, slowly along, meditating a desperate deed. I knew not the time of night; it was late, however, for the stores were all closed, when a man brushed by me. As he passed I saw it was the vender of tickets—the man who sold me the "*first* and the *last ticket*!"—the man to whom I had paid dollar after dollar of money until all was gone. He had a trunk in his hand, and was probably going home. "This man," thought I, "has relieved from me even to the latest farthing; shall I not be justified in compelling him to return a part? at least, ought he not be made to give something to relieve my misery—to keep me from starving?" Such was my inconsistent reasoning, as I buttoned my jacket, and slowly followed him. Before reaching his house, he had to pass over a long lonely space where there were no houses, and at that time of the night but little passing. He had gone over half this space, when I stepped quickly and

unwarily behind him; and grasping with one hand his collar and with the other his trunk, in a gruff voice I demanded his money. The words were barely uttered before I was grappled by the throat. He was a strong man, and he had a dangerous hold. I put forth all my strength to shake of his grasp, striking him at the same time in the face and breast, but without avail: he still kept his hold. Finding that something decisive must be done, for I could with difficulty breathe, I clasped him round the middle, and giving a sudden jerk we both fell to the ground. I fell underneath and he had me in his power. I struggled in vain to free myself. He still held me by the throat, and began to cry for assistance. What was to be done? I had a jack-knife in my pocket—there was no time for reflection—my left hand was free—it was the work of a moment—the hot blood spurted from his heart full in my face. His hold relaxed and giving a terrible groan he rolled on the ground in agony. I sprang upon my feet and snatched the trunk: as I moved away in the darkness, the death-rattle in the throat of my victim came fearfully to my ears.

What followed, until I found myself chained in this dreary dungeon, I know not. I have a faint recollection of flying from the dreadful spot where lay the dying man;—of being aroused in the morning by the officers of justice;—of a court room, where were displayed the trunk found in my possession, and a knife taken from the breast of the corpse with my name on the handle. I have a more distinct recollection of an after trial and of a condemnation; and to-morrow, the jailer tells me, I am to die—to be publicly executed. I acknowledge the justness of my punishment—I deserve death; and may God show mercy to him who showed no mercy.

#### STORY OF AN IDIOT.

A LONG time ago there was a poor idiot who, being quite harmless, was permitted to wander whither he would, and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Todden. He lived with his mother, and there was no other in the family; it is remarkable that idiots are always particularly beloved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependent as in infancy. This poor fellow, in return was equally fond of his mother, his love toward her, was the only feeling which he was capable of, and that feeling was proportionably strong. The mother fell sick and died; of death, poor wretch, he knew nothing; and it was in vain to hope to make him comprehend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, and they were obliged to put her in a coffin unknown to him, and carry her to the grave, when as they imagined, he had been decoyed away to a distance. Ned of the Todden, however, suspected that something was designed, watched them secretly, and as soon as it was dark, opened the grave, took out the body and carried it home. Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the cottage to look after him, they found the dead body seated in its own place in the chimney corner, a large fire blazing which he had made to warm her, and the idiot son with a large dish of pap, offering to feed her. "Eat, mother," he was saying, "you used to like it!" Presently wondering at the silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel it, and said, "Why d'y'e look so pale mother? why be you so cold?"



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*East Point and Passamaquoddy Bay*

*Engraved and colored by J. H. Smith*

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# THE ROVER.

## THE FIRST LEAF OF AUTUMN.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I SEE thee fall, thou quivering leaf,  
Of faint and yellow hue,  
The first to feel the autumn winds,  
That, blighting, o'er thee blew—  
Slow-parted from the rocking branch,  
I see thee floating by,  
To brave, all desolate and lone,  
The bleak autumnal sky.

Alas! the first, the yellow leaf—  
How sadly falls it there,  
To rustle on the crisped grass,  
With every chilly air!  
It tells of those that soon must drop,  
All wither'd, from the tree,  
And it hath wak'd a sadder chord  
In deathless memory.

Thou eddying leaf, away, away,  
There's sorrow in thy hue;  
Thou sound'st the knell of sunny hours,  
Of buds, and liquid dew—  
And thou dost tell how from the heart  
The blooms of hope decay;  
How each one lingers, loth to part,  
Till all are swept away.

## EAST PORT AND PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

THE beautiful engraving, which we lay before the readers of the ROVER this week, presents a fine view, as our friend Major Downing used to say, "away down east, in the State of Maine." It is even far beyond the notable village of Downingville, for that, as the Major was wont to have it, is "jest about the middle of down east;" whereas the view we here present is on the eastern border of the state, clear to the very "jumping off place;" where Jonathan, if his arm was only long enough, could stand on his own hills and reach across the river and shake hands with John Bull.

It is said that John and Jonathan often have rather funny races with each other across these waters, in boats and vessels of various kinds, in search of smuggled goods, and in winter time in sleighs on the ice; and many a hair-breadth escape have the smugglers had in running round the islands and points, and skulking into the bays and under cover of the woods. But it is not our purpose here to go into any detailed account of those border achievements. As our plate however gives a view of a portion of the scenery on the rough and rockbound coast of Maine, our native state, we cannot let the occasion pass without recording a word to her memory.

"God save the State of Maine." She is a noble state, and a high and prosperous destiny awaits her. What though her climate is cold, and her summers short? Her sons and daughters are warm-hearted and long-lived; and as her forests are cleared away and her bosom laid open to the sun, her climate will grow milder, and the day will come,

"When smiling spring will earlier visits pay,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay."

The last two lines, the reader will perceive, are Goldsmith improved; but they were just the things we Vol. II.—No. 4.

wanted, with the variations, therefore why not adapt them to our purpose? But without going into the poetical at all, we must say, in sober prose, that probably thousands of our readers do not understand the true gauge and measure of Maine—are not aware of the extent of her natural power, wealth, and capabilities. While they are thinking of her as a little out-of-the-way, down east corner of the union, covered up with fogs and forests, they would be surprized perhaps to be told, that there are but two states in the union that have more shipping than Maine; that she has more territory than all the other New England states put together; that she has three hundred miles of sea coast, and if you follow round the shores of her bays and navigable rivers, you may set it down at more than a thousand miles; that she has three times as many excellent harbors as any other state; that she has much more water power, readily available for manufacturing purposes, than any other state; that she has pine timber enough in her forests to pay off the heaviest state debt in the union; that she has granite enough along her seaboard to build cities in all the Atlantic states for a thousand years to come; and last, not least, that she has a hardy, intelligent, sober, industrious, and enterprising population, already numbering more than half a million, and rapidly increasing. Yet such is the State of Maine, which is destined hereafter to become one of the leading and most important states of this great Republic.

## THE YOUNG MENDICANT.

A REAL INCIDENT.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

ONE cold and desolate evening last winter when Palmo's was thronged with visitors, and the gay song and the merry laugh—a coarse mixture of music and revelry—indicated a kind of "banish-care" feeling which the company present seemed industriously striving to cultivate, a poor boy in tattered garments, and shivering with the intense cold, sat himself patiently down upon the stone steps in front, and continually conned he this lesson:

"Please sir give me a couple of pennies to buy my mother a loaf of bread?"

But no one heeded him. Their thoughts were thrown beyond the patient petition of the poor beggar boy. Though they had money to spend—money to throw away for a humiliating and disgusting purpose, they could not give one thought to the condition of the desolate being before them—that like an upbraiding spectre threw himself between them and pleasure—even upon the very steps of the temple of Bacchus.

Ah! what place more fitting for the mendicant to utter his supplication, than at the doors of our public houses of amusement? Where, with more propriety, can the beggar sit, than upon the steps of our theatres, before the doors of our fashionable groggeries, and in the entrances of the halls of vice and dissipation? If any class of persons are able to relieve the wants of the needy, it is such as daily and nightly visit those places. But perhaps they have no money to spare—at least, to throw away upon a beggar!

Piteously the poor boy preferred his humble petition, and the blast blew, and the cold snow fell around him, and the crowd passed laughingly on, nor heeded their perishing brother. To be sure, they were merry all that evening, and at last went to a comfortable home and refreshing slumber, and their dreams were of anything else than poverty and distress; the vision of the beggar boy did not haunt their midnight slumbers. How it does fret our patience to be held one moment by the button-hole on a cold wintry day; yet patiently, and without murmuring, sat that desolate child upon the stone steps, continually conning this lesson:

"Please sir give me a couple of pennies to buy my mother a loaf of bread?"

What! nothing to spare? Not one glass less for the sake of the poor pleader? Hark! there is a clapping of hands within—a song is encoired, and the crowd hurry forward to the scene of excitement. The boy is forgotten. No! there are two middle aged gentlemen stopping to speak with him; they are no doubt honest mechanics, and being comfortable in the world, and satisfied with the necessities of life, have hearts full of sympathy and kindness. Thank God! the poor boy will be relieved. One of them speaks.

"Well, my little fellow, what are you setting here for in the cold? Why don't you go home?"

"Please sir give me a couple of pennies to buy my mother a loaf of bread?"

"Who is your mother, my little man? and where do you live?"

"She goes out to day's work, sir, and she takes in washing, but she's sick now, and haint got nothin to do; and she sent me out to get something to buy her some bread."

"Poor boy! how old are you?"

"Eight, in my ninth year, sir."

"Do tell! Smart boy for his age, aint he Jenkins. Where do you go to school, my son?"

"Dont go 'tall."

"Dont go to school!" exclaimed Mr. Smirkins in astonishment. "Pray what do you do then?"

"Nothin, sir."

"Dreadful!" again exclaimed Mr. Smirkins. "Who'd a thought that in this ere inlightened country, free and independant as it is, that there was a child of eight years that had'n't never bin to school! I declare it's an unnatural shame!"

"It's most preposterous, Mr. Smirkins!" replied Jenkins. "And if I had my way, both mother and child should go to the house of reformation."

"I'll jine you in them sentiments, Mr. Jenkins. See here, my son; I guess you'd better go to home—you'll freeze there. I'm sorry I can't do nothing for you. Jenkins, I'm most froze—s'posin we go in and take something to warm us. Go home, my little fellow—go home."

And into the fashionable grog-shop they went, called for hot punches, and sat themselves down to a table, in the meantime, to chat, and listen to the music when they did not chat.

"I'll tell you what 'tis, Jenkins," said Smirkins, after they had taken a sip of their punches; "there's gittin to be too many lazy beggars in this city by a jug-full; and if I had my way about it, I'd have them all sent to Blackwell's Island before I was a week older. They've got to be a complete nuisance; they stop you everywhere in the street, and assail our houses, and I

s'pose that bimeby they'll be for knocking us down in the street to take from us by force what they now ask for. I tell you, Jenkins, there's too much of it—there's too much of it."

"That's my opinion egzactly, Mr. Smirkins," said Jenkins.

"You're a man of sense, Mr. Jenkins, as well as myself; I wish there was more on us. If there is anything on aith I do abominate and detest, it is a beggar. They aint to be believed half on 'em, the lazy varmint. And many on 'em as begs for a livin in the streets, I've hearn tell, has more money, and is better off for this world than either you or I, Mr. Jenkins."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Smirkins."

"Don't doubt it? Of course not, Mr. Jenkins. And then there is the old women, and the old men, and the blind, and the lame, and them as has the palsy. Bless my soul! if I was to give a penny to every beggar I met, I should soon be a poor man if I lived long enough."

"I dare say you would, Mr. Smirkins. You are rich now, and what good will riches do you if you give money to every one that asks you. What is the use, I say, of money, if you don't know how to take care of it?"

"That is the philosophy I go on, Mr. Jenkins. Your glass is out—take another—here, waiter! No, Jenkins; my rule is, never to spend a cent that I don't know where it goes; and as to throwin money away upon beggars in the street, I know a tune worth two of that. Now you've seen women beggin in the street with a little baby in their arms—of course a woman with a baby in her arms gets up more sympathy—and sometimes when they haint got no baby of their own, they make out to borry one of some one else. Oh, you needn't start, for I'm sartin that sich a thing's done regularly every day. But, then 'tain't every baby that's fit to be borred. None o' your fine, healthy, hearty lookin young'uns 'ill do at all; but what's wanted is a little sufferin cretur that's got somethin or nother the matter with it—no matter what—no matter if it haint had nothin to eat for two or three days—so much the better, poor little thing! It serves all the better to git up the sympathies of maidens what haint got no little uns themselves, nor never expects to have in the natural way; besides, it's a capital pint to make an effect of by young women what want to git up a reputation of bein tender-hearted, and sich like. Oh, by all means, a sickly baby's the best. They would'n't give a pin for one that did'n't look distressin-like, and did'n't cry nigh about all the time. No, no; you can't tell me nothin about beggars that I don't know already, and as for throwin away my hard airmis by encourag-ing 'em, it's what I wont do as long as I've got senses about me, I know. Good gracious! Mr. Jenkins, how terribly the wind blows. It must be gittin colder fast. S'pose we begin to think about goin home?"

"Well, Mr. Smirkins, jest as you say; not that I'm at all in a hurry. It is gittin little chilly out I do think."

Here Mr. Smirkins and Mr. Jenkins rose from their seats, buttoned their great-coats up to their chin, tied large handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses, thrust their hands deeply into their pockets, and left the house. As they passed out at the door, they were again accosted by the beggar boy, who still sat shivering on the cold stones.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Smirkins in a



muffled voice, "there's that little rascal of a beggar yet. Dear me! I would not be hired to set there so long; I should think he'd be a-cold."

"So should I," exclaimed Mr. Jenkins in similar tones. "I wonder what keeps him there; but I s'pose he's got used to it. Dear me! what a blessed thing it is to have a comfortable home to go to; eh, Smirkins?"

"Aint it though!" significantly replied Smirkins. Shrugging their shoulders the two citizens passed on.

How sad a thing it is that we have so little sympathy for persons in distress—that is, sympathy of the right kind. We have a large quantity of the *convenient* article—as far as the tongue goes—but the sentiment does not extend to the pocket. There the charm lies; and rarely does misery find the "open sesame," though pleasure, and often times pride, draw largely upon the good nature of our money-loving principle. There are too many persons among us like Mr. Smirkins and Mr. Jenkins—with plenty of money for pleasure, but none for charity. To be sure, the public is gullible—very. Money can be raised sometimes for foreign purposes—*repeal*, missions, &c. We are not a near-sighted people, by any means; our vision extends to the remotest portions of the earth—entirely beyond our own necessities—over the heads of our own poor. However, I suppose other governments, in turn, have an eye to our necessities. No doubt great sympathy is expressed for our "lower orders" by the *civilized* portions of Europe, and by the benighted population of Africa. Well, we should be thankful even for that.

It is a pity that Mr. Smirkins, or Mr. Jenkins, did not bestow some charity upon the beggar boy, as the event will show; and this is no fable.

The poor boy sat upon the steps the entire evening, piteously uttering the burden of his melancholy supplication. A great many Mr. Smirkinses and Jenkinses passed to and from the gilded saloon, but, like those two worthy citizens, none seemed to heed the poor boy's plaint. Many greeted him with unkind words, and some smart young fools thought it a good joke to annoy the poor lad. Unkindness, insults, cold-heartedness he submitted to with patience that would have claimed pity from a savage, while his teeth chattered, and his half-clad limbs shivered with the intense cold.

Late in the evening he moved from the door, with but a solitary penny or two. His eyes were moist with tears, not more from the cold and stormy night than from the cold hearts of the multitude around him. He thought of his poor mother who lay sick in her miserable hovel, and perishing for the want of bread. Oh, what a gloomy picture seemed the world to that cheerless, lonely child. He was amazed with misery, and his spirit struggled as one in a mysterious, half-defined dream. Street after street did he pass along, ever and anon stopping to gaze at the windows of some wealthy mansion which emitted a blaze of light, while within music and laughter rang a merry note. He thought a moment of his own cheerless home, and wiping a tear from his eye, he struggled on through the "petting of the pitiless storm." Oh, how happy he might have been made, and not a whit taken from the happiness of thousands who revelled amid plenty.

At last he halted in front of an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city—the abode of one of our "merchant princes." Music and merry laughter resounded within; he could see the shadows of gay

figures upon the walls. Now, there is silence for a moment. Hark! the keys of a piano are touched by a skillful hand. Melody comes gushing out like the limpid flow of a wild-wood stream, and a sweet and soul-enchanting voice takes up the burden of the song. The poor boy, though shivering with cold, is thrilled by its rare tones, and he mounts the steps to the door, and listens. Oh! how eagerly did his ear drink in every word as she sang, perhaps not without motive, the following:

Ye who in haughty pride do sit—  
In Fashion's mazes flout,  
Whose ears ne'er hear the dismal cry  
Of those who mourn in want—  
Oh, ye are cold and hard of heart  
Thus to sit idly down;  
While thousands who God's image bear,  
Perish 'neath Fortune's frown.

In gilded halls—in gay saloons,  
Your pampered pride ye feed;  
Ye mock humanity's fair shape  
By many a sickening deed.  
The wine-cup flashes—hark! the laugh!  
Pass round the silly jest;—  
Ay, let it ring! that wassail shout  
Might break a cherub's rest!

Hark! there's a wailing in the air—  
A mother and her child;  
The cold, bleak wind hath chilled her breast—  
Despair hath made her wild!  
She has no home—no hope—no joy,  
All, all have passed away  
As fades the sun's last ray of light  
Upon the face of day.

She hears your revelry, oh, ye rich!  
Poor thing her heart must break!  
She prays that some kind spirit would  
Her darling infant take.  
She bends to kiss its lips—oh God!  
I pray ye be forgiven!  
That mother's shriek will surely bring  
A curse on ye from heaven.

The poor boy clung closer and closer to the door as the song progressed, and the streaming tears from his eyes told too sadly how the tones and the sentiment sank into his desolate heart; and as the singer concluded, he burst into convulsive sobs, and slowly retraced his way into the street. Ere many minutes, however, he returned, and rang the bell, and as the servant opened the door, he preferred to him his humble suit in most pitiful accents. Angered to be called from his warm corner by so *trivial a thing*, the man slammed the door in his face; while at the same moment from within came a burst of heartless, unrestrained laughter from a half-dozen young bucks as devoid of feeling as of common sense.

Alas! for that one moment's agony of the poor boy. Desolate, starving, freezing, without a solitary friend in the world to pity him but his mother who lay helpless—disheartened by vain petitions, he again sought the street, and slowly wended his way he knew not whither. Bewildered in his despair he had no thought of his whereabouts. The storm was increasing; the wind was blowing the snow about in drifts, and the lad's courage began to fall fast.

He stopped at last near a pile of boards, and while the biting blast whistled shrilly around him, he looked about him in his desolateness for a place of shelter. He was lost! In the dreariness of his misery he had

wandered beyond the limits of his knowledge. Keener blew the blast, and faster fell the snow, and at last the raging storm drove him to seek shelter beneath some of the boards that were piled up near him. But why keep the curtain drawn longer from the sad picture? In a few moments, a half-unconscious numbness crept over his limbs, his eyelids grew heavy, and ere long he slept a calm and peaceful slumber, and all the misery and all the wants of the poor beggar boy were at an end.

The body was found in the morning, and a coroner's inquest returned the following verdict which was published in the city papers on the morning following:

"Died from exposure;"

and the reporter added:

"He was recognized by several of the citizens as a boy whom they had frequently seen begging in the neighborhood."

## CHILDREN, WHAT ARE THEY?

BY JOHN NEAL.

*What are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose; and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows; and there another party, mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly, as to attract every body's attention; while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels, gazing so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it, as it deserves to be answered. *What are children?* To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation perhaps,—"*Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;*" or "*Men are but children of a larger growth,*" or peradventure, "*The child is father of the man.*" And then, perhaps, you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having "*plucked out the heart of the mystery,*" and uttered without knowing it, a string of glorious truths, pearls of great price.

But instead of answering you as another, might, instead of saying, *very true*, what if I were to call you back to the window with words like these—"Do you know what you said? Do you know the meaning of the language you have employed? or in other words, *do you know your own meaning?* What would you think of me? That I was playing the philosopher perhaps, that I wanted to puzzle you with a childish question, that I thought I was thinking, or at best that I was a little out of my senses. Yet if you were a man of understanding, I should have paid you a high compliment; a searcher after truth, I should have done you a great favor; a statesman, a lawgiver, a philanthropist, a patriot, or a father who deserved to be a father, I should have laid you under everlasting obligations, I should have opened a boundless treasury underneath your feet, I should have translated you instantly to a new world, carried you up into a mountain as it were, and set before you all the kingdoms of the earth, with all their revolutions and changes—all further history—the march of armies—the growth of conquerors—the waxing and the waning of empire, the changes of opinion, the apparition of thrones dashing against thrones, the overthrow of systems, and the revolution of ages.

Among the children who are now playing together, like birds among the blossoms of the earth, hunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air; happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters;—among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the longliving and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them, and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer of his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and of another world, and all playing together! Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search, you would go forth among the little creatures, as among the types of another and loftier language, the mystery whereof has been just revealed to you, a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the Future was written ages and ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors, with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers, here a grave-digger flying his kite with his future customers: there a physician playing at marbles with his, here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood, there a Cromwell, or a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the "old Parr" of another generation, sitting apart in the sunshine and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that "*just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*"

Hereafter is made up of the shreds and patches of Heretofore. If "*Men are but children of a larger growth,*" then *what are children?* Men of a smaller growth. And this happens to be the truth, not only in the world of imagination, but in the world of realities, not only among poets, but among lawyers. At law children are men; little children murderers. A boy of nine, and others of ten and eleven, have been put to death in England, two for murder, and a third for "cunningly and maliciously" firing two barns. Of the little murderers, one killed his playmate and the other his bed fellow. One hid the body and the other himself. And therefore, said the judges, they knew they had done wrong, they could distinguish between good and evil; and therefore, they ordered both to be strangled. And they were strangled accordingly. As if a child that

is old enough to know that he has done wrong, is therefore old enough to know that he deserves death.

I remember a little boy who was a lexicographer from his birth, a language-master and a philosopher. From the hour he was able to ask for a piece of bread-and-butter, he never hesitated for a word, not he! If one would n't serve, another would, with a little twisting and turning. He assured me one day, when I was holding him by the hand a little tighter than he wished, (he was but just able to speak at this time,) that I should *choke* his hand; at another, he came to me all out of breath, to announce that a man was *shaving* the wall. Upon due inquiry it turned out that he was only *white-washing*. But how should he know the difference between white-wash and lather, a big brush and a little one? Show me if you can a prettier example of synthesis or generalization, or a more beautiful adaptation of old words to new purposes. I have heard another complain of his school-fellow for *winking* at him *with his lip*; and he took the affront very much to heart I assure you, and would not be pacified till the matter was cleared up.

Another, now at my elbow, hardly five, has just been prattling about the *handle* of a pin, meaning the head; to him *shavings* were *board-ravellings*, about a twelve-month ago, and I shall never forget his earnestness about what he called the *necklace* of the gate—a heavy iron chain with a large weight swinging to it—which a wood-sawyer had forgotten to replace, after finishing his work.

It is but yesterday that a little boy, being asked by an elder sister in my presence, what a *widow* was—he had been talking about a widow—replied, *a poor woman that goes out a washing*. What better definition would you have? At home or abroad, is not the poor widow always a washing—now the floor of a wealthier neighbor—and the clothes of somebody who happens not to be a widow—and now with her own tears the face of her little baby, that lies asleep and half sobbing in her lap? Other children talk about the *bones* in peaches—osteologists are they; and others when they have the toothache, aver that it *burns* them. Of such is the empire of poetry. I have heard another give a public challenge in these words to every child that came near, as she sat upon a door step with a pile of tamarind-stones, nut shells and pebbles lying before her. "Ah! I've got *many-er* than you!" That child was a better grammarian than Lindley Murray. And her wealth, in what was it unlike the hoarded and useless wealth of millions?

"Well, my lad, you've been to meeting, hey?" "Yes sir." "And who preached for you?" "Mr. P——," "Ah! and what did he say?" "I can't remember, sir, he put me out so." "Put you out?" "Yes sir, he kept lookin' at my new clothes all meetin' time." That child must have been a *close* observer. Will any body tell me that he did not know what people go to meeting for?

I saw three children throwing sticks at a cow. She grew tired of her share in the game at last, and holding down her head and shaking it, demanded a new deal. They cut and run. After getting to a place of comparative security, they stopped, and holding by the top of a board fence, over which they had clambered, began to reconnoitre. Meanwhile, another troop of children hove in sight, and arming themselves with brickbats, began to approach the same cow. Whereupon

two of the others called out from the fence, "You, Joe! you better mind! that's our cow!" The plea was admitted without a demurrer; and the cow was left to be tormented by the legal owners. Hadn't these boys the law on their side?

A youth once lived with me who owned a little dog. One day I caught the dog worrying what I supposed to be a rat, and the boy standing over him encouraging him. It proved to be a toad; the poor creature escaped during my interference. Before a month had gone over, the dog showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and I shot him. Not long after this, I found the boy at a pump trying to keep a tub full, which appeared to have no bottom. I enquired what he was doing, and it turned out that he was trying to drown a *frog*. I asked the reason. Because a *toad* had poisoned the poor little dog.

Here was a process of ratiocination worthy of any Autocrat that ever breathed. Because A suffered, soon after worrying B, therefore C, shall be pumped to death. Precisely the case of Poland.

I knew another little boy once lost a favorite dog. About a week afterward, the dog re-appeared, and the boy was the happiest creature alive. But something happened a little out of the way, which caused further enquiry, when it turned out that the new dog was not the old, though astonishingly alike. The only difference I could perceive was a white spot under the neck. Well, what does our boy do? receive the stranger with thankfulness, and adopt him with joy, for his extraordinary resemblance of a lost favorite? No indeed. But he gives him a terrible thumping, and turns him neck-and-heels out of doors on a cold rainy night! As if the poor dog had been guilty of personating another! How perfectly of a piece with grown people who have cheated themselves and found it out. Wo to the innocent and helpless who lie in their path! or sleep in their bosom, or inhabit among their household-gods!

But children are not merely unjust and cruel and treacherous as men are. Like men they are murderers, mischief-makers, devils, at times. I knew two boys, the oldest not more than four, who caught a hen, and having pulled out her eyes with crooked pins, then let her go; after which on seeing her stagger and tumble about, and perhaps afraid of discovery, they determined to cut off her head. One was to hold her and the other perform the operation; but for a long while they could not agree upon their respective shares in the performance. At last they hit upon a precious expedient. They laid her upon the steps, put a board over her body, upon which one of the two sat, while the other sawed off her head with a dull case knife! Parents! Fathers! Mothers! What child of four years of age was ever capable of such an act, without long course of preparation? for neglect is preparation. Both were murderers, and their parents were their teachers. If the child is father of the man, what is to become of such children? If it be true that "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," how much have you to answer for? If, "men are but children of a larger growth," watch your children forever, by day and by night! pray for them forever, by night and by day! and not as children, but as men of a smaller growth, as men with most of the evil passions, and with all the evil propensities, that go to make man terrible to his fellow-men, his countenance hateful, his approach a fiery pestilence, and his early death a blessing, even to his father and mother!

THE TRESPASSER IN MAINE.  
 OF, THE MEMORABLE EXPULSION OF A SPECULATOR  
 FROM CERTAIN DISPUTED TERRITORY.

BY SEBA SMITH.

IN the autumn of 1836, while traveling through a portion of the interior of the State of Maine, I stopped at a small new village, between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, nearly a hundred miles from the seaboard, for the purpose of giving my horse a little rest and provender, before proceeding some ten miles farther that evening. It was just after sun-set; I was walking on the piazza, in front of the neat new tavern, admiring the wildness of the surrounding country, and watching the gathering shadows of the gray twilight, as it fell upon the valleys, and crept softly up the hills, when a light one-horse wagon, with a single gentleman, drove rapidly into the yard, and stopped at the stable door.

"Tom," said the gentleman to the ostler as he jumped from his wagon, "take my mare out, rub her down well, and give her four quarts of oats. Be s'ry, now, Tom; you needn't give her any water, for she sweats like fury. I'll give her a little when I am ready to start."

Tom sprang, with uncommon alacrity to obey the orders he had received, and the stranger walked toward the house. He was a tall, middle-aged gentleman, rather thin, but well proportioned, and well dressed. It was the season of the year when the weather began to grow chilly, and the evenings cold; and the frock-coat of the stranger, trimmed with fur, and buttoned to the throat, while it insured comfort, served also to exhibit his fine elastic form to the best advantage. His little wagon, too, had a marked air of comfort about it; there was the spring-seat, the stuffed cushions, and buffalo robes; all seemed to indicate a gentleman of ease and leisure; while, on the other hand, his rapid movements and prompt manner, betokened the man of business. As he stepped on to the piazza, with his long and handsome driving whip in his hand, the tavern-keeper, who was a brisk young man, and well understood his business, met him with a hearty shake of the hand, and a familiar "How are you, colonel? Come, walk in."

There was something about the stranger that strongly attracted my attention, and I followed him into the bar-room. He stepped up to the bar, laid his whip on the counter, and called for a glass of brandy and water, with some small crackers and cheese.

"But not going to stop to supper, colonel? Going further to-night?" enquired the landlord, as he pushed forward the brandy bottle.

"Can't stop more than ten minutes," replied the stranger; "just long enough to let the mare eat her oats."

"Is that the same mare," asked the host, "that you had when you were here last?"

"Yes," answered the colonel; "I've drove her thirty miles since dinner, and am going forty miles farther, before I stop."

"But you'll kill that mare, colonel, as sure as rates," said the landlord; "she's too likely a beast to drive to death."

"No, no," was the reply; "she's tough as a pitch-knot; I feed her well; she'll stand it, I guess. I go to Norridgewock before I sleep to-night."

With a few more brief remarks, the stranger finished

his brandy, and crackers and cheese; he threw down some change on the counter, ordered his carriage brought to the door, and bidding the landlord good night, jumped into his wagon, cracked his whip, and was off like a bird. After he was gone, I ventured to exercise the Yankee privilege of asking "who he might be."

"That's Colonel Kingston," said the landlord; "a queer sort of a chap he is, too; a real go-ahead sort of a fellow as ever I met with; does more business in one day than some folks would do in a year. He's a right good customer; always full of money, and pays well."

"What business or profession does he follow?" I asked.

"Why, not any particular business," replied the landlord; "he kind o' speculates round, and sich like."

"But," said I, "I thought the speculation in timberlands was over; I didn't know that a single person could be found, now, to purchase lands."

"Oh, it is n't exactly that kind of speculation," said the landlord; "he's got a knack of buying out folks' farms; land, house, barn, live stock, hay, and provisions, all in the lump."

"Where does he live?" said I.

"Oh, he's lived round in a number of places, since he's been in these parts. He's been round in these towns only a year or two, and it's astonishing to see how much property he's accumulated. He stays in Monson most of the time, now. That's where he came from this afternoon. They say he's got a number of excellent farms in Monson, and I'll warrant he's got some deeds of some more of 'em with him, now, that he's going to carry to Norridgewock to-night, to put on record."

I bade the landlord good evening, and proceeded on my journey. What I had seen and heard of Colonel Kingston, had made an unwonted impression on my mind; and as Monson lay in my route, and I was expecting to stop there a few days, my curiosity was naturally a little excited, to learn something more of his history. The next day I reach Monson; and as I rode over its many hills, and along its fine ridges of arable land, I was struck with the number of fine farms which I passed, and the evidences of thrift and good husbandry that surrounded me. As this town was at that time almost on the extreme verge of the settlements in that part of the state, I was surprised to find it so well settled, and under such good cultivation. My surprise was increased, on arriving at the centre of the town, to find a flourishing and bright-looking village, with two or three stores, a variety of mechanics' shops, a school-house, and a neat little church, painted white, with green blinds, and surmounted by a bell. A little to the westward of the village, was one of those clear and beautiful ponds, that greet the eye of the traveler in almost every hour's ride in that section of the country; and on its outlet, which ran through the village, stood a mill, and some small manufacturing establishments, that served to fill up the picture.

"Happy town!" thought I, "that has such a delightful village for its centre of attraction, and happy village that is supported by surrounding farmers of such thrift and industry as those of Monson!" All this, too, I had found within a dozen or fifteen miles of Moosehead Lake the noblest and most extensive sheet of water in New England, which I had hitherto considered so far embosomed in the deep, trackless forest, as to be almost unapproachable, save by the



wild Indian or the daring hunter. A new light seemed to burst upon me; and it was a pleasant thought that led me to look forward but a few years, when the rugged and wild shores of the great Moosehead should resound with the hum and the song of the husbandman, and on every side rich farms and lively villages should be reflected on its bosom.

I had been quietly seated in the village inn but a short time, in a room that served both for bar and sitting-room, when a small man, with a flapped hat, an old brown "wrapper," a leather strap buckled round his waist, and holding a goad-stick in his hand, entered the room, and took a seat on a bench in the corner. His bright, restless eye glanced round the room, and then seemed to be bent thoughtfully toward the fire, while in the arch expression of his countenance I thought I beheld the prelude to some important piece of intelligence, that was struggling for utterance. At last, said he, addressing the landlord, "I guess the colonel ain't about home to-day, is he?"

"No," replied Boniface, "he's been gone since yesterday morning; he said he was going up into your neighborhood. Have you seen anything of him?"

"Yes," said the little man with the goad-stick, "I see him yesterday afternoon about two o'clock, starting off like a streak, to go to Norridgewock."

"Gone to Norridgewock!" said the landlord; "what for? He didn't say nothing about going when he went away."

"More deeds, I guess," said the little teamster. "He's worried Deacon Stone out of his farm, at last."

"He has'n't got Deacon Stone's farm, has he?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" reiterated an elderly, sober-looking man, drawing a long pipe from his mouth, which he had until now been quietly smoking in the opposite corner.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" uttered the landlady, with upraised hands, as she entered the room just in season to hear the announcement.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" exclaimed three or four others, in different parts of the room, all turning an eager look toward the little man with the goad-stick. As soon as there was a sufficient pause in these exclamations, to allow the teamster to put in another word, he repeated:

"Yes, he's worried the Deacon out, at last, and got hold of his farm, as slick as a whistle. He's been kind o' edging round the Deacon, this three weeks, a little to a time; jest enough to find out how to get the right side of him; for the Deacon was a good deal offish, and yesterday morning the colonel was up there by the time the Deacon had done breakfast; and he got them into the Deacon's fore room, and shet the door; and there they staid till dinner was ready, and had waited for them an hour, before they would come out. And when they had come out, the job was all done; and the deed was signed, sealed, and delievered. I'd been there about eleven o'clock, and the Deacon's wife and the gals were in terrible fidgets for fear of what was going on in t'other room. They started to go in, two or three times, but the door was fastened, so they had to keep out. After dinner I went over again, and got there just before they were out of the fore room. The Deacon asked the colonel to stop to dinner, but I guess the colonel see so many sour looks about the house, that he was afraid of a storm a-brewing; so he only ketched up a piece of bread and cheese, and said he must be

a-goin'. He jumped into his wagon, and give his mare a cut, and was out of sight in two minutes."

"How did poor Mrs. Stone feel?" asked the landlady; "I should thought she would 'a died."

"She looked as if she'd turn milk sour quicker than a thunder-shower," said the teamster: "and Jane went into the bed-room, and cried as if her heart would break. I believe they didn't any of 'em make out to eat any dinner, and I thought the Deacon felt about as bad as any of 'em, after all; for I never see him look so kind o' riled in my life. "Now, Mrs. Stone," said he to his wife, "you think I've done wrong, but after talking along with Colonel Kingston, I made up my mind it would be for the best." She didn't make him any answer, but begun to cry, and went out of the room. The Deacon looked as if he would sink into the 'arth. He stood a minute or two, as if he was n't looking at nothing, and then he took down his pipe off the mantel, and sat down in the corner, and went to smoking as hard as he could smoke.

After a while, he turned round to me, and says he, 'Neighbor, I don't know but I've done wrong.' 'Well,' says I, 'in my opinion, that depends upon what sort of a bargain you've made. If you've got a good bargain out of the colonel, I don't see why his money is n't worth as much as any body's, or why another farm as good as your'n is n't worth as much.' 'Yes,' said the Deacon, 'so it seems to me. I've got a good bargain, I know; it's more than the farm is worth. I never considered it worth more than two thousand dollars, stock, and hay, and all; and he takes the whole jest as 'tis, and gives me three thousand dollars.' 'Is it pay down?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'it's all pay down. He gives me three hundred dollars in cash; I've got it in my pocket; and then he gives me an order on Saunder's store for two hundred dollars; that 's as good as money, you know; for we are always wanting one thing or another out of his store. Then he gives me a deed of five hundred acres of land, in the upper part of Vermont, at five dollars an acre. That makes up three thousand dollars. But that is'n't all; he says this land is richly worth seven dollars an acre; well timbered, and a good chance to get the timber down; and he showed me certificates of several respectable men, that had been all over it, and they said it was well worth seven dollars. That gives me two dollars clear profit on an acre, which on five hundred acres, makes a thousand dollars. So that instead of three thousand dollars, I s'pose I've really got four thousand for the farm. But then it seems to work up the feelings of the women folks so, to think of leaving it, after we've got it so well under way; that I don't know but I've done wrong.' And his feelings came over him so, that he begun to smoke away again as hard as he could draw. I did n't know what to say to him, for I did n't believe he would ever get five hundred dollars for his five hundred acres of land, so I got up and went home."

As my little goad-stick teamster made a pause here, the elderly man in the opposite corner, who had sat all this time knocking his pipe-bowl on the thumb-nail of his left hand, took up the thread of the discourse.

"I'm afraid," says he, looking up at the landlord, "I'm afraid Deacon Stone has got tricked out of his farm for a mere song. That Colonel Kingston, in my opinion, is a dangerous man, and ought to be looked after."

"Well, I declare!" said the landlord, "I'd no idee

he would get hold of Deacon Stone's farm. That's one of the best farms in town."

"Yes," replied the man with the pipe, "and that makes seven of the 'best farms in town' that he's got hold of already; and what 'll be the end of it, I don't know; but I think something ought to be done about it."

"Well, there," said the landlady, "I do pity Mrs. Stone from the bottom of my heart; she'll never get over it the longest day she lives."

Here the little man with the goad-stick, looking at the window, saw his team starting off up the road, and he flew out of the door, screaming "Hush! whoa! hush!" and that was the last I saw of him. But my curiosity was now too much excited, with regard to Colonel Kingston's mysterious operations, and my sympathies for good Deacon Stone, and his fellow-sufferers, were too thoroughly awakened, to allow me to rest without farther inquiries.

During the days that I remained in the neighborhood, I learned that he came from Vermont; that he had visited Monson several times, within a year or two, and had made it his home there for the last few months. During that time he had exercised an influence over some of the honest and sober-minded farmers of Monson, that was perfectly unaccountable. He was supposed to be a man of wealth, for he never seemed to lack money for any operation he chose to undertake. He had a bold, dashing air, and rather fascinating manners, and his power over those with whom he conversed, had become so conspicuous, that it was regarded as an inevitable consequence in Monson, if a farmer chanced to get shut up in a room with Colonel Kingston, he was a "gone goose," and sure to come out well stripped of his feathers. He had actually got possession of seven or eight of the best farms in the town, for about one quarter part of their real value.

It may be thought unaccountable, that thriving, sensible farmers could in so many instances be duped; but there were some extraneous circumstances, that helped to produce the result. The wild spirit of speculation, which had raged throughout the country for two or three years, had prevailed almost every mind, and rendered it restless, and desirous of change. And then the seasons, for a few years past, had been cold and unfavorable. The farmer had sowed and had not reaped, and he was discouraged. If he could sell, he would go to a warmer climate. These influences, added to his own powers of adroitness and skill in making "the worse appear the better reason," had enabled Colonel Kingston to inveigle the farmers of Monson out of their hard-earned property, and turn them, houseless and poor, upon the world.

The public mind had become much excited upon the subject, and the case of Deacon Stone added fresh fuel to the fire. It was in this state of affairs that I left Monson, and heard no more of Colonel Kingston until the following summer, when another journey called me into that neighborhood, and I learned the sequel to his fortunes. The colonel made but few more conquests, after his victory over Deacon Stone; and the experience of a cold and cheerless winter, which soon overtook them, brought the deluded farmers to their senses. The trifling sums of money which they received in hand, were soon exhausted in providing necessary supplies for their families; and the property which they had obtained, as principal payment for their farms, turned out to be of little value, or was so situated that they could turn it to no profitable account. Day after

day, through the winter, the excitement increased, and spread, and waxed more intense, as the unfortunate condition of the sufferers became more generally known. "Colonel Kingston" was the great and absorbing topic of discussion, at the stores, at the tavern, at evening parties, and sleigh-rides, and even during intermission at church, on the Sabbath.

The indignation of the people had reached that pitch which usually leads to acts of violence. Colonel Kingston was now regarded as a monster, preying upon the peace and happiness of society, and various were the expedients proposed to rid the town of him. The school-boys, in the several districts, discussed the matter, and resolved to form a grand company, to snow-ball him out of town, and only waited a nod of approbation from some of their parents or teachers, to carry their resolutions into effect. Some reckless young men were for seizing him, and giving him a public horse-whipping, in front of the tavern at mid-day, and in presence of the whole village. Others, equally violent, but less daring, proposed catching him out, some dark evening, giving him a good coat of tar-and-feathers, and riding him out of town on a rail. But the older, more experienced, and sober-minded men, shook their heads at these rash projects, and said: "It is a bad plan for people to take the law into their own hands; as long as we live under good laws, it is best to be governed by them. Such kind of squabbles as you young folks want to get into, most always turn out bad, in the end."

So reasoned the old folks; but they were nevertheless as eager and as determined to get rid of Colonel Kingston, as were the young ones, though more cautious and circumspect as to the means. At last, after many consultations and much perplexity, Deacon Stone declared one day, with much earnestness, to his neighbors and townsmen, who were assembled at the village, that "For his part, he believed it was best to appeal at once to the laws of the land; and if they would n't give protection to the citizen, he did n't know what would. For himself, he verily believed Colonel Kingston might be charged with swindling, and if a complaint was to be made to the Grand Jury, he did n't believe but they would have him indicted and tried in court, and give back the people their farms again." The deacon spoke *feelingly*, on the subject, and his words found a ready response in the hearts of all present. It was at once agreed to present Col. Kingston to the Grand Jury, when the Court should next be in session at Norridgewock. Accordingly, when the next Court was held, Monson was duly represented before the grand inquest for the county of Somerset, and such an array of facts and evidence was exhibited, that the Jury, without hesitation, found a bill against the Colonel for swindling, and a warrant was immediately issued for his apprehension.

This crisis had been some months maturing, and the warm summer had now commenced. The forest-trees were now in leaf; and though the ground was yet wet and muddy, the days began to be hot and uncomfortable. It was a warm moonlight evening, when the officer arrived at Monson with the warrant. He had taken two assistants with him, mounted on fleet horses, and about a dozen stout young men of the village were in his train as volunteers. They approached the tavern where Colonel Kingston boarded, and just as they were turning from the road up to the house, the form of a tall, slim person was seen in the bright moonlight, gliding from the back-door, and crossing the garden.

"There he goes!" exclaimed a dozen Monson voices at once; "that's he!—there he goes!"

And sure enough, it was he! Whether he had been notified of his danger, by some traitor, or had seen from the window the approach of the party, and suspected mischief was at hand, was never known. But the moment he heard these exclamations, he sprang from the ground as if a bullet had pierced his heart. He darted across the garden, leaped the fence at a bound, and flew over the adjacent pasture with the speed of a race-horse. In a moment the whole party were in full pursuit; and in five minutes more, a hundred men and boys, of all ages, roused by the cry that now rang through the village, were out, and joining in the race. The fields were rough, and in some places quite wet, so that running across them was rather a difficult and hazardous business. The direction which Kingston at first seemed inclined to take, would lead him into the main road, beyond the corner, nearly half a mile off. But those who were mounted put spurs to their horses, and reaching the spot before him, headed him off in another direction. He now flew from field to field, leaping fence after fence, and apparently aiming for the deep forest, on the eastern part of the town. Many of his pursuers were athletic young men, and they gave him a hot chase. Even Deacon Stone, who had come to the village that evening to await the arrival of the officer—even the Deacon, now in the sixty-first year of his age, ran like a boy. He kept among the foremost of the pursuers, and once getting within about a dozen rods of the fugitive, his zeal burst forth into language, and he cried out in a tremulous voice: "Stop! you infernal villain!—stop!" This was the nearest approach he had made to profanity for forty years; and when the sound of the words he had uttered fell full on his ear, his nerves received such a shock that his legs trembled and he was no longer able to sustain his former speed.

The Colonel, however, so far from obeying the emphatic injunction of the Deacon, rather seemed to be inspired by it to new efforts for flight. Over log, bog and brook, stumps, stones and fences, he flew like a wild deer; and after a race of some two miles, during which he was at no time more than twenty rods from some of his pursuers, he plunged into a thick, dark forest. Hearing his adversaries close upon him, after he had entered the wood, and being almost entirely exhausted, he threw himself under the side of a large fallen tree, where he was darkly sheltered by a thick clump of alders. His pursuers rushed furiously on, many of them within his hearing, and some of them passing over the very tree under which he lay. After scouring the forest for a mile round, without finding any traces of the fugitive, they began to retreat to the opening, and Kingston heard enough of their remarks, on their return, to learn that his retreat from the woods that night would be well guarded against, and that the next day, Monson would pour out all its force, "to hunt him to the ends of the 'arth, but what they would have him!"

Under this comfortable assurance, he was little disposed to take much of a night's rest, where he would be sure to be discovered and overtaken in the morning. But what course to take, and what measures to adopt, was a difficult question for him to answer. To return to Monson opening, he well knew would be to throw himself into the hands of his enemies; and if he remained in the woods till next day, he foresaw there would be but a small chance of escape from the

hundreds on every side, who would be on the alert to take him. North of him was the new town of Elliotville, containing some fifteen or twenty families, and to the south, lay Guilford, a well-settled farming town; but he knew he would be no more safe in either of those settlements than he would in Monson. East of him lay an unsettled and unincorporated wild township, near the centre of which, and some three or four miles to the eastward of where he now lay, dwelt a solitary individual, by the name of Johnson, a singular being, who, from some unknown cause, had forsaken social life, and had lived a hermit in that secluded spot for seven or eight years. He had a little opening in a fine interval, on the banks of Wilson River, where he raised his corn and potatoes, and had constructed a rude hovel for a dwelling. Johnson had made his appearance occasionally at the village, with a string of fine trout, a bear-skin, or some other trophy of his Nimrod propensities, which he would exchange at the stores for "a little rum, and a little tobacco, and a little tea, and a jack-knife, and a little more rum," when he would plunge into the forest again, return to his hermitage, and be seen no more for months.

After casting his thoughts about in vain for any other refuge, Kingston resolved to throw himself upon the protection of Johnson. Accordingly, as soon as he was a little rested, and his pursuers were well out of hearing, he crept from his hiding place, and taking his direction by the moon, made the best of his way eastward, through the rough and thick wood. It is no easy matter to penetrate such a forest in the day time; and in the night, nothing but extreme desperation could drive a man through it. Here pressing his way through dark and thick underbrush, that constantly required both hands to guard his eyes; there climbing over huge wind-falls, wading a bog, or leaping a brook; and anon working his way, for a quarter of a mile, through a dismal, tangled cedar swamp, where a thousand dry and pointed limbs, shooting out on every side, clear to the very ground, tear his clothes from his back, and wound him at every step. Under these impediments, and in this condition, Kingston spent the night in pressing on toward Johnson's camp; and after a period of extreme toil and suffering, just at day-light, he came out to the opening. But here another barrier was before him. The Wilson River, a wild and rapid stream, and now swollen by a recent freshet, was between him and Johnson's dwelling, and he had no means of crossing. But cross he must, and he was reluctant to lose time in deliberation. He selected the spot that looked most likely to admit of fording, and waded into the river. He staggered along from rock to rock, and fought against the current, until he reached nearly the middle of the stream, when the water deepened and took him from his feet! He was but an indifferent swimmer, and the force of the current carried him rapidly down the stream. At last, however, after severe struggles, and not without imminent peril of his life, he made out to reach the bank, so much exhausted, that it was with difficulty he could walk to Johnson's camp. When he reached it, he found its lonely inmate yet asleep. He roused him, made his case known to him, and begged his protection.

Johnson was naturally benevolent, and the forlorn, exhausted, ragged, and altogether wretched appearance of the fugitive, at once touched his heart. There was now



"NO SPECULATION in those eyes  
Which he did glare withal."

but fear and trembling blanched his countenance, and palsied his limbs. Possibly the hermit's benevolence might have been quickened by a portion of the contents of the colonel's purse; but be that as it may, he was soon administering to the comfort of his guest. In a few minutes he had a good fire, and the exhausted wanderer took off his clothes and dried them, and tried to fasten some of the flying pieces that had been torn loose by the hatchet-teeth limbs in the cedar-swamps. In the meantime Johnson had provided some roasted potatoes, and a bit of fried bear-meat, which he served up, with a tin dipper of strong tea, and Kingston ate and drank, and was greatly refreshed.

They now set themselves earnestly to work to devise means of retreat and security against the pursuit of the enraged Monsonites, "who," Kingston said, "he was sure would visit the camp before noon." Under a part of the floor, was a small excavation in the earth, which his host called his potato-hole, since, being near the fire, it served in winter to keep his potatoes from freezing. This portion of the floor was now entirely covered over with two or three barrels, a water-pail, a bench, and sundry articles of iron and tin-ware. It was Johnson's advice, that the Colonel should be secreted in this potato-hole. He was afraid, however, that they would search so close as to discover his retreat. Yet the only alternative seemed between the plan proposed and betaking himself again to the woods, exposed to toll and starvation, and the chance of arrest by some of the hundreds who would be scouring the woods that day, eager as blood-hounds for their prey. Something must be done immediately, for he was expecting every hour to hear the cry of his pursuers; and relying on Johnson's ingenuity and skill to send them off on another scent should they come to his camp, he concluded to retreat to the potato-hole.

Accordingly the superincumbent articles were hastily removed, a board was taken up from the floor, and the gallant Colonel descended to his new quarters. They were small to be sure, but under the circumstances very acceptable. The cell was barely deep enough to receive him in a sitting posture, with his neck a little bent, while under him was a little straw, upon which he could stretch his limbs to rest. Johnson replaced all the articles with such care that no one would have supposed they had been moved for months.

This labor had just been completed, when he heard shouts at a distance, and beheld ten or a dozen people rushing out of the woods, and making toward his camp. He was prepared for them; and when they came in, they found him seated quietly on his bench, mending his clothes.

"Have you seen any thing of Colonel Kingston?" inquired the foremost of the company, with panting eagerness.

"Colonel Kingston?" asked Johnson looking up with a sort of vacant, honest stare.

"Yes—he's run for't," replied the other, "and we are after him. The Grand Jury has indicted him, and the Sheriff's got a warrant, and all Monson, and one half of Gullford, is out a-hunting for him. Last night, just as they were going to take him, he run into the woods this way. Ha'n't you seen nothin' of him?"

Johnson sat with his mouth wide open, and listened

with such an inquiring look that any one would have sworn it was all news to him. At last he exclaimed, with the earnestness inspired by a new thought: "Well, there! I'll bet that was what my dog was barking at, an hour or so ago! I heard him barking as fierce as a tiger, about half a mile down the river. I was busy mending my trowsers, or I should have gone down to see what he'd got track of."

The company unanimously agreed that it must have been Kingston the dog was after; and, in the hope of getting upon his track, they hurried off in the direction indicated, leaving Johnson as busily engaged as if, like

"Brian O'Linn, he'd no breeches to wear," until he had finished repairing his tattered inexpressibles.

The fugitive now breathed freely again; but while his pursuers were talking with his host, his respiration had hardly been sufficient to sustain life, and "cold drops of sweat stood on his trembling flesh." He did not venture to leave his retreat for two days; for during that day and most of the next, the woods were scoured from one end of the township to the other, and several parties successively visited the camp, who were all again successively despatched to the woods by the adroitness of its occupant.

After two days the pursuers principally left the woods and contented themselves with posting sentinels at short intervals on the roads that surrounded the forest, and in the neighboring towns, hoping to arrest their victim, when hunger should drive him forth to some of the settlements. Kingston felt that it was unsafe for him to remain any longer under the protection of Johnson, and he knew it would be exceedingly difficult to make his escape through any of the settlements of Maine. Upon due reflection he concluded that the only chance left for him, was to endeavor to make his way to Canada.

He was now a dozen or fifteen miles from the foot of Moosehead Lake. There was a foot-path to Elliottville, where there were a few inhabitants. Through this settlement he thought he might venture to pass in the night; and he could then go nine miles to the westward, and meet the road leading from Monson to the lake. Once across or around the foot of the lake, he believed he could make his way into the Canada road, and escape with safety. Having matured his plan he communicated it to Johnson, who aided it in the best manner he could by providing him with a pack of potatoes and fried bear-meat, accompanied with an extra Indian "johnny-cake," a jack-knife, and a flint and tinder for striking fire.

It was late in the night, when all things were prepared for the journey, and Kingston bade an affectionate adieu to his host, declaring that he should never forget him, and adding, with much originality of thought and expression, that "a friend in need was a friend indeed." He had nearly a mile to go through the woods, before reaching the path that led through the township of Elliottville; and when he passed the Elliottville settlement the day began to dawn. A stirring young man, who was out at that early hour, saw him cross the road at a distance and strike into the woods. Satisfied, at once, who he was, and suspecting his object, he hastened to rouse his two or three neighbors, and then started toward Monson village with all the speed his legs could give him. Kingston, observing this movement from a hill-top in the woods,



was convinced that he should be pursued, and redoubled his exertions to reach the lake.

When the messenger reached Monson and communicated his intelligence, the whole village was roused like an encamped army at the battle-call; and in twenty minutes every horse in the village was mounted and the riders were spurring with all speed toward the lake, and Deacon Stone among the foremost. As they came in sight of the Moosehead, the sun, which was about an hour high was pouring a flood of warm rays across the calm, still waters, and some half a mile from land, they beheld a tall, slim man, alone in a canoe, paddling toward the opposite shore.

For a moment the party stood speechless, and then vent was given to such oaths and execrations as habit had made familiar. Something was even swelling in Deacon Stone's throat, well nigh as sinful as he had uttered on a former occasion, but he coughed, and checked it before it found utterance. They looked around, and ran on every side, to see if another boat, or any other means of crossing the lake could be found; but all in vain. The only skiff on that arm of the lake had been seized by the Colonel in his flight. His pursuers were completely baffled. Some were for crossing the woods, and going round the south-west bay of the lake, over the head waters of the Kennebec River, and so into the great wilderness on the western side of the lake. But others said, "No; it's no use, if he once gets over among them swamps and mountains, you might as well look for a needle in a haystack!"

This sentiment accorded with the better judgment of the party, and they turned about and rode quietly back to Monson—Deacon Stone consoling himself on the way by occasionally remarking: "Well, if the heathen is driven out of the land, thanks to a kind Providence, he hasn't carried the land with him!"

## LIFE ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY E. K.

### SKETCH V.—RETRIBUTION.

"Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority."

So said poor Robert Breen, perhaps not in the very words of the divine Bard of Avon, but with the voice of nature and of truth.

Don Pedro de Albo, the descendant of an ancient Spanish family, and whose father held the rank of colonel in the Spanish army, filled the office of mayor, in our little town for several successive years; of a harsh and arrogant temper, the exercise of authority had hardened his heart, and made him arbitrary in the extreme.

Ever since the change of flags, there had been a struggle for supremacy between the Americans, and the old Spanish inhabitants. As the right of suffrage was new to all, and incomprehensible to most of them, one or two of the most intelligent controlled the votes of the rest; upon election days, therefore, the air among the indolent was wonderful; old men who could scarcely creep from their own domiciles were to be seen moving slowly along to the polls, supported on either side by their more youthful countrymen; some who were not able to walk even when thus supported, were placed on a dray, and paraded exultingly through the streets, the Americans wondering meanwhile, whence came these ancient mummies, for as soon as their votes were

deposited in the ballot box, the dray conveyed its burden home, to wither and shrink, if possible, into still smaller dimensions, unheard of and unknown.

Through the influence of his countrymen, Don Pedro had retained his office much longer than he retained their affections; his domineering temper had become insupportable, even to them; to the poorer class of Americans he was a perfect tyrant—one unfortunate man he had singled out as the object of his most implacable hatred.

Robert Breen was an Irishman by birth, a man of strong natural mind, but uneducated; industrious and enterprising, he endeavored by perseverance to compel the smiles of the fickle goddess, whose frowns hitherto had been his only portion. Breen's family consisted of a wife and two children; but the wife instead of being a helpmate, was a link in the chain of troubles that fettered him; her mind was unsettled, and of course but little aid could be expected from her, even toward their children. The little domicile occupied by his family was fitted up as comfortably as his means would permit, and although his occupation was that of a licensed retailer of liquors, he was temperate even to abstemiousness.

Toward this man, Don Pedro de Albo had, from some cause, imbibed a strong prejudice; annoyances of every kind were practised against him. Upon application for a renewal of his license, it was refused, no reason being assigned, and no just reason could be assigned; for his cafe, although principally the resort of sailors, was quiet and orderly, his own temperate habits exerting their silent influence over the usually boisterous spirits of his guests.

Bread was thus literally taken from the mouths of his family. Finding their situation so unpleasant, Breen sent his wife and children into the country, to the house of a relation. In vain he tried, by patience and good humor, to unbend the frowning brow of his oppressor—every day some new vexation awaited him. The lion has his jackal, and our potentate had his myrmidons, ready at will, to torture and lacerate the heart of this almost desperate man. One morning on returning from his dwelling to his cafe, he found the door locked and nailed up, and upon application at the mayor's office for relief, he was told to be gone!

I was sitting sewing with my little girls that same morning, when a knock at the door disturbed me. Upon opening it, Robert Breen presented himself. He was without his coat, and in a state of great excitement; he enquired for my husband. Upon being told that he was not within, he folded his arms, and stood leaning against the door post—"I must see your husband, or I shall be driven to desperation," said he. "I am turned out of my own house, my license is refused, and when I demand a hearing, I am told to be gone."

After expressing my regret for the absence of my husband, I spoke kindly to him, endeavoring to tranquillize his mind.

He would not enter the house, but continued standing with folded arms, repeating his tale of grievances—"I will seek M—" said he "and ask his advice." Would to God that advice had been followed.

Within an hour after Breen left my door, the report of a gun startled us. The unfortunate man, had gone to his house, heavily loaded his gun, and deliberately started in search of Don Pedro; he met him on the Main street, and in the view of a dozen persons, shot him dead on the spot. No attempt to escape was

made. Upon being questioned by the magistrate, he declared he had done right.

The excitement was terrible; but one opinion could be expressed as to his guilt. The fall term of the court coming on within a few weeks, Breen's counsel moved for a *change of venue*, as an impartial jury could not be expected. Under a strong guard the prisoner, accompanied by his counsel, was removed to the adjoining county of Walton. This part of the territory was so thinly settled, that the same house served for hotel, court-house, and prison.

It so happened that the sister and daughter of Judge C— were to meet him at this spot, on their way from North Carolina to Pensacola; as anticipations of a criminal trial, could not have been foreseen, no arrangements for conveying these ladies on their journey had been made; they were, therefore, obliged to remain within hearing of all the proceedings.

The building consisted of but four rooms, all on the same floor; one room was assigned to the ladies, the court room, by common consent, was given up to the privacy of his honor the judge at night; the third room was occupied by the prisoner and his guard, his counsel at his request remaining with him during the night; the fourth room was used as the general gathering place, the kitchen being in a small detached building.

Our people had but few cases of litigation; the absorbing topic was poor Breen's trial.

"Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth of trembling winter," shone the bright sun of that glorious morning; the atmosphere of that delightful climate was clear beyond conception, and the air so buoyant, that new life seemed infused into all who breathed it. The solemn business to be transacted, could scarcely repress the involuntary exhilaration of spirits; but as the hour drew nigh, nature's charms were unheeded, and the twelve, who were to pass their verdict of life, or death, upon their fellow-man, bethought them of looking into the recesses of their own heart—"Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves? and who art thou that condemnest thy brother?"

God's presence is felt every where, but where more unquestionably, than in the midst of the everlasting forest planted by his hand, "where mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been," where the red man still lingered, and where the blue waters of the Alagua, a fit emblem of His overflowing mercy, spoke aloud to the consciences of all there assembled, "judge with righteous judgment." The trial proceeded, and there could be no hesitation about the verdict; the prisoner was accordingly remanded, until the next day, when sentence would be pronounced upon him.

The morrow came, but "hope, the gay to-morrow of the mind," was forever shut out from the mind of the doomed. A solemn silence prevailed the court-room as the prisoner was brought in. When asked by the judge if he had aught to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on him, he arose, and said:

"I have to thank his honor, the judge, for his impartiality; I have to thank the marshal and other officers of the court, for their kindness to me; but if I were free this moment, and circumstanced as I have been, I would do the deed again."

This was the first capital case over which Judge C— had presided; and although formerly a practising lawyer, he had never heard a sentence of death pronounced. His agitation was therefore extreme, when the terrible words: "You are to be hanged by the

neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul," sounded from his lips; covering his face, he sobbed audibly; many minutes elapsed before that usually haughty head was again elevated. Not a dry eye was seen in that assembled crowd, save one—that one, was the clear, unblenching eye of Robert Breen; the condemned! not a muscle moved—there was no bravado, however, for he was calmly, and courageously resigned to his fate; through the malignity of his oppressor, every ray of happiness and hope had been darkened around him; he now looked and hoped for mercy, at the high tribunal, before which in one month he was to appear.

Long will that sad day be remembered by those present; the educated and intelligent, felt the unseen power of the dread law, which they expounded; the simple countrymen gathered in knots, in the shade of trees, while the sons of the forest, beneath an immovable exterior, acknowledged the justice of the decree "whose sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

When Breen's doom was certain, an entire revulsion took place in the public feeling. Deadly animosity had followed him to Alagua, but he was received on his return to Pensacola, almost as a martyr; he was a Roman Catholic, and the religious feeling of the community was roused in his behalf. The Catholic priest visited him every day—and here, let me pay a tribute to this most worthy man. No inclemency of weather, no dread of disease deterred Mr. G— a moment from the conscientious discharge of his duties. He had infused the same spirit of charity into his congregation; if a person or family to whom he was called, were in want or suffering, it was his custom to go to the houses of their neighbors, and say to them: "This family needs assistance; send them from your table whatever is necessary, attend to the cleanliness of their beds and persons, as you would have others do to you." God's blessing rest upon this good man.

As the time for Breen's execution, approached public sympathy became more strongly excited; although constantly guarded in the old Spanish house used as a prison, access to him was granted to all who desired it; every delicacy of the table was furnished by the ladies, until he was literally fattened for the sacrifice. The day before his execution an altar covered with black, was prepared in his room; several of the old Catholic ladies knelt with him before the image of the Saviour, in the last Sacrament; the pure in heart, and the murderer, alike confessing their sins, and imploring mercy through the mediation of Him, who offered up his life a willing sacrifice for sinners. Extreme unction was administered, and all present felt that the scene was drawing to a close.

The most perfect self-possession and gentleness, pervaded the manner and conversation of Breen. Some female friends from the navy-yard having come to bid him farewell, he took the hand of one of them, and kissing it, said, "Madam, at twelve o'clock to-morrow I shall mount the auction table of justice, and as the hammer falls, Robert Breen will be no more."

The Episcopal clergyman visited him, and requested leave to pray with him, "I have made my peace with God" said he "but the prayers of a good man are always acceptable, therefore I thank you."

Upon the departure of those present, his counsel, (who at his request, gave him all his leisure time,) said to him, "I am afraid you do not sufficiently re-

alize the awfulness of your situation; your spirits seem too volatile. Your time in this world is short, and it behoves you to prepare your mind for the morrow."

"I die at peace with all the world," replied he. "My sins have been absolved; come with me to-morrow, and you shall see me die like a man."

He went so far as to exact a promise, that this gentleman would stand in front of the scaffold, that he might fix his last look on him. "You have been my friend," he said, "through good, and through evil report, and may God bless you."

The 19th of December 1834, was ushered in with a storm of wind and rain; gloomy as nature appeared, the hearts of the inhabitants of Pensacola were shrouded in a deeper gloom. An execution was a rare occurrence, and one upon which, no eye could look unmoved. The windows of the street, through which the procession was expected to pass, were closed—women in that Southern clime, shrink from such scenes of horror, and a Southern mother, is always surrounded by her children; the gazers, therefore, were limited to the sex, whose passions first cause all crime, and whose arrogated justice afterward punish it.

At the moment of leaving the prison, the marshal asked Breen if he had any request to make. "Let me look once more on the beautiful bay, and I shall die content," was the answer. Along the lower street, therefore, moved the multitude. Clothed in a shirt and trousers of spotless white, his wrists and ankles tied around with green ribbon, the loved badge of his own Emerald Isle, erect and bare-headed, walked the condemned. The deluging rain had no effect on him—he appeared not to notice it. Arriving at the gallows, he mounted with a firm step, addressed a short speech to the throng beneath, then fixing his eyes steadily and calmly upon his counsel, who, true to his promise, stood directly in front of him, the signal was given and justice claimed its victim.

At the proper time, the body was removed to a small house on the skirts of the town, preparatory to burial; his countrymen testifying their sorrow for his untimely doom, by holding a wake over his remains. While arranging the corpse in the habiliments of the tomb, a slip of paper was found pinned to his shirt, with these lines written on it:

"Oh! Paddy, Paddy Bell,\*  
Say to Paddy Breen farewell."

Upon closer examination a paper was discovered next his heart, addressed "To my friend Madam——" The contents commenced thus: "While my guards are asleep and the stars are falling, I am thinking of you, my kind friend; your words of consolation to an unfortunate man are not forgotten. May God bless you." Then followed a kind of chant to the Virgin—"Hail Mary, pray for me, &c."

Through the whole of this gloomy day, the deluging rain had continued; let us hope, that in this instance (his sins being pardoned) the old superstition was verified: "Blessed was the dead, that the rain rained on."

\* Bell was a countryman of Breen's, and had been kind to him in his difficulties.

A FRENCH officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that he most wants."

## HOUSE MONEY.

THE surprise with which Goldsmith's club learns that the reckoning is drunk out will be fresh in the memory of almost all our readers. "Drunk out!" cried they all: "Impossible!" The landlord, they thought, must be mistaken; or he must have cheated them; or there must have been a sudden rise in the price of liquors; or there must be some mystery in the case, to account for so sudden an evanishment of all the sixpences originally deposited to defray the charges of their festivity. And yet the landlord was correct and honest, liquor was as it had been and there was no mystery in the matter but, simply, that people drink a great deal faster, when a few meet together, than they are apt to imagine. So it was with that wonderful thing, called "House money!" a thing that "mocks married men," if ever any thing mocked them—a thing of the most illusory and unascertainable character; a thing bottomless: an abyss. House money, in the general acceptation of the word, is that sum which men in middle ranks of life are accustomed to disburse weekly or monthly for the discharge of their household expenses during an ensuing space of time, and which is generally administered by the sage head and fair hands of the individual called the Lady of the House. A husband may have paid this sum for twenty or thirty years; for it must be paid; and yet the thing will be as great a mystery to him at the end as at the beginning. It goes away from his hands, like the arrow of the Arabian prince, which was carried on and on by genii, and never was found again on earth; it passed from him, and he sees it no more; on Saturday he looked, and it was there; snug in the bottom of his pocket; but on Monday, when he looked again, the place knew it not; it had vanished for ever. What is the strange thing of all, he never becomes in the least degree reconciled to the wonder. Instead of tamely sitting down, and saying to himself, "Well, I fairly give up the question of house-money; it is a mystery beyond me, and I only mispend time in thinking of it," he is perpetually starting up, during the course of some half century of married life, with the vain enquiry, "But my dear, where does all that money go? 'Pon my honor, I don't understand how so much should be required to keep our small family. Are you satisfied yourself, that all is quite right, that there is no buttery spirit secretly devouring our substance, no strange error in your reckonings, no unheard of over charges in these pass-books I see flying about like evil spirits? I really wish you would see after it."

Mrs. Balderstone, who has had the same questions asked of her once every month for the last ten, twenty, thirty or forty years, immediately takes fire at what she conceives to be an indirect charge against her house-keeping, and opens thus: "I really wonder, Mr. Balderstone, that you will always be thus accusing me of extravagance. How often have I assured you that I am just as economical as I possibly can be. In fact, it is wonderful how I can make the money go so far as I do; and if it were not that I am so *excessively careful* it would be quite impossible. You can have no idea of the number of things required for a house and how they mount up even in a weekly account. There's tea and sugar, butcher-meat and bread—tremendous articles! We consume no fewer than nine quarter loaves a week. [Here Mr. Balderstone raises his eye-brows in perfect astonishment.] And then there is beer and porter, and wines and spirits—all to be had, for you



know you won't do without something of the kind every night. [Here the gentleman winces a little.] And coal; the single article of coal is dreadful." "Only in winter," interjects Mr. Balderstone, glad to get a little flaw in his wife's argument. "Yes," resumes she, "but if I were not to lay by in the summer, I never could stand the expense of this article in winter."

"Still," says Mr. Balderstone, doggedly, "I cannot see how all these articles, even allowing the great quantity we use, and their high prices should require such a very large sum as that which you get from me weekly, under the denomination of house money."

"But you do not think these are all? I wish they were. It is little things that mount up—that you have no idea of at all, but which nevertheless, are as indispensable as any of the larger articles. If you only knew what a vast quantity of these we require, you would never call in question the way in which I lay out my money. There's soap, for instance, (if that may be called a little article.) We do not use less than two pounds every week, of even the commonest kind. And there's pearl ashes—I lay out a threepence every fortnight on that article—even although we have to give out most of our washing, for you know you won't let me have that additional servant I have been so long wanting, and of course we can't get everything of that kind done at home. [Another dreadful wince on the part of the gentleman.] And there's such a sum every week for vegetables, things I don't care for, but you know you want them, and of course they are to be got. And pepper, and vinegar, and pickles, and salt—a shilling a month for salt alone. In fact, it is quite endless, and my hand is never out of my pocket from one week's need to the other. You can't think."

"Yet still," interrupts Mr. Balderstone (for there is no convincing him of a truth so abstract) "big things and little things, and all kinds of things considered, still I wonder how so much money should be requisite. For my own part, I eat very temperately; my glass of punch at night is my only indulgence. You eat and drink still more sparingly. We keep very little company—only a few friends now and then. Our family, too, is small, and children do with very plain food, poor things"—

"Yes, yes," strikes in Mrs. Balderstone in her turn, "all very true; but if you only knew how much these little creatures devour! They eat everlastingly, and a quarter loaf is nothing to them. There's little William; he takes five regular meals in the day, besides crust in the intervals, and, and still you would think he is never satisfied. The dear pets have to grow off it; ah, you surely would not grudge your darlings of their food [this, as the musicians say, *con espressione*]; and, now I think of it, what sums I have to pay every now and then for articles of clothing to them! To be sure we run an account for the principal things. But, then, there is such a quantity of trifles besides, all of which I have to buy of my money. Flannel shifts, stockings, tapes, thread for mending, and a thousand little things, that I never think of troubling you about. If I were to be strict as I ought to be, I would have payment for all these items besides; but I am so anxious to be economical, that I have never yet said a word about it. This, it appears is all the thanks I am to get. Really, Mr. Balderstone, these suspicious enquiries of yours are very ungenerous."

The altercation now ceases. Mrs. Balderstone's eloquent explanations have not left her husband a single

leg to stand upon; yet he is only silent, from despair of making any thing of the discussion. He remains as wonderstruck as ever as to the nature and application of house money, and some three months after, when the recollection of the debate is a little worn out, up perks the eternal subject once more, and all the same explanations are elicited from the lady, rendering the darkness only deeper, and the mystery only a little more profound. Mr. and Mrs. Balderstone perhaps lived together fifty-five years and eight months, when at length the gentleman dies at a very advanced age, full of all kinds of knowledge and information; perhaps highly distinguished for his proficiency in several branches of science—but with regard to house money, quite as ignorant, and fretful, and suspicious, as he was in the first year of his connubial condition. *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

## SKENANDO, THE ONEIDA CHIEF.

AN AFFECTING AND TRUE TALE.

THE following beautifully written narrative was furnished by a correspondent of the Southern Literary Messenger in 1840. The history of the Aborigines of our country is full of incidents of the most thrilling and touching character, and we intend to draw from those incidents hereafter somewhat largely to add to the interest of the pages of the Rover.

DEAR GALITON:—There are incidents connected with the early history of our country, treasured up in the memory of those who witnessed them, unsurpassed in interest by the dreams of the old romancer. England may boast of her castles ivy-crowned and hoar, which have rung with deeds of blood; but we point in turn to our rivers and hills for events equal in importance, and far more interesting in their final results. To this reflection have I been led, by the remembrance of a simple legend related to me, long ago, by an old man who was a witness and actor in its scenes.

At the time our narrative begins, the Oneidas, a powerful tribe of the Six Nations, were scattered along the lake, and throughout the country in the State of New York, which now bears their name. Borne on by the tide of western emigration, a party of whites from the Old Colony settled among them, on the banks of the river Mohawk, and the Oriskany, one of its tributaries. Guided by a sense of justice as well as policy, they maintained towards the natives the most amicable relations, till after the following occurrence:

Among the tribe, at the time of which we speak, was a young chief by the name of Skenando. He was of a manly bearing—bold and unshrinking in danger. By intercourse with the whites, his grasping mind acquired much information on scientific subjects, and like Brant, he threw around him the spell of intellect, making his ruder brethren acknowledge his superiority. Possessed of susceptible feelings under the cold mien of a savage, he laid the offering of his affection at the shrine of a beautiful and proud Indian girl. Though Yutela—such being her name—reciprocated at heart the attachment, yet, with that love of triumph so common to her sex, she received his advances with coldness and even scorn. Bitterly, deeply, as he felt the sting festering in his bosom, he determined to call back his wandering sympathies, and conceal every trace of affection for her. Thereafter, there was an appearance of proud humility about him; his step had the bold, quick tread of an unquiet spirit, and he wandered fre-



quently, as if for refuge, among the silent hiding-places of Nature. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip; it seemed like power not lightly roused, but too implacable to sleep again. \*

Among this tribe was stationed a missionary by the name of Kirkland, sent out by the parent church in New-England. Conforming in some measure to their customs and habits, he had won their attachment, and imparted to their dark minds the leading truths of the Bible. He had grown gray in their service, and was looked upon with respect and reverence. About a mile from the shore of the Oriskany, and near a wild and beautiful ravine, was an Indian village which had been planted by his exertions. On a gentle slope, where the ravine expanded into a valley, he was wont to collect his tawny group under a wide-spreading tree, and teach them from the inspired page. Through the ravine, a small stream danced and laughed, like "children just let loose from school," and on either side, high, precipitous rocks, surmounted by over-hanging vines, rose to the height of sixty or eighty feet. From the base of the highest, a clear spring welled up, imparting a delicious coolness to the surrounding air. By its side, Skenando and his now estranged Yutela had sat often, and here it was that, in the sweet Spring-time, he told her the secret of his throbbing heart.

In the course of a few years, when Summer was laying its honors at the feet of yellow Autumn, he sought and won the hand of another.

The evening of their nuptials had arrived. The wind blew loudly. The clouds flew across the moon. The stars seemed like torches, now nearly extinguished, and again relighted. A multitude of dusky figures were gathered together. The white-haired missionary rose up to perform the marriage ceremony. As Skenando uttered his vow of unchanging fidelity, a female form rushed between him and the divine; and plunging a knife into his side, bounded through the crowd and disappeared! So astonished and awe-struck were the throng, that none followed her. In a few moments, however, the forest was filled with pursuers.

At last, they found her standing on the highest rock which hung over the ravine. Her eyes glared with the fire of a maniac. Her long black hair streamed in the night-wind; and above her head, shone by the moonlight, her knife, covered with blood, pointed to her own bosom. As her pursuers approached, she advanced step by step to the extreme edge of the precipice; and then, bending over its brink, as if to explore the yawning gulf, she burst forth in a laughing song, which rung through the ravine, dallying long with the echoes, till it died in the far-off solitude of the woods. Suddenly, she brandished her weapon wildly in the air—looked up with a strange smile to the sky—buried the knife in her breast, and with a suppressed shriek, leaped from the rock! A deadened sound traveled up to their ears as she reached the bottom of the ravine. They found Yutela's blood mingling with the water of the spring, where she had often drank—her pulse was still in death.

\* \* \* \* \* Skenando was not fatally wounded. He recovered slowly; but, considering the event a direct warning from Heaven, he never lived with her who was about to become his bride. Soon after, he became a convert to Christianity, and spent the remaining segment of his life in melancholy memory of the past. Yutela was buried in the ravine. As a testimony of his undying affection, he placed a small stone

with her name thereon inscribed, at the head of her grave, and, to conquer his inward grief, left his people—and dwelt, a voluntary exile, on the border of that lake which now bears the name of his tribe. In after years, when silver hairs covered his head, and his eyes grew dim, he came back to her grave—pulled up the sacrilegious weeds from the mound, and dug out the moss that grew in the few letters on her tomb-stone.

One morning, long years after, he was found dead by her grave, sitting in an erect posture; his arms folded on his broad chest; and his eyes, glassy in death, turned up to the blue heavens, as if they had witnessed the meeting of his departed spirit with that of Yutela.

He closed his life at the advanced age of one hundred years; and was buried according to his desire, by the side of his missionary and friend, that he "might go up with him," as he said, "at the Great Resurrection." Near the time of his death, he thus closed a speech to the people of his tribe:

"I am an aged hemlock: the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches: I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged, have run away and left me—why I live, the Great Good Spirit only knows."

\* \* \* \* \* On a broken grave stone, which stands by the side of that erected over the ashes of Mr. Kirkland, in the College Cemetery at Clinton, New York, is the following inscription:

"SKENANDO."

We have often sat, Gallton, by the spring in that ravine, without being aware of the scenes which had occurred. But now, let it be a holy spot; for it has witnessed the fluctuations of human passion—the rising and setting of human hopes. The little stream rings joyously as ever—the grass grows freshly on its borders—but the tomb-stone is gone—the mound is sunken—the fountain bubbles up, silently at the base of the rock, among brambles. How every thing in Nature teaches forgetfulness—forgetfulness!

No more at present—save only, I am

Thine decidedly,

Rose Bank, Va., July, 1840.

A. D. G.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FOREGOING.

Another Correspondent of the the Literary Messenger in a subsequent number gave the following additional particulars of the history of Skenando:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17, 1840.

Mr. T. W. WHITE.

Dear Sir:—In the "Intercepted Correspondence, No. II," published in your last number, you have given us a pretty tale of "Skenando"—a well known Indian Chief, of the Oneida tribe. I can add something to his history.

In the Summer of 1798, I was appointed a Commissioner on the part of the United States, to attend a treaty to be made between the state of New York and the Oneida Indians at their village. I spent a week there on this business; Skenando then lived there, and was said to be about ninety years old—of course I visited him. His house was far in advance of the others in the village, in comfort and convenience; it was a small but neat frame building, supplied with the ordinary articles for house-keeping in a plain style, such as chairs, tables and cooking utensils; I was particularly struck with the cleanliness that was found in his humble dwelling. But the object which attracted most attention

was his beautiful wife, a young Indian, or as I was told, a half-breed, her father having been a white man. She was about nineteen years of age; in the symmetry of her person, the regularity of her features, the bright and modest expression of her eyes and countenance, she was truly a beautiful creature. The old man was a noble specimen of his race; he was tall and muscular, admirably formed for activity and strength, and, even at that great age, erect in his carriage. His manners were courteous but grave. He died some years after, but whether in the manner described by your correspondent or not, I have no information.

Very truly yours,

J. H.

#### GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

This gentleman, bore a conspicuous part in the American revolution.

He was the son of Scotch parents, who resided at Berwick, in Maine, and in early life was the architect of his own fortune. Desirous of procuring an education, he went to Portsmouth, and offered his services to a Mr. Livermore, a counsellor at law, who resided near the spot where the church is now located. He offered to take care of Mr. L.'s horse, split his wood, &c., if Mr. L. would board him, and give him privilege of reading his books. The bargain was concluded; John was faithful to his trust, and was enabled to spend much time in his employer's library.

One evening, however, Mr. Livermore returned from an excursion, and John was not at hand to take care of the horse. It was found on inquiry of a domestic that a client had called for Mr. L. to manage a case to be brought before a justice that evening, and as his master was absent, John had offered his services, and had actually gone off with the man.

Mr. L.'s curiosity was excited—and after taking care of his horse, he slipped into court without being perceived by John. The case was managed with such ingenuity and ability, and so much native talent was displayed, that after his return home, Mr. L. addressed him "John, my kitchen is no place for you—follow your studies, give them your undivided attention, and you shall have what assistance you need from me until you are in a condition to repay it." The result is well known—that he became eminent at the bar; and at the call of his country, he made a great personal sacrifice in leaving his profession to enter the army. Here he shone as a star of the first magnitude, and will have his name handed down to posterity as the companion and confidential friend of the father of his country. After the close of the war, he was president of New Hampshire three years, and afterward district judge.

James Sullivan, brother of John, who was afterward Governor of Massachusetts, was in his minority, engaged in boating on the Piscataqua. He was engaged in this business when both of his legs were broken, the marks of which he afterward bore.

What noble examples are here given to stimulate young men in the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of their natural talents.

We should practice temperance, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it: it is the glory of a man that hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

#### "THE LADIES' TEA PARTY."

BY HEDA SMITH.

THE tea party—we have been to it ourselves, reader, and therefore speak advisedly—and we do say, without fear of contradiction, that the ancient wise man was mistaken when he said there was nothing new under the sun. Not that we are going to affirm precisely that a tea party is a new thing. "The thing we claim," as the law and letters of patent have it, is this, the application of a known principle to new purposes. And is not that precisely the point on which the fame of the immortal Fulton rests? Steam power was known before Fulton, but the successful application of it to propel vessels belongs undoubtedly to him.

So the steam power of the tea kettle has been known we are free to admit for a long time, but that the application of it, which we are about to record, is a new thing, we solemnly believe and affirm. "Ladies tea parties" to take the place of "Ladies' Fairs," for the purpose of raising funds for the benefit of churches and other praise-worthy objects. That is the principle; and it is no chimerical scheme. It is contended by some, that electro-magnetism will take the place of steam power for propelling vessels; but no satisfactory proof has been given that the project is feasible. Not so with the new application of the tea party. That has been proved, tested, and found successful.

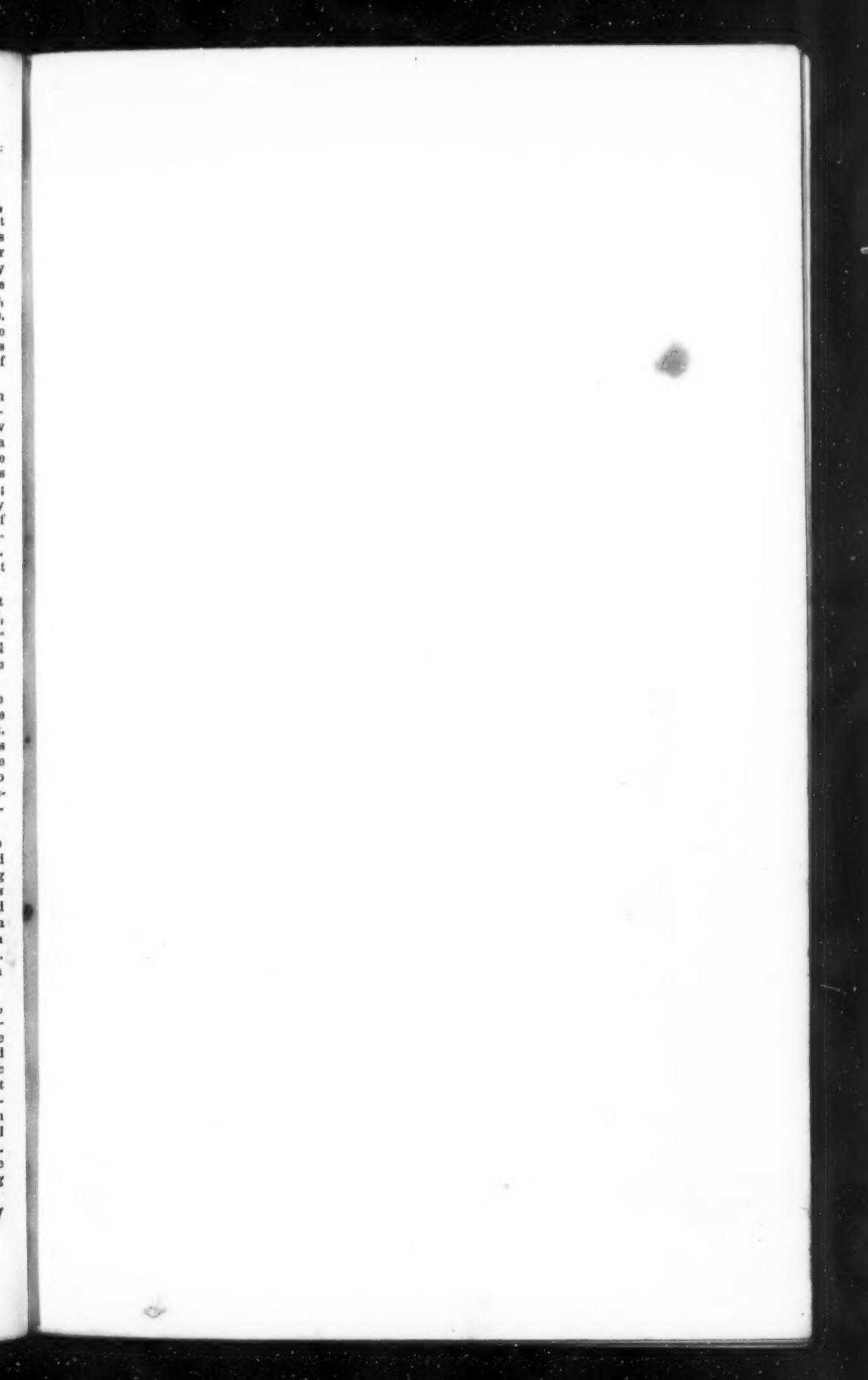
The invention or discovery, whichever it may most properly be called, we believe came from Yankee land, where nearly all the cute inventions come from, having originated recently somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston, which we took occasion a few weeks since to describe as the head quarters of Yankeeism.

The first, and we believe the only experiment of the new discovery in this neighborhood or this part of the country, came off on the evening of the 4th of Oct. present, in the good city of Brooklyn. Brooklyn is half Yankee, and therefore it is not strange that she should be first in the land of the Knickerbockers to adopt a Yankee invention. Our own personal connection with this affair was on this wise, and our own testimony in the case runneth as follows.

While seated quietly in the snug little office of the Rover, 162 Nassau street, cudgelling our brains to find something of interest for our readers, and cudgelling them still harder to devise means to pay sundry bills in the drawer, two fair ladies came in and presented us with a ticket, earnestly requesting us to attend a tea party that evening. Such an invitation, and from ladies too, was not to be refused. We took the ticket. It read, "The Ladies' Tea Party; at the Brooklyn Lyceum. Tea from six o'clock, &c."

We went; and there we found not merely one hall, but three, literally filled, thronged, crowded to overflowing. Ten or twelve hundred people were there "taking tea." The halls were beautifully decorated with flags, evergreens, flowers, &c., a band of music was in attendance, and the whole scene was brilliant and exciting. Tea and coffee, and every variety of refreshment that heart could wish, were furnished in abundance, and the appearance of a hundred beautiful "lady pourers" gave an uncommon zest to the feast. We understand the proceeds on the occasion gave some twelve to fifteen hundred dollars toward fitting out a new church in Brooklyn.

We are strongly tempted to get up a lady's tea party to relieve us from some of our own difficulties.





*Costume antique de la Grèce*

HELEN DEANS.







# THE ROVER.

EFFIE DEANS.

BY SEBA SMITH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"She was currently entitled the Lilly of St Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person." HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

In the vale of St Leonard's a sweet floweret grew;  
Its drink in the morn was the pure mountain dew;  
It gladden'd the day, and at night sunk to rest  
In its beautiful sleep on the dark valley's breast.

Its delicate cup wore a coating of green;  
No spot on its soft cheek of beauty was seen;  
And all the day long it did nothing else there,  
But breathe its sweet odors abroad on the air.

To the vale of St Leonard's a vile serpent crept,  
And he gazed on the beautiful flower where it slept,  
And he watch'd its fair leaves spreading out to the day,  
And resolved, like a demon, to make it his prey.

With death in his heart, and deceit in his eye,  
To the harmless and fearless the serpent drew nigh,  
And the vale of St Leonard's through all its groves sigh'd,  
As he breath'd on that flower, and it withered, and died.

O, fair Effie Deans, thy sad tale has been told;  
On thy grave fall the tears of the young and the old;  
And wert thou still here, it would soothe thee to see  
The hearts that have sorrow'd for Jennie and thee.

O, fair Effie Deans, for a moment I trace,  
By the aid of the artist, the lines of thy face,  
And behold thee, as when in thy youth's early prime  
Thy soul was unwounded by sorrow or crime.

How blithe and how happy, at day's early dawn,  
With the pall on thy head, to thy task thou hast gone,  
And the clear morning star, that is still in the sky,  
Is never more bright than the light of thine eye.

Oh, fare thee well, Effie; I'll still think of thee,  
As the young, and the hopeful, the joyous and free,  
When the graces of form to the features impart  
The sweetness that lives with an innocent heart.

## LIFE ALONG SHORE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

THE action of the sea upon various parts of the English coast has long attracted notice of philosophers, who have hitherto been unable to account satisfactorily for the contrary results produced by the same tides, within a distance of a few miles. On the eastern shore, for instance, the ocean has made frightful inroads for a long series of years; Dunwich was once called "the splendid city," and boasted an archiepiscopacy—nothing now remains of its grandeur but the dilapidated walls of one of the religious houses; and this solitary ruin owes its preservation to its cliff-built locality—the invading waters have long since covered the site of the whole city. At Cromer, a market town some short distance from Dunwich, the fishermen now cast their anchors among the dwellings of their fathers, and the remnants of brick walls may distinctly be seen at neap tides. Between these two instances of the sea's encroachment, many acres of sandy beach which formerly endured the beatings of the surf, have been left high and dry by the retiring of the sea.

Along the whole extent of this portion of the coast,  
VOL. II.—No. 5.

The navigation is rendered difficult and dangerous by innumerable shoals and banks, the debris of the friable beach, deposited by the opposite action of the tides and currents of the German Ocean and the British Channel. These banks or shoals are positive quicksands, on which a vessel, once aground, is almost certain to suffer a speedy and a total wreck. The light sandy particles give rapid way to the action of the water; the keel, which at first scarcely grazes the treacherous surface, quickly sinks deeper, while the hull of the vessel serves as a barrier or dam to the washed-up sands which clog around the doomed craft, and ensure its destruction. The returning tide seldom has power sufficient to float a vessel left for a few hours to the insidious action of a sand bank off the Norfolk or Suffolk coasts. In calm weather, the action of half-a-dozen tides is sufficient to engulf the hull of a good sized ship, while the chance of a heavy swell from the North Sea, or the recurrence of one of the gusty squalls peculiar to that coast, dooms the grounded vessel to instant destruction.

These enormous beds of sand, many of which are dry at low water for an extent of several miles, screen the adjacent shores from the furious beating of the storm-tossed seas; the securest anchorage is to be found in the roadsteads or channels between the sand banks and the beach. Yarmouth roads are supposed to present the safest and most capacious shelter for shipping in the world, but the coast is equally eminent for its dangerous navigation; it is the frequent scene of frightful disaster and the loss of property and life.

A knowledge of the various *gats*, as the pilots term the deep-water passages running among the shifting banks, is only to be obtained by constant observation and practice. Many a tall and goodly ship has been lost by the venturesome daring of the homeward-bound mariner, who, assailed by the tempests of the northern seas, runs for the shelter of the Yarmouth or Lowestoft roads, and presuming upon a partial knowledge of the navigation, incurs the dangers he is flying to avoid. The pilots bred in the neighborhood, are distinguished by their excellence in navigation and disregard of danger when called on to display their knowledge of the difficulties of the coast. But their united energies and skill are unavailing when a vessel gets fairly aground upon any of the sand banks, in a heavy sea, or gale of wind.

The whole of this portion of the coast, from the mouth of the river Orwell to the Wash, is studded with villages and small towns, the inhabitants of which are principally pilots and fishermen, in consequence of the establishment of the coast blockade having interfered with the more favorite practice of smuggling. During the heat of the summer, a few of the provincial gentry flock to various parts of the coast for the enjoyment of sea bathing—although the beachmen count more upon the annual migration of the herrings than the uncertain visitations of the gudgeons of fashion. But the height of their hopes is a stormy equinox, or a severe and protracted gale—for they consider themselves under the immediate protection of Providence when the neighboring shore is strewn with wrecks.

A short residence in the borough of Great Yarmouth afforded me an opportunity of witnessing more than

one wreck upon the neighboring sands, and of gleaning some curious particulars of "life along shore," which I here present to my readers—assuring them that nothing is advanced in my relation beyond a mere recital of positive facts.

One Sunday, in the month of March, the wind, which had been blowing pretty strong from the north-west during the day, toward night increased in violence, roaring in fitful gusts, driving a dark rack of clouds across a star-lit sky with inconceivable rapidity. At the close of evening service, as the church-goers were hastening through the streets, the sound of a cannon, fired at short but regular intervals as a signal of distress, came from seaward, and attracted general attention. In company with three or four of the citizens, I ran toward the Denes, a sandy tract lying between the city and sea. A few large drops of rain fell from a passing cloud, as we hurried on; and the roar of the ground swell broke upon our ears with unusual force, as soon as we cleared the limits of the town.

A large fire had been lighted on the beach, under the lee of an upturned jolly boat, as a beacon of hope to the crew of the vessel in distress; it served us as a guide to the muster place upon the beach. In a few minutes, we were standing in the midst of a crowd of pilots, preventive men, beachmen, and other 'long shore folk. The crew of one of the finest yawls on the station were busily employed in hauling their boat through the heavy sand of the beach to the water's edge. A flash of fire burst from the gloom of the sea, but the report of the gun was lost in the roar of the surf, which broke in tumbling masses on the level shore, and told of the powerful violence of the waves.

"What is she, Pete?" enquired an old ship-master, who had accompanied me across the Denes.

"Hard to say," replied the questioned man, who, with a ship's glass had been reconnoitering the vessel in distress.

"Is it the Bremen craft—the barque that was working to wind'ard this afternoon? She may have put back, fearing a sneezer, and in trying to run into the roads, have struck the tail of the Scroby?"

"Hard to say," again responded Pete, who, sitting on the bow of the capized jolly boat, kept his glass pointed seaward, waiting for the flash of the next gun.

"There was a Scotch smack coming round the point at nightfall," advanced a pilot's apprentice.

"She's square rigged," said Peter, poking his glass at the stranded craft.

"I see two 'mophredite brigs and a taupsel schooner a working up outside, just as I left my craft at sundown, afore this here squall was brewed," said the captain of a small coaster lying at anchor off the jetty.

"Mayhap it's a collier in ballast?" suggested the ship-master.

"Hard to say," responded Pete.

"It doesn't matter the vally of a stale chaw of backer what she is, bo!" exclaimed a huge ferocious looking wrecker, advancing toward the fire, and pitching down an armful of fuel collected from the neighboring huts. "It doesn't matter what she is—in an hour she'll be bursted up, and lie in bits all along the shore. Her timbers can't hold agin this heavy sea, she's hard and fast on the Scroby; the tide is now half-ebb. Nothing but a merrykill can save her from going to pieces afore the flood.

"I know'd God warn't agoing to let us starve!" said an underized anatomy of a man in a large hairy cap,

which, coming down over his face, joined an enormously big pair of gray whiskers, and looked very much like an exceedingly bushy head of fox-colored hair. His small face seemed all eyes and mouth; a short black pipe projected from between his lips, and the reflected light of the burning tobacco illumined his thin and yellow face. He was clad in a pea-jacket of many patches; his nether extremities were cased in a pair of leather breeches, which once formed part of the livery of a fashionable footman, and reverted to their present possessor as part of the proceeds of a forgotten wreck. The garment, originally intended to reach the knees of the wearer, extended half way down the skewer-like legs of the present owner, who rejoiced in the soubriquet of Skinny Jemmy, and was confessedly the most active wrecker on the coast.

"I know'd God warn't agoing to let us starve, Tom," said he, kicking an unconsumed piece of drift wood into the middle of the fire, which flared up with renewed energy. "When you was all a croaking cause the fishery failed—and it always will fail while them nonation steam boats is suffered to frighten the herrings off our coast right on to the Dutchman's shore—and the foul weather kept the wisters from coming to get picked in the dog-days—and things was hard—and grub got short—you fell a grumbling and blaspheming, all on you, in a d-d ungrateful manner, and talked about seeing your families starve afore your eyes! I put may trust in Providence—and now who's right? here's March hardly begun, and here's a bloody good wreck to begin with. The Lord never deserts them what puts their trust in him. I've been a wrecker, now, bo, man and boy, for better part of fifty year, and am perfectly satisfied of the truth of that 'ere blessed text of scripture, "The last fish on the griddle brings the first wreck on the beach."

During the extraordinary recital of Skinny Jemmy's experience, the flash of the gun from the wreck had been twice repeated, and the crew of the yawl stood watching for a lull or pause in the violence of the surf, to launch their boat, and proceed to the rescue of jeopardized seaman. From twelve to fifteen of the finest specimens of humanity stood around and in the boat, awaiting the signal. A cheerful halloo was heard; a young sailor tripped lightly across the beach, and jerking one of the crew from his post, took his place, and excused his rudeness by observing:

"No, no, Jack, brother or no brother, it's my turn now. You've been out in my place three times already, because I've just got spliced. Fair's fair, old fellow, but double duty is too much for any one. I'll go this time, any how."

A deep and heavy wave broke over the bows of the boat, and extended high upon the beach; a short lull followed this extra violence—the word "go" was uttered—the beachmen strained their toll-strung sinews, and the huge craft floated upon the yesty waters. Springing rapidly into the boat, each man seized his oar; a few rapid strokes carried them from the beach, and we were absolutely rejoicing that they were safely through the dangers of the surf, when a huge breaker raised the bows of the yawl into a perpendicular attitude, and the height of the succeeding wave turned the boat completely over lengthwise. Three of the crew were unable to reach shore, although the distance was but a few yards. Among the lost hands was the young man who had insisted upon relieving his brother from an extra spell of duty in his place. His body was found, shortly afterward, frightfully disfigured, (by the



boat falling on him in its descent,) and carried to the residence of his newly-made bride.

The rescued portion of the boat's crew congregated around the fire, after having hauled their capsize yawl beyond the reach of the waves. Not a syllable was said, but many an anxious look was silently exchanged in fitful gleams of the fire light; and as each inquiring gaze rested on the well-known lineaments of a comrade, the hand of gratulation was extended, and the severity of the pressure told of the joy at the salvation of a companion and a friend. The sea, as if satisfied with its prey, seemed suddenly to have quieted its violence; the wind, too, changed its roaring into a steady but comparatively noiseless blow; and the next discharge of the signal gun from the periled vessel came with unexpected force upon the ears of the group of beachmen who were surrounding the fire. The sound went to their hearts; without exchanging a word, the men who had just escaped a violent death, hastened up the beach, and congregated round a yawl of still larger dimensions than the former, hauled it down into the surf, and, watching the fit opportunity, again quitted the shore upon their dangerous employ, amid the hearty cheers of the by-standers, who gave forth their impulsive roarings with an energy that over-crowded the violence of the gale. My friend, the ship-master, the laconic Pete, and the young sailor's brother supplied the places of the drowned men.

"Well," said Skinny Jemmy, as he rubbed his skeleton paws together in the warmth of the flickering flame, "habit is stronger than mustard—but if I had seen my brother drowned, though I've never had one, still I couldn't have gone out to be upset in the next boat, on such a night as this here, as that 're Jack Browne has done, with Dick gone home dead to his three-day-old-wife. That's the fourth Browne as I've seen drowned out 'o that there family. There was Jem Browne as was dragged overboard in the herring net, and Tom Browne as was squashed between the Dutch brig's side and Gorleston pier, and Bill Browne as was knocked overboard on a party of pleasure by the jibbing of the boom o' the *Lady o' the Lake*, and now here's Dick Browne spifflicated out o' the *Paul Pry*. Four brothers drowned out of five aint so bad as times go; and if Jack Browne gets any more o' the family luck out o' the *Wheel of Fortune* as he's now gone out in, there's a end to the Brownes."

The yawl slowly but steadily progressed out to sea. The small lantern with which the adventurous boatmen had provided themselves, glitened in the stern of the boat, and danced merrily over the waves, sometimes buried in the trough of the sea, and again reared on high, as the boat sunk or rose to the action of the waves. Again, the awful sound of the minute gun came dismally across the sea.

"Aye, aye; boom, boom," said Skinny Jemmy. "You'd best save your trouble, and not shake your ship to pieces. She'll part timbers soon enough, I warrant. Wonder what she's laded with? I say, Daddy Lippins, hadn't you not best look arter the body o' your boy Sam? I seed him jump aboard the *Paul Pry* jest afore she got turned over, and I aint seen him since. Take a stick o' lighted wood, old fellow, and walk down to the beach. We picked up Dick Browne jest away off here. Your old woman 'ud like her boy popped into the airth, instead of leaving him to the cods and lobsters."

The old man thus addressed had just emerged from the surrounding gloom; and believing that Skinny

Jemmy was endeavoring to run a joke upon him, he raised his small grey eyes from the attraction of the fire's glare, and puckered his withered lips into a smile. But the seriousness of the surrounding faces told the truth of the wrecker's statement; the old man cast a glance upon his friends, and knew that he was childless. The big tear drove the smile from his face as he mechanically obeyed Jemmy's suggestion, and picked a flaming brand from the fire, to aid his search along the beach. The captain of the coaster swore a commiserating oath, and snatching another lighted stick, joined the father in his quest. The wind soon put out the flames of the torches, but the men continued their wanderings by the water's edge.

An ominous silence hovered over the fire-circling group. A whisper passed round that the bow-light of the yawl was no more visible, and the ferocious-looking wrecker grinned with delight as he noticed the cessation of the sound of the guns.

"There's room for another dozen o' beachmen," said Skinny Jemmy; "we've seen the last o' that boat load. I know'd that Browne's family luck would drown the whole biling on 'em."

"And the barkey's gone to pieces, or she wouldn't have give up squibbing—if it was only to let the shore boats know where to find her. I say, Skinny, I'll bet you a bottle o' rum that we've more bodies than bales o' goods."

The wrecker was interrupted in the delivery of his opinion by the sudden appearance of old Lippins, who rushed amongst the group, with his long gray hair sporting in the fierce night winds, and his eyes almost starting from his head. His violent gestures attracted the general attention; he essayed to speak, but an indistinct muttering came forth which was lost in the roarings of the wind and sea. He pointed toward the surf, and seemed to implore our interference; we rushed to the spot, and discovered his companion, the master of the coasting vessel, hallooing and gesticulating to an object scarcely visible in the white sheet of foam. A huge wave dashed a body upon the sandy beach; the succeeding breaker burst over it with tremendous violence, and the force of the ebb whirled it back into the depths of the sea. Again, after a few minutes' pause, the dark object was thrown upon the shore—quick as speech could phrase the idea, the beachmen joined their hands, and encouraged by the old men's cheers, they formed a line, headed by Skinny Jemmy, who snatched the body from the water ere the returning wave had power to engulf its prey.

"Damn my old shoes," said the wrecker, as he cast a half-drowned Newfoundland dog upon the ground, amidst the bolsterous laughter of the crowd, "there aint no encouragement to do a virtuous action no how. 'Specting to save a feller creter's life, I've been swindled by a jiggered bow wow!"

"Well, Jemmy, bo," said the ferocious-looking fellow, "he is well worth the wetting. If the wind arn't out of him, he can fetch you many a good prize from the deep water when there's no boat within hail. A beast as could swim from the Scroby sitch a night as this, could paddle over to Holland on a calm day without a fair wind."

The dog, which had been panting upon the sand, now rose and crawled towards the fire. It was observed that a rope, fastened to the animal's neck, trailed along the ground and tended seaward, hiding its continuance in the watery depths. Jemmy eagerly pulled the line

ashore, expecting, doubtless, to find a prize at its extremity; but after hauling several fathoms of rope from the surf, a jagged end appeared. The dog had doubtless been forced overboard from the stranded ship, with a rope fastened to his neck, in hope of establishing a communication with the shore; but the violence of the sea had riven the strands, and the poor animal, with exceeding difficulty, succeeded in making the land.

A low rumbling noise upon the sand attracted our attention; a horse and cart, containing captain Manby's apparatus for the relief of wrecked vessels, arrived upon the beach, but the distance of the wreck from the shore prevented the operation of the gallant captain's scheme—the efficacy of which, in fitting positions, has been found of the first importance. A coil of thin rope is spread upon the beach, attached to a hawser of considerable length and strength; the other end of the rope is fastened to a cannon ball, which is fired from a mortar, with sufficient force and elevation to pass over the ship in distress. The hands aboard are then enabled to haul in the hawser, and form a medium with the land. Many a good ship has been saved from destruction, and many a valuable life has been preserved by this simple remedy.

A shout arose from the watchers at the extremest edge of the tumbling surf—a boat dashed past, beyond the influence of the breakers; its white sides glistened in the fire light, and a faint cheer from its crew was borne on the wings of the blast. Captain Manby, who had accompanied his apparatus to the beach, told us that the craft was his life boat, which had been lying in the harbor's mouth for the purpose of repairing. Upon hearing the first signal of distress, he had issued his orders to the crew, and the noble hearted old fellow lifted his beaver and cheered them as they passed on their dangerous errand of humanity.

The violence of the gale and the roaring of the sea had now most sensibly abated. Several women, the wives and relatives of the wreckers, joined the group by the fire, and spoke in merry tones, of the expected profits of the wreck.

The dog next attracted the beechman's notice. He rose from his couchant attitude by the fire, and bending his gaze toward the sea, uttered a low and melancholy whine, which gradually increased in force till it became a confirmed howl of the most dismal tone. Cajolements, threats, and blows were vainly tried to stop his hideous noise; suddenly bounding from his resting place, he made toward the boiling surf, and dashing rapidly into the waves, was seen struggling with a human form. A lull of longer duration than usual enabled him to drag his burden within our reach, but he refused to quit his hold till the body was deposited upon the sand by the fire side.

The rescued form was that of a young man, of elegant exterior; flowing curls of raven-black hair, a small moustache, and the deep olive complexion told of his foreign birth. The dog licked his hands and face with eager fondness, the women chafed his palms, and Jemmy poured moonshine spirit down his throat—but the destroyer had fastened his gripe around his victim—the eyes rolled, and the breast heaved—the death rattle sounded in the throat, like the gurgling cry of a drowning man—and the dropping of the jaw and glazing of the eye too surely told the presence of the frigid king.

The women, convinced of the futility of their exertions, quitted the senseless corse; but the dog, unconscious of his loss, nestled closer to the form of his mas-

ter, and watched the actions of the wreckers with a keen and auspicious eye. A gold chain crossed the breast of the drowned man; a breast-pin glistened in the fire light, and rings of value ornamented the fingers of either hand. Such prizes were not likely to be unnoticed by Skinny Jemmy; with much cunning, therefore, he endeavored to conciliate the dog; and watching his opportunity, he lifted up the head of the recumbent corse, and endeavored to draw off the golden chain. But his greediness cost him dearly; the faithful dog flew at him with a savage fury which it was impossible to resist. The wrecker was tumbled over in the sand, and forced amongst the burning embers of the decaying fire. The bystanders laughed at the distress of their brother wrecker, but moved not a hand or a foot to his rescue. I seized the dog by his throat, and tore him from his grasp: the almost suffocated Jemmy sneaked into the gloom of the surrounding darkness, and the dog returned to his useless watch by the side of his master's corse.

An officer in the service of the Coast Guard, for the prevention of smuggling, now passed our fire, and told us that the yawl had made the beach about a mile below the jetty; that the crew had informed him of the vessel's separation before they could reach her, and of the total loss of her crew.

"And in good time, too, lads," said the big wrecker: "the flood is now making, and every thing that is not swallowed by the sand must be ashore afore daylight. If the ebb had lasted an hour longer, not a stick nor a rag, would have been left upon our coast."

"Wonder what she's loaded with," again muttered Skinny Jemmy, as he raked together the smouldering remnants of the fire; "she must be a foreigner by the look of that 'ere feller what's been washed ashore—damn his dog, say I. Not but what Scotch smacks is good things, if there's plenty of passengers, and the luggage is not stowed away in the hold. But them collers I 'bominates. Conks is not eatables, nor valuables—and it takes a long time to get a sack-full by picking 'em up piecemeal amongst the sand. Trunks and boxes is convenient, but carpet bags is a bad invention. Big Bob, do you remember them 'ere round topped leather boxes what was washed ashore from the Russian? didn't they roll along the shore nicely?—there ought to be an obligation on all travelers to have sich things—it saves trouble so."

"Get up," said Big Bob, as Jemmy termed the ferocious looking wrecker. "Get up," said he, kicking a weather-beaten old woman from her seat by the fire. "Light your lantern, Moll, and let us mizzle down the beach—every body else has gone up." And the wrecker and his companion, journeying the opposite way to Skinny Jemmy, quitted the neighborhood of the fire.

Scarcely had the suspicion of the destruction of the vessel been confirmed by the preventive officer, ere the main body of the wreckers dispersed themselves along the shore, in eager anticipation of gleanings a glorious harvest from the matters of wreck cast up by the roaring seas. A long line of glittering lights gemmed the shore on either hand, far as the eye could reach. The glad shouts of the successful groups, and the imprecations of the disappointed, came freely on the ear, and mingled strangely with the moanings of the dying storm.

The old beechman, whose son had been lost in the upsetting of the yawl, remained by the fire side, sobbing piteously, and gazing with sympathetic eye upon the body of the master of the dog, which began to ex-

hibit some tokens of appreciating his loss, by whining over the immobile carcass at his side. A loud exulting shout, from Skinny Jemmy, told of his success. The old man raised his head, and dried his unavailing tears. The shout was repeated—old habits proved unconquerable, and he hastened to join his mates. As I walked home, I heard the old man's voice in high dispute, mixed with frequent oaths and violent abjurations; he was daring another wrecker to the fight for disputing his right to the watch of a drowned sailor whom he had hauled from the sea.

At the suggestion of Captain Mandy, we placed the dead body of the dog's master in the cart which brought the apparatus to the shore, and prepared for our return to Yarmouth. The dog did not interfere with our intention; but when the corse was safely deposited, he jumped into the cart, and crouched down by the remains of his only friend.

As we walked slowly homewards, along the sandy paths of the Dunes, I could not help ruminating upon the many dangers of "all who go down to the sea in ships." It were better, thought I, to gain a hard and precarious living by gleaning the refuse corn upon another's land, than strive for the golden but dangerous harvest to be gathered by ploughing the surface of the treacherous main.

### THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"They parted—as all lovers part—  
She with her wronged and broken heart—  
But he, rejoicing he is free,  
Bounds like a captive from his chain,  
And wilfully believing she  
Hath found her liberty again."

If there is any act which deserves deep and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable gift of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp, over which the breathings of early affection wander, until, each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of the fountains or the song of Hourii in the Moslem's paradise. But woe for the delicate fashioning of that harp if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings, and they will break one after another—slowly perhaps—but surely. Unvisited, unrequited by the light of love, the soul-like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom—like the momus of the Egyptian statue before the coming of sunrise.

I have been wandering among the graves. I love sometimes to do so. I feel a melancholy not unallied to pleasure in communing with the resting place of those who have gone before—to go forth alone among the thronged tombstones, rising from every grassy undulation like the ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near me, a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy, which has found its way unsought and mysteriously into the silence of my heart—and if it be only a dream—the unreal imaginary of fancy—I pray God that I may never awake from the beautiful delusion.

I have been this evening by the grave of Emily. It

has a plain white tombstone, half hidden, by flowers, and you may read its mournful epitaph in the clear moonlight which falls upon it like a smile of an angel, through an opening in the drooping branches. Emily was a beautiful girl—the fairest of our village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affections, was near her with his smile of conscious triumph and exulting love. She had then seen but eighteen summers, and her whole being seemed woven of the dream of her first passion. The object of her love was a proud and wayward being—whose haughty spirit never relaxed from its habitual sternness save when he found himself in the presence of this young and beautiful creature, who had trusted her all "on the venture of her vow," and who loved him with the confiding earnestness of a pure and devoted heart. Nature had deprived him of the advantage of outward grace and beauty; and it was the abiding consciousness of this which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow men by the partial fashion of Nature, and scorned to seek a nearer affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing, and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of Poetry were in his imagination a perpetual blossoming; and it was to his intellectual beauty that Emily knelt down—bearing to the altar of her idol the fair flowers of her affection, even as the dark eyed daughter of the ancient Gheber spread out their offerings from the gardens of the East upon the altar of the Sun.

There is a surpassing strength in love like that of Emily's—it has nothing gross nor earthly in its yearning—it has its source in the deeper fountains of the human heart—and it is such as the redeemed and sanctified from earth might feel for another in the fair land of spirits—alas! that such love should be unrequited, or turned back in coldness upon the crushed heart of its giver!

They parted—Emily and her lover—but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home—to dream over again the scenes of her early passion—to count with untrifling eagerness the hours of separation—and to weep over the long interval of "hope deferred." The other went with a strong heart to mingle with the world—girded with pride and impelled by ambition. He found the world cold and callous and selfish, and his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past—it was too pure and mildly beautiful for the gaze of his manhood. He forgot the passion of boyhood, all beautiful and holy as it was; he turned not back to the young and lovely and devoted girl, who poured out to him in the confiding earnestness of woman's confidence the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had plighted.

Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart of Emily. She sought for a time to shut the horrible suspicion from her mind; she half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that he was a traitor, for her memory had treasured every token of her affection—every impassioned word, and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last; the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her, and from which she had turned away, as if it were sin to look upon it, now stood before her a dreadful and unescapable vision of reality. There was one burst of

passionate tears—the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom—and she was calm, for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily and with the awful confidence of one whose hopes are not of earth, upon the dark valley of death whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening of summer that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo which circles the dazzling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily, I found the door of the little parlor thrown open, and a female voice of sweetness which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an Eolian lute to the gentlest visitation of the zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen—and these words, I shall never forget them, came upon my ear like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:

O no! I do not fear to die,  
For hope and faith are bold,  
And life is but a weariness,  
And earth is strangely cold:  
In view of death's pale solitude  
My spirit hath not mourned:  
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,  
Or friendship unreturned.

And I could pass the shadowed land,  
In rapture all the while,  
If one who now is far away,  
Were near me with his smile.  
It seems a dreary thing to die  
Forgotten and alone!  
Unheeded by our dearest love,  
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers—  
The fairest of the fair—  
The very flowers he loved to twine  
At twilight in my hair;  
Perchance he yet may visit them,  
And shed above my bier  
The holiest dew of pleasant flowers—  
Affections kindly tear!

It was the voice of Emily—it was her last song. She was leaning on the sofa as I entered the apartment—her thin white hand resting on her forehead. She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over the features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow, and then passed away, leaving in its stead the warmth and mournful beauty of the dying. It has been said that death is always terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily the presence of the Destroyer was like the ministration of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the melting of a sunset cloud in the blue of heaven—stealing from existence like the strain of ocean music when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlight waters.

A few days after I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together one and all to pay the last tribute of respect and affection for the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a deep sincere emotion—they marveled that one so young and so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow which had rankled in her bosom

—the slow and secret withering of her heart. She had borne the calamity in silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one who felt that there are woes which like the canker concealed in the heart of some blossom, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

## PERILS OF THE PEARL DIVER.

"A PEARL of great price." Why should pearls be so valuable, that their worth should thus pass into a proverb? Read the following story, and see the hazards sometimes run to obtain them, and the question will be satisfactorily answered. It is from travels in Mexico, by R. W. Handy, London.

Don Pablo Ochon, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave me the following account of one of his watery adventures. The place de Piedra negada, which is near Loretta, was supposed to have quantities of very large oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam around and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo however, when he cast a hasty glance upward, found that a tinterero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinterero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together.

He therefore felt himself rather nervous as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflecting; and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutors. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird. He described him as having large, round and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to start from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth, (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting as if the monster was already in imagination devouring his victim, or at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gout*! Two alternatives presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one to suffer himself to be drowned—the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had ob-



served a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, and in such a way that the fine parcels rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud, by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transverse direction, and reached the surface in safety although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water, and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

### THE FOSTER BROTHER.

THERE is scarcely a trait of human nature involved in more mystery, or generally less understood than the singular strength of affection which binds the humble peasant of Irish life to his foster brother. Irish history and tradition furnish us with sufficient materials on which to ground clear and distinct proofs that the attachment of habit and contiguity in these instances far transcends that of natural affection itself. It is seldom that one brother will lay down his life for another, and yet instances of such high and heroic sacrifices have occurred in the case of the foster brother, whose affection has thus, not unfrequently triumphed over death itself. It is certainly impossible to impute this wild but indomitable attachment to the force of domestic feeling, because while we maintain that the domestic affections in Ireland are certainly stronger than those of any other country in the world, still instances of this inexplicable devotion have occurred in the persons of those in whom the domestic ties were known to be very feeble.

We shall now relate a short story illustrating the attachment of a foster brother; but as we have reason to believe that the circumstances are true, we shall introduce fictitious names instead of real ones.

The rebellion of ninety-eight was just at its height, when the incidents we are about to mention took place. A gentleman named Moore, had a daughter remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. Indeed, so celebrated had she become, that her health was always drank as the toast of her native country. Many suitors she had of course, but among the rest two were remarkable for their assiduous attentions to her, and an intense anxiety to secure her affections. Henry Irwin was a high loyalist, as was her own father, whose consent to gain the affections of his daughter, had been long given to his young friend. The other, who in point of fact had already secured her affections, was unfortunately deeply involved in, or we should rather say an open leader on, the insurgent side. His principles had become known to Moore, as republican, for some time before the breaking out of the insurrection; in consequence he was forbidden his house, and warned against holding communication with any member of his family. He had succeeded, however, before this by the aid of Miss Moore herself, who was aware of his principles, in placing as butler in her father's family his

own foster-brother, Frank Finnegan—an arrangement which never could have been permitted, had Moore known of the peculiar bond of affection which subsisted between them. Of this, however, he was ignorant, and in admitting Finnegan into his family, he was not aware of the advantage he afforded the proscribed suitor of his daughter. This interdiction, however, came too late for the purposes of prudence. Ere it was issued, Hewson and his daughter had exchanged vows of mutual affection; but the national outbreak which immediately ensued, by forcing Hewson to assume his place as an insurgent leader, appeared to have placed a barrier between him and her, which was naturally considered to be insurmountable. In the mean time, Moore himself, who was a local magistrate, and also a captain of yeomanry took an extremely active part in quelling the insurrection, and in hunting down and securing the rebels. Nor was Irwin less zealous in following the footsteps of the man to whom he wished to recommend himself as his future son-in-law. They acted together; and so vigorous were the measures of the young loyalist, that the other felt it necessary in some instances to check the exuberance of his loyalty. This, however, was not known to the opposite party; for as Irwin always appeared to act under the instructions of his friend Moore, so it was obviously enough inferred that every harsh act and wanton stretch of authority which he committed, was either sanctioned or suggested by the other. The consequence was that Moore became if possible more odious than Irwin, who was looked upon as a rash, hot-headed zealot; while the veteran was marked as a cool and witty old fox, who had ten times the cunning and cruelty of the senseless puppet he was managing. In this, it is unnecessary to say, they were egregiously mistaken.

In the mean time the rebellion went forward, and many acts of cruelty and atrocity were committed on both sides. Moore's house and family would have been attacked, and most probably murder and ruin might have visited him and his family, were it not for the influence of Hewson with the rebels. Twice did the latter succeed, and on each occasion with great difficulty, in preventing him and his household from falling victims to the vengeance of the insurgents. Moore was a man of great personal courage, but apt to underrate the character and enterprize of those who were opposed to him. Indeed, his prudence was by no means on a par with his bravery or zeal, for he has often been known to sally out at the head of a party in quest of his enemies, and leave his own mansion, and the lives of those who were in it, exposed and defenceless.

On one of those occasions it was that he chanced to capture a small body of the insurgents, headed by an intimate friend and distant relative of Hewson's. As the law at that unhappy period was necessarily quick in its operation, we need scarcely say, that having been taken openly armed against the King and Constitution, they were tried and executed by the summary sentence of a court martial. A deep and bloody vengeance was sworn against him and his by the rebels, who for some time afterward laid in wait for the purpose of retaliating in a spirit prompted by the atrocious character of the deed.

Hewson's attachment to his daughter, however, had been long known, and his previous interference on behalf of her father had been successful on that account alone. Now, however, the plan of attack was laid without his cognizance, and that with the most solemn in-

junctions to every one concerned in it not to disclose their object to any human being not officially acquainted with it, much less to Hewson, who they calculated would once more take such steps as might defeat their sanguinary purpose. These arrangements having been made, matters were allowed to remain quiet for a little, until Moore should be off his guard; for we must observe here that he had felt it necessary, after the execution of the captured rebels to keep his house strongly and resolutely defended. The attack was therefore postponed until the apprehensions created by his recent activity should gradually wear away, and his enemies might with less risk undertake the work of bloodshed and destruction. The night was at length appointed on which the murderous attack must be made. All the dark details were arranged with a deliberation at which, removed as we now are from the sanguinary excitement of the times, the very soul shudders and gets sick. A secret, however, communicated even under the most solemn sanction to a great number, stands a great chance of being no secret at all, especially during civil war, when so many interests of friendship, blood, and marriage, bind the opposing parties together in spite of the public principles under which they act. Miss Moore's maid, had a brother, for instance, who, together with several of his friends and relatives, being appointed to aid in the attack, felt anxious that she should not be present on that night, lest her acquaintance with them might be ultimately dangerous to the assailants. He accordingly sought an opportunity of seeing her, and in earnest language urged her to absent herself from her master's house on the appointed night. The girl was not much surprised at the ambiguity of his hints, for the truth was, that no person, man or woman, professing common sense, could be ignorant of the state of the country, or of the evil odor in which Moore and Irwin, and all those who were active on the part of the government, were held. She accordingly told him that she would follow his advice and spoke to him in terms so shrewd and significant, that he deemed it useless to preserve further secrecy. The plot was thus disclosed, and the girl warned to leave the house, both for her own sake, and for that of those who were to wreak their vengeance upon Moore and his family.

The poor girl, hoping that her master and the rest might fly from the impending danger, communicated the circumstances to Miss Moore, who forthwith communicated them to her father, who again instead of flying, took measures to collect about his premises, during the early part of the dreaded night, a large and well-armed force from the next military station. Now, it so happened that this girl, whose name was Baxter, had a leaning toward Hewson's foster-brother, Finnegan, who, in plain language, was her accepted lover. If love will not show itself in case of danger, it is good for nothing. We need scarcely say that Peggy Baxter, apprehensive of danger to her sweetheart, confided the secret to him also in the early part of the day of the attack. Finnegan was surprised, especially when he heard from Peggy that Hewson had been kept in ignorance of the whole design (for so her brother had told her,) in consequence of his attachment to her young mistress. There was now no possible way of warding off such a calamity, unless by communicating with Hewson; and this, as Finnegan was a sound united Irishman, he knew he could do without any particular danger. He lost no time, therefore, in seeing him; and we need scarcely say that his foster-brother felt stunned

and thunderstruck at the deed that was to be perpetrated without his knowledge. Finnegan then left him, but ere he reached home, the darkness had set in, and on arriving, he sought the kitchen and its comforts, ignorant, as were indeed most of the servants, that the upper rooms and out-houses were literally crammed with fierce and well-armed soldiery.

Matters were now coming to a crisis. Hewson, aware that there was little time to be lost, collected a small party of his own immediate and personal friends, not one of whom from their known attachment to him, had been, any more than himself, admitted to a knowledge of this intended attack upon Moore. Determined, therefore to be beforehand with the others, he and they met at an appointed place, from whence they went quickly, and with as much secrecy as possible, to Moore's house, for the purpose not only of apprizing him of the fate to which he and his were doomed, but also with an intention of escorting him and all his family as far from the house as might be consistent with the safety of both parties. Our readers are of course prepared for the surprise and capture of honest Hewson and his friends, of whose friendly intentions they are aware. It is too true. Not expecting to find the house defended, they were unprepared for an attack or sally; and the upshot was, that in a few minutes two of them were shot, and most of the rest, among whom was Hewson, taken prisoners on the spot. Those who escaped communicated to the other insurgents an account of the strength with which Moore's house was defended; and the latter instead of making an attempt to rescue their friends, abandoned the meditated attack altogether and left Hewson and his party to their fate. A gloomy fate that was. Assertions and protestations of their innocence were all in vain. An insurgent party was expected to attack the house, and of course they came, headed by Hewson himself, who as Moore said, no doubt intended to spare none of them but his daughter, and her, only, in order that she might become a rebel's wife. Irwin, too, his rival in love, and his foe in politics, was on the court martial, and what had he to expect? Death; and nothing but the darkness of the night prevented his enemies from putting it into immediate execution upon him and his companions.

Hewson maintained a dignified silence; and upon seeing his friends guarded from the hall where they were now assembled, into a large barn he desired to be placed along with them.

"No," said Moore; "if you are a rebel ten times over, you are a gentleman; you must not herd with them; and besides Mr. Hewson, with great respect to you, we shall place you in a much safer place. In the highest room of a house unusually high, we shall lodge you, out of which if you escape we shall call you an innocent man. Frank Finnegan, show him and those two soldiers up to the observatory; get him refreshments, and leave him in their charge. Guard his door, men, for you shall be held responsible for his appearance in the morning."

The men in obedience to these orders escorted him to the door, outside of which was their station for the night. When Frank and he returned to the observatory, the former gently shut the door, and turning to his foster brother, exclaimed in accents of deep distress, but lowering his voice, "there is not a moment to be lost, you must escape."

"That is impossible," replied Hewson, "unless I had wings and could use them."

"We must try," returned Frank; "we can only fall—at most they can only take your life, and that they'll do at all events."

"I know that," replied Hewson. "I will come up by-and-by with refreshments, say in about half an hour; be you stripped when I come. We are both of a size, and as these fellows don't know either of us very well I wouldnt say but you may go out in my clothes. I'll hear nothing," he added, seeing Hewson about to speak; "I am here too long, and these fellows must begin to suspect something. Be prepared when I come. Good bye, Mr. Hewson, he said aloud as he opened the door; "In troth and conscience I'm sorry to see you here, but that's the consequence of turnin' rebel against King George, an' glory to him—soon and sudden," he added in an under tone. "In about half an hour I'll bring you up some supper, sir. Keep a sharp eye on him," he whispered to the two soldiers, giving them at the same time a knowing and confidential wink; "these same rebels are like eels, an' will slip as easily through yer fingers—and the devil a better one yer have in there," and as he spoke he pointed over his shoulder with his inverted thumb to the door of the observatory.

Much about the time he had promised to return, a crash was heard upon the stairs, and Finnegan's voice in a high key exclaiming, "The curse o' blazes on you for stairs, and hell presume all the rebels in Europe, I pray heaven this night! There's my nose broke between you all!" He then stooped down, and in a torrent of bitter imprecations—all conveyed, however, in mock oaths—he collected and placed again upon the tray on which they had been, all the materials for Hewson's supper. He then ascended, and on presenting himself at the prisoner's door, the blood was copiously streaming from his nose. The soldiers who by the way were yeomen—on seeing him could not help laughing at his rueful appearance—a circumstance which seemed to nettles him a good deal. "Yez may laugh!" he exclaimed, "but I'd hold a wager I've shed more blood for his majesty this night than either of you ever did in your lives."

This only heightened their mirth, in the midst of which he entered Hewson's room; and ere the action could be deemed possible they had exchanged clothes.

"Now," said he, "fly behind the garden, Miss Moore is waitin' for you; she knows all. Take the bridle road through the broad bog, an' get into Captain Corney's demense. Take my advice, too, an' go both of you to America, if you can. But alsy—God forgive me for pulling you by the nose instead of shakin' you by the hand an' me may never see you more."

The poor fellow's voice became unsteady with emotion; although the smile at his own humor was upon his face at the time.

"As I came in with a bloody nose," he proceeded, giving that of Hewson a fresh pull, "you know you must go out with one. An' now God's blessin' be with you! Think of one that loved you as no one else did."

The next morning there was uproar, tumult, and confusion in the house of the old loyalist magistrate, when it was discovered that his daughter and the brother were not forthcoming. But when on examining his observatory, it was ascertained that Finnegan was

safe and Hewson gone, no language can describe the rage and fury of Moore, Irwin, and the military in general. Our readers may anticipate what occurred. The noble fellow was brought to the drum head, tried and sentenced to be shot where he stood; but ere the sentence was put in execution, Moore addressed him. "Now Finnegan," said he, "I will get you off, if you will tell us where Hewson and my daughter are. I pledge my honor publicly that I'll save your life, and get you a free pardon, if you will enable us to trace and recover them."

"I don't know where they are," he replied, "but if I did, I would not betray them."

"Think of what has been said to you," added Irwin. I give you my pledge also to the same effect."

"Mr. Irwin," he replied, "I have but one word to say. When I did what I did, I knew very well that my life would go for his; an' I know that if he had thought so, he would be standin' now in my place. Put your sentence in execution; I am prepared."

"Take five minutes," said Moore. "Give him up and live."

"Mr. Moore," said he with a decision and energy which startled him, "I AM HIS FOSTER BROTHER!"

This was felt to be sufficient; he stood at the appointed place, calm and unshrinking, and at the first discharge fell instantaneously dead.

Thus passed a spirit worthy of a place in a brighter page than that of our humble miscellany, and which should be more adequately recorded.

Hewson finding that the insurgent cause was becoming hopeless escaped, after two or three other unsuccessful engagements, to America, instigated by the solicitations of his young wife. Old Moore died in a few years afterward, but he survived his resentment, for he succeeded in reconciling the then government to his son-in-law, who returned to Ireland; and it was found by his will, much to the mortification of many of his relatives, that he had left the bulk of his property to Mrs. Hewson, who had always been his favorite child, and whose attachment to Hewson he had himself originally encouraged.

There are two records more connected with this transaction, with which we shall close. In a northern newspaper some fifteen years afterward, there occurs the following paragraph:

"AFFAIR OF HONOR—FATAL DUEL.—Yesterday morning, at the early hour of five o'clock, a duel was fought between H. Irwin, Esq., and J. Hewson, Esq., of Mooredale, the former of whom, we regret to say, fell by the second fire. We hope the words attributed to one of the parties are not correctly reported, 'The blood of Frank Finnegan is now avenged.'"

The other record is to be found in the church-yard of —, where there is a handsome monument erected with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Francis Finnegan, whose death presented an instance of the noblest virtue of which human nature is capable, that of laying down his life for his friend. This monument is erected to his memory by James Hewson, his friend and foster brother, for whom he died."

An old lady reading an account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be "the father of the Philadelphia Bar," exclaimed, "poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children!"

If we dared to allow ourselves to "tell tales out of school," we would whisper to our readers, that the author of the following beautiful lines, has, since they were written, united his earthly fortunes with the fair Mary, who we suppose inspired them. Well, albeit, he did it without asking our consent, still we hold no hardness against him for it, and the worst wish we wish him, is, that he may find the realities of life fully equal to his bright ideal, and realize the happiness he has so tenderly and beautifully shadowed forth.

BESIDE THE MURMURING MERRIMACK.

BY T. B. READ.

Beside the murmuring Merrimack  
At twilight's blissful time,  
Sweet Mary lists the vows of love  
That freely flow in rhyme.  
She trusts me, nor withdraws the hand  
I gently would confine;  
How loving and confidently  
Her blue eyes melt in mine.

Oh, it is bliss unspeakable  
To hear responsive beat  
The heart for which our own heart burns  
With never dying heat:  
'Tis not the rich and burning lip,  
'Tis not the glowing cheek,  
Nor yet the fire-lit eye that can  
Such holy love bespeak.

But heaven is love, and love is heaven,  
To hearts of faith and truth;  
Love lights the hallowed breast of age,  
Love claims th' unhalloved youth.  
How oft at morn are prayers for me  
By Mary sent to heaven,  
How oft she whispers fervently  
Of holy things at even.

Thus may we spend each twilight hour  
By life's deep solemn tide,  
That death may at our latest eve  
Still find us side by side.  
Oh, when that ghastly messenger  
Repeats his high behest,  
May two plain tablets simply tell  
Where side by side we rest.

Yes, be our graves the twin born knolls,  
So neighboring, that the rose  
May away from one and kiss the flower  
That on the other grows.  
And while the truthful opening buds  
Weep o'er us morn and even,  
Still may our spirits side by side  
Walk hand in hand in heaven.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 1843.

HARRY LEIGHTON.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

Poor Harry! How often in the still moonlit nights, when the bright stars are peeping, does my memory recur to those scenes of my youth, when, with thee by my side, I roamed through the green fields and sunny vales of our own beloved New England. Alas! how changed since then, are all things! How many a heart has been broken—how many a fond and glorious hope has fallen to the earth. Truly, our home is not of this world! The bright aspirations—the eternal longings of the soul, for something which it cannot name, impress upon us the belief that our present existence is but the prelude to a more glorious one; and in spite of the stubborn assertions of the self-deluded infidel, nothing can more fully prove the immortality of the soul, than

the universal belief of a future state; for, if man is not immortal, why came he to imbibe so fascinating a doctrine?—why was he taught, in distress, to raise his imploring eyes to Heaven—to articulate a heartfelt prayer of supplication. It is no principle of Nature to endow us with gifts that tantalize; she is an indulgent mother, and she teaches not her children to aspire after fallacies. No! let those who dread an after existence, believe in annihilation, and be thankful that a nobler aspiration wings our thought. But I am digressing from the subject of my sketch.

Poor Harry! He was a school-mate of mine, and often did he assist me in my lesson, when in my partiality for fun, I neglected things of greater importance.

Harry was a delicate youth; and, when I last saw him, about seventeen. He was an impulsive, enthusiastic being. He thought, dreamed and felt poetry, but he wrote none; and those feelings, which in many persons find vent in expression, burned secretly and silently within their own prison, wearing and wasting away his life.

Among the scholars (girls and boys studied in the same room) there was one girl upon whom the affections of Harry seemed to have rested with all the fervency of maturer years. In all the more innocent sports of the school, she was ever by his side, and, although love was never spoken of, yet the mute and eloquent language of their eyes, told of a purer sentiment than their tongues expressed; and when it so happened, as it frequently did, that Anne was absent a day from school, that day to Harry was sure to prove cheerless and gloomy; and his lesson would lie neglected before him, and his restless eyes were often detected wandering to her vacant seat on the opposite side of the school room; in fact, it was a matter of notoriety, that whenever Anne was absent from school, Harry's mind seemed to have gone with her, for on such days he had no heart to join the sports at noon on the school-house green. But, be this as it may, if her bright face appeared among them the next day, he was sure to more than atone for the previous one's falling off. As a scholar he had not his equal in the school; and although sometimes less studious than the rest, yet his lessons were sooner committed, and were better understood than those of his school-mates.

A time at last arrived when the father of Harry considered it to be for the interest of his son to transfer him from the school-house to the college; and sadly drooped poor Harry's heart when he thought of departing from the bright scenes of his childhood—of leaving behind the laughing eyes and sweet smiles of his beloved Anne. He sought her, and walking with her into the fair and blossoming fields of spring, he for the first time dared to breathe into her ear the tale of his hallowed and pure affection, adjuring her by all the happy hours they had spent together, to pledge him her sacred vows of affection, and to promise him, while grievous time should keep them far apart, to preserve the memory of him in her heart. A few tears, a silent pressure of the hand, and a crimsoning blush assured him of all his brightest dreams had pictured; and after fond anticipations of the future, and mutual promises of unalterable affection, they separated—he to make preparations for his departure, she to weep over the thoughts of his long absence.

The time during which Harry was engaged in his studies seemed to lag tediously. It, however, wore gradually away—week after week, month after month,



and year after year, and a few days more and his course of studies would be completed. With feelings of joy did he anticipate his return, and the heart-warm and cheering reception that he should meet on entering his father's house. He had made known to his parents his wishes with regard to Anne; and he was gratified to receive from them a cordial acquiescence in his desires; for they knew not where to fix their eyes upon a more desirable "match" for Harry, and the whole world of Brampton village where they resided coincided in the opinion that Harry had selected their brightest jewel. Her parents could bestow upon her a goodly dowry, and Harry's father was well to do in the world, therefore, there could be no harm in permitting them to crown their happiness as soon as they desired.

Well, at last Harry had but one day more to stay, and he was wrapt in reveries of pictured happiness, and in the joyous thoughts that Anne would soon be his own bright and beautiful bride. The morning passed away; noon came, and with it a letter from home. Home! what glorious visions did the thoughts of it conjure up in imagery before his glistening eyes. With a hasty and tremulous hand he broke the seal, and eagerly glanced his eye over the contents. Where were now all his dreams of joy? Where now the bliss he so fondly anticipated? Dashed to the earth—crushed in the bud and blossom—stricken by the fell hand of Fate! The demon of disease, unsparring and un pitying, had stooped in his onward flight to blanch the cheek and dim the eye of his own beloved Anne! What were his feelings at that moment? and who, that has not felt the keenness of affliction, can form the faintest idea of his crushed hopes and aching heart!

The letter called upon him to hasten home with all possible speed, as his Anne lay under an attack of that most malignant disease, the cholera. Oh, how did he long for the wings of a swift bird, that he might fly to his betrothed one in an instant! There was no time for thought; all that was to be done, must be done instantly; and without explanation to any one, more than to say that he was suddenly called home upon urgent business, he commenced the preparations for his departure. In less than an hour from the receipt of his letter, he was on his way as fast as the speed of a mail coach could take him. For two days and nights he rode, with short stoppages, many miles upon his eager journey, and, upon the second morning, finding himself subjected to a delay of several hours, he mounted a fleet steed, and flew along the road as though Death were in pursuit. One hundred miles! the distance was great but he had no time to think of that; onward—the thought was onward! The horse he had backed was a beast of mettle, and with but small urging he had sped over half the ground in less than five hours, and there a fortunate opportunity offered him a change, and with joy did he accept it; and once more upon a fresh horse, with renewed eagerness did he resume his journey. As the space between him and the object of his desires grew less, he grew more impatient, and who could wonder if he drove his horse beyond its ability to hold out? But there was no consideration for the poor animal; and so fast did he drive her, that when he halted at the house of Anne's father, the exhausted beast fell dead at his feet as he dismounted. Advancing to the door, he knocked loudly; but the sobs of lamentation that reached his ears, told him, ere his eyes could witness the sad scene, that his most vivid fears were real-

ized, and that the spirit had flown to that great and just Being who gave it.

Anxiously and with a beating heart did he enter the house, and as he rushed wildly into the room, he there beheld, stretched upon the bed, the ghastly corpse of her who had once been so fair and so lovely. Around it stood weeping the father and mother, whom no fears of the dread disease could keep from hanging fondly, though in despair, over the wreck of all their once joyous hopes. The old household dog crouched sadly and silently upon the hearth, as though sensible of the deep affliction that had overshadowed the house like a dark cloud. The rest of the family had retired to another part of the house, indulging in the sad but useless tears of lamentation.

Harry advanced to the bedside, and for one brief moment gazed silently upon the inanimate features of the fair victim; but the fullness of the heart could not long be thus restrained, and frantically throwing himself upon the corpse, he gave vent to the heart-broken exclamations of despair. The world seemed to him like its first chaos, and joy seemed a forbidden angel, whose brightness might never more beam upon his desolate heart.

Poor Harry! His was not one of those cold philosophizing minds, that, by a twisted argument, could wring consolation from deepest affliction. One blow, such as he had but now felt, was enough to prostrate him, and he would have thought it sacrilege to have sought the means of eradicating from his mind the great grief that had smitten him, or the memory of his lost Anne, hung in darkening folds over him also.

Morning at last broke—the blush of that day which was to consign to the dismal grave the body of Anne Merton. The sun arose in all its gorgeousness, and the blithe birds sported with their gay minstrelsy among the lowering trees; but the lute of Harry's happiness was broken—the minstrelsy of his heart had ceased forever, and the pall that covered the body of his lost Anne, hung in darkening folds over him also.

Day crept on apace towards eve—the funeral was over—the corpse was laid in its lowly resting place, and still the lamentations of Harry continued. But a change had come upon him, and those who were with him, too truly feared that the destroying spirit had also laid its hand upon him; and to one in his then state of mind, there was reason to apprehend that it would rage with extreme violence. A physician was sent for, but, when he came, the disease had made such fearful strides upon him, that he was at once pronounced to be in a most critical condition. Harry was fully sensible of his danger, but he expressed no hope nor desire that he might recover. During the evening the malady increased upon him rapidly, and in the course of the night raged with violence. At times he would rave of Anne, and utter the most heartfelt accents of despair. But he had not long to suffer; at break of day on the ensuing morning, the summons came to his struggling spirit, and fully sensible of the awful moment, he uttered no groan of complaint, but sank with a smile into the arms of Death.

He was laid by the side of his Anne, and those two fond hearts, that beat so warmly for each other while living were thus united; and may we hope that in that world to which we believe the spirit flies, they may enjoy such bliss as will more than compensate for the afflictions they experienced in this.

Often now, in the sweet spring time, as the traveler pursues his way by the village church-yard at the setting of the sun, he may see a group of youths and gay damsels gathering wild flowers to strew upon the graves of Harry Leighton and sweet Anne Merton, and repeating to some one who is a stranger to their history, the melancholy story of their early death.

### THE YANKEES AGAIN.

THE endless theme of Yankee thrift and Yankee enterprize is happily touched in the following racy sketch from a Rhode Island paper.

The inhabitants of New England are proverbial for untiring and successful enterprize. They are frightened at no rival, stopped by no obstacle—subdued by no competition. Wherever interest calls them, upon land or water, under a zone torrid or frozen, there do they go, with a determination to be successful, if success be possible. Nor is the spirit which influenced them crushed at a failure—it may be bent but not broken—if unsuccessful, they look for a cause, and try again, adding perseverance to the attempt.

What people are most often to be met with on the fishing ground? The Yankees. What people in the Pacific, in pursuit of oil and furs? The Yankees. Who is he who barter lumber and onions with the West Indian, beads and red cloth with the Otaheitan, rank oil with the Hollander, corn with the Greek, rum, tobacco, snuff, and cast iron muskets with the Africans, cotton with the English and French, pickled fish with the Russians and Danes, flour with the South Americans, opium with the Chinese, and dry knocks with the Algerine? Why the Yankee. If a freight is to be carried from one foreign port to another, who takes it for a farthing less in a pound than any other man? Why, Jonathan is there, his coat is off, he is ready for a job, and his ship for a freight; so he whisks it up and is off, before the Frenchman can make a bow to the shipper, or John Bull finish his roast beef. He is everywhere, if a prospect of gain opens that way, and a few days of hard labor is no task for him, if money is to be found at the close.

"What long legged brig is that?" said the Captain of an English merchantman, who was entering the port of Leghorn, as he peeped over the taffrail, and beheld a vessel which hove in sight some twelve hours before, now close on board him. "I don't know," replied the mate, "but the fellow must be crazy—who'd ever think of putting cloth on toothpick spars with this breeze—studded sails fore and aft!" "What brig is that?" shouted the captain through his speaking trumpet. "Ten Sisters of Dennis, Shubo Nickerson master." "Where the duce is Dennis?" "Oh, down east." "What cargo?" "Lumber and stone ware." "Now who but an infernal Yankee would think of bringing stone ware to Leghorn?" muttered the captain, as he threw down his trumpet. And sure enough, who but a Yankee would think of it. Yet these eastern vessels poke their bowsprits into almost every port in the known world, with an outward cargo that costs them nothing but the demolition of their own forests, and a freight home that builds towns and cities where those forests grew. With truth they may be called the most enterprising portion of a most enterprising people. The state of Maine has, for the last fifteen years, carried on trade with the Spanish West India

Islands, to a greater extent than any nation upon the face of the habitable globe; and during the first five years, exchanged a cargo of lumber for a cargo of molasses, without the aid of a single dollar in cash. They have crossed every ocean—traversed every sea—visited every people in search of a market. And, during the war, their sailors were the best that could be found in the American navy. Educated in the school which is taught upon the banks of Newfoundland, where the first lesson taught is to learn to fish three months without knowing the value of a dry jacket, they were appalled by no danger, subdued by no hardship, intimidated by no foe, and after seeing many a brush upon the Atlantic, they took "their land tacks on board," crossed the country to the lakes, gave Perry and M'Donough a lift, and then returned to their homes again to peddle lumber and fish and become wealthy.

### FREDERIKA BREMER.

THE sudden and wide popularity which the writings of this lady have gained in this country, must cause any description of the writer herself to be read with interest. Erastus Brooks, one of the editors of the N. Y. Express, now on a tour in Europe, gives the following account of his visit to Miss Bremer at Stockholm.

Another visit of mine was to Frederika Bremer, the charming authoress of "the Neighbors," a book which seemed to have been read, or in the course of reading by the majority of American ladies, when I left home. I found here of course more of the poetry than the philosophy of nature,—a woman whose mind was richly stored with learning, and whose heart seemed to be alive to all the noble influences of a good woman. The reading of De Tocville, and of the whole tribe of English authors, from Fanny Kemble to Madame Trollope, had made her familiar with most of our institutions, and we conversed long upon matters appertaining to both Church and State at home. I was not sorry to learn that the subject of a Government religion, the evil and the good resulting from such an association, in contrast with a government where every man's conscience is his only monitor and all are free to embrace their own faith, where one sect commands as much of honor and respect as another, and where the Constitution grants the greatest freedom of opinion and the freest form of worship, was a subject of earnest discussion, at least among the thinking people of the country. It may interest some readers at home to learn that Miss Bremer, is a lady of thirty-five or forty years of age. She is neither beautiful nor young, nor old nor ugly.

Her appearance is decidedly literary, and literary women, you know, are never handsome. The graces of the mind take the place of the grace of person, and as beauty unadorned is deemed adorned the most, there is but little attention given to the merely showy attractions of dress and demeanor. Miss Bremer is every way worthy of the fame she has received. The authoress, however, in the true spirit of a familiar proverb, is better known abroad than at home,—perhaps even more known in America than in Sweden. Several of her publications have been translated into the German, and more than the Neighbors into English, though I have seen no more as yet, and the English translation is not to be had for love or money in Stockholm or Upsala. Fame abroad begets fame at home,

and it is not unlikely that Miss Bremer will receive more laurels for her genius through the ladies of the far famed distant America, than from all her countrymen and countrywomen at home. I could see but few characters in Sweden resembling "*Ma Chere Mere*," the angel, and abominable Bear and his charming wife, or Bruno, or the household of the town and country so beautifully pictured forth in the *Neighbors*.

The authoress assured me, nevertheless, that though not frequent, they were no fiction. Some complaint was made of the translation into English, but more by the friends of Miss B. than herself. In a long conversation about American institutions, that of slavery was the only one which seemed to her an anomaly, and but little was said against even slavery, compared with what one hears every day at home. Though no admirer of slavery, and never wondering that it seems an anomaly to a foreigner who holds the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and a Constitution that tolerates slavery in the other, it would have been easy to retort here to the rebuke, though intended in no unfriendly spirit. The feudal system almost practically obtains in Sweden, though it exist not at all in theory; and which is the worst the world may judge, the feudal system, or slavery as it exists in America. We have a theory that becomes a lie in practice in some parts of our Union, and Sweden has the same in a worse form. I could not so well answer the complaint made against our country for the non-payment of its debts. This stigma upon our country follows the traveler wherever he goes. Every where in Europe, some citizen has a demand against some one of the states; and every where, with the grossest exaggerations of the fact, the newspapers trumpet forth our disgrace with a cry of shame, that finds a response in almost every bosom. Would that American repudiators could look abroad, and though but as through a glass darkly, they, too, would see enough to make them hang their heads in shame. There is just sober truth enough in the dark pages of our recent history, to make the ground work of the most fabulous stories, and all the world will say of us, that a nation capable of repudiating her honest debts, is capable of any thing. A distinction between the general government and the states, it is difficult to comprehend at this distance from home, and the whole family of states, with the parent government, therefore, have to suffer for the sins of the few.

## LIFE ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY E. K.

SKETCH VI.—OUR M. D.

A Doctor's office truly—Esculpius would be sorely puzzled at his where-about, if led blindfold into this sanctum of our M. D. for M. D. legally he was, as the diploma of the New York College of Physicians will testify.

By the term office, dear reader, do not imagine a comfortable room, surrounded with learned tomes, a richly carpeted floor, chairs of all imaginable kinds that conduce to ease or convenience; rare specimens of art, tending to an exhibition of the progress of medical science; confidential letters, or communications from learned bodies, in answer to, or requesting information from the aristocratic occupant; above all the visitors, slate, filled with high-sounding names, urging the

attention of the infallible and universally sought practitioner.

Accompany us, dear reader, and forthwith we will usher you into this receptacle of all that is odd and whimsical; the door we need not open; at early dawn it is unbolted and spread wide open, and remains thus until there is no farther prospect of a bid for the multifarious articles strewn around.

Imagine to yourself a large double house, two stories in height, with dormant windows, and connected from the back piazza of the second story to a building of smaller dimensions, also two stories in height; the lower rooms of this building, occupied as kitchen and store rooms. The family reside in the upper part of the larger dwelling, the lower floor belonging exclusively to the Dr.'s department.

This is divided into two large rooms, the one to your right hand is that to which we will particularly call your attention. On one side runs the counter, behind which, and in the low window, all that pertains to the apothecary's department may be found; on the counter stands the show-box, containing every odd article small enough to be placed there, as for example, fine tooth combs, hair brushes, tooth picks and brushes; painters' brushes, tweezers, penny watches, rouge, pearl and hair powders, soaps of endless variety, needles, pins, tops, buttons, &c; specimens of Stuart's steam-candies, affording a better specimen of amalgamation, all of every kind, the heat of the climate having mingled into one mass: scissors, dirks, and bowie knives; the sale of the latter causing the Dr. no compunctions of conscience, his real skill as surgeon and physician meeting any emergency.

This enumeration will afford some faint idea of the contents of the show-box, but what pen shall do justice to the contents of the other three corners of the establishment, or who will believe the description if faithfully given. The front corner next the door has shelves running along the wall, on which lie in friendly proximity, pig-tail, cavendish, and other preparations of the filthy weed; kegs of paints, dolls of all sizes, together with a collection of children's toys, crockery of all common kinds, and a large assortment of shoes—from rods projecting from the wall, are suspended every variety of second hand clothing, hats on the upper shelves lie ready to complete the fitting out of the outward man.

The third and fourth corners are rather behind the scenes, a large desk separating them partially from the front; here may be found iron pots, pans, ovens, chairs, barrels of new nails, and barrels of old, it being the habit of the Dr. to pick up every old nail, or piece of iron he may chance to see; in fact, the locks and hooks are taken from the old shanties belonging to him, and deposited in this Museum, in anticipation of the dislocation of their fixings, by that "Old Time, the clock setter," but lock loosener.

Upon one occasion a purser of one of the U. S. ships, was seen anxiously exploring the different stores, but always without finding the object of his search. A friend enquired what he was looking for.

"A chain cable" said he, "which I must have; we are to sail to-morrow, and I cannot procure one in town."

"Have you been to the Dr.'s shop?"

"No."

"Well then go there, and if you don't find one, I am much mistaken."

Upon making the enquiry of the Dr.—"I have the

very thing you want," said he, "a poor devil of a captain owed me some money, and I took this cable as pay."

Forthwith the cable was transferred on board the sloop of war—none the worse for having served its time in an apothecary's shop.

Nothing in the way of business came amiss to our Dr. He was always therefore highest bidder for the accommodation of the sick or injured poor. A poor-house was altogether unnecessary, for a beggar was a thing unheard of in Pensacola, until the importation of some hundreds of paupers, sent out from this goodly city of Gotham, to assist in blowing a mighty bubble, which for the time, was dignified with the name of the "Florida, Alabama, and Georgia rail road." This rabble rout, was exported by conscientious men, warranting the invoice to be strong and able bodied *men*, though from some cause to us unknown, upon reaching their destination, one half had assumed the garb and appearance of women and children.

Previous to this time, the claimants on public charity were usually disabled seamen, or an accidental stranger; a better place therefore could not have been selected for them, than the spare rooms in the Dr.'s back building; here they were sure of skillful, if not very courteous treatment.

The assistant surgeon, and head nurse in this department might be reckoned an accomplished character, if diversity of talent gives any claim to this distinction. Hagar, was the name of this individual, a molatto, of perhaps thirty years of age, rather delicate in appearance, and with a kind and benevolent expression of countenance. The hand that so carefully wielded the spatula in spreading the soothing cerate, or tormenting fly-blister, could with unshaken firmness, hold fast and immovable the unfortunate patient, whom tooth-ache, dislocation or fracture, brought to the sanctum of our Esculapius. The savory broth, or unsavory gruel, were alike prepared by the same hands; as house-maid, child's nurse or gardener, Hagar was alike efficient.

In an interval of leisure, it being exceedingly healthy in town, the Dr. determined to new-paint his house; he had accepted several kegs of paint from a debtor in lieu of money, and Hagar, like another Proteus, assumed an appearance to suit the emergency. A tall ladder is seen one fine morning, raised against the front of the house, and on its topmost round a sailor flourishing the paint brush with extraordinary skill; no wonder his head is not dizzy at that height; without doubt he is accustomed to climbing shrouds and reefing sails, therefore a sure footing on a ladder is nothing to him. The loose canvass trousers bound tightly round the waist, shirt sleeves rolled up, bare foot, and tarpaulin hat, set jauntily on the back of the head, give you the toilette of the quondam painter.

"Hagar, Hagar, come put up some powders, come directly, do you hear?"

"Comin' master, fast as I can," not from the kitchen, but from "up aloft" is the voice we hear, and in the trim sailor painter, stands Hagar's self confessed. To save expense, the Dr. had rigged him out in a suit of clothes bought on speculation, or taken for a debt.

It was the Dr.'s boast that he never darkened the doors of a church; "my wife may go to church," said he, "as often as she pleases, but I do the Lord's will better by spending my Sunday morning in visiting and prescribing for the poor, gratis; the medicine I carry in

my pocket, and give to all who need." This was the truth, for although rude and unpolished outwardly, a kinder heart, a firmer friend, or an honest man was rarely met with.

Fortune looked smilingly on the Dr.; all that he put his hand to prospered; for years he had no competitor in his profession; did an adventurous M. D. propose to settle in Pensacola, he was quickly told that he must be his own patient, for no other awaited him—health reigned triumphant in that blessed climate, therefore no harvest for Drs. was to be expected. An iron chest containing upward of thirty thousand dollars in specie, stood by the head of the Dr's bed; no bank would he trust; but from this coffer, upon one occasion he loaned the "Bank of Pensacola" twenty thousand dollars in silver, not however, until he was amply secured in rail road iron.

We record with pleasure, what is rather an uncommon occurrence, that every dollar of this loan was paid back by the same hands that received it, much to the joy of the Dr's wife, who wept tears of anxiety at the removal of the treasure, and tears of pleasure at its return.

We repeat now to our old friend, the last words he addressed to us "God bless you."

#### SAMUEL CHILTON, THE WONDERFUL SLEEPER.

SAMUEL Chilton, an inhabitant of the village of Tinsbury, near Bath, was a laborer of a robust habit of body, though not corpulent, and had reached the 25th year of his age. When apparently in perfect health, he fell into a profound sleep on the 13th May, 1694, and every method which was tried to rouse him proved unsuccessful. His mother ascribed his conduct to sullenness of temper; and dreading that he would die of hunger, placed within his reach bread and cheese and small beer; and though no person ever saw him eat or drink during a whole month, yet the food set before him was daily consumed. At the end of a month, he rose of his own accord, put on his clothes and resumed his usual labors in the field.

After a lapse of nearly two years, namely, on the 9th of April, 1696, he was again overtaken with excessive sleep. He was now bled, blistered, cupped and scarified, and the most irritating medicines applied externally but they were unable to rouse or even to irritate him, and during a whole fortnight he was never seen to open his eyes. He ate, however, as before, of the food that was placed near him, but no person ever saw any of those acts, though he was sometimes found fast asleep with his mouth full of bread. In this condition he lay ten weeks.

A singular change in his condition now took place. He lost entirely the power of eating; his jaws were set, and his teeth so closely clenched, that every attempt to force open his mouth with instruments failed. Having accidentally observed an opening in his teeth, made by the action of the tobacco-pipe, as usual with most great smokers, they succeeded in pouring some tincture of wine into his throat through a quill. During forty-six days, he subsisted on about three pints or two quarts of tent.

At the end of seventeen weeks, viz. about the seventh of August, he awoke, dressed himself, and walked about the room, being himself perfectly unconscious



that he had slept more than one night. Nothing, indeed, could make him believe that he had slept so long, till upon going to the fields he saw crops of barley and oats ready for the sickle, which he remembered were only sown when he last visited them.

Although his flesh was somewhat diminished by so long a fast, yet he was said to look brisker than he had ever done before. He felt no inconvenience whatever from his long confinement, and he had not the smallest recollection of any thing that had happened. He accordingly again entered upon his rural occupations and continued to enjoy good health till the morning of the 17th of August, 1697, when he experienced a coldness and shivering in his back; and after vomiting once or twice, he again fell into his former state of somnolency.

Dr. William Oliver, to whom we owe the preservation of these remarkable facts happened to be at Bath, and hearing of so singular a case, set out on the 23rd of August, to inquire into its history. On his arrival at Tinsbury, he found Chilton asleep, with bread and cheese, and a cup of beer, placed on a stool within his reach. His pulse was regular, though a little too strong, and his respiration free. He was in a "breathing sweat," with an agreeable warmth over his body. Dr. Oliver bawled into his ear, pulled his shoulders, pinched his nose, stopped his nose and mouth together, but notwithstanding this rough treatment, he evinced no indications of sensibility. Impressed with the belief that the whole was "a cheat," Doctor Oliver lifted up his eyelids and found the eyeballs drawn up his eyebrows, and perfectly motionless. He held a phial containing spirit of salamoniac under one nostril for a considerable time; but though the doctor could not bear it for a moment under his own nose without making his eyes water the sleeping patient was insensible to its pungency. The amoniacal spirit was then thrown up his nostrils, to the amount of about half an ounce; but though it was "as strong almost as fire itself," it only made the patient's eyelids shiver and tremble.

Thus baffled in every attempt to rouse him, our ruthless doctor crammed the same nostril with the powder of white hellebore; and finding this equally inactive, he was positively convinced that no impostor could have remained insensible to such applications, and that Chilton was really overpowered with sleep.

In the state in which Dr. Oliver left him, various gentlemen from Bath went to see him; but his mother would not permit the repetition of any experiments.

On the 2d of September, Mr. Woolmer, an experienced apothecary, went to see him, and finding his pulse pretty high, he took 14 ounces of blood from his arm; but neither the opening of the vein, nor during the flow of the blood, did he make the smallest movement.

In consequence of his mother removing to another house, Chilton was carried down stairs when in this fit of somnolency. His head accidentally struck against a stone and received such a severe blow, that it was much cut; but he gave no indications whatever of having felt the blow. Dr. Oliver again visited him in his new house; and after trying again some of his former stimulants, he saw a gentleman who accompanied him run a large pin into the arm of Chilton, to the very bone, without his being aware of it. During the whole of this long fit he was never seen to eat or drink, though generally once a day, or sometimes

once in two days, the food which stood by him disappeared.

Such was the condition of our patient till the 19th of November, when his mother having heard a noise, ran up to his room and found him eating. Upon asking him how he was, he replied, "Very well, thank God." She then asked him whether he liked bread and butter or bread and cheese best. He answered, bread and cheese. She immediately left the room to convey the agreeable intelligence to his brother; but, upon their return to the bedroom they found him as fast asleep as ever, and incapable of being roused by any of the means which they applied.

From this time his sleep seems to have been less profound; for though he continued in a state of somnolency till the end of January or the beginning of February, yet he seemed to hear when they called him by his name; and though he was incapable of returning any answer, yet they considered him as sensible to what was said. His eyes were less closely shut, and frequent tremors were seen in his eyelids. About the beginning of February, Chilton awoke in perfect health, having no recollection whatever of any thing that had happened to him during his long sleep. The only complaint that he made was, that the cold pinched him more than usual. He returned, accordingly, to his labors in the field, and so far as we can learn, he was not again attacked with this singular disease.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

## A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

### THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALOONS.

THE following is a bona fide fact, taken without amendment from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in Franklin will read it, though I am afraid some of them, especially in the capitol of the country, will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms wheel, loom, &c. The first is the name of an old fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house organ with but few stops. But to the story:

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said, that, though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores, and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind to action. I immediately asked what garment was needful. She replied "pantaloon."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's backs, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it, there is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom." By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom shears, half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of the fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister. Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining part of the fleece."

The good old lady closed by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, wove and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother."

"The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother, was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America.

## THE STROKE OF DEATH.

A FABLE.

I AM now worth one hundred thousand pounds, said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and am but fifty-six years of age, hale and robust in my constitution; so I'll eat and I'll drink, and live merrily all the days of my life.

I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, said old Gregory as he attained the summit of a hill, which commanded a full prospect of his estate; and here, said he, I'll plant an orchard: and on that spot, I'll plant a pinery.

Yon farm-houses shall come down, said old Gregory; they interrupt my view.

Then, what will become of the farmers? asked the steward who attended him.

That's their business, answered old Gregory.

And that mill must not stand on the stream, said old Gregory.

Then, how will the villagers grind their corn? asked the steward.

That's not my business, answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber;—from which he never more awoke. The farmers reside on their lands—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers all rejoice in his death.

## THE DEVIL A GOOD MUSICIAN.

TARTINI, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pirano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the Devil, who, promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision, every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last, he imagined that he presented the Devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he just heard, but in vain; he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the *Devil's Sonata*; but it was so inferior to what he had fancied in sleep, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other mode of subsistence.

## EXTRAORDINARY PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIMAGES were the devotion of the sixteenth century. A queen of France, it is supposed Catharine de Medicis, made a vow, that, if some concerns, which she had undertaken, terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who should walk there, and every three steps he advanced, he should go one back at every third step. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong to go on foot, and of sufficient patience to go back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie, however, offered himself, and promised to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupulously. The queen accepted his offer, and promised him an adequate recompense. He fulfilled his engagement (as we are informed) with the greatest exactness, of which his pious employer was well assured by constant enquiries!

The citizen, who was a merchant, received on his return, a considerable sum of money, and was ennobled! His coat of arms were a cross and a branch of palm-tree. His descendants preserved the arms; but they degenerated, by continuing the commerce which their ancestor quitted.

## ORIGIN OF THE NINE MUSES.

THE MUSES originally consisted of only three in number: Mnemosyne, Memory; Melete, Meditation; Aede, Song. They were augmented to the number of nine, because the inhabitants of their ancient town, desirous of placing in the temple of Apollo the statues of the three Muses, and they being of extraordinary beauty, they ordered three of the most skillful sculptors to execute, each the statues of these three muses, which made up the number of nine; and from which it was proposed to select the three most perfect statues—but the nine were so beautiful, that it was agreed to take them all, and to place them in the temple and call them the nine Muses. From this accident, they derived their origin, and the six other attributes of poetry were given to the additional sister.

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W. & A. G. 1844.



# THE ROVER.

## THE NARROWS, AND FORT HAMILTON.

THE engraving in the present number of the ROVER is a very fine specimen of the art, and presents to the eye a most beautiful picture. Little need be said in illustration of it, for it "tells its own story." There are few experienced mariners in the civilized world, who do not know something about "the Narrows;" who have not either seen them with their own eyes, or heard some account of them from their fellow tars.

To our country readers, who may not be so familiar with matters on the sea-board, it is proper we should say that "the Narrows" is the pass between Long and Staten Island, at the entrance to the bay and harbor of New York; some ten or twelve miles from the city. The engraving gives a very accurate view of the scenery of the place, and is therefore as valuable for its truth as for its beauty. As this is one of the principle points for the defence of the city, a strong garrison is constantly maintained here, and in summer time the route to Fort Hamilton through Brooklyn forms a favorite drive to numerous citizens, who are attracted thither by the beauty of the scenery, and the healthful sea breezes.

## THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

THE Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delic characterized as "the honor of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the eratic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the saloons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty, of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honor; he was her companion in the walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was, in her youth, intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

The delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighborhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and

they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the Duchess's assiduous cares about her favorite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the Chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge, in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports, and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterward adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterfly brought by the prettiest girls: his scrutiny turned rather upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendor, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the Duchess's bounty passing through the easy hands of the Chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forster of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his, which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the Duchess's name, and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies, to double the gift. Boufflers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Boufflers who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the Duchess, who wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing toward the marriage portion of the Chevalier's protegee, made it known in the neighborhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day when the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." The speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and valuable kind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-colored eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the Duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterward received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of Autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the Duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune, to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the Duke de Penthièvre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the Colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of *Maréchal des Logis*. On his first leave of absence, he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion by the Chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and at length, into all the horrors of the first revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the king of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages, and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments

paid him on his poems, only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choiseul, (who had survived her husband only a few years,) and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, traveling homeward through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attentions due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who, at his death, had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fête given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne, the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the Countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Boufflers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection, the Countess accepted his offer; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, a caleche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and taste. One one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Boufflers' works in her hand. The Chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." While he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation *à la Franglaise*. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an

inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing toward him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear. "Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a courtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net; "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." "What are you, angel—sylph—enchantress?" "What I do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forer of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?" "Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips: "Aline, lovely Aline!—It cannot be you?" "How! it cannot be I? Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the Duchess a prize of twenty-five louis, and from yours this golden cross, which I promised to wear so long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?" "I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?" "She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. "My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong cannot equal mine." "How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once, fortune was not blind?—have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity." "Listen, then," replied the countess with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all."

"Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterward rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the General's care. Count Lauterbach thought in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow, and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union, he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to take refuge in Prussia: I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your traveling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes

of my heart. Judge then what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colors; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is true, that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

#### ST. PAUL AND THECLA.

THE following fragment is unquestionably of very great antiquity; but it has been without foundation ascribed to St. Paul. The facts were never questioned either by the friends or enemies of christianity for many centuries: though they were often celebrated, and are frequently mentioned by writers of the first rank in the christian church.

The story of Thecla is confirmed by Gregory Nazianzen, and Gregory of Nyssa, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Ildorus, and others. Cyprian of Antioch, who flourished in the third century, prays for the suffering martyrs thus: "Stand by us, O Lord, as thou didst by the Apostles in bonds, by Thecla in the fire, by Paul in persecutions, by Peter in the waves."

Tertullian, one of the most ancient writers in the church, informs us, *De Baptismo*, c. 17. that it was compiled by a presbyter of Asia; a man extremely attached to St. Paul, who rashly ventured to publish it, under the Apostle's name, toward the close of the first century: and that being charged with it by the Evangelist John, he confessed the fact, alleging that he had done it out of fervent love to the Apostle. This account is confirmed by Jerome, who quotes Tertullian.

It is supposed to have happened about the year of our Lord 67, during the last time that St. Paul visited Asia, and not long before he suffered martyrdom: which according to Eusebius, was near the close of Nero's reign: Jerome fixes it in the thirty-seventh year after the passion of our Lord.

The Greek copy, which is taken from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, and published by Grabe, is in many places defective, and in others much corrupted. Its defects are partly supplied from an ancient Latin version in the Bodleian Library, and from the Greek Commentary of Basilus Seleuciensis.

When Paul was going up to Iconium, as he fled from Antioch, he was accompanied by Hermogenes and Demas, men full of hypocrisy. But Paul intent only on the goodness of God suspected no evil of them, but loved them exceedingly, making the words of Christ and his gospel pleasant unto them, and discourses to them of the knowledge of Christ as it was revealed to him.

But a certain man named Onesiphorus hearing that Paul was coming to Iconium went forth to meet him, with his wife Lectra, and their children, Mirra and Zeno, that they might receive him into their house:

for Titus had informed them of the person of Paul, for as yet they had not known him in the flesh. Walking therefore in the king's highway which leads toward Lystra, they waited, expecting to receive him. Not long after they saw Paul coming toward him, a man small of stature, bald, his legs distorted, his eye-brows knit together—his nose aqueline—but manifestly full of the grace of God; for his countenance was sometimes like that of a man, and sometimes like that of an angel. And Paul seeing Onesiphorus, was glad.

And Onesiphorus said unto him, Hail thou servant of the *Blessed*. Paul replied, grace be with thee and with thy house. Demas and Hermogenes filled with envy and dissimulation cried out, And are we not the servants of the *Blessed*? Why hast thou not saluted us? To whom Onesiphorus answered, I do not see in you the fruits of righteousness: but if ye are indeed *such*, come and abide also at my house. So Paul went with him, and there was great joy in the house of Onesiphorus; and having fallen upon their knees and prayed, and broken bread, Paul preached to them the word of God, concerning temperance, and the resurrection, to this effect:

Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they that keep the flesh unspotted, for they shall become the temples of God.

Blessed are they that renounce this present world, for they shall please God. Blessed are they that have wives as though they had them not, for they shall become like the angels of God. Blessed are they that tremble at the words of God, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they that receive the wisdom of Jesus Christ, for they shall be called the sons of God. Blessed are they that keep the knowledge of Jesus Christ, for they shall dwell in light. Blessed are they that for the love of Christ have forsaken the form of this world, for they shall judge angels, and shall sit at the right hand of Christ, and shall see the day of judgment without bitterness.

Whilst Paul was discoursing thus in the house of Onesiphorus, Thecla, daughter of Theocla, a virgin who was espoused to Thamyris, a prince of the city, standing at the window of her house continued night and day to hear the word spoken by Paul concerning the love of God, and faith in Christ; nor would she be removed: but being filled with exceeding joy became subject to the faith. And seeing many women and young persons entering in to hear Paul, she was exceedingly desirous of being counted worthy to stand in his presence, and to hear the word of Christ; for as yet she had never seen the person of Paul.

And as she continued thus to hear him, Theocla her mother sent for Thamyris, and informed him, that Thecla had not risen from her place for three days, neither to eat, nor to drink; but in fixed attention on the words of Paul, had wholly given herself to that stranger; teaching seducing and wicked opinions: adding, This is the man that hath stirred up the whole city of Iconium, and hath perverted Thecla. But go thou and speak to her for she is espoused to thee.

Thamyris fearing the distraction of her mind, spake to her with tenderness: "Why, Thecla, dost thou sit dejected thus, with thine eyes fixed on the ground? What new passion hath seized thee, and turned thee to this stranger? Turn to thy Thamyris and be ashamed." But she answering nothing, her mother

and attendants wept bitterly. But Thecla continued unmoved, turned from them to the word spoken by Paul.

Thamyris filled with despair, left the house, and going into the street watched those that went in and came out from Paul. And seeing two men sharply contending, he said, "Sirs, inform me who is this your companion, that seduces the minds of men, forbidding them to marry? I offer you great rewards if ye will declare, for I am chief in this city." Demas and Hermogenes replied, "We do not well know who this man is; but he deprives men of their wives, and virgins of their husbands, declaring that there will be no resurrection unless they continue pure, and free from the pollutions of the flesh."

Then Thamyris invited them to come and refresh themselves at his house. And having honorably entertained and rewarded them, he said, "Tell me, I pray you, Sirs, what is the doctrine of Paul, that I may know: for I am in great anguish for Thecla, on account of her love for this stranger?" Demas and Hermogenes, with one voice, cried out, "Deliver him to the governor as one that persuadeth the people to receive the doctrines of the Christians; and let him be put to death by the decree of the Emperor; and thou shalt have thy wife, and we will instruct her that the resurrection which he teacheth hath already taken place, and that we *then* have truly risen, when we are come to the knowledge of God."

Thamyris hearing these things was filled with rage; and rising early in the morning, went with officers and a guard, accompanied by a great multitude, to the house of Onesiphorus, and demanded Paul; saying, "Thou hast corrupted the city of Iconium and Thecla: come therefore to the governor." And all the people cried out, "Away with this sorcerer, for he hath corrupted our women."

And Thamyris standing before the judgment seat, cried with a loud voice to the governor, "We know not whence this man is—but he suffereth not our women to marry; let him therefore declare before thee for what cause he teaches these things." And the governor rising called to Paul and said, "Who art thou? And what is thy doctrine? Grievous things are laid to thy charge?"

And Paul lifting up his voice, said, "If I am questioned with respect to my doctrine, O Governor, God, that seeketh nothing but the salvation of men—the Almighty hath sent me to turn them from corruption and uncleanness, from sinful pleasures, and from death eternal. And for this cause, God hath sent his Son Jesus Christ, and I teach that men should place all their confidence in him. He alone hath had compassion on the offending world, that they might not fall into condemnation, but might have faith, and the fear of God, and sobriety of life, and the love of the truth. If, therefore, I teach these things only that have been revealed to me of God, in what do I offend?" The governor, hearing these things, commanded Paul to be bound, and to be cast into prison, till he should have opportunity of hearing him more fully.

But Thecla, finding that Paul was cast into prison, arose by night, and pulling off her ear-rings gave them to the porter, and delivering her silver mirror looking-glass to the keeper of the prison, she was admitted to see Paul; and placing herself at his feet, she heard the wonderful things of God. And perceiving that



Paul regarded not what he suffered, but that he had confidence in the help of God, she was exceedingly confirmed in the faith.

When the morning arose great enquiry was made after Thecla by her household, and by Thamyris; for they feared that evil had befallen her. And examining the porter, they found that she was gone to the prison. And stirring up the people they departed thence, and made it known to the governor: who commanded that Paul should be again brought to the judgment-seat. But Thecla still continued in the prison, and prostrated herself on the place where Paul had sat and instructed her. At length the governor commanded that she should also be called to the judgment-seat. Thecla hearing this went forth with great joy. But the people cried out more vehemently against Paul, "He is a sorcerer, let him be put to death;" notwithstanding this the governor willingly heard Paul.

And having taken counsel he commanded Thecla to be brought near, and said unto her, "Wherefore art thou not according to the laws of Iconium, given in marriage to Thamyris?" But Thecla, fastening her eyes steadfastly on Paul, answered nothing. Then her mother vehemently cried out, she should be burnt, that others might fear.

And the governor being exceedingly moved, commanded Paul to be scourged, and to be cast out of the city; but he condemned Thecla to be burnt.

At the time appointed, the governor went forth with the whole multitude to the theatre, to attend at this cruel spectacle. Then as a lamb in the desert looks round for her shepherd, so did Thecla for Paul. And after she had looked upon the multitude, she saw the Lord Jesus standing near, in the likeness of Paul: and she said within herself, "Paul is come to see me, as though I should not suffer patiently." And fastening her eyes upon him she saw him ascending up into heaven: then she understood what she had seen was the Lord. After her robes were taken off, she was brought forth: and the governor was struck with the force of her beauty and the patience and strength of her mind. The wood being placed in order, the people compelled her to ascend the pile. And she, stretching forth her hands in earnest prayer, ascended. And the people having put fire to it, the flames spread on every side, but it had not power to hurt her; for God had compassion upon her. And suddenly there was a great noise in the heavens, and a dark cloud overspread the amphitheatre, and the rain and hail poured down with great violence. So the fire was extinguished and Thecla was delivered.

Paul had fled in the mean time with Onesiphorus and his family to a tomb which lay in the way between Iconium and Daphne, and they continued fasting many days. Then sending forth one of the children to buy bread, he found Thecla in the way seeking for Paul.

When Thecla was come to the tomb she found Paul praying, and cried out "O Almighty Lord, Creator of heaven and earth, Father of thy holy and well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, I bless thee that thou hast delivered me from the fire, and given me again to see thy servant Paul." And Paul answered, "O God that searchest the heart, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I thank thee that thou hast heard me."

And breaking bread they refreshed themselves in all the holy works of Christ. And Thecla said unto Paul, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. But he

replied, the days are evil—and thou art beautiful, woman—but patiently wait, and thou shalt receive the gift of Christ.

Having sent Onesiphorus and his family to their own house, he took Thecla, and departed toward Antioch. There Alexander, a man of great power in the city, saw and would have offered violence to her. But she cried out dishonour not the handmaid of the Lord, and having repulsed him put him to great shame. Being filled with indignation, he brought her before the governor, who being bribed, condemned her to be cast to the wild beasts.

Thecla earnestly entreated the governor that her innocence might be preserved in safety, till she was brought forth to execution. When the governor had demanded with whom she might be entrusted? Tryphæna, a woman of great wealth in the city, whose only daughter had lately died, made request to have the charge of her.

On the day when she was brought forth to the amphitheatre, they cast her to a very severe lioness. But when Thecla walked up to the lioness, the savage beast received her with a kind of reverence, and offered no violence to her, but came and gently licked her feet.

The people seeing this, vehemently cried out appealing to God, and condemning the unrighteous sentence. And Tryphæna again took the charge of her till the morrow.

When the morning arose Alexander came to the house of Tryphæna, to demand Thecla. Tryphæna taking her by the hand led her forth saying, I conducted Falconella to the tomb; and now I lead Thecla to to the wild beasts. Thecla hearing this wept and prayed, "O Lord God in whom I have trusted, reward Tryphæna for her compassion toward me thy servant!"

On her entering, there was a tumultuous noise in the theatre, the roaring of wild beasts, the clamours of the people, and the lamentations of the women condemning the unrighteous sentence.

Thecla being taken from Tryphæna was again cast into the theatre. And another fierce lioness running toward her instantly cast herself at her feet. Then a bear roused by the cries of the people, ran toward her. But the lioness rising, fell upon her, and tore her in pieces. At length a very savage lion came forth that had been accustomed to devour men. The lioness ran toward him. They fought for some time, till they fell dead together.

Tryphæna, who was placed in the highest part of the theatre, seeing this, sunk down, and was taken up for dead. The whole city was filled with terror; for Tryphæna belonged to the emperor's family. And Alexander himself besought the governor saying, have compassion on the city, and send this pestilent woman hence, lest the whole city be destroyed.

The governor calling to Thecla from the midst of the wild beasts said to her, "Woman declare who art thou—and by what power hast thou been preserved." Thecla replied, "I am a servant of the living God, and have believed on his Son Jesus Christ, in whom he is well pleased, therefore have I been delivered. He alone is the way to eternal salvation. He is a refuge from the storm, a rest to the afflicted, a defence to those that are in despair, and whosoever believeth not on him shall not see life."

The governor hearing this, commanded her to be

clothed. Thecla answered, "My God, that hath clothed me, defenceless amidst the wild beasts, clothe thee with salvation in the day of judgment!" Then the governor proclaimed, "Thecla, servant of God, I command thee to be discharged." And the women with one voice gave glory to God, crying out, "He is God alone whom Thecla worships. He alone is God, who hath preserved Thecla."

The whole city was soon moved at their cries; and the tidings being brought to Tryphæna, she revived and arose, and went forth to meet Thecla, who embracing her, she said, "Now I believe that the dead are raised—Now I believe that my child liveth. Come Thecla my daughter, to my house, and all that I have shall be thine." On this Thecla returned with Tryphæna, and tarried with her certain days, and taught her the word of the Lord, and many women were subject to the faith, and Tryphæna and all her household believing, there was a great joy in the house of Tryphæna.

But Thecla had an earnest desire to see Paul, to be further instructed by him. And sending to every quarter, she sought after him. When it was told her that he was at Myra in Lycia, she went forward to seek him. And when she found Paul preaching the word of God, she placed herself among the hearers. Paul marvelled greatly at seeing her. And taking her to the house of Hermeas, she related to him all that had befallen her at Antioch. All that heard these things were established in the faith, and offered up prayer for Tryphæna. And Thecla arising, said unto Paul, I go to Iconium. And Paul said unto her Go, and teach the word of God. And Tryphæna when she heard that Thecla was going to Iconium, sent her much gold and raiment for the relief of the poor saints.

And Thecla departed thence to Iconium, and entering into the house of Onesiphorus fell on her face, where she had first heard Paul, praying with many tears, and giving thanks to God and saying, "Lord God of this house, where thy light first shined upon me, Jesus, thou Son of the living God, who wast my helper before the governor, my deliverer in the fire my protector from the wild beasts; thou alone art God, for ever and ever. Amen."

## THE WIFE OF PETER POWERS;

### A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

THE first settlers of Hollis, on the southern borders of New Hampshire, were Captain Peter Powers and Anna his wife who made a settlement in the wilderness in 1731. Their trials were oft times very great—and the dangers and hardships to which they were sometimes exposed, may be learnt from the following anecdote, derived by the writer from the adventurous female who is the subject of it.

When this couple first pitched their tent in Hollis, which was a little northwest of the present meeting-house in that town, the traces of which are still visible, their nearest neighbor lived in the eastern part of Dunstable, New Hampshire, a distance, probably at this time ten miles, and could not be made at that period much less than twelve, as they had no road but a single track and spotted trees for their guide. This journey could not be made in the summer season without fording the Nashua, which was done a little south-

east of a small island, visible at the left as you now pass the bridge leading from Hollis to Dunstable, Massachusetts; and here the river was fordable only when the streams were low. Of course the lonely adventurers made their visits but seldom, and never with a view to be absent from their habitations during the night, as they were then the parents of two children whom they were necessitated to leave at home in a cabin surrounded with Indians. Indeed, seldom if ever, did both parents leave their children and perform this rout in company. Now it happened on a summer's morning in the month of August, that the wife, Anna, found it necessary to visit her neighbor, and mounting at an early hour, a fine Narraganset, a faithful and tried companion in adventures, the river was soon forded and the whole distance was made, long ere it was high noon. The interview was such as characterized the first settlers in this new country, where warmth of affection more than supplied the place of a thousand ceremonies, and a sense of dependence promoted to the discharge of kinder offices than mere refinement would recognize as obligatory on her. The hours passed swiftly away—they lived fast—they ate, they drank, they talked much, and blessed God and their king. Nor did a single occurrence tend to interrupt their festivity until about three past meridian, when all were suddenly aroused by a distant though heavy discharge of heaven's artillery.

All rushed to the door to witness the aspect of the elements, when lo! it was most threatening and appalling. Nature all around slept, or seemed to be awed into a deathlike silence. Not a leaf moved but when the foundations of the earth responded to the voice of heaven. Already from north to south the whole horizon was mantled in black, and the gathering tempest moved forward as slowly and sublimely as though fully conscious of its power to deride all resistance. Not until this moment did anxious concern possess the breast of Anna for the objects of her affection, whom she had left in that lone, dear cell. In a kind of momentary distraction, she demanded that Narraganset should be pannelled, for she must return to her family that afternoon, whatever might be the consequences to herself. She had rather brave the tempest returning, than endure her foreboding with her sheltered friends. But a sudden change in the elements did more to dissuade her from so rash an attempt than the entreaties and expostulations of her friends. From an apparent calm, nature now awoke and seemed to be rushing into ruin. As though the north called unto the south, and the west unto the east, the four winds came on to the conflict. Clouds were driven hither and thither in angry velocity, and all seemed to be propelled in directions counter to each other. The tempest soon burst upon them, and on the whole adjacent country, in an unparalleled torrent. Nothing was heard but the crack or roll of thunder, and the roar of winds and waters—nothing seen but the successive blaze of lightning. *Intonare poliet crebris micat ignibus æther.* The said Anna lived until rising somewhat of ninety years, and could remember distinctly, perhaps eighty-five years, but in all this time never witnessed such a scene, nor could she relate anything which seemed to raise such sublimity of feeling in her mind as this.

The tempest lay upon them with unabated force several hours, nor did it appear to spend itself until the sun was just sinking below the horizon, when it broke in upon drowned nature in all its smiles, and reflected

its golden beams upon the black cloud at the east, in the most enchanting manner. This was the moment for Anna to renew her resolve of returning to her family that night, and contrary to all reasoning and persuasions, she instantly put it in execution. She mounted her horse, and bidding adieu to her friends, she entered the twelve-mile forest as the sun took his leave of her. She calculated upon a serene and star-light evening, and the extraordinary instinct of her beast, as well as her experience in the way and at the fords. But in regard to the former she was wholly disappointed. The wind soon shifted and rolled down the same cloud back again, the rain recommenced as the night set in, and the wind ceased. At that season of the year the time of twilight was short; the earth being warm and moistened, evaporation was rapid, and a dense fog arose which soon obstructed vision, and long ere she arrived at the fords she was enveloped in total darkness. Her only guide now was her faithful Narraganset, and the beasts of the forest her companions. She however made the best of the circumstances. She entered into conversation with her mare, as was her custom when riding alone, and when her beast stopped suddenly, tossed up her head and snorted at some wild animal crossing the track before as was supposed, Anna would exhort her to possess courage, assuring her "that nothing could harm her, for the beasts were mere cowards in the presence of a brave horse." &c.

After this manner the long way to the ford was passed over in Egyptian darkness; nor had the thought once occurred to Anna that so considerable a river as now rolled before her would be materially affected by a thunder storm of a few hours; whereas, so great was the fall of water in this time that the river, although wide at this place was bank full, and swept on in great rapidity. Nor could the rushing of the waters be heard by reason of the rain still pouring around her. She therefore determined to give the rein to her experienced beast believing that she would keep the ford and land her on the opposite shore at the proper place. The horse entered the stream as soon as at the bank, and in a moment lost her foot hold of terra firma, and was plunging in the waves at a full swim. Such however was Anna's presence of mind, that she made no exertion to rein her beast, but endeavored simply to retain her seat, which was now under water, while the waves beat with violence against her waist.

The faithful animal made for the opposite shore, but so strong was the current that, she was either carried below the ford, or in her exertions to resist it, she overacted and ascended above it, at one sweep of her fore foot she struck in the bed of the river, which suddenly raised her somewhat from the water forward, but she as soon plunged again, for the rock was cleared the second sweep. This plunge was so deep that Anna was borne from her pannel by the gravity of the water; pitching forward, she seized Narraganset's mane, as she rose, nor did she quit her grasp until they were both safely landed on the happy shore. Adjusting her clothes, she remounted, and soon found that her beast was in her accustomed track, and in a little more than one hour she alighted at the door of her peaceful cabin, where, by her well known signal she broke the slumbers of her husband and babes and upon entering, related in no purer gratitude, or greater joy, than they experienced in hearing the result of that adventurous night!

Excess in anything begets either vice or hypocrisy.

"I said to the spirit of Poesy, Come back, thou art my comforter."

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,  
I miss thee in my dreams;  
I miss thee in the laughing bowers  
And by the gushing streams;  
The sunshine hath no gladness,  
The harp no joyous tone;  
Oh darkly glide the moments by  
Since thy soft light hath flown.

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,  
As in the glorious past,  
When the halo of a brighter world  
Was 'round my being cast.  
When midnight had no darkness,  
When sorrow smiled through tears,  
And life's blue sky seemed formed in love  
To bless the coming years.

Come back, come back sweet spirit,  
Like the glowing flowers of spring,  
Ere time hath snatched the last pure wreath  
From fancy's glittering wing.  
Ere the heart's increasing shadows  
Refuse to pass away,  
And the silver cord wax thin which binds  
To heaven the weary clay.

Come back, thou art my comforter,  
What is the world to me?  
Its cares that live, its hopes that die,  
Its heartless revelry!  
Mine, mine, oh blessed spirit,  
The inspiring draught be mine,  
Though words may ne'er reveal how deep  
My worship at thy shrine.

Come back thou holy spirit,  
By the bliss thou may'st impart,  
Or by the pain thy absence gives  
A deeply stricken heart.  
Come back, as comes the sunshine  
Upon the sobbing sea,  
And every roaming thought shall own  
Allegiance to thee.

Middletown, Conn., Oct. 1843.

C. N. C.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT:

### HIS CHARACTER AND WRITINGS.

THE following eloquent tribute to the memory of the master spirit of the age in which he lived, appeared soon after his death in the London New Monthly Magazine, and was attributed to Sir. E. L. Bulwer. It cannot fail to be read with great interest.

The blow is struck—the lyre is shattered—the music is hushed at length. The greatest, the most various, the most commanding genius of modern times has left us to seek for that successor to his renown which, in all probability, a remote generation alone will furnish forth. It is true that we have been long prepared for that event. It does not fall upon us suddenly; leaf after leaf was stripped from that noble tree before it was felled to the earth at last; our sympathy in his decay has softened to us the sorrow for his death. It is not our intention to trace the character or to enumerate the works of the great man whose career is run; to every eye that reads, to every ear that hears, every heart that remembers, this much, at least, of his character is already known, that he had all the exuberance of genius and none of its excesses; that he was at once equitable and generous, that his heart was ever open to charity, that his life has probably been shortened by his scrupulous re-

gard for justice. His career was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy, that genius has of necessity vices—that its light must be meteoric, and its courses wayward and uncontrolled. He has left mankind two great lessons, we scarcely know which is the most valuable. He has taught us how much delight one human being can confer upon the world; he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the wildest flights without wandering into error. Of whom else among our great list of names, the heirlooms of our nation, can we say he has left us everything to admire, and nothing to forgive.

It is in four different paths of intellectual eminence that Sir Walter Scott has won his fame; as a poet, a biographer, an historian, and a novelist. It is not now a time (with the great man's clay scarce cold) to enter into the niceties of critical discussion. We cannot now weigh, and sift, and compare. We feel too deeply at this moment to reason well, but we ourselves would incline to consider him greatest as a poet. Whether it be that to our earliest recollections he was most endeared by those mighty lays which called from antiquity all its noblest spirit, and breathed a life and nature into that literature, which was then languishing under the drowsiness of eternal imitation, and the trappings of a false and Gallic artificiality of school, at once burthen-some and frivolous; whatever be the cause of our differing from the world in general on this point, certain it is, that we think him even greater as a poet than a novelist, and were it possible that time could wither up the interest of the world in either, we think that the prose of Waverley might suffer before the verse of *Marion*. Never, indeed, has there been a poet so thoroughly Homeric as Scott; the battle—the feast—the council—the guard room at *Stirling*—the dying warrior at *Flodden*—the fierce *Bertram* speeding up the aisle—all are Homeric; all live, move, breathe and burn, alike poetry, but alike life! There is this difference, too, marked and prominent, between his verse and prose; the first is emphatically the verse of Scott—the latter (we mean in its style,) may be the prose of any one; the striking originality, the daring boldness, the astonishing vigor of the style, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, are lost in the antiquary and *Guy Mannering*.

Scott may be said, in prose, to have *no style*. There are those, we know, who call this very absence of style a merit, we will not dispute it; if it be so Scott is the first great prose writer from *Bacon* to *Gibbon*, nay, from *Herodotus* in Greek, to *Paul Courier* in French; who has laid claim to it. For our own part we think him great, in spite of the want of style, and not because of it. As a biographer, he has been unfortunate in his subjects; the two most important of the various lives he has either delineated or sketched, that of *Dryden* and that of *Swift*, are men, to whose inexplicable baseness genius could neither give the dignity of virtue nor the interest of error. Nor perhaps, if we may presume to say so, was the bent of the biographer's mind that of the *reprover*: he had more of the spirit of veneration than that of inquiry. And in his estimate both of men and books, his reasoning satisfies us so much as his enthusiasm charms. He was born not to compose criticisms, but to create critics; and the lesson he would draw from the lives and genius of other men, the poet, the romancer, the critic, the philosopher of future ages will deduce from his own.

As an historian, we confess that we prize him more highly than as a biographer: it is true that the same

faults are apparent in both, but there is in the grand *History of Napoleon* more scope for redeeming beauties. His great, his unrivaled excellence in description is here brought into full and ample display: his battles are vivid, with colors which no other historian ever could command. And all the errors of the history still leave scenes and touches of unrivaled majesty to the book.

As a novelist, Scott has been blamed for not imparting a more useful moral to his fictions, and for dwelling with too inconsiderate an interest on the chivalric illusions of the past. To charges of this nature all writers are liable. Mankind are divided into two classes; and he who belongs to one will ever incur the reproach of not seeing through the medium of the other. Certain it is, that we, with utterly different notions on political truths from the great writer who is no more, might feel some regret—some natural pain—that the cause which we believe the best, was not honored by his advocacy; but when we reflect on the *real* influence of his works, we are satisfied they have been directed to the noblest ends, and have embraced the largest circle of human interest. We do not speak of the delight he has poured over the earth—of the lonely hours he has charmed, of the sad hearts he has beguiled, of the beauty and the music which he has summoned to a world where all travail and none repose: this, indeed, is something—this, indeed, is a moral—this, indeed, has a benefit to mankind. And this is a new corroboration of one among the noblest of intellectual truths,—viz. that the books which please, are always books that in one sense, benefit; and that the work which is largely and permanently popular, which sways moulds, and softens the universal heart—cannot appeal to vulgar and unworthy passions (such appeals are never widely or long triumphant!) the delight it occasions is a proof of the moral it inspires.

But this power to charm and to beguile is not the moral excellence to which we refer. Scott has been the first great genius—*Fielding* alone excepted—who invited our thorough and uncondescending sympathy to the wide mass of the human family—who has stricken (for in this artificial world it requires an effort) into our hearts a love and a respect for those chosen from the people. *Shakespeare* has not done this—*Shakespeare* paints the follies of the mob with a strong and unfriendly hand. Where, in *Shakespeare*, is there a *Jennie Deans*? Take up which you will of those numerous works which have appeared from "*Waverley*" to the "*Chronicles of the Canongate*,"—open where you please, you will find portraits from the people—and your interest keeping watch beside the poor man's hearth. Not in Scott, as they were in the dramatists of our language, are the peasant, the artificer, the farmer, dragged on the stage merely to be laughed at for their brogue and made to seem ridiculous because they are useful.

He paints them, it is true, in their natural language, but the language is subservient to the character; he does not bow the man to the phrase but the phrase to the man. Neither does he flatter on the one hand, as he does not slight on the other. Unlike the maudlin pastoralists of France, he contents himself with the simple truth; he contrasts the dark shadows of *Meg Merrilies*, or of *Edie Ochiltree*, with the holy and pure lights that redeem and sanctify them—he gives us the poor, even to the gipsy and the beggar, as they really are—contented, if our interest is excited, and knowing



that nature is sufficient to excite it. From the palaces of kings—from the tents of warriors, he comes, equally at home with man in all aspects—to the cotter's hearth; he bids us turn from the pomp of the Plantagenets to bow the knee to the poor Jew's daughter—he makes us sicken at the hollowness of the royal Rotheay, to sympathize with the honest love of Hugh the smith. No, never was there one—not even Burns himself, who forced us more intimately to acknowledge or more deeply to feel, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that."

And is this being, to whom intellect taught philanthropy, to be judged by ordinary rules? are we to gauge and mete his capacities of good, by the common measure we apply to common men! No! there was in him a large and Catholic sympathy with all classes, all tempers, all conditions of men, and this it was redeemed his noble works from all the taint of party, and all the leaven of sectarianism; this it was that made him, if the tory in principle, the all embracing leader in practice. Compare with what he has done for the people—in painting the people, the works of poets called liberal by the *doctrinaires*; compare the writings of Scott with those of Byron, which have really tended the most to bind us to the poor? The first has touched the homely strings of our real heart, the other has written fine vague stanzas about freedom. Lara, the Corsair, Childe Harold, Don Juan, these are the works—we will not say of the misanthrope—at least of the aristocrat. Are Scott's so? Yet Byron was a liberal and Scott a tory. Alas, the sympathy with humanity is the true republicanism of a writer of fiction. Liberal and tory are words which signify nothing out of the sphere of the politics of the day. Who shall we select from the liberal poets of our age who has bound us to the people, like Scott? Shelly, with his metaphysical refining?—Moore, with his elaborate floridity of patriotism!—No! we feel at once that nature taught Scott more friendship with all mankind, than the philosophy of the one or the fancy of the other. Out of print, Scott might belong to a party—in print mankind belonged to him. Toryism, which is another name for the spirit of monopoly, forsook him at that point where his inquiries into human nature began. He is not, then, we apprehend, justly liable to the charge of wanting a sound moral—even a great political moral—(and political morals are the greatest of all)—in the general tenor of works which have compelled the higher classes to examine and respect the lowest. In this, with far less learning far less abstract philosophy, than Fielding, he is only exceeded by him in one character—(and that, indeed, the most admirable in English fiction)—the character of Parson Adams. Jennie Deans is worth a thousand such as Fanny Andrews. Fielding, Le Sage, and Cervantes, are the only three writers, since the world began with whom, as a novelist, he can be compared. And perhaps he excels them, as Voltaire excelled all the writers of his nation, not by the superior merits of one work, but by the brilliant aggregate of many. Tom Jones, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, are without doubt, greater, much greater productions than Waverley, but the authors of Tom Jones, Gil Blas, and even of Don Quixote, have not manifested the same fertile and mighty genius as the author of the Waverley Novels.

And that genius—seemingly so inexhaustible, is

quenched at length! We can be charmed no more, the eloquent tongue is mute—the master's wand is broken up, the right hand has forgot its cunning—the cord that is loosed was indeed of silver—and the bow that is broken at the dark well was of gold beyond all price.

Death, of late, has been busy among the great men of the earth—the mighty landmarks of the last age, one after one, have been removed: Cuvier, Mackintosh, Bentham, Goethe, and now Scott—there is something, as it were, mysterious and solemn in the disappearance of so many lights of the age, within so short an interval of each other; and happening, as it does, at a period when the old elements of society are shaken to the centre, it might have seemed to ancient superstition as if the world were preparing itself for an unexperienced era, and the removal of the chiefs of the past time betokened the advent of a new order of mind suited to the new disposition of events.

When a great man dies, he leaves a chasm which eternity cannot fill. Others succeed to his fame, but never to the exact place which he held in the world's eye; they may be greater than the one we have lost, but they are not he. Shakspeare built not his throne on the same site as Homer, nor Scott on that whence Shakspeare looked down upon the universe. The gap which Scott leaves in the world is the token of the space he filled in the homage of his times. A hundred ages hence our posterity will still see that wide interval untenanted—a vast and mighty era in the intellectual world, which will prove how spacious were "the city and the temple, whose summit has reached to Heaven."

#### A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The following remarkable story is told in Mac Farlane's Romance of History.

"About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the Piazza di Spagna, in that city, being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers, who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house in a coach; and on his going to the door he found two men masked, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach; but no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him being a lady of rank whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after driving through a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen, his companions, then alighting, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house, and ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him, that it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonored her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possi-

ble; a service, for the execution of which he should receive a liberal recompense.

Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused to commit an act so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal would only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable, and that unless he chose to participate a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose undress; and immediately afterward a female attendant placed before her a tub of warm water, in which she immersed her legs. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew he was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation, entreating him to put the sentence passed on her into execution with as little delay as possible. She added, that she was well aware no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would alleviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or escape, either for the lady or for himself, being moreover urged to expedite his work by two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance, threatened to exercise violence on him if he procrastinated, Ogilvie took out his lancets, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time. The gentlemen having carefully examined the body, in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of *zechins* as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied, and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase to the carriage. But, it being narrow, in descending the steps he contrived to leave on one or both of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him to this house, he was conducted home; and at parting, the two masks charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and if possible, never to think on the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures, with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflections.

On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution, he determined at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate by concealing so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name and quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the Secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, and acquainted him with every particular, adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the house, and of bringing to light the perpetra-

tors of the deed. Benedict the Fourteenth (Lambertini,) who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information, than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the *Sbirri*, or Officers of Justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie; who, judging from various circumstances that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of that metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by Pope Julius III (del Monte) he there found the bloody marks, left on the walls by his fingers, at the same time he recognized the apartments in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family and his brother had committed the murder, in the person of their own sister. They no sooner found that it was discovered, than they fled to this city, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining here for some time, they obtained a pardon, by the exertions of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the Apostolic Chamber, and under the further condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction, and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there till within these few years."

#### AN AFFECTING STORY OF A SEAL.

We find the following story floating in the newspapers. We know not what work it is extracted from; and whether it is true or fabulous we know not; but there is a touching simplicity and pathos about it which render it worth copying.

THE SEAL.—"About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described him to me, was "fond as a dog and playful as a kitten." Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or a turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen. For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease called in this country *the crippawen*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted; and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawen would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest; and next morning a ser-

vant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal overnight came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favorite resting-place. Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Innis Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed: the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house-dog—she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home; then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the beldame was awakened and consulted: she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this cruel proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves. A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the truculent wretch died fast and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *banshee* came to forwarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed-covers. When morning broke, the door was opened; the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold!

The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand-hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was within a twelvemonth, hanged for murder. Every thing about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, “and blighted was the corn.” Of several children, none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable. There is not a stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name; and the series of incessant calamities which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true.”

WHEN a young man has acquired a love of reading, and, of course, a healthful relish for intellectual pleasures, he has become possessed of one of the best preservatives against dissipation. A fondness for low company, and noisy and intemperate pleasures, is most generally the consequence of ignorance and a want of taste.

## A GOOD LESSON

FOR GORMANDIZERS AND DRAM DRINKERS.

NATURE once beheld with indignation the perversion of the gifts she had bestowed, her powers wasted, and her energies mis-applied. She beheld the human form, created in the perfection of strength and beauty, bowed to the earth with accumulated diseases, and premature old age. She summoned her various functionaries before her, and demanded an account of their stewardship. First came the lower extremities, tottering beneath the superincumbent weight of the overgrown body, and desirous of seizing upon the first opportunity of depositing it in a place of rest, in front of which they stretched themselves, at full length resembling two meal bags filled almost to bursting. She demanded with warmth, why they whom she had deputed to carry the body wherever it desired, with a firm step, and independent bearing, and whom she had provided with bones and tendons and muscles, each to contribute to their strength, beauty or convenience, had burthened themselves with an accumulation of flesh which had deprived them of ease, flexibility and proportion. The legs pointed significantly at the enormous weight they were obliged to support, and added, that nature knew they were subject to the will of the brain, who seemed sometimes unable to distinguish a zig-zag from a straight line. They were willing to perform their offices, but there must be some fault in the upper works. She next interrogated the hands and arms, rating them severely for their bloated and trembling appearance. Like the legs, they made all possible haste to exculpate themselves. They said they had labored hard for many years for the benefit of the back and mouth, and when they thought they were about to rest from their hard service, the brain and mouth all at once formed an alliance, and now their principal employment was to furnish the mouth with the luxuries the brain had devised. And they continued, this is the hardest service we were ever employed in, for our strength fails daily. Nature could hear no more but giving a loud rap on the top of the head, for the brain seemed to be sleeping in his domicile, she related what she had just heard. The brain fairly foamed with indignation, and called it a malicious slander. Said he had always been a faithful provider for all the wants of the system, directing their plans, and guiding their efforts, so as best to promote the object in view, and finally had always stood sentinel to warn them of the approach of every danger, till his dominions were usurped by the stomach, who had since kept him confined a close prisoner scarcely permitting him to peep through his loop holes, unless it was to discover something to administer to the stomach's gratification. He apologised likewise for not attending sooner to the call of nature, by saying he believed he was somewhat stupefied by the various exhalations he was obliged to endure. He declared the mouth to be entirely innocent of the vile aspersions heaped upon her by the hands, who were entirely incapable of reflection. The mouth was guilty no otherwise than in being incapable of preventing the stomach from using her for a thorough-fare, through which she conveyed whatever suited her capricious humors, enormous requirements, or wayward fancies. Enough, said Nature bitterly; I will visit this extraordinary usurper. She entered without ceremony, as the stomach was sleeping after the last repast. She was astonished to find how she had enlarged her dwelling, and how many little comforts and conveniences



her luxury had devised. There were a thousand little wants fitted up in as many little receptacles; and things of which Nature in her innocence had never dreamed, the stomach, in her refinement, had magnified into real necessities. She beheld the productions of every soil, the luxuries of every clime, all concentrated in this singular laboratory. "Earth and ocean were plundered of their sweets," to contribute to the revelry of the stomach. Nature looked about for some time, while she devised a plan for the punishment of her agent for her whimsical absurdities, without also compelling her other functionaries to do penance for the follies of the stomach. She was aware, too, how the indulgences of the stomach, had abridged the comforts and conveniences of her other deputies, and determined that she alone should be the sufferer. She deigned not to rouse the delinquent from her slumbers, but dashed a potion among her luxuries, which she knew would soon rouse her to reflection. The stomach awoke to find that *dyspepsia* was reveling in her banquet room, and every luxury must be banished, before she could exclude the intruder.

#### THE FORTUNES OF A GERMAN BOY.

Fritz Korner was the son of a tailor at Brunswick, and his father who was tolerably well to do in the world, proposed bringing Fritz up to his own business. But when the boy was about eight years old, Korner, whose first wife was dead, took it into his head to marry another; and from the time the second Mrs. Korner was placed at the head of the establishment, poor Fritz's comfort was at an end. She hated him; and, as she soon produced a little Korner of her own, she was jealous of him. Opportunities were not wanting to show her spite, and though the father wished to protect him, he could not; so when he saw that the child's life would be rendered miserable, and his disposition be spoiled by injustice and severity, and by the contests and dissensions of which he was the subject and the witness, he resolved to send him from home and let him learn his trade elsewhere. He happened to have a distant relation in the same line of business at Bremen; and to this person he committed the child, with an injunction to treat him well, and make a good tailor of him. But Fritz had no aptitude for tailorship; nor, indeed, to speak the truth, did he appear to have an aptitude for anything—at least for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Not that he was altogether stupid, but that, either from indolence or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened; and he made no progress in his business and very little in his learning. The man with whom he was placed was a violent and unreflecting person, who, without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge; and when he found flogging did nothing towards the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving; and that not answering any better, he pronounced him a hopeless and incorrigible little blackguard, and reduced him to the capacity of errand-boy—an office much more to Fritz's fancy, and one, indeed, with which he would have been well contented could it have lasted; but he knew too well that this declension was only a preliminary to his final dismissal, and that, in short, the only thing his master waited for was to find some one travelling to Brunswick, on whom he could rely to conduct him safely to his father. All he wanted, he said,

was to get rid of him, and wash his hands of the responsibility.

Affairs were in this position, when, one day, Fritz was sent to the other end of the city to fetch some cloth, which being immediately wanted, he was urged to bring it with all the speed he could. He performed half his errand without delay; but on his way back he happened to fall in with a troop of cuirassiers, whose brilliant attire, fine horses, and martial air, not to mention the attraction of the music by which they were accompanied, were all too much for Fritz's discretion; and, forgetful of the charge he had received, and the expectant tailors at home, he fell into the rear of the soldiers, and followed them in a direction just opposite to the one he should have taken. But alas! at the corner of a street, when he least thought of it, who should he run against but his master! Fritz, whose eyes and ears were wholly engrossed by the brilliant cortege before him, was not at first aware that he had run foul of his enemy, till a sharp tug at one of his ears awakened his mind to the fact; but no sooner had he raised his eyes to the face of his dreaded master, than, seized with terror he broke away, almost leaving his ear behind him, and taking to his heels, ran blindly forward, without considering whither he was going, till he reached the quay. But here his career was impeded. Some vessels were just putting to sea, and there was such a concourse of people, and such a barricade of carts and wagons, that the road was almost blocked up. Concluding that his master was upon his heels, and that if he slackened his pace he should inevitably be overtaken, Fritz looked about for an expedient; and saw none but to leap into the nearest vessel and conceal himself, till he thought his pursuer had passed—what he was to do afterward remained for future consideration. In he leaped, therefore, among several other persons, whom, had he paused to think, he might from the similarity of their movements, have supposed to be also eluding the pursuit of a ferocious tailor. But Fritz thought not of them, he thought only of himself; and down he dived into the first hole he saw, and concealed himself behind a barrel. When he had lain there for about half an hour, he heard a great hubbub over his head, which led him to believe that his master had discovered his retreat, and was insisting on his being hunted up: a suspicion in which he was confirmed by frequently distinguishing, amid the din, a voice that ever and anon cried 'Fritz!' He therefore only lay the closer; and whenever any one approached the place of his concealment, he scarcely ventured to breathe lest he should be discovered. Presently, however, there was a new feature in the dilemma—the vessel began to move, and Fritz to suspect that, if he stayed where he was, he should be in for a voyage. This was more than he had reckoned upon, and he was just preparing to emerge, when his courage was quelled by the sound of 'Fritz! Fritz!' which appeared to issue from the mouths of half-a-dozen people at once; so he slunk back to his hole, and suffered himself to be carried to sea. The motion of the vessel, together with the darkness which surrounded him, and his previous fatigue and agitation, presently sent him to sleep; and thus for some hours he lay, oblivious of all his troubles. But at length an inward monitor awoke him—not his conscience, but his appetite; he found himself ravenous, but how to set about satisfying his hunger he could not tell. He listened; he heard the ropes and the spars straining, and the water splashing against the sides of



the vessel, and a heavy foot pacing the deck over his head; but no voice calling "Fritz." He began to hope his master had given up the search and quitted the vessel; so, urged by his stomach, he resolved to creep out and see if he could lay his hands on something eatable. He found it more difficult to get out of his hole than he had done to get into it; however, he contrived to reach the deck, where he discovered it was night. There was a person pacing it from end to end, another at the helm, and two or three more in different directions; but their eyes being all directed seaward, Fritz had no difficulty in eluding their observation; so he crawled on to where he saw a light glimmering from a cabin below, where he found the means of allaying his hunger, after which he threw himself into an empty berth, and fell fast asleep.

"Fritz! Fritz!" "Here I am, sir," cried Fritz, starting from his pillow, and jumping clean out of the berth into the middle of the floor, and hearing himself called, before he had time to recollect where he was. "Here I am, sir!" echoed a man who was passing the door at the moment, and popped in his head to see from whom the announcement proceeded—"and pray, who are you, now you are here?" Fritz rubbed his eyes, and stared about him with such a bewildered air, that he looked very much as if he did not know who he was himself. "Who are you?" said the man, seizing the boy by the arm, "and what brought you here?" "I came aboard myself, sir," replied Fritz. "What?" said the man, "I suppose, if the truth was known, you are some young thief, escaped from justice?"

"I'm not a thief, sir," answered Fritz; "I only ran away from my master, who was going to beat me;" and on being further interrogated, he related his history; whereupon the man to whom he was speaking, who happened to be the steward, took him to the captain, and communicated the whole affair. "We can't get rid of the rogue now," said the captain; "so we must fain take him with us to the West Indies; but we'll keep a close eye upon him, and when we return, we'll bring him back to his master. In the mean time, make him work out his passage." So Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to swab the decks, help his namesake the steward, and put his hand to everything; in short, he had no sinecure. Still, bad as it was, he liked it better than squatting on a shopboard, and stitching all day; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realized. The period in question was a season of war; and when they had been about a week at sea, Fritz was called out of his berth one morning, to help clear the decks for a fight—they were chased by an Englishman. A short battle then ensued; and for two hours Fritz heard the balls whistling round his head, as he ran about the deck at the command of the gunner, at whose orders, on that occasion, he was placed; at the end of which period, the *Jungfrau* struck her colors to the Chanticleer, and presently he found himself transferred to the deck of the English ship. Here he was only looked upon as one of the crew of the prize, and consequently attracted no notice whatever among his captors; while the captain and such of the crew of the *Jungfrau* as survived, were too much occupied with their own misfortune to trouble themselves about him. When the ship reached Hull, to which port she was destined, either from being overlooked, or from being thought of

too little importance to detain, Fritz was suffered to step ashore, and walk away whithersoever he pleased. He strolled into the town, and for some time was amused enough in looking about him; but when he grew hungry and tired, and recollected that he had not a farthing in his pocket to purchase food or lodging, and that, moreover, he could not speak a syllable of English, the forlornness and desolation of his situation struck him with dismay, and sitting down on the step of a door, he began sobbing and crying in a manner that attracted the eyes of the passengers, some of whom enquired what he was crying for. But Fritz, aware that he could not make himself understood, only cried on with redoubled vigor, and made them no answer. As night approached, his case grew worse, and he rose from his step to look about for some sort of shelter. As he wandered through the streets, a party of officers, passed on horseback, one of whom happened to drop his whip. Fritz stepped forward, picked it up and handed it to him. A good turn is never lost; the poor half starved boy was thanked and kindly spoken to by the officer, Colonel Webster, who finding from his language that he was a German and a seemingly forlorn stranger, ordered his servant to conduct him to the barracks; "Kempster," said he, "shall find out his history for us."

Kempster, who was the master of the band, being a German, had little difficulty in extracting the whole of Fritz's adventures; and feeling a natural interest in his little compatriot, he offered to teach him music, and, with Colonel Webster's permission, attach him to the band. This was willingly granted; Fritz was committed to the care of Kempster, and soon appeared on parade in a little uniform, with a triangle in his hand. This was his first instrument, but he was soon qualified to handle more difficult ones; for though he could not learn tailoring, he learnt music fast enough—so fast, that a few years afterward, when his friend Kempster died, he was raised to the dignity of master of the band. It might have been supposed that Fritz had now reached his ultimatum; he thought so himself, and, perfectly contented with his lot, never looked beyond it. But Fortune, who seemed to have taken him into her own peculiar charge, had not done with him yet.

In the course of service, the regiment to which Fritz was attached was sent to Gibraltar; and there it fell to his lot, one day, to relieve two ladies from the attack of a ferocious dog. One was the wife, and the other the daughter, of a rich Spanish merchant; and Fritz, who was now a handsome young fellow, could not help fancying that, while the old lady expressed her gratitude for the service with great volubility, the eyes of the younger expressed hers in a much more eloquent and emphatic language; in short, gratitude made her feel an affection for our hero, who, however, was too modest and too deeply aware of the inferiority of his condition to avow an attachment in return.

Matters had stood thus for some time, when the English forces having attacked and taken Minorca, one of the German regiments that had garrisoned that island, volunteered into the British service, and was removed to Gibraltar; but, to the great inconvenience of all parties, there was scarcely a man in it that could speak a word of English. In this dilemma, the services of Fritz were put in requisition; and he was found so useful as an interpreter, that it was thought advisable to give him a commission, and attach him to the

German regiment. Here, then, was our hero a commissioned officer in his Majesty's service, and entitled to take his place in the society his mistress frequented, on an equal footing. He had thus the advantage of speaking to her frequently, and it was not long before they had avowed to each other their mutual passion; but, alas, she was rich, and Fritz had nothing but his pay, and the father would not hear of the alliance. In this dilemma, they might perhaps have proposed an elopement; but Fritz loved his regiment almost as much as his mistress, and could not think of deserting his duty; and before they could make up their minds as to what line of conduct they should pursue, a couple of transports sailed into the harbor, bringing out a regiment which was ordered to relieve them while they were summoned immediately to England. There was no time for plots or arrangements, and the lovers were separated.

But his old friend, the lady Fortune, having brought Fritz thus far, was determined to stick by him still. Doubtless for the purpose of smoothing the way to Fritz's marriage with the fair Spaniard, she contrived through the instrumentality of Napoleon, to render the Duke of Brunswick's situation so unpleasant, that he found it advisable to abandon his dominions, and take refuge in England. Being a staunch ally, the duke was immediately appointed to the command of a British regiment, and in looking about for an aid-de-camp, who should he fix upon but Fritz! A field officer, and the aid-de-camp of the Duke of Brunswick, was not a son in law to be despised; and upon a renewal of the young man's proposal, a favorable answer was returned, and soon after the lady, accompanied by her friends, arrived in England, and gave her hand to the happy Fritz. It might have been reasonably supposed that Fortune, by this time, tired of showing one side of her face, would have inclined to give Fritz a peep at the other; but no such thing. The course of events having decreed that the great question was to be decided on the plains of Belgium, Fritz accompanied the Duke of Brunswick thither; and when that gallant potentate fell on the field of Waterloo, Fritz found himself in command of his regiment; a situation in which he acquitted himself so honorably, that on the restoration of the legitimate rulers of Brunswick, he was appointed the commander-in-chief of their forces—a post which he continued to occupy for many years, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to his sovereign.

This little tale, with a few variations, is the history of a hero who is still alive, or who was so not long since.

#### DESCRIPTION OF ASPHALTITE LAKE; OR DEAD SEA.

THIS lake, which lies to the southward of the river Jordan, is also called the salt sea, being to the highest degree impregnated with salt, inasmuch that Galen supposes it in specific gravity to be as much beyond other sea-water, as the latter is beyond the water of rivers: Certain it is that bodies will not emerge in it so easily as in other water. It is called the Dead-sea, because it breeds no fish, nor sustains any thing that has life, on account of its excessive saltness; though some travelers seem to doubt of this, and likewise contradict the assertion of others, who tell us, that birds attempting to fly over this sea, drop down dead into it. It has its name Asphaltite, from the great quantity of bitumen

in and about it; and it was anciently supposed, that a great deal of this combustible substance was thrown up by this sea. Whatever there might have been formerly, it seems this bitumen is not now to be found every where upon the shore, though much of it is gathered near the mountains on both sides. It exactly resembles pitch, and cannot readily be distinguished from it, but by the sulphurousness of its smell and taste. This substance however seems not to have been sufficiently, or at all, distinguished from a sort of combustible stones on the shore, being a black sort of pebbles, which being held in the flame of a candle, soon burn and yield a smoke of an intolerable stench; and have this extraordinary property that by burning they lose only their weight, and not any thing whatever of their bulk. The sea in its present state, is enclosed on the east and west with exceeding high mountains; on the north it has the plain of Jericho, or if we may take in both sides of the Jordan, the great plain properly so called: on the south it is open, and extends beyond the reach of the eye. In length it is said to be twenty-four leagues, and in breadth six or seven. Its water is limpid and clear. Much has been said and supposed concerning this famous, or as most will have it, infamous lake, which is said to have risen up from the submersion of the vale of Siddim, where once as is most generally concluded, stood the cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, &c. On this account it has been abhorred and detested, and represented as a prodigious and everlasting testimony of the just judgment of God, to deter mankind from the sins committed by those, who thus drew down on themselves the fiercest wrath and vengeance of the Almighty. It has also been seriously averred that the ruins of these five cities, have been actually discovered in it. Maundrell, in his journey from Aleppo, &c. speaks thus, "I diligently surveyed the waters, as far as my eye could reach but could not discern any heap of ruins, &c. But yet I must not omit what was confidently attested to me by the father Guardian, and the procurator of Jerusalem, both men in affairs, and seemingly not destitute either of sense or probity, viz: 'that they had once actually seen one of these ruins; that it was so near the shore, and the water so shallow at that time, that they, together with some Frenchmen, went into it, and found there several pillars and other fragments of buildings.' On the West side of this lake is a promontory, where they pretend to show the remains of Lot's metamorphosed wife.

#### FLORENCE WILLESSEN.

##### A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form.

WORDSWORTH.

A VILLAGE in the south of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature; and it is what it seems, the very nestling-place of poetry, love, and happiness. It glitters, with its white-washed cottages and garden walls, among the green trees 'mid which it is embowered, like the golden fruits of Spain, peeping from beneath the rich foliage that does but partially conceal them. Its meadows, its stream, its tapering church-spire; its hedge-rows, its lanes of sweetbriar and wild-roses; its lattices, with their clustering jessamine and honey-suckle; its gardens, with their bee-hives; its orchards, with their odoriferous blossoms; and above

all, its simple yet cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of the great world, and unwilling to have that ignorance enlightened; all combine to render a village in the south of England the most delightful spot in the universe. How sweet to retire from the world to such a haven of repose; and there to cultivate only the purer affections of one's nature, and keep the soul divided by a rainbow zone, from the grosser atmosphere of common existence. There are many little paradises of the kind I speak of, and I should be contented with any one of them; although, if I had my choice, I should perhaps fix upon Woodburn, in preference to all the rest. My predilection is the more singular, as all my associations connected with the recollection of that village are of a peculiarly melancholy cast. Even there the spoiler, sorrow, had found an entrance; and his victims were not unknown to me. I will endeavor to recal their story: it is a simple one; but it suits well the mournful temper of my mind, and I shall therefore avail myself of this opportunity to narrate it.

Let me paint her as I first saw her. It was in her cottage garden, on a bright summer morning, when the dew was still sparkling on the flowers. She held a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She stood wrapped in a delightful reverie, with her eyes fixed on two young rose-bushes. I knew not then, that she was my old friend's only child, yet I stopped involuntarily to gaze upon her. I had never before seen aught so beautiful; and that, too, without the shadow of pretence. I cannot describe her features, but their combined effect was irresistible. There was a world of expression—an unfathomable depth of feeling, in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it; but the thought that called it up was merely transient, for a smile gathered upon her lips immediately afterward, and chased away with its light the little harbinger of sorrow. At that moment, the gate was thrown open, and a youth entered. He was her lover I knew it at a glance. A deeper crimson spread itself over her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of intense delight. They stood together; England could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; the youth took the book and read aloud. It was a poetic page over which they hung. She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him with delightful and breathless attention. Who is it that has said there is no happiness on earth? Had he seen Edmund and Florence on that calm, blue morning, he would have confessed the absurdity of his creed.

Edmund was the eldest son of the village rector;—a man "to all the country dear." Florence was the daughter of an old, respected soldier, who had served in many a campaign, and who now lived in retirement, upon a small pension which was given him by government, as the reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection was centred in her only surviving parent; her heart she had bestowed upon Edmund, and he was by no means insensible to the value of the gift. They had been companions from their infancy. All their recollections of times past were the same, for all their amusements and studies had been similar. But Edmund had made considerably more progress than Florence. Nature had heaped upon him all those mental endowments that constitute genius. She had given him a mind capable of the profoundest aspirations; a heart that could feel more

deeply, a fancy that could wing a bolder flight, than those of most other youths of his age. He, as yet, knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from his home during his whole life.

But he was now eighteen, and Florence was only a year younger. They had ceased to be boy and girl. She, indeed, would have been contented to have continued as she was forever, blest with her father's and her lover's affection; more than happy in the discharge of her domestic duties; in her summer evening rambles, in her books, her bees, her fruits, and her flowers. But Edmund, although he loved her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, had more ambition in his nature. He wished to mingle in the crowd, in the pursuit of glory; and he had hopes that he might outstrip at least some of his competitors. Beside, he was not possessed of an independent fortune; and exertion, therefore, became a duty.

His resolution was at once formed; he determined to fix his residence in London, for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether, in truth, ability was there its own reward. It was sad news to Florence; but on reflection on the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish, and endeavored to restrain it. The evening before he left Woodburn, they took a farewell walk together in her father's garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day; but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming in through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, and as she thought how often they had seen the sun set before, and how long it would be ere they should see it set again, a chord was touched which vibrated through her heart, and she could no longer restrain her tears. Edmund besought her, with the utmost tenderness of manner, not to give way to emotions so violent; but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and, amid the convulsive sobs, repeated again and again—"Edmund! we shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right;—we shall never meet more!" Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of; but though she became calm, a gloomy presentiment of future evil seemed to have taken possession of her mind.

A year had elapsed, and Edmund's early dream had been more than realized. He had risen into fame at once; his reputation as a man of genius was acknowledged throughout his native land. His fortune secured, and his name had already become illustrious. Every where was his society courted, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seemed to be no honors to which he might not hope to attain. His ardent spirit, and his growing ambition, became only the more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown on upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream—a dream from which he saw no prospect of immediate awakening.

It was evening and he was alone in her splendid drawing-room, with the loveliest woman in London—the daughter of a viscount. A hundred lamps, reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them. There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund, and the lady Matilda, would not have cared had they never arrived at all. They sat near each other, and talked in low, soft

tones, of all that youth and beauty love best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before: for there were hundreds in the metropolis, blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and their fortunes to have secured one of these smiles which the proud maiden now lavished upon him. And she—she had read his works, she thought of his fame, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred scions of nobility who had offered up incense at her shrine. A carriage was heard to stop, and they were soon to be interrupted. "I have taken a fancy to that emerald ring of yours," said the lady Matilda, "will you exchange it for one of mine?" She took a glittering diamond from her finger, and put it on Edmund's; and at the same time his emerald became one of the ornaments of the prettiest hand in the world. It was a ring which Florence had given him, the very morning he left Woodburn.

The two years he was to be away had expired. "Florence," said her father to her one morning, "I never saw you looking so well, your cheeks are all roses, my sweet girl; have you been watching the sun rise?" Florence turned away her head for a moment, to brush a burning tear from her eye, and then answered cheerfully to her unsuspecting father that she had seen the sun rise. There was not a person in Woodburn, except her father, who had not observed how dreadfully Florence was altered—not in her manners, nor habits, nor conversation; but in her looks. Her cheek, it is true, was red, but it was the hot flush of fever; her eye was bright, but it was the clearness of an insidious malady.

She had heard of Edmund's success, and there was not a heart in the world that beat so proudly at the intelligence: but she soon heard of more than his success, and his letters became fewer, shorter, and colder. When her father was from home, she would sit for hours in her garden, by herself, listening, as she said, to the chirping of the birds, but weeping bitterly all the while.

"I have not heard you speak of Edmund lately," said her father to her one day about the beginning of June. "I do not think of him the less," answered Florence, with a faint smile. She old man knew nothing of his apostasy. "I have good news for you," said he; "I saw the rector to day, and Edmund is to be in Woodburn by the end of the week." Florence grew pale; she tried to speak, but could not; a mist swam before her eyes; she held out her hand, and threw herself into her father's arms.

It was Saturday evening, and she knew that Edmund had arrived early on the previous day, but she had not yet seen him. She was sitting in the summer house of her father's garden, when she heard a step on the gravel walk; she looked through the willows and honey-suckle; it was he! he himself—in all the bloom and beauty of dawning manhood. A strange shivering passed over her whole frame, and her color went and came with fearful rapidity. Yet she retained her self-possession, and with apparent calmness, rose to receive him when he entered. The change in her appearance, however, struck him immediately; "Good God! have you been ill! you are altered, sadly altered, since I saw you last." "Does that strike you as so very wonderful, Edmund?" said Florence gravely; "are you not altered, too?" "Oh, Florence! I have behaved to you like a villain! I see it now, cruelly, fa-

tally do I see it!" "Edmund, that I *did* love you, you setting sun, which shone upon us when last we parted can still attest, for it was the witness of my grief. It has been the witness, too, of the tears I have shed in my solitude, tears which have been revealed to no earthly eye; and it shall be the witness, even yet," she continued, an almost heavenly smile illuminating her pale countenance, "of our reconciliation, for the wanderer has returned, and his errors are forgiven." She held out her hand to him as she spoke, but he shrunk back; "I dare not—I dare not take it! It is too late! Florence, I am married!" There was not a sound escaped her lips, but her cheeks grew deadly pale; her eyes became fixed as stone, and she fell on the ground like a marble statue.

Her grave is in the church-yard of Woodburn; she lies beside her father. There is no urn nor monumental tablet to mark the spot, but I should know it among a thousand. Edmund's fame has traveled into other countries, and men have looked up to him as a demigod. Florence Willerden was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

#### DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE HUMAN SPIRIT AND ANIMAL MIND.

THE human soul is as clearly distinguished from all animal mind, notwithstanding the partial resemblances that exist, as the bee is from the sponge, or the elephant from the oyster. Independent of all metaphysical discrimination, the literature, the history, the arts, the mechanisms, and the manufactures of mankind—all that ennobles, enriches, and delights a cultivated nation, show at once, with an irresistible certainty, the immense superiority of the human soul. It has discovered and acquired the sciences, composed the works, displayed the feelings, performed the actions, and created the buildings, the ships, the paintings, the statues, the music, and all the other wonders of civilized society. These are sufficient facts to separate the human spirit from the animal mind. That never improves; that, in no age or country, has effected any progression; though it sees, hears, and feels as we do, and thinks and reasons, wills and judges on its preceptions, so far as its appetites are concerned, much as we do on ours. But there is its limit. Beyond that small, though useful circle, it never advances. In our appetites, in the mental agency which they stimulate and acquire, we have a kinship and a similitude, but no further. When our moral principles begin—when our improvable abilities develop—when we rise beyond our animal wants and desires—when we study nature—when we cultivate literature—when we seek after knowledge—when the reason and the sympathies ascend to their Creator—we distinguish our spirit from the animal mind forever. To none of these things can that attain. It is incapable either of receiving or of comprehending them; and these ennobling powers and their phenomena express and illustrate the amazing difference which parts us from our fellow brutes, more impressively than any verbal definitions or descriptive particularity. Their faculties, instincts, are admirable for their class of being, and enlarge our notions of the benevolence as well as of the almightiness of our Common Maker; but they bear no comparison with the transcending capacity, qualities, and achievements of their human masters.—*Turner's Sacred History.*



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THE GROUP







# THE ROVER.

## SONNET.

BY LAWRENCE LARKE.

'Mid sorrow's gloom—amid the world's stern cares,  
And when my heart is barren of all gladness—  
Oppressed and weighed down by my spirit's sadness,  
I murmur not at the dark gloom it wears;  
But, like Jove's bird, that cleaves the heavenward sky,  
During the brightness of Sol's burning eye—  
Leaving the earth where meaner creatures crawl,  
In proud sublimity o'ertrapping all;  
So I to heaven direct my wayward thought,  
And with the harmony of things divine  
I bathe my spirit. Thus my mind is taught  
That 'tis unmanly weakness to repine;  
And I submit—the rod that smites me kins,  
Nor think on earth to find the goddess, Bliss.

## HENPECKERY.

SHOWING HOW RICHARD SLOMAN WAS COWED DOWN.

BY SERA SMITH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

HANNAH SMART was "brought up," as they say in New England, by Mr. Moses Gardner. She was an orphan, her parents having died when she was quite a child; and Mr. Gardner, having no family but his wife, took the child, by advice and consent of the selectmen, to occupy that half-way station between a servant and daughter in his family, which usually falls to the lot of adopted children.

Mr. Gardner was a good-natured benevolent man—a farmer in easy circumstances; who, as he had no children, made something of a pet of a favorite black mare, which he always used to keep in the best trim, fat and sleek as a porpoise, and her tail trimmed into a long and graceful switch; and she, in return, always carried him about, wherever he went, with a comfortable, easy, slow trot, that comported well with his staid, quaker-like appearance, as well as being very suitable to his heavy rotundity of body.

Hannah was a girl for whom nature had done a good deal—indeed, on some points, it would seem as though she had done almost too much; for, according to the laws of phrenology, she had given her rather an undue portion of self-esteem and love of approbation, together with a full share of destructiveness; so that Hannah not only had the powerful elements of a vain woman about her, but was pretty likely, in the course of her life, to beat down all obstacles that stood in the way of her having her own will. Indeed, she always had her own will, while she lived with Mr. Gardner, almost without knowing it; for his easy, good-natured disposition, hardly ever opposed any obstacles in her way—and as to her vanity, it did not show itself to her disadvantage till even some years after she was married; for the plain, simple, honest society around her, did nothing to minister to its growth.

When Hannah was about fifteen years of age, Mr. Gardner advised his wife to allow her an opportunity to learn millinery, as there was a chance in the neighborhood for her to be initiated into the mysteries of that graceful art; for he said "It might become of great use to her at some time of her life, as there was no knowing what situation a body may be placed in, and he thought it was always well for a child, boy or

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girl, to be acquainted with some kind of a trade, or to understand some handiwork, that they could resort to, in case of necessity, wherever they might be placed."

Accordingly, Hannah was put under the tuition of a milliner for the best part of a year, and was found to be exceedingly expert at the business. Indeed, it was allowed that her taste for air and finish was superior to that of her teacher. After this, for a number of years, she supplied bonnets for the neighborhood for several miles round; which, to be sure, as it was a country place, not very thickly settled, did not occupy but a small portion of her time—so that, besides this, she had much time to assist Mrs. Gardner, while she remained in the family; and, after she was married, time enough to attend to all matters of her own household.

At eighteen years of age, Hannah went the way of all girls—that is to say, she got married; and although Mr. Gardner, as well as his wife, was much opposed to it at the time, yet, when he found the thing was settled, and it was no longer of any use to oppose it, he at length not only gave her his blessing, but quite a comfortable fitting-out for housekeeping. His reasons for opposing the match were two-fold. First, the void he foresaw it would create in his family was very painful to him; for long habit had taught him to regard even her very wilfulness with a sort of pleasure—that is, the daily exhibitions of it served as a sort of stimulus to the old gentleman's quiet, phlegmatic temperament; and he was uneasy without it, as the dram-drinker without his daily cup. And, in the second place, he had serious doubts whether the choice that Hannah had made for a husband, which indeed might rather be called her choice than the choice of the young man, she having been the most active of the two in making the arrangement—Mr. Gardner had serious doubts whether the choice was the best one that could be made; and he said to his wife, one day, that he considered Richard Sloman a very clever fellow, but he was afraid he wouldn't have grit enough to get along well with Hannah. And on the day of the wedding, he took occasion to have a little friendly talk with Richard himself, and hinted to him that, although Hannah was a very nice gal, yet she was not only smart by name, but smart by nature, and had an uncommon faculty of having her own way in the world.

But what did Richard care for that? It all seemed right enough to him. He loved Hannah, and Hannah loved him; and what if she did have her own way? A man and his wife were one, or ought to be; and if she had her own way, why, that, of course, would be his way; and he could see no trouble on that score.

Richard Sloman was a good-looking young man, just "out of his time," or twenty-one years of age, the very day he was married; for he took it into his head he would be married on his birth-day. He was of the middling stature, with limbs well proportioned, finely chiselled features, and a mild black eye. Hannah Smart had "set her cap for him" two years before; and, although they were not long in coming to a mutual understanding, Richard would not consent to be married till he was his own man—a high privilege which he enjoyed for the best part of a whole day, viz: his wedding-day; for, according to all accounts, he never was perfectly his own man afterward.

Richard had learned the trade of a shoemaker, and

was a very neat workman; but, as there were other shoemakers in the vicinity, and the demand for shoes in a country-place was somewhat limited, he worked a part of the time on a farm. The first year of their married life went off very comfortably and very happily. Richard was intelligent, industrious, and prudent; and as their wants were small, he managed not only to live well, but to lay up a little something ahead. He never stopped to think whether his wife had her own way or not. He always got her everything she wanted, and half the time even before she knew she wanted it herself. In short, the theory which Richard had formed in his own mind, at the time Mr. Gardner talked with him on his wedding-day, seemed for some years to prove true—his wife's way *was* his way. Whatever she wanted, he wanted; and he couldn't see but the rule worked the other way just as well—for his way seemed to be her way. Somehow or other, they naturally seemed to pull together, and everything went ahead smooth and easy, they hardly knew how, and never troubled themselves to think how. Thus the years rolled round, and peace and sunshine lay continually in their pathway.

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

But, alas! an end must come to all conditions of earthly enjoyment; and we often throw away the good we have, in search of a better, which we never attain. They had now lived in this quiet, comfortable way, ten years, and had five children—healthy, handsome, and bright children. But Hannah, for the last year or two, began to grow restless. The spontaneous action of her self-esteem, and love of approbation, did not find sufficient aliment. Domestic enjoyments seemed to become almost a drug to her. She wanted a change, but she hardly knew what. She told Richard, one day, she wished he would move into the village. He was surprised at the proposition, and wanted to know what made her think of that.

"Well," she said, "I think we might have a good many more advantages in the village than we have in the country—better society, and better schools. It would be a good deal better for our children; for there they would be brought up among folks, and learn to be something in the world."

Richard entered into a little course of reasoning with her on the subject, to show her that it would be more expensive living in the village—that they would have to buy most of their provisions, whereas now he could raise nearly all they wanted; and they might find it very difficult to get along as comfortably in the village as they did in their present situation.

Although the subject was dropped for the time, Hannah did not give it up. The next day she referred to it again, in a more decided manner. "It would be a great deal better to live in the village, and she didn't see why he didn't think about it, and do something about it."

Richard went over the arguments again, to show the impolicy of the undertaking; and added, among other things, that they would have to pay three times as much for house-rent as they had to give now. Her reply was, that it would be a much better place both for shoes and for bonnets, and she did not doubt they could get along easier than they could in the country. So that, although Richard had demonstrated pretty

clearly that if even their income should be increased, their expenses would be increased in much greater proportion, he found the old adage was still true, and applicable to either gender:

"She that's convinced against her will,  
Is of the same opinion still."

Hannah pursued the subject again the next day, and began to impute to Richard a want of a proper regard for the welfare and happiness of his family. This was more than Richard could bear. His attachments to his family were exceedingly strong. His wife and children were more than life to him. He had been touched on a very sensitive point; and he told Hannah, if she desired it, he would go to the village immediately, and look round, and see what could be done. He accordingly went the very next day; and returning in the evening, told her he could find but one house to let, that would answer their purpose, and the rent of that, with a very small garden, was a hundred and fifty dollars a year. The rent of the one they now occupied, including land enough to keep a cow, and to raise more vegetables than they wanted to use, was but fifty dollars a year. His own judgment was still against the change, but Hannah believed it would be the best thing they could do. They could make a shop of the corner room, next to the street, for the sale of shoes and bonnets; and her head was full of bright visions of the profitable business they would do, and the pleasant times they would have in the village.

Richard therefore went, and hired the house; and as soon as arrangements could possibly be made, they removed to their new habitation. Here, they carried out Hannah's idea of fitting up a shop for the sale of bonnets and shoes. They got their landlord to put up some shelves on each side of the corner room next to the street, and Richard took what money he had laid up from his earnings, about three hundred dollars, and filled his shelves with an assortment of ready-made shoes, and provided himself with a small amount of stock for the manufacture of more. Hannah went to work at her millinery, and it was not long before the shelves on the opposite side of the store were graced by a goodly array of bonnets, of various sorts and sizes.

Thus one side of the shop was devoted to covering the heads of customers, and the other side to covering the feet, and the whole business was carried on in a partnership sort of a way, Richard and Hannah each taking turns in waiting upon customers, as circumstances might render it convenient—that is, when Richard was at work in his little manufacturing room, back of the store, if customers came in for shoes, his wife would wait upon them; and when she was occupied about the dinner, or had gone out on a visit or on business, Richard would mind the shop, and sell shoes or bonnets as opportunities occurred. They soon began to do a snug little business, and Richard himself almost came to the conclusion that, on the whole, it had been a good move, and they had a pretty fair prospect of getting ahead in the world.

Hannah was a showy, good-looking woman, and soon attracted much attention in the village. Her bonnets were neat and tasteful, and were universally praised for their own beauty; but as fast as people became acquainted with the beauty and attractive manners of Hannah, they praised her bonnets ten times more than they did before, and declared them to be decidedly the most tasteful things that had ever appeared in the village. These remarks often came to Hannah's ears:

accompanied by various flattering compliments about her own good looks; till at length her self-esteem and approbation, which were naturally large, began to be unduly stimulated and active, terminating in a decided case of vanity. And when she came to attract the marked attention of Doctor Slop's family, and Lawyer Sly's family, her head was fairly turned.

Mrs. Doctor Slop and Mrs. Lawyer Sly both called and got new bonnets on the same day, and they both very foolishly told their husbands, when they got home, what a beautiful woman Mrs. Sloman was—a noble-looking woman, with fair complexion, and clear blue eyes, and very fascinating in her manners. The result was, that Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly both called that very afternoon at Sloman's shop, to fit themselves to a pair of pumps; and Richard being at work in the back shop, Hannah of course waited upon them. And they had to try on a great many pairs, and sat down, that they might do it at their leisure. And then they could not make up their minds which suited them best, and had to try them all over again. They were sorry to give her so much trouble, but she did not consider it any trouble at all; and, with a sort of bewitching air, and accommodating spirit, asked them to look at some more.

The husbands went away more pleased, if possible, with Mrs. Sloman, than their wives had been. The consequence of all this was a rapid and intimate acquaintance between Mrs. Sloman and the families of Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly. Mr. and Mrs. Sloman were soon invited to both of those places to tea; and as they were counted the first families in the village, and as Mrs. Sloman was the marked object of their attention, she felt herself so raised in the atmosphere of society, that she became quite giddy—and more especially so, when she had been told, by several busy bodies, that, while the ladies praised the beauty of Mrs. Sloman's bonnets, Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly had very much praised the beauty of Mrs. Sloman. Her wants now began to be greatly increased. She needed new dresses for herself, and new clothes for the children; and she needed new furniture for her little sitting-room—for it was a shame that she could not have a room that was decent to ask Doctor Slop or Lawyer Sly, or Mrs. Doctor Slop or Mrs. Lawyer Sly, into, when they came to make her a call.

The worst of the matter was, as her wants increased, her means of supplying them diminished; for her time was now very much taken up in matters of dress, and in arranging and curling her hair, and in receiving visits. Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly were very fond of having her come to spend an afternoon at their respective houses, and often took her out to walk, or carried her to ride with their wives. And then the bishops and bustles of fashion came in for a large share of her attention. The style of dress changed as often as the moon; and though her old friends thought she did not look near so well or so interesting as she used to, when she dressed in a more plain and simple manner, yet she was now looked upon more as a woman of fashion, and that suited her excited vanity.

These things necessarily occupied so much of her time, that they left her small opportunity to carry on her business of millinery, or to superintend the ordinary concerns of her family. Her stock of bonnets diminished; her customers found it more difficult to suit themselves; and often, having to wait an unreasonable time before their orders were answered, resorted to oth-

er places for supplies. In short her trade fell off very much, and the income from her side of the shop was very small. It was in vain that Richard remonstrated with her about her extra expenses; that they were unnecessary, and added nothing to their comfort; that they had been very comfortable in the way they had been accustomed to live, and that their income would not afford these new expenditures. Nevertheless, Hannah put her hand into the money-drawer whenever she chose, and helped herself to such things as she liked. The dressmaker was often called to the house, and the children were often sent to the tailor's. The floor was newly carpeted, and the windows newly curtained, and a new ten-set was brought upon the table.

The money-drawer, which had hitherto been used in common for both sides of the shop, was often drained so low, that Richard found it impossible to meet the various bills that came in; and when quarter-day came round, he was obliged to borrow twenty dollars toward paying the quarter's rent. He now remonstrated more strongly, and urged the absolute necessity of curtailing their expenses, insisting that the money should be preserved to pay provision-bills and rent-bills, which could not be put off, and must be paid; whereupon Hannah flew in a passion, and said he might curtail as much as he had a mind to, but she had a right to use her own money as she pleased, and she would do it. And henceforth she kept the money received for bonnets in her own pocket; and if any were sold while she was out, she strictly called Richard to an account, and made him hand over the change the moment she came in.

Richard told her he did not want the money; he used none of it for himself; all he wanted was to have it laid out prudently, and to good advantage, for the use of the family; but the times were hard, and their income small, and it needed a prudent use of all they could earn to meet their necessary expenses. This reasoning had no effect upon Hannah—she still persisted in having her own way, getting such things as she wanted, cost what they would, and spending what she called her part of the money, as she pleased. She often took tea at Doctor Slop's and Lawyer Sly's, while Richard remained at home, where his presence was constantly necessary to look after the shop and the family.

Sometimes the Slops and the Slys took tea with Mrs. Sloman, and then there was an extra bill at the baker's for cakes and tarts, and an extra bill at the grocer's for sundries, and an extra bill at the drygoods dealer's for laces and ribbands and other necessities of life. One day, when Hannah was out, some of these extra bills from the baker and grocer were brought in, and Richard was obliged to take the money he had received for a bonnet to help pay them. For this, Hannah gave him a severe scolding, and heaped upon him many taunting reproaches. She told him if a man could not find provision for his family to eat, without taking his wife's money, he was no man, and did not deserve the name of a man. Richard felt that the reproach was so unreasonable, so undeserved, and so unjust, he could not make a word of reply.

The same thing occurred with regard to the rent, when the next quarter-day came round; for Richard took five dollars which he had received for bonnets, and appropriated it toward meeting the call of his landlord. Hannah had gone out with one of the children, when this occurred, to take a ride with Doctor Slop; and when she returned, and found what Richard had

done, she opened upon him a whole volley of reproaches, declaring his conduct to be mean and outrageous, and telling him that a man who could not provide a house for his family to live in, without taking his wife's earnings to help pay the rent, ought to be ashamed of himself.

Richard was greatly distressed; for, besides receiving such heartless treatment from one whom he had loved and cherished as his own life for so many years, and who had, till quite recently, always given him her warm affections in return, he now began to be much perplexed and embarrassed in pecuniary affairs. When the landlord called with his rent-bill, which was thirty-seven dollars and a half, all that Richard could muster in the shop was ten dollars, including the five dollars received for bonnets. After considerable difficulty, he made out to borrow ten more, and paid over to his landlord an instalment of twenty dollars. The profits of his business had fallen off considerably of late, for he was obliged to devote much of his time to looking after the children, and minding both sides of the shop, and running about to borrow money to meet the increasing bills that were brought in, and then, again, to borrow money to pay borrowed money with; so that he found it impossible to keep his stock of shoes good, or to meet the demands of his customers.

Things went on in this way for some time longer. In proportion as Hannah's vanity had become stimulated, she grew irritable and unreasonable; and, although in the presence of Doctor Slop or Lawyer Sly, she was all smiles and sunshine, yet she was anything but smiles and sunshine when left alone with Richard. So what he could he was never safe from her reproaches. Whatever he did, it was never enough, or never right. If he set such a table as his means would afford, it was a mean table, and such as a man ought to be ashamed to set his family down to. Such a mean table as that was never seen in Doctor Slop's house. And if Richard went beyond his means, till he had no money left to buy anything with, then he was a shiftless, small pattern of a man, that never ought to have had a family, if he could not provide for them, or take care of them. Why didn't he stir about, and have some enterprise, and do something to get a good living, as Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly did? He would never catch them to be out of money, or to keep their families half-starved or ragged.

Richard's mind and body both began to droop under this state of things. He could not fight or quarrel with his wife—it was like striking a dagger into his own heart; and though, for awhile, he sometimes answered reproach with reproach, he soon gave it up, and rounded his shoulders to the storm, and let it pour on. His chief study, after this, was to try to manage things so as to get along, from day to day, with the least scolding. He even came to regard the visits of Doctor Slop and Lawyer Sly with a sort of pleasure, as affording him a temporary relief; for while they were in the house, feeding Hannah's vanity and self-love by their hints at her beauty and good taste, she was always sure to be in good humor; and sometimes her good humor would last, if nothing crossed her path, for several hours after they left. Richard's pecuniary affairs, by the force of all these circumstances, were getting into a bad way. His spirits were broken—he stooped in his walk, and looked care-worn and feeble. His debts and embarrassments increased—many bills came in, which he could not meet; and when quarter-day came

round, he had not a dollar for his landlord. There being a quarter and a half of rent due, and no prospect of any pay, the landlord immediately put an attachment upon the furniture in the house, and upon what goods and stock there was in the shop; and several other creditors immediately followed with attachments, amounting, in the whole, to much more than the things could possibly sell for.

By agreement, it was arranged that an immediate sale of the articles should take place, without any further expenses in the suit; and the next day, at twelve o'clock, was fixed for the hour. Richard felt as though the world was over with him, and it mattered not much whether he had a house, and a home, or was a wanderer in the streets. The older children looked and felt bad, but could hardly realize the dreariness of their lot. Hannah was almost in hysterics—nervous and irritable; crying one minute, scolding at Richard the next, and then crying again. She declared she would not stay and see the sale; and she would not live in the village any longer; and she would not see anybody in the village again; and nobody in the village should see them going out of it like a pack of beggars, for she would go out in the night.

An officer was left in charge of the goods and the house, which the family were permitted to occupy as usual, till the next day. That night brought them but little sleep.

"What are you going to do now?—I should like to know," said Hannah, "now you have brought us to this?"

"I don't think I have brought us to this," said Richard.

"Yes, you have brought us to this," said Hannah; "if you have not, I should like to know who has. But it's no use to be talking about that now; all is, I should like to know what you are going to do, and where you are going to."

"Well, it makes not much odds to me," said Richard; "I had about as lives go one way as t'other."

Finally in the course of the night there seemed to be an understanding between them to take up their line of march for the next town, about six miles distant, where they had heard, a month or two before, that a shoemaker was wanted. Accordingly, just about daylight, before anybody was stirring in the village, Richard and Hannah, and the five children, with their several little bundles of clothing, left the house and the village, and wandered along the road toward the next town. The morning was warm and cloudy, and some of the children being quite small, they moved but slowly onward.

About nine o'clock, when they had gone between four and five miles, and had just come to the old broken guide-board, where the road turned two ways, one to the town where they had thought of going, and the other toward the neighborhood where Mr. Moses Gardner lived, whom should they see but Mr. Gardner himself, riding down the road, close to them, on his old black mare. One of his neighbors had been to the village the night before, where he had heard that Sloman and his family were in difficulty, and he called and told the whole story to Mr. Gardner, who started immediately after breakfast to go to the village, on purpose to look into their affairs. He had not seen or heard from them before for more than six months, as he seldom went to the village, and the report his neighbor brought gave him a good deal of uneasiness. He had got his information from a person who lived at the very next



door to Sioman's, and knew all about their affairs. He understood from this person that Mrs. Sioman had carried matters with a pretty high hand, almost ever since they lived in the village—visiting, and receiving visits, and dressing and riding about, and running into every little extravagant expense that she took a fancy to, neglecting her business and family, till they were all run down, and everything they had was attached.

"And did you see anything of Richard?" asked Mr. Gardner.

"Yes," said the neighbor, "I saw him go in and out of his shop two or three times, but not to speak to him."

"Well, how did he appear?" said Mr. Gardner.

"He's amazingly altered," said the neighbor; "looks care worn, and stoops a good deal more than he used to: and I never see a man that looked so much cowed down in all my life."

Such was the information with which Mr. Gardner had started that morning for the village. As he rode up to the group, Richard turned a few steps away, without saying a word, and stood looking up the road. Hannah covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly. The old gentleman inquired kindly into all their affairs, and soon got their story.

"Well, now," said he, "instead of going and trying to seek your fortune in the next town, as you are talking of, you had better go right up into our neighborhood again, where you spent ten years so happily, and try to live them over again. And my word for it, Hannah, if you will only mind a few simple rules that I'll give you, though you may not find the years altogether so happy as those that have gone by, you may at least find them quite pleasant and comfortable."

"Oh, Mr. Gardner, I'll mind anything you tell me," said Hannah, still weeping.

"Well, in the first place," said the old gentleman, "you must set it down as a rule, always to live within your income. He that always spends a little less than he earns, will always have something ahead for a rainy day, and will find himself every year growing better off. When you haven't earned enough to buy a silk dress, wear a calico one, or fix up the old one—you will find it just as comfortable. And when you haven't earned enough to buy a good meal of victuals, eat a poorer one—you will feel full as well the next day. And, in the next place, you must let Richard carry the purse, and hold the purse-strings. Put whatever you can into the purse, but let Richard lay out the money. He doesn't drink, and never spends his money foolishly, but lays it out to the best advantage, for the good of his family; and he understands it much better than you do—he's good at figures, and you ain't—and he'll make a dollar go as far as you'll make two go. Now, just go up here to the old place again, and mind these things, and if you don't find the world roll along quite comfortably with you, I'll agree to support you and your family. But these children look tired," continued the old gentleman, looking round upon them; "have they had any breakfast?"

Hannah said they had not.

"Well, it is high time they had," said Mr. Gardner, taking out his purse, and putting his hand into it; "here, take some money, and stop at the little tavern, which is a few rods ahead, and get you all a good breakfast. Got some bacon and eggs and coffee for you and Richard, and a good bowl of bread and milk for the children; and then go on, and stop at my house, and tell Richard he had better go and see if he can't engage

the the old place again, for it hasn't been occupied lately; and I'll go on down to the village, and see if I can't contrive some plan to save a part of your furniture."

So saying, he pursued his way toward the village, and the family group went forward to the tavern, where they followed Mr. Gardner's directions to the letter with regard to their breakfast.

#### THE PLAGUE AT GIBRALTAR.

We know not the source whence came the following strong and graphic sketch; but we have seldom read a more powerfully written account of that dreadful scourge, the plague.

A question arose, that absorbed all other feelings in the one interest that pervaded the garrison. An awful rumor was in mysterious circulation. Men clustered together in corners, and conversed in whispers, suddenly breaking off their discourse when joined by a new comer, or affecting obstreperous mirth, to hide the apprehension that was daily growing more apparent.

Families were hastily departing from the Rock, some to England, and—though it was by no means safe on account of the war—some into Spain—or, sailing vessels home, even to the Mediterranean.

The doctors were observed to be stealthily alert, and affectedly idle. Looks were responded to by looks, and each seemed fearful of fashioning his thoughts into speech. Daily the parades grew less formal, and all duties, not absolutely necessary to the good order of the garrison, were fast falling into disuse. The officers were no longer seen promenading in merry groups. Parties were abolished—the soldiers kept close to their barracks—mirth had fled—business was suspended—the shops were closed—the merchants' stores shut up—the streets became silent as the grave—and desolation was fast spreading itself over the place of doom.

Then came the appointment of lazarettos to receive the sick—the drafting of regiments for volunteers, to the most dangerous duties—those were selected from among the soldiers who had served in the West Indies, or on the Rock during a season of epidemic fever. Then houses were placed under the surveillance of sentries; next, whole streets were barricaded; and finally concealment was at an end; the port was closed, the yellow flag was hoisted, the dock became a place of quarantine, and the presence of the plague was speedily declared.

Who can speak the horror of that single sentence? Not even those who have partaken the sufferings of a place so visited!—how little then can others comprehend all the fearful contingencies attendant upon that horrible annunciation?

Henceforth the vessels arriving from other ports, warned by the fatal signal, steered wide of the harbor, communicating only distantly with the depot ships of war lying off the New Mole, under the command of Rear-Admiral Fleming, and then passed away in terror of every breeze that swept over her decks.

Letters to England were forbidden, the Rock paper was circulated jealously, and its details could no longer be relied on—the progress of the war had lost its engrossing interest, and upon the single point where all minds concentrated the reports were every way delusive—hopes were held forth that had no foundation—not half the number of cases recorded, and no death that could by possibility be kept concealed. Such was the danger to be apprehended from spreading the alarm, which

In spite of all precautions acted only too powerfully as an assiduous assistant to the incursions of the disease.

And soon, instead of being a journal of incidental occurrences, the Rock paper became only a vehicle for the transmission of garrison regulations.

Female attendants were no longer to be had in any capacity; washerwomen and nurses abandoned their duties, and could neither be bribed nor threatened into their performance. Delicate hands were dedicated to the most servile and laborious occupations, and each family became a separate community, holding no intercourse with the rest, except such as were passed through the momentary interchange of a few words conveyed by the conductors of the provision-carts, by whom stores were daily deposited in baskets placed at spots appointed for the purpose.

The only circumstances that interrupted the solemn stillness of the place were the transits of such carts, or of others devoted to more mournful duties. The course of that appointed for the conveyance of the sick to the public lazarettos was often marked by the wailings of the dying, or the shrieks of the newly smitten, who were forcibly torn from their relatives, in all probability to die among hospital hirelings, and to be hurled, without distinction of rank or sex, into those dreadful capacious pits dug on the neutral ground—to serve as the common receptacle of all persons suspected to have died of the pestilence, in each of which at the least fifty unconfined bodies were huddled and heaped together.

The separation of infected members from their families was a measure considered essential to stop the course of infection, but it could only be practised where one person in a household suffered. In these cases, however, it was so abhorrent to the feelings of the people generally, that the doctors were continually assailed by the most heart-piercing entreaties to secrete the fact of such cases—and failing in their prayers, many persons have been known wilfully to incur the infection, so that, by a family quarantine, they might be suffered to remain shut up together in their homes, to the chance of recovery or death.

When the spread of the infection rendered the calamity more general, the removal to lazarettos, except in very peculiar circumstances, became of necessity abandoned. And during this period there was scarcely a family on the Rock, from whose history could not be selected, among the women especially, instances of courage, of beautiful attachment—of enduring constancy, of self-abnegation and intrepidity, that would have adorned the annals of past ages.

Perhaps, of all the circumstances attendant on that awful visitation, none was more terrible than the frightful rapidity with which burial followed death.

The necessity of the measure could not be disputed—but the occasional results were truly horrible to reflect upon.

The passages of the death-carts were unintermitting day and night, the solemn rumble might continually be distinguished; and though the conductors did not, as in some places in times of plague, summon the survivors to bring out their dead, the celerity with which they appeared in the chambers of the scarcely breathless,—uncerimoniously hustling the beloved departed into a coffin that was destined to bear numbers only to the brink of the grave, from which, except by special favor, it was there to be cast into its nauseous resting-place, were details sufficiently revolting to the feelings of the survivors.

Nor was this unhallowed burial, where no prayers consecrated the repose of the departed, the only circumstance that harrowed the sorrows of the mourners. There was yet a fearful question, which had, in several cases, been but too awfully answered, that paralysed them with terror then, and formed the subject of painful doubt to many for the remainder of their lives—

#### *Was the buried dead?*

The terror of a living burial appears to be indigenous to the human mind—how many record their fears on the face of their last testament! To how many injunctions does that single apprehension give rise!—Even death itself loses its hideousness in comparison with the horrible suggestion of recovering sensation and memory in the grave! and *what* a grave was theirs? Who could venture to portray such an awakening? The human mind would break down, and reason itself be flighted from her throne, were we steadily to contemplate the position of a victim restored to consciousness in the midst of such a charnel-pit of vileness and corruption.

#### WAS THE BURIED DEAD?

Thou wert wise! thou wert good! thou wert loved!

With thy name all my hopes were entwined,  
And each day but more tenderly proved  
How my life in thy life was enshrined!  
But the light has gone out from thine eye,  
And thine odorless breathings are shed,  
And while to awake thee I try,  
They rudely exclaim, thou art dead!

Thou wert prized as the one precious gem,  
And my heart was the casket for thee!  
Yet now I am plundered by them,  
And they bear my rich treasure from me;  
They wait not for coffin nor shroud,  
They heed not the tears that I shed,  
But they hustle thee off with the crowd,  
And can it be true thou art dead?

Thou wert good! yet no requiem nor bell,  
Denotes the sad passage of worth,  
And no shuddering mourner may tell  
How they flung thee like filth in the earth!  
Death with horror hath heaped thee around,  
Corruption now pillars thy head;  
They have piled up that dread cavern's bound,  
And now must I pray thou art dead.

Could'st thou wake in that pestilent grave,  
To know where thou'rt left to decay,  
To struggle, to battle, to rave,  
'Mongst the dead as thou gropest thy way,  
Thou would'st tear out thine heart in affright,  
Thy wisdom, thine intellect fled.  
Could'st thou creep through that death-slime to light,  
Affection would wish thou wert dead.

Thy death, that but now was the theme  
Of mine anguish, my tears, my despair,  
To such horrors as these doth but seem  
A subject for tenderest prayer.  
Thou art gone—thou art risen on high—  
To the throne of thy Father thou'rt sped:  
Thou'rt above—wherefore, then, should I sigh?  
Would to God I were sure thou wert dead.

That the danger was not merely imaginary was demonstrated by several startling cases, where trance was mistaken for death; and as those persons were but rarely rescued, and the sable attendants were permitted to exercise a discretionary power, there is only too much lamentable cause to fear that in some instances the awakening may have come too late.

One instance of escape was afforded by an officer, who was subsequently one of the greatest ornaments

of our dramatic corpse—Lieutenant Jordan, of the 26th—who suffered from the epidemic fever in its worst form, and who being by his medical adviser reported “dying,” was accordingly placed on the list for burial, and the watching of a faithful servant was immediately interrupted by the entrance of the dead-bearers, who insisted upon carrying away what they termed the corpse.

In vain the domestic protested that his master was only in “a faint.” The doctors had pronounced his condition to be hopeless, his case was one of those that “always terminate on the ninth day;” the ninth day had arrived, the lieutenant offered no resistance, and therefore dead they insisted he must be, and buried he should be they were determined.

But determination, though a good thing in itself, is not half so powerful as when backed by attachment. Consequently, after a fruitless war of words, the servant adopted a more *striking* method of argument, and in despite of a few knock down hits, had nearly succeeded in ejecting his antagonists, when his fidelity was rewarded by the awakening of his master, whom, to his great joy, he suddenly perceived a silent but deeply interested spectator of the affray.

A loud “Hurrah for the master, and long life to him!” closed the contention, and completed the expulsion of the intruders. And the invalid’s life was spared to rejoice the poor fellow with many proofs of his gratitude, and to become one of the most joyous and popular persons in the coterie of the garrison, among whom he used to relate the particulars of his escape with that inimitable unction which so pre-eminently characterized his amusing narratives.

For a similar rescue Delorme was likewise indebted to the pertinacity of his servant, who, upon a like visit, locked his master’s chamber door, and resolutely refused to find the key. It afterwards proved that the mission of the bearers was to the adjoining quarters. As however, the captain was at the time suffering from collapse, and too feeble either to speak or move, he would undoubtedly have been carried off by the half drunken and wholly callous persons whose passing duties rendered them far from particular in their examinations.

Another and still more awful case was that of the wife of a medical officer, who is reported to have amassed a considerable fortune by means of the very remarkably reputation that he had established for himself.

She was the mother of a large family, nearly all of whom participated in the one calamity; she was guarded with the most solicitous care by the skill of her husband, and the affection of her daughter, a girl of unshrinking courage and superior intellect, yet, despite all their most strenuous exertions, she sunk under the disease, and her sorrowing husband pronounced her—*dead!*

By extraordinary influence the lapse of three hours was granted between death and burial—and the decencies of the grave permitted; the last duties were piously performed for her by her sorrowing relations—she was carefully placed within her coffin, and the mourners were gazing their last, before the final close of the scene—when the pale form, bursting the ghastly ceremonies of the tomb, reared itself from its dark sleep, and with fully awakened consciousness, saw and comprehended it all. One look of horror rested momentarily on the group that surrounded her, one fearful shriek rang hollowly through the chamber, and then the living

tenant sank down a fitting occupant of the receptacle that enclosed her.

In vain the fondest caresses were breathed upon the pallid lips—in vain was the chill form hurried to a warm couch, and surrounded by all the comforts that inventive love could suggest—that single moment of affright had forever chased the returning spirit, and the yawning grave closed over the victim of expediency.

A catastrophe not less affecting, but from a different cause, than the foregoing, was furnished by the fate of a tenderly attached young couple, who, after an engagement protracted by the scruples of friends and other occurrences, had been only a few months married. The husband was a junior officer in the medical staff, and was known to set up for himself an antidotal theory, by the rigid observance of which he pretended that all persons might, if they would, escape the infection.

This consisted partly, in a course of regimen, but mainly in taking large doses of calomel—a medicine during the attack of such common use, that the doctors were in the habit of carrying their waistcoat pocket filled with pills compounded of it, which they plentifully administered upon the first symptoms of the complaint.

Very early during the season of visitation, Dr. Waters was mislaid from his appointed rounds, but all communication between districts was so difficult and uncertain, that whether he had received orders of removal, or had falsified his own practice by failing a victim to the disease, could only be conjectured, and few found leisure to enquire beyond the welfare of their own hearth.

The residence of the doctor stood apart, and was surrounded by a walled court, which remained jealously closed; his fate, therefore, was not known until the peregrinations of the fumigatory agents after the departure of the plague, revealed among many other horrible secrets, those which rested in the concealment of his dwelling.

Here the remains of husband and wife were found resting ghastly together; some scattered memoranda, showing that they had both strictly adhered to the doctor’s prescriptive system, but that, so far from acting as a preventive, it had only served to weaken the animal powers, and when they imbibed the infection, rendered the use of those medicines which might have been effective, altogether useless to the debilitated habit.

They had died without seeking help from others, and passed away happily, it is to be hoped, inasmuch as that they were not divided.

Their servant, in whom they appeared to have placed unlimited confidence, was found in the court, also dead; and concealed about his person were all the portable valuables and cash which had belonged to the unfortunate pair; whether he had purloined them for his own use, and was in the act of escaping, when death summoned him to render an account of his stewardship, or that he had thus secreted them in obedience to his dying master, who might possibly have delegated to him the task of transmitting the property to his distant friends, was a mystery that will only be known when master and man shall appear before the tribunal of Immortal Justice.

I might, however, swell these very imperfect sketches to a volume, and yet leave unmentioned hundreds of the most touching ravages of the monster fiend who depopulated alike the mansion and the hut.

## MY SISTER.

BY E. A. BRACKETT, THE SCULPTOR.

The setting sun had closed the day,  
The warm light still was glowing,  
As winding on my lonely way  
By streamlets gently flowing,

I met a maiden fair to see,  
Beside the rippling water,  
So beautiful she seemed to me,  
I fain with her would loiter.

She knelt in robes all snowy white,  
Her face was turned to heaven;  
And there amid the rosy light  
This prayer was upward given:

"Oh, Father, guide my steps aright;  
And with thine eye all seeing,  
Oh, watch thou through the cheerless night,  
A poor and helpless being!"

She turned her to a little mound,  
The vines were o'er it creeping,  
For there in death's cold chains were bound  
The loved ones 'neath it sleeping.

"I strew these flowers upon this grave  
Where silent sleeps my mother;  
And this I cast upon the wave,  
To him, my long lost brother."

Her silver voice it died away,  
Her eyes with tears were streaming,  
Reflecting back the starlit ray  
That from the sky was beaming.

I bowed me to the lady fair,  
The while her bosom trembled  
Beneath the flood of sunny hair  
That golden light resembled.

"He sleeps not in the dark blue wave,  
Though here may sleep my Mother;  
For He, whose hand alone could save,  
Has sent thee back thy Brother."

Boston, Oct. 1843.

## WILLIAM MORGAN.

PICTURES of fact like the following, deserve to be presented before the American youth. They carry a language immediately home—they tell that here talents will win their way and receive a proper reward,—and hence they are calculated to awaken honorable ambition. It matters not, reader, if your condition is humble in life, perseverance in almost any pursuit, will obtain you a worthy prize.

He was born in New Jersey, where, from his poverty and low condition, he had been a day laborer. To early education and breeding, therefore, he owed nothing. But, for this deficiency, his native sagacity and sound judgment, and his intercourse with the best society, made ample amends in after life.

Enterprising in his disposition even now, he removed to Virginia in 1755, with a hope and expectation of improving his fortune. Here he continued, at first, his original business of day-labor; but exchanged it afterward for the employment of a wagoner.

His military novitiate he served in the campaign under the unfortunate Braddock. The rank he bore is not precisely known. It must, however, have been humble; for, in consequence of imputed contumely toward a British officer, he was brought to the halberd, and received the inhuman punishment of five hundred lashes; or, according to his own statement, of four

hundred and ninety-nine; for he always asserted that the drummer, charged with the execution of the sentence, miscounted, and jocularly added, "that George the third was still indebted to him one lash." To the honor of Morgan, he never practically remembered this savage treatment during the revolutionary war. Toward the British officers, whom the fortune of battle placed within his power, his conduct was humane, mild and gentlemanly.

After his return from this campaign, so inordinately was he addicted to quarrels and boxing matches, that the village of Berrystown, in the county of Frederic, which constituted the chief theatre of his pugilistic exploits, received from this circumstance, the name of Battletown. In these combats, although frequently overmatched in personal strength, he manifested the same unyielding spirit, which characterized him afterward, in his military career. When worsted by his antagonist, he would pause for a time to recruit his strength, and then return to the contest again and again, until he rarely failed to prove victorious. Equally marked was his invincibility of spirit in a maturer age, when raised by fortune and his own merit, to a higher and more honorable field of action. Defeat in battle he rarely experienced; but when he did, his retreat was sullen, stern, and dangerous.

The commencement of the American Revolution found Mr. Morgan married, and cultivating a farm, which, by industry and economy, he had been enabled to purchase, in the county of Frederic. Placed at the head of a rifle company, raised in his neighborhood, in 1775, he marched immediately to head-quarters in Cambridge, near Boston. By order of the commander-in-chief, he soon afterward joined in the expedition against Quebec; and was made prisoner in the attempt on that fortress, where Arnold was wounded, and Montgomery fell. During the assault, his daring valor and persevering gallantry attracted the notice and admiration of the enemy. The assailing column, to which he belonged, was led by Major Arnold. When that officer was wounded and carried from the ground, Morgan threw himself into the lead; and rushing forward, passed the first and second barriers. For a moment, victory appeared certain. But the fall of Montgomery closing the prospect, the assailants were repulsed and the enterprise abandoned.

During his captivity, Captain Morgan was treated with great kindness and not a little distinction. He was repeatedly visited in confinement, by a British officer of rank, who at length made an attempt on his patriotism and virtue, by offering him the commission and emoluments of Colonel in the British army, on condition that he would desert the American, and join the loyal standard. Morgan rejected the proposal with scorn, and requested the courtly and corrupt negotiator "never again to insult him in his misfortunes, by an offer which plainly implied that he thought him a villain." The officer withdrew, and did not again recur to the subject.

On being exchanged, Morgan immediately rejoined the American army, and received, by the recommendation of General Washington, the command of a regiment. In the year 1777, he was placed at the head of a select rifle corps, with which, in various instances, he acted on the enemy with terrible effect. His troops were considered the most dangerous in the American service. To confront them in the field, was almost certain death to the British officers. On the occasion



of the capture of Burgoyne, the exertions and services of Colonel Morgan and his riflemen were beyond all praise. Much of the glory of the achievement belonging to them. Yet so gross was the injustice of General Gates, that he did not even mention them in his official despatches. His reason for this was secret and dishonorable. Shortly after the surrender of Burgoyne, General Gates took occasion to hold with Morgan a private conversation. In the course of this he told him, confidently, that the main army was exceedingly dissatisfied with the conduct of General Washington; that the reputation of the commander-in-chief was rapidly declining; and that several officers of great worth threatened to resign, unless a change were produced in that department. Col. Morgan fathoming, in an instant, the views of his commanding officer, sternly, and with honest indignation, replied, "Sir, do not again mention to me this hateful subject; under no other man, but Gen. Washington, as commander-in-chief, will I ever serve." From that moment ceased the intimacy that had previously subsisted between him and Gen. Gates.

A few days afterward, the General gave a dinner to the principal officers of the British, and some of those of the American army. Morgan was not invited. In the course of the evening, that officer found it necessary to call on General Gates, on official business. Being introduced into the dining room, he spoke to the General, received his orders, and immediately withdrew, his name unannounced. Perceiving, from his dress, that he was of high rank, the British officer inquired his name. Being told that it was Col. Morgan, commanding the rifle corps, they rose from the table, followed him into the yard, and introduced themselves to him, with many complimentary and flattering expressions, declaring that on the day of action, they had very severely felt him in the field.

In 1760, having obtained leave of absence from the army, on account of the shattered condition of his health, he retired to his estate in the county of Frederick; and remained there until the appointment of Gen. Gates to the command of the Southern army. Being waited on by the latter, and requested to accompany him, he reminded him, in expressions marked by resentment, of the unworthy treatment he had formerly experienced from him, in return for the important services, which he did not hesitate to assert, he had rendered him in his operations against the army of Gen. Burgoyne. Having received no acknowledgment, nor even civility, for aiding to decorate him with the laurels in the north, he frankly declared, that there were no considerations except of a public nature, that could induce him to co-operate, in his campaigns to the south. "*Motives of public good might influence him; because his country had a claim on him, in any quarter where he could promote her interest; but personal attachment must not be expected to exist, where he had experienced nothing but neglect and injustice.*" The two officers parted, mutually dissatisfied; the one on account of past treatment, the other, of the recent interview.

In the course of a few weeks afterward, Congress having promoted Col. Morgan to the rank of Brigadier-General, by brevet, with a view to avail themselves of his services in the south, he proceeded without delay to join the army of Gen. Gates. But he was prevented from serving any length of time under that officer, by his defeat, near Camden, before his arrival; and his

being soon afterward superseded in command by Gen. Greene.

Soon after taking command of the southern army, Gen. Greene despatched Gen. Morgan with four hundred continentals, under Col. Howard, Col. Washington's corps of dragoons, and a few militia, amounting in all to about six hundred, to take position on the left of the British army, then lying at Winnsborough, under Lord Cornwallis, while he took post about seventy miles to his right. This judicial disposition excited his lordship's apprehensions for the safety of Ninety Six, and Augusta, British posts, which he considered as menaced by the movements of Morgan. Col. Tarleton, with a strong detachment, amounting in horse and foot to near a thousand men, was immediately despatched by Cornwallis to the protection of Ninety-Six, with orders to bring Gen. Morgan, if possible, to battle. To the ardent temper and chivalrous disposition of the British colonel, this direction was perfectly congenial. Greatly superior in numbers he advanced on Morgan with a menacing aspect, and compelled him, at first, to fall back rapidly. But the retreat of the American commander was not long continued. Irritated by pursuit, reinforced by a body of militia, and reposing great confidence in the spirit and firmness of his regular troops, he halted at the Cowpens, and determined to gratify his adversary in his eagerness for combat. This was on the night of the 16th of January, 1781. Early in the morning of the succeeding day, Tarleton being apprized of the situation of Morgan, pressed toward him with redoubled rapidity, lest, by renewing his retreat, he should again elude him. But Morgan had now other thoughts than those of flight. Already had he for several days been at war with himself, in relation to his conduct. Glorifying in action, his spirit recoiled from the humiliation of retreat, and his resentment was roused by the insolence of pursuit. The mental conflict becoming more intolerable to him than disaster and death, his courage triumphed perhaps over his prudence, and he resolved upon putting every thing to the hazard of the sword. By military men who have studied the subject, his disposition for battle is said to have been masterly. Two light parties of militia were advancing in front, with orders to feel the enemy as they approached; and, preserving a desultory well-aimed fire as they fell back to the front line, to range with it and renew the conflict. The main body of the militia composed this line, with Gen. Pickens at its head. At a suitable distance in the rear of the first line, a second stationed, composed of the continental infantry and two companies of Virginia militia, commanded by Col. Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced with a company of mounted militia, armed with sabres, was held in reserve. Posting himself, then, in the line of the regulars, he waited in silence for the enemy. Tarleton, coming in sight, hastily formed his disposition for battle, and commenced the assault. Of this conflict, the following picture is from the pen of Gen. Lee:

"The American light parties quickly yielded, fell back and arrayed with Pickens. The enemy, shouting, rushed forward upon the front line, which retained its station, and poured in a close fire; but continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, they retired, and gained, with haste, the second line. Here, with part of the corps, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to their horses, probably with orders to remove to a further distance. Tarleton

pushed forward, and was received by his adversary with unshaken firmness. The contest became obstinate; and each party, animated by the example of its leader, nobly contended for victory. Our line maintained itself so firmly as to oblige the enemy to order up the reserve. The advance of M'Arthur reanimated the British line, which again moved forward, and, outstretching our front, endangered Col. Howard's right. This officer instantly took measures to defend his flank, by directing his right company to change its front; but mistaking this order, the company fell back; upon which the line began to retire and Gen. Morgan directed it to retreat to the cavalry. The manœuvre being performed with precision, our flank became relieved and the new position was resumed with promptitude. Considering this retrograde movement the precursor of flight, the British line rushed on with impetuosity and disorder; but, as it drew near, Howard faced about, and gaved it a close and murderous fire. Stunned by this unexpected shock, the most advanced of the enemy recoiled in confusion. Howard seized the happy moment, and followed his advantage with the bayonet. The reserve, having been brought near the line, shared in the destruction of our fire, and presented no rallying point to the fugitives. A part of the enemy's cavalry having gained our rear, fell on that portion of the militia who had retired to their horses. Washington struck at them with his dragoons, and drove them before him. Thus, by a simultaneous effort, the infantry and cavalry of the enemy were routed. Morgan pressed home his success, and the pursuit became vigorous and general."

"In this decisive battle we lost 70 men, of whom 12 only were killed. The British infantry, with the exception of the baggage guard, were nearly all killed or taken. One hundred, including ten officers, were killed; twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken. The artillery, 800 muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons, and one hundred dragoon horses, fell into our possession."

"In this battle, so glorious to the American arms, Tarleton had every advantage, in point of ground, cavalry, and numbers, aided by two pieces of artillery. Soon after this brilliant exploit, frequent attacks of the rheumatism compelled General Morgan to retire from the army, and he returned to his seat in Frederic, Virginia, where he continued in retirement until the insurrection in the western part of Pennsylvania, in 1794 when he was detached by the Executive of Virginia, at the head of the militia quota of that state to suppress it. This done, he returned into the bosom of his family, where he remained until death closed his earthly career, in 1799.

There existed in the character of Gen. Morgan a singular contradiction, which is worthy of notice. Although, in battle, no man was ever more prodigal of the exposure of his person to danger, or manifested a more deliberate disregard of death, yet, so strong was his love of life, at other times, that he has been frequently heard to declare, "he would agree to pass half his time as a galley slave, rather than quit this world for another."

The following outline of his person and character, is from the pen of a military friend, who knew him intimately:

Brigadier General Morgan was stout and active, six feet in height, strong, not too much encumbered with flesh, and was exactly fitted for the toils and pomp of

war. His mind was discriminating and solid, but not comprehensive and combining. His manners plain and decorous, neither insinuating nor repulsive. His conversation grave, sententious, and considerate, unadorned and uncapitulating. He reflected deeply, spoke little, and executed with keen perseverance, whatever he undertook. He was indulgent in his military command, preferring always the affections of his troops, to that dread and awe which surrounded the rigid disciplinarian.

A considerable time before his death, when the pressure of infirmity began to be heavy, he became seriously concerned about his future welfare. From that period his chief solace lay in the study of the scriptures, and in devotional exercises. He died in the belief of the truths of Christianity, and in full communion with the Presbyterian Church.

#### A TRIAL OF COURAGE.

THE following curious story was furnished several years ago, by a correspondent of Campbell's London New Monthly Magazine, and was said to have been related by Sir Walter Scott.

It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend, one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling and moral virtues. For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and be with them, will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains and rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine, which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of rope and windlass as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist enquiring if all was right with my friend below. "Hoo, surely," was the answer. "And the cradle will be for you in a minute; ye are as heavy as twa o' hlin." "Is the rope frail?" No very rotten awa; the last one was rottener afore it brak, an' let a man fa'," was the alarming reply. "Was he killed say you?" "Killed! though he had a hundred lives, he wad hae been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock," quoth the hard-hearted

Celt. I now examined the rope, and it appeared much worn, and seemed to be old. "How old is it?" enquired I. "Just five years old: the last was a month older afore it brake," was his next piece of tantalizing information. With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend a descent; and to make things worse, he provokingly announced, "We are to get a new one the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld."

But already the cradle waited for me to step into it: I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander, at once took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me, that he said, as he let me off, "A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday." "Then he strained the rope," cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy even the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once; and consist of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully in the sun-beam: all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the Fairy's palace. But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me, for besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with, ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative. "A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and then a moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he made an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place." "Horrible! most horrible!" was my natural exclamation. "But," continued my friend, "keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe." He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

I thought of the young man's leap and fall: I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended I kept my eyes bent downward, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upward, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened creaking main rope. "There! there it goes!" I gasped the words: for did I not first see one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asunder as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless: the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed I fell!—fell into the grasp of my friend, who seeing me about to tumble out of the

cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of color, I was not without such an apprehension: for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy's Palace."

## DR. ADAM CLARKE.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION FROM DROWNING WHEN

A BOY.

The following singular narrative was given by Dr. Adam Clarke at the conclusion of a sermon preached by him on behalf of the Royal Society:—"I was a fearless lad, and I went to the shore of a fine river that pours itself into the Irish Sea, riding a mare of my father's. I was determined to have a swim. I rode the mare, and we swam on till we got beyond the breakers entirely; but when we had got over swell after swell, and were proceeding still onward to the ocean, the mare and myself swamped in a moment! I was soon disengaged from the mare; and as I afterwards found, she naturally turned, got ashore and went plodding her way back home. In a moment I seemed to have all my former views and ideas entirely changed, and I had a sensation of the most complete happiness or felicity that it is possible, independent of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had felt no pain from the moment I was submerged, and at once a kind of representation nearly of a green color, presented itself to me: multitudes of objects were in it, not one of them however, possessed any kind of likeness or analogy to any thing I had seen before. In this state, how long I continued, He only knows who saved my life; but so long did I continue in it, till one wave after another—for the tide was coming in—rolled me to the shore. There was no Royal Humane Society at hand: I believe the place is not blessed with one of them to the present day. The first sensation, when I came to life, was as if a spear had been run through my heart. I felt this sensation in getting the very first draught of fresh air when the lungs were inflated merely by the pressure of the atmosphere. I found myself sitting in the water, and it was by a swelling wave that I was put out of the way of being overwhelmed by any of the succeeding waves. After a little time I was capable of sitting up; the intense pain of my heart, however, still continued; but I had felt no pain from the moment I was submerged till the time when my head was brought above the water, and the air once more entered my lungs. I saw the mare had passed along the shore at a considerable distance, not as if afraid of danger, but walking quite leisurely. How long I was submerged it would be impossible precisely to say, but it was sufficiently long, according to my apprehensions and any skill I now have in physiology, to have been completely dead, and never more to breathe in this world, had it not been for that Providence which, as it were, once more breathed into my nostrils and lungs the breath of this animal life, and I became once more a living soul; and, at the space of threescore years, you have this strange phenomenon before you—the preacher before the Royal Humane society."

## AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling:

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said. "It is impossible not to admire the firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking when an officer stepped forward, and in an authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" said the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search, then," said Mrs. Hall. "You may find plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer distinguished by his inhumanity, and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance, "the *Rebel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it thrives most when most trampled upon!"

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though, at that moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliot, having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of poultry houses, finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left *altogether by accident*."

The contrivance adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison supplies to the defenders of our country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat, concealed with art, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards, expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily converted into regimental shape, and worn triumphantly in battle. Boots have, in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partisan. I have seen a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of the matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly hid and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true Knight, who did not feel the obligation to defend them to the last extremity.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities toward the patriotic Fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarlton vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington. "I have a very earnest desire to see your far famed hero, Col. Washington." "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you

ventured to look behind you after the battle of Cowpens." It was at this battle, that Washington had wounded Tarlton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Col. Tarlton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington, and yet I am told that he is so ignorant a fellow that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Col. can testify, that he knows how to make his mark."

## THE STRANGER AND THE MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

'Twas a festal eve. The lamps sent down their trembling rays, reflected by shining crystal and wreathing silver, on myriad forms of beauty and grace. The music sent forth the moral, gladdening strains, and bounding feet kept time to the joyous melody. Evening shades deepened into midnight gloom without, yet still the gay notes were heard, and the unwearied revellers continued their graceful evolutions.

Just as the clock struck twelve, a stranger entered the banqueting room, and as she passed slowly on unannounced, and unaccompanied by any guide or protector, every eye was turned toward her.

"Who can she be?" whispered a young girl to her partner, drawing close to his side.

He answered not, so intently was he gazing on the figure, which now stood in the centre of the hall, looking calmly and immovably on those around. Her white robes fell in long, slumberous folds to her feet; her fair shining hair floated back from her face, like fleecy clouds, tinged by the moonbeam's radiance, and the still depths of her azure eyes shone with a mysterious, unfathomable lustre.

"Why are ye gathered here?" asked she of the young maiden, who shrunk back as she glided near her, with a noiseless step, "What mean these glad strains, and the flowers that decorate your brows?"

The low, thrilling melody of the stranger's voice echoed to the remotest corners of that spacious hall, and the minstrels paused to listen.

"'Tis a festal eve," answered the trembling maiden, "and we have met in joy and mirth to commemorate the era."

"Why is this night chosen as a scene of festivity?" asked the sweet-voiced stranger.

"It is Christmas eve," replied the maiden, "the birth-night of our Saviour, and it is our custom to celebrate it with music and dancing."

"It was once celebrated in ancient days," said the stranger, "with a splendor and beauty that would shame the decorations of these walls. While the shepherds of Chaldea were watching their flocks beneath the starry glories of midnight, they heard strains of more than mortal melody gushing around them—rolling above them—the thrilling of invisible harps, accompanied by celestial voices, all breathing one sweet, triumphant anthem—"Glory to God, in the Highest; on Earth, peace and good will to men." While they listened in adoring wonder, one of the stars of Heaven glided from its throne, and traveling slowly over the depths of ether, held its silver lamps over the manger where slept the babe of Bethlehem. Then the wise men of the East came with their costly offerings, and laid them down at the feet of the infant Redeemer. And where are your gifts?" continued she, turning her



still, shining eyes from one to the other of the listening throng; "what have ye brought this night to lay at your Saviour's feet in commemoration of your gratitude and love? Where is your gold, your frankincense and myrrh? Where are the gems from the heart's treasury, that ye are ready to sacrifice on the altar of your Lord?"

The young maiden whom she had at first addressed, cast one fearful, earnest glance on her gay companions; then unblinding the roses from her brow, the jewels from her neck, and drawing from her fingers each golden ring, "Where is the altar," she cried, "that I may place my offering there?"

"Come with me," said the stranger, "and I will lead you where you can find more precious gifts than these; gifts that will retain their beauty, when these garlands shall wither, and the diamond and fine gold become dim."

The maiden took hold of the stranger's hand, and passed through the hall, which she had so lately entered in thoughtless vanity and mirth. Her companions pressed round her and impeded her way.

"Oh, stay with us!" they exclaimed, "and follow not the steps of the stranger: your eyes are dim, your cheek is pale, shadows are gathering over your face. She may lead you to the chambers of death."

"Hinder me not," cried the fair maiden; "I may not alight the voice that summons me. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'"

A celestial smile beamed on the face of the stranger, as the young girl uttered these words, and they disappeared from the festive hall. Through the long sweeping shadows of midnight they glided on, till they came to a wretched hovel, through whose shattered casements the night gust was moaning, making most melancholy music. By the dim light of a taper they beheld a pale mother, cradling her wasted infant in her arms, striving to hush its feeble wallings, looking down with hollow eyes on the fearful ravages of famine and disease, then raising them in agony to Heaven, imploring the widow's and the orphan's God to have mercy on her.

"Lay down your golden offerings here," said the stranger, "and your Saviour will accept the gift. Have we not read that whosoever presenteth a cup of cold water to one of the least of his disciples in his name, giveth it unto him?"

The maiden wept, as she laid her offering in the widow's emaciated hand. Again the beautiful stranger smiled.

"The tear of pity," said she, "is the brightest gem thou hast brought."

She led her forth into the darkness once more, and held such sweet and heavenly discourse, that the heart of the maiden melted within her bosom. They came to a dwelling whence strains of solemn music issued, and as the light streamed from the arching windows, it was reflected with ghostly lustre on marble tomb-stones gleaming without.

"They breathe forth a requiem for the dead," said the stranger; and she entered the gate through willows that wept over the path. The music ceased, and the low, deep voice of prayer ascended through the silence of the night. The maiden knelt on the threshold, for she felt that she was not worthy to enter into the temple. She hardly dared to lift her trembling eyes to Heaven; but bending her forehead to the dust, and

clasping her hands on her breast, she exclaimed, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

"Thy Saviour will accept the offering," uttered the stranger in her ear; "the prayer of a broken and contrite spirit is an incense more precious to Him, than all the odors of the East."

"You shall see me again," said the stranger, when she led the young maiden to her own home, by the light of the dawning day; "you shall see me again, and we will walk together once more—but not among scenes of sorrow and death, for they shall all have fled away. Neither will we walk through the shades of midnight, for 'there will be no night there.' There will be no moon nor stars to illuminate the place, 'for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb be the light thereof.' Farewell—I may not dwell with you, but ye shall come and abide with me, if ye continue to walk in the path where I have guided your steps."

Never more were the steps of that young maiden seen in the halls of mirth, or the paths of sin. She went about among the children of sorrow and want, binding up the wounds of sorrow, and relieving the pangs of want. She hung over the death-bed of the penitent, and breathed words of hope into the dull ear of despair. Men looked upon her as she passed along in her youthful beauty, as an angel visitant, and they blessed her in her wanderings. Her once companions turned aside, shrinking from communion with one whose eyes now spoke a holier language than that of earth. They felt that she was no longer one of them, and after wondering and speaking of her a little while, she was forgotten by them in the revelries of pleasure.

At length she was no longer seen by those who watched for her daily ministrations. Her place was vacant in the temple of God. The music of her voice was no more heard in prayer and praise. On a lowly couch in her own darkened room, the young maiden was reclining. Her face was pallid, and her eyes dim, and her mother was weeping over her. Flowers were strewn upon her pillow, whose sweet breath stole lovingly over her faded cheek; and as the curtains of the windows waved softly in the night breeze, the moonbeams gilded in and kissed her wan brow. The mother heard no step, but she felt the air part near the couch, and looking up, she saw a figure standing in white flowing robes by her daughter's side, with a face of such unearthly sweetness, that she trembled as she gazed on her.

"Maiden," said she, "I have come once more. I told thee we should meet again, and this is the appointed hour. Does thy spirit welcome my coming?"

"My soul has thirsted for thee," answered the faint voice of the maiden, "even as the blossom thirsts for the dew of the morning; but I may not follow thee now, for my feeble feet bear me no longer over the threshold of home."

"Thy feet shall be as the young roe on the mountain," answered the white-robed stranger—"thou shalt mount on the wings of the eagle."

Then bending over the couch and breathing on the cheek of the maiden, its pale hue changed to the whiteness of marble, and the hand which her mother held, turned as cold as an icicle. At the same moment the folds of the stranger's robe floated from her shoulders, and wings of resplendent azure, softening into gold, fluttered on the gaze. Divine perfumes filled the atmosphere, and a low sweet melody, like the silvery murmuring of distant waters, echoed through the cham-

ber. Awe-struck and bewildered, the mother turned from the breathless form of her child, to the celestial figure of the stranger, when she saw it gradually fading from her sight, and encircled in its arms there seemed another being of shadowy brightness, with outspread wings and fleecy robes, and soft, glorious eyes fixed steadfastly on her, till they melted away and were seen no more. Then the mother bowed herself in adoration, as well as submission; for she knew she had looked on one of those angels and messengers who are 'sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.' She had seen, too, a vision of her daughter's ascending spirit, and she mourned not over the dust she had left behind.

### THE SMUGGLERS.

Belay there, my hearties, and ease of your crack,  
Come, heave up your anchor, make sail on your tack  
And tip us a yarn of peril and spree,  
While the grog round the table in oceans flows free,  
Brave boys!

"Och hone agra, Denis mavournen, is it kilt ye are? Spake to the poor ould mother that bore ye. Och, confound the villian that fetcht you that wipe athwart yer brow; and if I catch the murtherin' thafe, I'll set my tin commands on 'im, that I will. Alas! alas! yer gon from me intirely now! Ye'll never more grasp the tiller, or rin out another reef in this world; but it's ye that shan't want a mass t'help ye in the next, tho' I should never whiff another caubeen for it; yer sowl to glory, amln. Dry your eyes Rose, ma-colleen. Weepin' 'll do 'im no good, that fies there dead and gon." "Oh, Nancy, I can't help it when I see him stretched so, and when I think that he'll never more smile on his poor Rose, never again; but hasn't Ned gone for the doctor?" "True for ye, a cushla ma chree, he maybe's there by this, tho' I'm mightily 'fraid his life-lines are cut away, and he must be stowed under boord like his father afore 'im. Och whirra athrew, my poor boy! Och the blessings on yer face docthur, avournen, it's me that sint glad to see ye mayhap," said the old woman to the doctor, as he entered the room of the hut in which they were; and while he's doing his best to bring his patient to, we'll say a few words to our readers in explanation of the above.

The small town or fishing-village of Fowlham, on the south-east part of England, was at the time of our story one of the chief and most noted haunts of the smugglers of that wild coast. The whole of the population, from their infancy up, were taught both by precept and example to consider the free trade as the chief and most glorious end of their lives. The house of each person was, in some manner, adapted for escape or concealment. Steps for the feet, and holds for the hands, were cut in several of the chimnies, and on the roofs several planks were always kept in readiness, to be placed from the ledge of one house to another, in order to facilitate escape, which was the more easily managed, as the streets were narrow, and the top story of each domicile jutted out in the old-fashioned style of the architecture of the time in which they were built. The floors likewise of the rooms could all be taken up, discovering large spaces, capable of holding many a bale of silk and tobacco. Among so many hardy and reckless men, there was always some one who held a kind of tacit authority over the rest, won by many a deed of skill and daring. For many years, Matthew, or Big Mat Smith, as he was generally called, had been their

leader. To a frame of iron, he added a mind fearless and unshrinking, and fertile in every expedient necessary to ensure success in their undertakings. He was now sinking into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the only prop of his declining days was his fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter Rose. Of five stalwart sons, not one now remained to him. Two perished in the storm—the rest fell fighting by his side. Success full often awaited the smuggler's undertakings, and many a whisper of hoarded shot in his locker was rife in the town. 'Twas no wonder that the doctor and the apothecary thrived, for hardly a Saturday night passed without numerous broken heads; for Rose, to no small share of beauty, added more substantial charms of wealth; and this, combined with the almost certainty, that whoever was the favored one, would in all probability succeed to the skippership of the place, caused such a flow of blood to the fingers of the free traders, that, when not busy otherwise, they were fully employed in toasting the pretty Rose, and giving each other striking proofs of their admiration of the "pride of Fowlham."

After much drinking, dancing, and fighting, Denis M'Carthy at last opened a pretty clear way for himself, by beating all his opponents, and lighting a little bit of a spark in Rose's breast, which he was not the boy to let go out for want of fanning; and old Mat himself saw with pleasure his child fixing on Denis for her future pilot through life—for the young Irishman had always borne himself spiritedly and well, both afloat and ashore, and had once even saved the old man's life, by flinging himself before him, and receiving the stroke of a man-of-war's cutlas intended for Mat. Denis, being young and of a hardy constitution, soon recovered, and became prime favorite with Rose's father. "'Tis mighty odd intirely," said his mother to him, one night as they sat croonin' over their bright fire and clean wiped hearth, "what confidence that same thafe, love, puts into the most fearful little colleen of us all. Falx, not more nor a month agon', there was that same Rose couldn't lift her eyes from up the grund, and ax a crathur, 'How d'ye do?' but now she'll go a hangin' on yer oter the whole day, an' look into yer face, too, as bold as brass. The blessin's on her! Och, but ye're the boy for 'em Deny alanna."

Nancy and her husband had left Ireland soon after they were married, and after being tossed here and there, at last came to anchor for good at Fowlham. M'Carthy soon joined the smugglers, and plied his dangerous and illegal vocation with the greatest assiduity. Working away thus, he managed to get on pretty well for about three years, when, one fine moonlight night, as he was pacing the deck of the "Speed," which was going at a glorious rate before the wind, with the spray dashing like fallen snow over her bows, he was met by a leaden messenger from a cruiser, which ran across their bows, and which just gave him time to exclaim, "Very unjontlemanly behavior this," when death stepped in, and cut his soliloquy short. Nancy was now left "a poor lone widdy on the wide world, wid a poor faderless bit of a gossoon to provide for;" and nobly she did her duty towards her orphan boy. Many a cruise did Nancy take, "wid the boys," and many a run did she lend a by no means useless hand in, till at last, "ould Nancy was well to do, please God, and thrivin'." Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the day on which our story commences.

The pier, the harbor, the town, and all the manifold

objects therein, had just begun to emerge from the dim obscurity of night, and to stand broad out in the rays of the rising moon, which, kissing the crests of the dancing waves, glanced on and illumined with one blaze of purple light the eternal cliffs, and gradually faded away into the distant sea, showing, in one *coup d'œil*, the grand superiority of nature over the works of the sojourners of earth. From every house, street and alley, the people now began to issue, hurrying fast to the pier. Mat Smith's beautiful new schooner, the "Rose," was that morning to make her first trip. All was ready on board for sailing, and nought delayed them but the absence of Denis and the skipper. On all sides cries of approbation and delight arose. "What a tight little hooker! what a clear run along the bend; and then her yards and spars so all a taunto! If she don't take the conceit out o' the king's men, why, I'm mistaken, that's all. Here they come! here they come!—Good luck attend you, Mat, 'tis you that's the glory of us. Ah, Denis, I give you joy; here's success to you, my lad." Many more uproarious congratulations of the same sort followed the Rose, even till she was far out of the harbor.

Night came on, and found her about eleven knots to the southward of Fowham. The opposite coast had been made, and the run as yet had been quite successful. Mass after mass of fleecy clouds flitted across the moon, their edges rendered luminous as they came within the influence of her rays. The wind was fast lulling, and the gentle undulating motion of the water scarce rippled against the sides of the schooner as she lay in the bight of a small bay about three hundred yards from the shore, casting her huge shadow to the foot of the hoary cliffs themselves. The stillness of the scene added greatly to its beauty. On her star-board side stretched the sea in its broad expanse to the gay shores of France. One sheet of radiance tapering from the extreme verge of the horizon, and gradually extending itself into one broad mellow light, fell across it, till it was stopped by the schooner, looking as she lay, her sides all silvered with the glowing beams, "the forest queen of the deep." On the larboard rose a high range of cliffs, which girt in almost the whole of the coast. Here and there some twinkling lights shone in the distance, marking the place where stood some lowly hamlet, or more lordly tower. "I say, Denis, my hearty," began Mat, soon after the schooner took up the berth we have described, "I can't say as how I feel particularly pleasant this 'ere night, like as if somethin' had ta'en me quite aback, and almost, as it were, cut my life-lines adrift. Some harm 'll lay us aboard, I'm thinkin'. I wish those lubberly shore haulers would bear in sight, and we'd this cargo safe stowed, and us alongside o' Rose snug moored by a blazer, with a prime in our mauleys—eh, boy?" "Can't say as how, Mat, but that 'ere prime wouldn't be after being mighty agreeable, or I'm thunderstruck—But what a't keepin' them shore-goin' spalpeens? Thunder an' turf, no one han't turned the snitch, an' peached—eh, Mat?" "Hope not, boy; but there's the signal! Stir about, every mother's son of ye!"

The signal had been made from the shore that the party there were ready for the cargo, and for starting, and in a few moments they were all standing on the edge of the shore, prepared for their share of the business. A number of strong roadsters stood by, ready to be off to the interior as soon as they were loaded. Most of the group were armed with some weapon of

another chiefly of a rustic kind. "Here, Neptune, here," shouted one who acted as leader of the land party; and a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a rope attached to his collar, bounded into the water, and swam straight for the schooner. A number of kegs and bales, well fastened and tarred to prevent the water getting in, were fastened to it, and immediately drawn ashore. The dog made two or three trips, and a great quantity of goods were thus landed. The ship's boats in the meantime were not idle, and, in an incredibly short time, the whole of the cargo, and Mat and Denis, were safely landed, and the schooner then stood out to sea. Six of the best armed men mounted, and took up their position in front, as the avant-guard. Mat, Denis, and four more, formed the rear. The rest, with the cargo, were in the centre.

The word was given to advance, and the party were just in motion, when the look-out, who was stationed up the glen, through which they had to pass, came running in at the top of his speed, roaring out, "The officers are on us, and the soldiers with 'em!" No time was to be lost. "Away with ye, every one!" exclaimed Mat and Denis together, "away." And in a moment the whole were flying in every direction, still, however, retaining a hold of their loads, with the exception of our two friends, and the ten men with them, all bold and resolute fellows, and determined to the last to cover the retreat of their goods. In cases like this, when the free traders were met by the officers of the preventive service, they were accustomed to separate, and by the thousand cross-roads and hill-paths, to make the appointed place of rendezvous, which was always previously agreed upon. Thus, though a few might be taken, still the greater part escaped with the share of the run assigned to them. As the flying party disappeared one by one, in different directions, the picked, or head men, moved steadily onward. On reaching the mouth of the glen, they were stopped by about twenty man-of-war's men, ranged in line, and commanding the passage. "On, my lads, on for your own sakes!" cried Mat, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping forwards, followed close by his men. On they went, and the platoons of the king's men were discharged in a volley, but, owing to the moon that instant having veiled her light behind a dark cloud, the shots passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the smoke could clear away, horse and men were mixed together in the *melee*. Wild shouts, and execrations in every shape, now flew fast and furious. The smugglers seldom, if they could help it, used their firearms, and consequently they were always at it hand to hand, tooth and nail. The kicking and plunging of the horses soon bore fright and dismay among the officers of the law. They began to waver, and Denis, that moment rising in his stirrups to make a cut, sung out with the whole force of his stentorian lungs, "Give it 'em, my jewels! At 'em, my Roses!" He said no more, for a back-handed stroke of one of his antagonists that instant brought him to the ground.

When the dawning light of sense and perception returned and resumed her wonted seat, Denis found himself in the house of Smith, with Rose holding one hand, and his mother kissing and crying over the other. "Och, hubbabo! mother, what's the row? What are you after keenin' over me in that way for, agra?" "Och, Denis, avourneen, a cushla machree, a lanna, bould yer tongue, and don't spake, for the docthur says ye'll kill yerself if ye do so. Aisy now,

dear, and Rose, the darlin', 'll tell ye all about it; eternal bleasin's rest on her and hers, for it wasn't her may be that watched ye all alongst!" The free traders had been triumphant. Denis was carefully raised up, the cutlass-cut across his brow bound up, and he was then carried to Mat's house in a state of insensibility. The operation for trephine was performed upon him, and for a month he was delirious. He then recovered, and, to use his own expression, "bore up from the lee-shore of sickness, with every sail he could crowd, for the port of health and matrimony." A short time after, Rose and Denis became one. And it is gratifying to state, that Rose had sufficient influence over her husband and father to prevail on them not again to attempt the perils of the smuggling profession, which independent of its dangers and degrading character, in general, sooner or later, brings ruin on its followers.

#### ANECDOTE OF FRANCESCO DE MACEDO.

If what Leti, in his Italian Regnante, relates of Francesco de Macedo be true, he must have been a very extraordinary man. We are told he spoke two-and-twenty languages; was poet, orator, historian, philosopher, chronologist, divine. No Portuguese writer ever obtained so great a reputation. He delivered sixty Latin discourses, fifty-three elegies, and thirty-two funeral orations. There are extant of his writing forty-two poems, one hundred and twenty-three elegies, one hundred and fifty epitaphs, two hundred and twelve epistles dedicatory, and more than two thousand epigrams. He was particularly distinguished in France by his verses on the equestrian statue of Louis XIII., the tragedy of Jacob, and the tragi-comedy of Orpheus: both represented before Louis XIV., when an infant. It was observed of these dramatic pieces, that both could not help being pleased with them; the blind on hearing them read, and the deaf on seeing them performed.

#### THE WINTER-GREEN.

A PERENNIAL GIFT FOR 1844.

THIS is the title of a new and beautiful candidate for public favor among the tribe of Annuals. It is published by Charles Wells and Co., 56 Gold street, New York, and is edited by John Keese. From a careful examination of this book and a perusal of most of its contents, we are prepared to say in the outset, that in our opinion it is the *cheapest* annual, compared with its real merits, that has ever been published in this country. It is a very elegant volume of about two hundred and fifty pages, well filled with literary matter, on superior paper, with sixteen fine steel engravings, and beautifully bound in embossed morocco, and gilt; and sold at the very low price of two dollars.

The publisher is an enterprising man, and knows what he is about, or we should be inclined to think he was throwing away his money. The binding and the engravings are worth more than he gets for the work, to say nothing of the 250 pages of letter press. The literary contents are rich and various. There are articles from Hannah F. Gould, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mary E. Lee, Harriet N. Jenks, Amelia B. Welby, Jane L. Swift, and other lady writers. "The fords of creation" are represented in the volume by C.

F. Hoffman, H. T. Tuckerman, Park Benjamin, the Editor, (Mr. Keese) C. P. Cranch, and several others.

Among the "several others," however, there is one name, which, although, "not unknown to fame," we have never before seen in an annual, and therefore we do not feel at liberty to pass it by in silence. That name is Major Jack Downing. We are assured, and the style confirms it, that the article is from the real original Major, who sent his famous letters, if not all over the world, at least all over these United States, in the Portland Courier; and not from any of the numerous counterfeiters who wrote under his signature.

The "Major," in the Winter-Green, gives what he calls a brief sketch of his uncle Joshua. It is illustrated by a very beautiful steel plate, which, we have no doubt, gives a very accurate representation of the worthy Postmaster of Downingville, standing in the cornfield in his shirt sleeves harvesting corn. We are not sorry, since the Major has got a little out of the whirlpool of politics, to see him turning his attention to literature, and hope we may hear from him occasionally in that line of business.

Our leading article in this week's Rover, Henpeckery, is copied from the Winter-Green, and we will close our present notice by copying the closing article in the volume, which is as follows:

#### THE SPRIG OF WINTER-GREEN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

It grew not in the golden clime  
Where painted birds, in bowers as gay,  
Their notes on Tropic breezes chime,  
While nature keeps her holiday.  
'Neath northern stars its leaflets first  
Expanded to the wooing air,  
And, in the lonely wild-wood nurst,  
It learn'd the northern blast to bear.

Transplanted from its simple home—  
By rocky dell, or wind-swept hill—  
Like birds in stranger climes that roam,  
And keep their native wood-notes still,  
Still in its glossy verdure dressed,  
It blooms, unchanged with change of scene,  
And emblem on its wearer's breast  
Of truth and purity within.

THE ROVER. We do not intend to charge Capt. Smith with smuggling, but he neglected to give us credit for that story in his last week's number—"The First and Last Ticket." That was one of our early "drawings."—*Portland Transcript*.

No, Capt. Isley, the Rover is no smuggler, and no pirate. Her papers are always open for the examination of every body; and you may ransack her cargo any time from stem to stern, and you will find every thing fair and square and above board.

The reason that bale of goods, called "the First and Last Ticket," was not put down to your credit, was because we found it without any mark on it or bill of lading with it, and couldn't tell who it belonged to till the owner should speak up and tell us. Now we are ready to correct all mistakes and make the account straight.

The readers of the Rover will therefore please to take notice, that the excellent story of the "First and Last Ticket," which we published a few weeks ago, was written by Charles P. Isley, Esq. editor of the Portland Transcript, a capital literary and family paper, published at the very low rate of one dollar a year.



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DEATH'S SILENCE.



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# THE ROVER.

## THE FAITHFUL DOG.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.  
[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

SEE how he strives to rescue from the flood  
The drowing child, who, venturous in his play,  
Plunged from the slippery footing. With what joy  
The brave deliverer, feels those slender arms  
Convulsive twining round his brawny neck,  
And saves his master's boy.—

A zeal like this,  
Hath oft, amid St. Bernard's blinding snows,  
Track'd the faint traveler, or unsen'd the jaws  
Of the voracious avalanche, plucking thence  
The hapless victim.

If thou hast a dog,  
Of such a noble race, let him not lack  
Aught of the kind requital, that delights  
His honest nature. When he comes at eve,  
Laying his ample head upon thy knee,  
And looking at thee, with a glistening eye,  
Repulse him not, but let him, on the rug  
Sleep fast and warm, beside thy parlor fire.  
The lion-guard of all thou lov'st, is he,  
Yet bows his spirit to thy least command,  
And crouches at thy feet. On his broad back  
He bears thy youngest darling, and endures  
Long, with wagging tail, the teasing sport  
Of each mischievous imp. Enough for him  
That they are thine.

'Tis but an olden theme  
To sing the faithful dog. The storied page  
Full oft hath told his tried fidelity,  
In legend quaint. Yet if in this our world  
True friendship is a scarce and chary plant,  
It might be well to stoop and sow its seed  
Even in the humble bosom of a brute.  
Slight nutriment it needs:—the kindly tone,  
The sheltering roof, the fragments from thy board,  
The frank caress, or treasured word of praise  
For deeds of loyalty.

So mayest thou win  
A willing servant, and an earnest friend,  
Faithful to death.

## THE MOTHER'S FAULT.

BY LAWRENCE LABRECE.

WHAT groans of misery have risen reproachfully to  
Heaven—what catalogues of crime swell the records  
of our courts, that can be traced back step by step to  
the weak judgment and woful mismanagement of a  
mother. How many a poor wretch has expiated a life  
of utter depravity, whose first fault was encouraged by  
a mother's foolish fondness to indulge, or inability to  
control, some of the earliest simple errors of the child.  
Many a parent—alas! too many—under a mistaken  
idea of affection for their children, indulge them in all  
their frivolous whims, and thus lay the foundation of  
their destruction; nor do they seem aware how detest-  
able—nay, hateful, their spoilt offspring appear to the  
discreet and well-bred. Yet such is the ignorance and  
the misplaced love of many a foolish parent.

Ellen Harvey was a beautiful and a captivating girl.  
Tall and gracefully formed, with a rosy cheek and a  
laughing eye, hers was the form and the feature to  
win. Her father died when she was but an infant,  
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leaving her as the sole comfort and consolation of a  
widowed mother. Mistress Harvey was a good, but a  
weak woman. She understood the duties of a mother,  
but was too deficient in energy to apply them; and,  
therefore, it is no more than reasonable to suppose,  
that as Ellen was an only child, she was also a petted  
one. Even so. She had never known what it was to  
be thwarted in a single desire; and what she could not  
obtain by coaxing and teasing, she was sure of by  
pouting. She was her mother's darling, beautiful  
child, and how cruel it would be not to humor her!  
Often have I seen Ellen's pretty face wet with tears,  
and rendered frightful by a storm of passion, when the  
thunder of her wrath would be terrible, and the light-  
ning of her eyes fierce.

Mistress Harvey was poor. She kept a boarding-  
house; and, though it was always well filled, no one  
could tell the reason why, as it was ever kept in a slack  
and topsy-turvy manner. Perhaps the mystery may  
be solved this way: she was always complaining to her  
boarders of her poverty, and eternally borrowing mone-  
y from those who had it to lend; of course such  
boarders continued with her more as a matter of ne-  
cessity than choice. There were others, who, taking  
advantage of her imbecility, were continually in arrears  
for board; they, of course, staid as a matter of con-  
venience. She was not over fond of work herself, and  
Ellen was positively shocked at the idea of it; thus  
the wages of an extra servant were expended, and  
more room left for dishonesty to glut. And then there  
was pride, too—that contemptible pride, that would,  
sooner than soil a finger, neglect some absolute duty,  
and create a way for many extravagant expenditures.  
“My daughter must be accomplished.” Accomplish-  
ed! The ball-room with its seductive allurements; the  
theatre and its blandishments: and at home, the piano  
and a music-master. “My daughter must marry a  
gentleman”—one who can support her as a lady should  
be supported—one who could gratify her every wish;  
kneel at her desire, and fly at her command—yield his  
own happiness to secure hers. True, she is very beau-  
tiful—very graceful—very amiable at first sight, to a  
stranger; but there is “that within that passeth out-  
ward show”—all these to a sense of sight. Become  
acquainted with her—study her, and then behold how  
deficient she is in those accomplishments which a  
gentleman hopes to find in the woman he would make  
his wife. Let us see. Can she talk? Yes—nonsense  
—nothing more. Can she write? Scarcely. Can  
she read? Hem—yes—novels—no taste for the solids.  
Can she manage a gentleman's household? Horrid!  
Impossible! *She's a lady!* What can she do? Do?  
Languish, fret, scold, cry, dance, sing, a little—badly,  
laugh, and perhaps give a wrong idea of matters and  
things in general, and folks in particular. Blander  
has been a part of her education; you might as well  
take away her nourishment.

Is this an overdrawn picture. What person does  
not see, if he is a common observer, the same farce  
acted before his eyes every day in his life?

Ah! what a task is a mother's. How much depends  
upon her ability to govern her children. The wealth,  
the virtue, and the honor of a nation depend much  
upon the moral character of our mothers. Young

girls should study to make virtuous and accomplished wives—wives to become watchful and respected mothers. These things, so all-important in themselves, are simply but the result of good management. Children should not be so much governed by the rod, as by that strict mental discipline so necessary to ensure their future welfare, honor and happiness.

Ellen grew up a rose, but like all roses, not without thorns. Her beauty increased as she burst into womanhood, and like most young ladies possessing beauty, and that which sometimes passes for wit, she was followed by a throng of flattering admirers, to all of whom she equally dispensed her smiles; but among them all, there was one only who showed toward her a deeper sentiment than esteem, and for whose attention she seemed to care. He was a mechanic—poor, but honest—whose success in this life depended upon his industry. Such persons are the relieving points of humanity—far superior to the flippant and hairy cures that flaunt along the public pave.

For some time no other feelings appeared to exist between George Wilmot and Ellen, than familiar friendship would seem to warrant. One of two extremes was looked for by their friends; but something was wanting to turn the scale that was so nicely balanced, and for this purpose a storm was brewing.

Mistress Harvey had observed the growing intimacy of George and Ellen, and her determination was to check it. So she one day demanded of Ellen the truth of her suspicions. She told her of the splendid destiny which she had long in anticipation for her. She pictured to her in the most glowing terms the great impropriety of encouraging the addresses of Wilmot—his occupation, and his limited means. But Ellen only laughed at her mother, who, when she found remonstrance was in vain, commanded her, as she dreaded the displeasure of a parent, to renounce Wilmot forthwith, and prepare herself for a match which she contemplated—more ambitious, and, perhaps, more profitable. But no, Ellen, like most young ladies of a certain age, grew more decisive, the more she was opposed; and at last becoming fretful and poutish as her mother disclosed her ambitious views, she resolutely refused to give heed to such schemes, and declared with absolute ill temper, that she would never prove false to Wilmot, nor listen to overtures from any other source.

They parted angrily—the one disappointed and grieved, the other determined and ill-natured.

Ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, George and Ellen were man and wife. Many a girl has taken as sudden a step. Thus they were at once put in a situation where they would be compelled to exercise their abilities, if possessed of any. Wilmot's own choice would have been to wait a few months longer. He was not so well prepared as he wished to be. But Ellen was hasty, and represented future opportunities as doubtful. She implored—she insisted, and what therefore could Wilmot do? Why, accede, of course; she had thus much control over him already.

They took rooms in the upper part of the city, and furnished them respectably. For the first few months things went on swimmingly with them. They appeared to love one another as much as was convenient after the first month, and began to assume a sober matrimonial aspect.

Well, time wore on; and as it works wonders, of course many great changes take place. We shall see.

Ellen and George had been married six months, and "sighing and suing, billing and cooing" had with them become an old song; already a "change had come o'er the spirit of their dreams." Ellen, whose domestic education had neither fitted her to be the wife of a gentleman, nor a mechanic, (mechanics are not gentlemen now-a-days, you know,) as the one *would not* have her, and the other *could not*, she proving neither *accomplished* nor *profitable*, began to show her true colors—first by late rising, and, of course, Wilmot must take late breakfasts or none. Remonstrances only made her ill-natured, and George unhappy. Next followed negligence in her personal appearance, then negligence of everything—even of George himself.

At first these things were passed lightly over by Wilmot; at length he began to entreat, then to urge, then to command. Then came reproaches and tears from Ellen, and she accused him of not loving her as at first. Insipid fool! she knew not the misery that awaited her. At last came angry words—little quarrels becoming larger—every day adding something to the flame. Thus a year of their wedded life soon passed away; and an addition had been made to the family. Patiently did Wilmot bear up against his numerous afflictions. He reasoned, he entreated, but still no hope or sign of amendment in Ellen, and George grew discontented and discouraged. He neglected his business—he visited gaming houses and not unfrequently would be absent all night—driven from home by a wife's peevishness, and the desolateness that surrounded him. Often, in his anguish did he curse the fatal hour of his marriage—too late he reflected, and perceived that he had taken a hasty step without sufficient thought of the future. Oh, what a desert waste seemed the long journey before him! Destitution began to crawl on them apace. First one thing, then another went to the pawn-brokers, to raise the means to enable them to purchase the necessities of life—*food for the table!* Distress, meagre and hungry, stared them in the face. There was no alternative—no escape. Every day was lessening their means—every hour was adding to their misery. Now, instead of being absent one night, weeks often passed without Wilmot's passing his own threshold; and he was often brought home helpless from intoxication. At such times he would heap abuse upon Ellen, and accuse her of being the cause of the loss of his earthly happiness, and of his soul's damnation. Violent and loud were his taunts, and though not entirely unmerited, few could look upon the scene nor pity Ellen. Yet she had brought it all upon herself. But the originality of the sin was in the imbecility, the foolishness, and the false notions of her mother. Alas! there are too many such. What deep and lasting anguish has been the cause.

Another year passed swiftly by—another drop was added to the ocean of eternity, and still Wilmot and his wife effected no change in their condition for the better. Their child began to walk and to prattle, but it only put their destitute and hopeless condition in a broader and bolder light. But more strange than anything else, yet not the less true, Wilmot had left off the ruinous practice of drinking, and, in its place, a habit of brooding melancholy had taken possession of his soul. He appeared like a condemned criminal for whom there was no hope. Not a smile ever played on his livid and withered lips—no tear moistened his inflamed eyes,—no cheering beam enlightened his de-

solate heart. Animation had forsaken him—ambition he had forgotten—memory had fled from her dominions and reason scarcely lingered. He presented a melancholy spectacle of a broken-hearted man. He wandered to and fro, knowing not, nor caring, whither he went, nor when he should return. He scarcely spoke to Ellen, and when he did it was only to ask for bread. They had lived upon the charity of their neighbors for the last few months, but they at last began to get tired, and to make less frequent their charitable visits.

As for Ellen, she had become a shiftless thing—no better than George—but from a very different cause—constitutional laziness. An attempt at order with her had long since been too much of an effort. Oh, what a curse to a man that would be industrious! At last their prattling child sickened and died. Peace to its soul! Death to it was a blessed boon. It went to its Creator in the realms of eternal joy; no grief could reach there to pale its cherub cheek.

Winter had passed away. Spring, with its fragrant flowers and verdant fields, had smiled upon the earth. The joyous birds blithely caroled forth their witching melodies; the lowing of herds and the bleating of flocks told of a land of happiness and plenty.

Wilmot had been absent from his home two days. No traces of him could be found. His friends began to fear some accident had befallen him, for of late he had been regular in his hours; and although they had reason to believe that he had foresworn intoxication, they felt more concern for him, being deprived of the former cause of his absence. Then there was a reason easily conjured, now they were at a loss to find one. Inquiries were made of those who had seen him last, but all to no purpose.

At last some one recollected that of late Wilmot had been in the habit of straying into the country once or twice a week, and a party was soon made up to search for him there. They left the city. At a mile from the ferry, they made inquiry at a public house, and were informed that he had passed there but the day previous. Onward they went—not always in the road, but sometimes across fields.

After proceeding a mile further, and as they were crossing a meadow, they suddenly came upon the object of their search. All, for a moment, stood aghast, for there, before their eyes, upon the damp ground, and lying on his face, was extended the dead body of George Wilmot. Beside the body was his hat, in which was a paper containing these words:

"I die a broken-hearted and a desolate being. My friends, if they ever find me, will shed a tear to my memory, respect me for what I once was, and pity me for what I have long been. It might have been otherwise; but who can struggle against his destiny? May God forgive me—forgive all who have led me to this. Farewell!"

Thus perished George Wilmot, a victim of a miserable wife. Young men may take warning from his fate. If they cannot always avoid it, they should ever struggle manfully against it. Never be trodden beneath the feet of vice or indolence. Young women, who are unstable in their feelings, and not industrious in their habits, may learn that all does not depend upon the husband; something—much, is required of the wife. But, above all, oh, parents! and more particularly mothers, beware! lest ye instill false ideas and ruinous principles into your daughters, for on ye hang the misery or happiness of millions—the prosperity and

greatness of a nation. It is a noble and fearful task, and ye cannot be too watchful or too prayerful in the mental cultivation of your children. Ye form them for after life, ye, in a great measure, bend them to good or evil. Let not the condemned criminal on the gallows, nor the convicted felon in his cell cry out: "Oh thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

Ellen did not long survive her husband; for her utter disregard of health and neatness made her one of the first victims of a raging epidemic, and added another name to the list of those who owe their destruction to a false system of domestic education—to a mother's fault.

#### MAL-A-FEMINA.

Crossing by means of a small wooden bridge, a rivulet which divides the road, our guide, a clever intelligent man, was observed to cross himself most devoutly; and supposing that something of local tradition was attached to the spot, we demanded of him his reason for so significant a gesture.

"This little bridge, sir," said he, "which we are now crossing, is call by the country people, 'Mal-a-femina,' and with good reason; for it was once covered with the blood of as fair a girl as the sun ever shone upon." At this intimation, our whole party expressed a wish to hear the history of an event apparently of so tragic a nature; and, as our guide was not unwilling to gratify our curiosity, we disposed ourselves on and about the bridge, to listen to his recital.

It was a pleasant evening in August; the sun had lost the intensity of its heat, the breeze was rustling the foliage of the surrounding wood, and the rivulet was murmuring gently along beneath us. Leaning against an acacia tree, at the foot of the bridge, sat our guide, a tall, sunburnt Calabrian; he was clad in the dress of a royal forester; and the melancholy expression of his bronzed features, arising from the recollection of the events he was about to relate, lent an interest to the scene which we shall not soon forget. We were disposed, as I said, in various attitudes around him.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "I ought to know it well. You see yonder spot—[pointing to a little dell at a short distance]—it was there, eleven years ago last feast of St. Barnabas, that I found them, and a terrible sight it was to come upon so suddenly! and from thence, to this very bridge on which you now stand, was all covered with blood—[the eye instinctively followed the direction of his hand]—but, however, I will begin at the beginning, and then you will understand me better. At the little town of Altavilla, which perhaps you may know—it is built on the side of a mountain not far off here, toward the east—there lived, at the time of which I am speaking, the family of a Neapolitan gentleman, of very good estate, and descended from the counts of Montefalcone. The old gentleman had a son about three and twenty years of age, and a daughter only sixteen. He was a very good old man, uncommonly fond of his daughter and his estate, only as proud as Lucifer of his descent. The young man was just as proud as his father, with half his good qualities; but the young lady was beloved by every body for her kindness and charity, and she was as beautiful as she was good. Many a time have I taken her a wounded bird, or a young fawn that had lost its dam, and she would tend it like a child. But those were happy days, and few enough she had of them.

"It so happened, that one of the inmates of the mansion was a young man, an orphan, who had been brought up from childhood by the old gentleman, and educated for some profession or appointment worthy of his early and promising talents; but no one knew who he was. He was as handsome and clever a youth as any in the country; and no one knew better how to pull a trigger, or tackle a wild boar single-handed. Well, these young people were unfortunately thrown a great deal together; for the son was a wild extravagant young man, and passed most of his time at Naples, and the old gentleman was absorbed in books and politics; it was, therefore, no wonder that a romantic passion should spring up between them; for the beauty and amiableness of the maiden, and the generous and manly character of the youth, made them in every respect worthy of each other; in fact, I never saw a finer pair, nor any in whom I took a greater interest.

"A secret understanding had existed for some time between them, when an explanation was brought about by an order from the old gentleman to his *protege* to join the Austrian army—the career to which he had been early destined. Such a rude and abrupt disavowing of the ties of years, was not to be contemplated without passionate emotion.

"Perhaps they might never again behold each other, and in the meanwhile, she was at the absolute disposal of her father. No means were left them but to fly, and trust to the forgiveness of her parent for the future. They ought to have known on how frail a reed they depended for support; but youth and passion blind the senses. The youth, in his ramblings amid the neighboring forests, had formed an acquaintance with a monk, who had left his convent, preferring the life of a recluse in the woods. He used frequently to bring the old man game, and to do him a variety of little kindnesses, which had insensibly stolen on his love. To the monk did this youth confess their passion and their fixed determination, soliciting him, by all the good offices he had ever rendered him, and by the love he bore him, to join their hands. This at last the old man consented to do, and likewise to intercede for them with the father. In the dead of the night the lovers stole forth, accompanied by a devoted female attendant, and before day-light, they reached the hermitage, where the monk bestowed on them the nuptial benediction. So far all was calm; but in the delirium of love, little did they contemplate the frightful storm, engendered by pride and contemned authority, which was shortly to burst on them in all its horrors.

"In the morning, the house of the Neapolitan presented a dreadful scene of commotion. Immediately the flight of his daughter was made known to him, the old noble became roused to fury. A messenger was despatched to Naples for his son, and the police of the city were placed in active search after the fugitives, who, it was supposed, had taken refuge within its walls. The son lost no time in attending the summons of his father, and, although less furious than the latter, it could be easily seen by his pale cheek and sternly compressed features, that deadly revenge had taken possession of his heart. The strictest search was made at Naples, but in vain; and the brother, fancying their hiding-place might be nearer than was supposed, placed spies in every direction with the promise of a large reward to him who should discover them.

"Meanwhile the monk, who was not suspected,

concealed the lovers in his hermitage, which was commodious, and without suffering them to stir abroad, brought them news of the proceedings from without. In this manner many days elapsed: the monk intending after the first paroxysm of rage had subsided, to confess to the old nobleman the part he had taken in the affair, and to solicit pardon for the young people.

"An incident, however, unhappily counteracted his good intentions. One evening, about eight days after the lovers had become inmates of the hermitage, they were seated together, conversing with the monk on their future prospects, when they beheld the casement, which had been slightly opened to admit the air, drawn back by an unknown hand, and an exclamation of joy burst from the lips of the intruder, who at the same moment disappeared. The lovers instantly became alive to the critical position in which they were placed. The young man sallied forth, but could obtain no trace of the individual, who they immediately concluded was some spy employed for their detection. Not a moment was to be lost. The monk gave them a note to the superior of his convent at Sorrento, and bade them hasten thither, where they would at all events be free from violence. His good offices he engaged to employ in the meantime with their father, and visit them as occasion would permit. Affectionately they took leave of their kind benefactor, and with aching hearts, and a foreboding of peril, bent their way to Sorrento.

"Giacomo was acquainted with every path, and, by following the intricacies of the forest, hoped to reach their asylum before the alarm could be given. He little considered how swift were the movements of hate and revenge; and little thought that his path, even then, was tracked by blood hounds, who were guiding the fell pursuers to their prey. The man who opened the casement of the hermitage was indeed an agent of the young count, who had been attracted thither by the sound of voices, and finding who were within, flew to communicate his intelligence, and obtain his reward. To prevent escape, he placed others around to give intelligence on his return.

"Arming himself in haste, and mounting his swiftest horse, the brother flew to the hermitage, accompanied by a desperate companion, who, if report speaks truth, had more than once been engaged in scenes of blood. The scouts at the hermitage placed them in the track, and, riding at their utmost speed, they were not long in overtaking the unhappy fugitives.

"The lovers had by this time traversed the greater part of the forest, and had gained that very bridge, when they heard the appalling sounds of pursuit. What was the horror of the already fainting Lauretta, on turning, to behold her brother, his horse wreathed in foam, and his pallid countenance but too faithful an index of the emotions of his heart! By the superior swiftness of his steed he had far out-stripped his companion, and was there alone to confront them. For a moment the blood rushed quick to the heart of Giacomo, as he beheld his pursuer; but, unconscious of crime, and not fearing mortal man, he placed himself on the bridge before his wife and her companion, and boldly waited the event. This was the work of an instant. Riding up to the very foot of the bridge, and leaping from his steed, he cried, rushing toward his opponent, 'Dog of a pauper! we are well met; is it for such as you to dishonor a noble house? Defend yourself, lest I stab you where you now stand!'

"Listen but for a moment to what I have to urge,



cried Giacomo; but he was answered with a deadly thrust from the weapon of his antagonist. For a few seconds they were engaged in desperate strife, but the superior address of Giacomo quickly displayed itself. He bore his adversary backward, disarmed him, and forced him on his knee; when the flash of a pistol was seen, quickly followed by the report. The sword of the youth fell from his grasp, and he reeled gasping against the side of the bridge. His wife, who, in the first impulse of terror, was as one almost bereft of life, at this dreadful moment seemed to regain all her energies. Rushing to support the dying youth, she covered him with her body, and received the blow of a poniard dealt by her brother's hand, deep in her bosom: 'My dear murdered husband?' were the only words she uttered, as she fell dead on his already lifeless form. The ball which pierced the heart of Giacomo was directed by the companion of the young count, who arrived at the moment his patron appeared in danger, and risked the shot with too fatal a precision. The assassins, seeing what was done, and thinking to secure their own safety by the silence of their victims, plunged a sword into the heart of the unfortunate Lauretta's faithful attendant, who, overcome with terror, was lying senseless near her murdered mistress. She passed from insensibility unto death. They then dragged the bodies from the spot on which they had fallen, into the dell, and, mounting their horses, flew to escape the justice due to their crime.

"It was some days before the monk learned, at his convent at Sorrento, that his young friends had not arrived. Fearing some mischance, he instantly sought the old nobleman, and, confessing his share in the elopement of his daughter, begged to know if they had been intercepted by his orders, and what had become of them. The old Neapolitan was in a state of anxiety bordering on madness, and now bitterly repented his pride and fatal precipitation in summoning his son. He had heard nothing of him since he left on the fearful night of the pursuit. The alarm was quickly spread around: violence was suspected; and the country people dispersed themselves among the woods and villages in every direction for miles around, to obtain tidings. It was my fortune first to cross this very bridge, and I observed traces of blood, which might, however, have been spilt in the chase, but my dog instantly set up an unusual cry, and, following the track, I had the horror of finding the poor unhappy victims lying together, all stained with each other's blood, and already beginning to decay! They were both buried in one grave, with their faithful attendant at their feet. The poor monk, with a faltering voice, rendered them the last offices of his friendship; and there are few among the crowd, who on that day saw the grave close over these victims to revenge and pride, that can erase the scene from their memory." And no one who heard the Calabrian repeat that melancholy history, on the very spot where it took place—who witnessed his impressive manner, and the mournful emphasis with which he concluded his tale—can ever forget the evening he spent in the woods of Persano.

One of the *Hydrangea* tribe perpires so freely that the leaves wither and become crisp in a very short time, if the plant be not amply supplied with water; it has 160,000 apertures on every inch square of surface on the under disk of the leaf.

## A FRONTIER SCENE.

THE following anecdote which is highly characteristic of the period of our history in which it occurred, and of the persons to whom it relates, was communicated to us in conversation, from a highly respectable source, and is given without alteration, except such as unavoidably occurred in clothing it in our own language.

Capt. Crawford of Virginia—the same who afterward, under the name of Colonel Crawford, was taken prisoner, inhumanly tortured, and murdered by the Indians—was marching a company from the frontiers of his own state to the Ohio river. The occasion is not exactly known; it might have been during Braddock's expedition in 1763, or in some of the expeditions previous to Dunmore's war, which occurred in 1774. From the ages of the parties we rather incline to the former date. Crawford's men were, of course, hunters and farmers from the outskirts of the Virginia settlements—most probably young, daring, hardy volunteers, of the same class as the pioneers who shortly after that period overran the forests of Kentucky; and he himself was a bold, enterprising man. Previous to his leaving the neighborhood of the settlement, Crawford, by some accident, found himself in want of the means of transportation for some of his baggage or stores, and at a place where he halted in the woods fortunately fell in with a wagoner who had stopped to rest his horses at the same spot. In such an emergency, Capt. Crawford felt no hesitation in pressing the team and its driver into the service, and accordingly communicated his design to the wagoner. The latter, highly incensed, was inclined to resist what he considered an oppressive act; but he was alone, in the midst of a military band, who were able and ready, at a word, to enforce their commander's order. The wagoner was a great, gigantic, two fisted, square built fellow, who bore on his face the marks of many a hard fought battle. He was, in fact, a noted *bruiser*. He received Capt. Crawford's order with an air of great dissatisfaction, and remained for a moment silent, looking sullenly at the troops, as if indignantly measuring their strength against his own weakness. He then observed to the Captain, that it was hard to go against his own will—that every man ought to have a *fair chance*—that he had not a fair chance, inasmuch as the odds were so great against him as to deprive him of the power of protecting his own right. He would, however, make a proposition, which he thought the Captain was bound in honor to accede to: "I will fight you," said he, "or any man in your company. If I am whipped, I will go with you cheerfully; but if I conquer, you must let me off." In making this proposal, the wagoner showed himself an able negotiator. He either knew Crawford's character, or had read it during the interview. The Captain was an expert woodsman, stout, active, and chivalrous, and prided himself on his personal prowess, for which he had already obtained some celebrity. To have declined the wagoner's challenge might have seemed to indicate a want of manhood—it might lessen him in the eyes of his men—and his own disposition and code of ethics, perhaps, suggested that the wagoner was entitled, in justice, to the *fair chance* which he claimed. He accordingly accepted the challenge, and both parties began to strip for the combat.

At this moment, a tall young man, who had recently joined the company, and was a stranger to most of

them, who had been leaning carelessly against a tree, eyeing the scene with apparent unconcern, stepped forward and drew Crawford aside. "Captain," said he, "you must let me fight that man—he will whip you." Crawford was not willing to appear to back out, but the youth insisted that to have the Captain beaten, which would be the result if he persisted, would tarnish the honor of the company; and moreover, that he himself was the only man that could whip the wagoner. The confidence of the youth, and a something about him which inspired confidence in others, enabled him to carry his point. Captain Crawford having done all that policy required, in accepting the challenge, very prudently suffered himself to be persuaded by his men to let the stranger take his place.

The two combatants were soon stripped and prepared for the fight. There was a great disparity in their appearance, the odds being decidedly in favor of the wagoner. He was in the vigor of life, big, muscular, hardened by exposure, and experienced in affairs of this kind. The youth, who when clad in a hunting shirt, seemed slender, now showed himself to be a young giant. His frame had not yet acquired the fullness, the compactness, and the vigor of ripe manhood which it afterward possessed to so high a degree—his limbs seemed to be loosely hung together, but his bones and muscles were enormous, and his eye full of courage.

The conflict though bloody, was short. The wagoner was completely and terribly beaten. The youth sprung on him with the ferocity of an enraged tiger, and the battle was no longer doubtful. Wherever the tremendous fist of the youth struck, it inflicted a severe wound. The blood followed every blow; and the wagoner, who had been the victor in many a hard fought field, in a few minutes lay mangled and exhausted at the feet of his vanquisher, who was but little, if at all hurt.

That youth was DANIEL MORGAN, who had now, for the first time, taken the field against the enemies of his country, as a private soldier, who afterward rose to the rank of Major General, who so often led our armies in battle, and was perhaps more frequently engaged with the enemy than any other officer in the American Revolution. He was as celebrated for his activity, strength and personal courage, as for his military genius; and the above is one of a great number of incidents in his life which attest his almost incredible bodily power.

[*"DANIEL MORGAN"* should have been the title of the sketch in our last week's number, instead of *"William,"*—a mistake of the author's, which we at the time overlooked.]

#### A PENGUIN ROOKERY IN NEW ZEALAND.

One day we visited what they call a "penguin rookery." The spot of ground occupied by our settlers is bounded on each end by high bluffs, which extend far into the sea, leaving a space in front, where all the hogs run nearly wild, as they are prevented going beyond these limits by those natural barriers; and the creatures, who at stated periods came up from the sea, remain in undisturbed possession of the beaches beyond our immediate vicinity. The weather being favorable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them

were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. As we could not find any place where we could possibly land our boat in safety, I and two more swam on shore with bags tied round our necks to hold the eggs in, and the boat with one of the men lay off, out of the surf. I should think the ground occupied by these birds (if I may be allowed so to call them) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large gray rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description. As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass, and commenced our plundering search, though there needed none, so profuse was the quantity. The scene altogether well merits a better description than I can give; thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hoping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all setting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this ejection was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories the sailors said was "cover 'em up." And however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones, of voices, that several times I started and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare with each other. As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lines leading down to the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole street, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy; and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest, she was sure to be thrown among foes; and besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea and are not again seen until the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they

were hatched. After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, color and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than an hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable number of birds collected together. We did not allow them sufficient time, after landing, to lay all their eggs; for, had the season been further advanced, and we had found three eggs in each nest, the whole of them might probably have proved added, the young partly formed, and the eggs of no use to us; but the whole of those we took turned out good, and had a particular fine delicate flavor. It was a work of considerable difficulty to get our booty safe into the boat—so frail a cargo—with so tremendous a surf running against us. However, we finally succeeded, though not without smashing a considerable number of the eggs.—*Nine month's residence in New Zealand.*

### IRELAND, AND HER EMMETS.

IRELAND is an interesting country, and her sons are a remarkable people. There are passages in her history hardly surpassed in interest by that of any other country. She has, too, given to the world her full share of distinguished men. There are no people who are influenced by a stronger patriotism than the Irish; none who are capable of greater sacrifice for their country, or for their countrymen. The eyes of the world are turned upon Ireland with peculiar interest at the present time, beholding the great moral revolution already accomplished under the lead of Father Matthew, and the great political revolution now being wrought out and probably to be completed without disturbance or bloodshed under the guidance and influence of O'Connell.

What a remarkable man is O'Connell, and what a wonderful influence he has acquired over his countrymen. Half a million of Irishmen are ready at any moment to do his bidding in any thing deemed necessary for the good of their country, even should it require their blood to be poured out like water. Not only *now* is this the character of the Irish people, but such *has been* their character in times past, as the following accounts will sufficiently show. Who does not remember the fate of ROBERT EMMET? And who can read his dying speech without dropping a tear to his memory? When about to be executed on a charge of treason, and when asked the usual question, what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him according to law, he rose and delivered the following

#### IMMORTAL SPEECH.

I AM asked if I have any thing to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your

minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power, over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but also the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me; while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over men, as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steered to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying that the wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate God; I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear; by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travelled; and that I confidently hope, that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland sufficient to accomplish this noble enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lord, a man who does not wish his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny con-

signs him. [Here he was again interrupted by the Judge.]

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate, rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction. [Here he was again interrupted by the Court.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood, that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt: but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality and clemency of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lord, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge—I am the supposed culprit; I am a man—you are a man also; by a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives; my country's oppressors, or— [Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me, why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle, before your jury was empaneled. Your lordships are but the

priests of the oracle—and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms. [Here the Court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No; I am no emissary. My ambition was, to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France? And for what?—a change of masters? No; but for ambition!

Oh, my country! Was it personal ambition that influenced me—had it been the soul of my actions—could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord, I acted as an *Irishman*, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in patricide, whose rewards are the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity.

It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had destined her to fill. Connexion with France was indeed intended—but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it as we had assurances we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other—I would meet them with all the fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass—the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me there would I hold, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself in my fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life any more than death is dishonorable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France—I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant of slavery, and were ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country. I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which would, by its example, be as important as its valor—



## IRELAND AND HER EMMETS.

disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and with experience—allies who would perceive the good, and, in our collision, polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. My objects were, not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country! [Here he was interrupted by the Court.]

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen,—or, as your Lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honor overmuch—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference—who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand. [Here he was interrupted.]

What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny of which you are only the intermediary executioner has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here!—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it! [Here the Judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could engage in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home,—or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence—to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No; God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to in-

still into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient; I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. *I have done.*

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

THERE are thousands of persons in New York who know something of the history of Thomas Addis Emmet, and tens of thousands who have beheld the marble obelisk erected to his memory in St. Paul's church-yard on Broadway, near the Astor House. He was a brother of Robert Emmet, and like Blennerhasset “fled from the storms of his own country, to enjoy quiet in ours; and was for many years an eminent counsellor at law in New York. The following extraction from his memoirs published some years ago gives an interesting account of the remarkable organization of the Societies of United Irishmen, in the times of the Emmets, and the Curran, and the Rowans.

THE Societies of United Irishmen originated in the end of the year 1791. Their object was the repeal of the Popery laws, and a reform, particularly including an extension of the right of suffrage among the Catholics. So says the memoir delivered to the Irish government by Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, and McNeven, in 1798. These societies, it seems, did not at first contemplate a separation of Ireland from England; but in 1794, they were revived, and new ones formed upon a new basis. That basis was not specifically called reform, but Revolution. These societies reached all ranks of people, from what were once called the *defenders*, up to such men as Emmet, Curran, Tone, O'Connor, McNeven, and others of equal rank and talents. These associations, when a revolution, with all its incidents and with all its extensive relations, was seriously contemplated, were organized on a plan of secrecy. There was a test—an oath, the most solemn and sacred. Protestants and Catholics—all religious sects, forgot their prejudices, and nobly rallied under one common standard—the standard of the nation. All their feelings, all their wishes, all their hopes, were for Ireland. Her freedom, her honor, her glory, and her prosperity, claimed all their thoughts and all their devotions. Gold was nothing—titles were nothing;—Ireland, Republican Ireland was every thing. It was necessary to bring these Societies to act on any one point that might be thought essential. The spies of the British government watched and reported every thing that met their view. Great circumspection was therefore requisite. The leader of the intended revolution therefore pro-

duced a complete organized system among these associations. This system consisted of committees, going from grade to grade. There were four orders of committees—the baronial, county, provincial, and national committees. Ireland, as a nation, may be said to have a religious disposition. When the solemnities of religion were therefore resorted to to secure secrecy, it was a resort that proved effectual. Neither Catholic nor Protestant forgot the declaration that appealed to an approving God, and to the retributions of a future world.

Towards the latter end of the year 1796 the societies of United Irishmen had spread over Ireland, and then exhibited, in addition to the divisions already mentioned, two departments—the civil and the military; although these two departments were very much blended in appearance, to prevent the communication of alarm and suspicion. In 1798, there was appointed a military committee to prepare a plan of military operations.

The civil department consisted of the four grades or classes of committees already stated; the baronial, county, provincial and national. Secrecy and concert being essentially requisite to success, large assemblies were avoided. No society could exceed the number of thirty-six. When it amounted to this number, it was divided into two societies of eighteen members each. These again went on until they amounted in number to thirty-six, and were then again divided. Each Society had its delegates, consisting of three. When any district or barony had three or more societies, three delegates from each society met together, and constituted a barony. When any county embraced three or more baronies, there was a county committee; and when two or more counties had committees within the boundaries of any one province, there was a provincial committee. Last of all, five delegates from each province composed the national committee. After all this organization, and at the head of it, there was an executive committee. All these several committees, excepting the last, were elected once in three months, and by ballot. What was done in the most subordinate committee, was communicated to the next highest, and that committee again reported to the next in the ascending line, and so the communication went on until it reached the national committee; but information seldom went down; secrecy and despatch condemned such a policy. Here, as Mr. Emmet has often remarked, there was a complete representative system. In all these societies, the Irish people to the amount of half a million, or more, were constantly brought together in small bodies, to discuss, to vote, and to deliberate. The whole presented one grand system of order and subordination, in which the people, Catholics and Protestants, acted together, regardless of ancient feuds, and prejudices. The funds of the societies throughout Ireland were raised by monthly subscriptions, and there was a national treasury.

The military department was organized about the year 1796, and was in its structure a government somewhat like the civil department. Those United Irishmen who composed the one, of course composed the other. All officers to the rank of a colonel, inclusive, were elected; all above, appointed by the executive. Thus the several societies were erected into an immense military force, and each man was directed to furnish himself, as far as possible, with arms, ammunition, and every species or articles necessary to offensive or defensive war.

The executive committee acted an important part, and appointed a military committee to prepare a system for defence and attack, and transmitted intelligence and recommendations down through the various societies whenever it thought proper, and constantly received reports from the civil and military departments.

Mr. Emmet acted a conspicuous part in this grand organization, which may well be termed a national political system. He acted as one of the Executive until the period of his arrest and imprisonment. He calculates that the different societies of United Irishmen consisted of at least five hundred thousand men, and that Ireland could have sent forth three hundred thousand warriors for the advancement and security of Irish freedom.

The fidelity of the Irish people in the organization and in all the transactions of this provincial system of government was most astonishing. Perfect faith everywhere prevailed. Men died on the rack and expired beneath the pains of torture, and still they would not reveal secrets to the spies and ruffians of government. And yet many of these men were of the lowest order of Irish. Take the humblest ranks of Irish society, and they are the most intemperate people of Europe; and yet on a single recommendation of the executive committee, they suddenly abstained from the use of ardent spirit throughout all Ireland.

#### MRS. EMMET'S VISIT TO HER HUSBAND IN PRISON.

Among the illustrious victims of vengeance, the name of Thomas Addis Emmet maintains an exalted place. Without any specific allegation, or any overt act of treason, he was cast into prison and never again permitted to enjoy his personal freedom in his native land. Mr. Emmet and several other state prisoners were confined in the prison of Kilmalnaham, in Dublin. He had acted throughout the rebellion with extreme caution. He had abstained from every thing that could render him liable to legal consequences, and in fact was not peculiarly obnoxious to government. His own remark is, that in a grand revolution there must be a division of labor. There must be some to speak, some to write, some to plan, and many to execute. Hence, Mr. Curran, though decidedly for the revolution, was never a United Irishman, and never met with any of the societies. He was the speaking man. On him devolved the duty of defending the patriots at the bar. Mr. Sampson, now in this country, was one of the writing men. Mr. Tone, Mr. Rowan, and others were employed in the same way, though Mr. Tone was otherwise active. Mr. Emmet was one of the executive, and much a cabinet man. On my asking him why he did not appear conspicuous in the state trials, he answered that it was thought most prudent that he should avoid thus rendering himself a peculiar victim of persecution. His agency was very active and extensive, and a bold stand at the bar might have produced scrutiny and detection. Mr. Curran was therefore the man fixed on. When Archibald Hamilton Rowan was arrested, he sent for Mr. Emmet to defend him. Mr. E. declined, from motives of policy. Mr. Rowan pressed him to undertake his cause, and even fell on his knees in the course of his earnest solicitations. Mr. Emmet adhered to his resolution, and who does not remember the speech of Curran! Had Irish eloquence no memorial but this; was this a solitary type on the globe, she could lay a triumphant claim to immortal renown.

Mr. Emmet was now a close prisoner in Dublin, and he said that he had a perfect idea of Sir Hudson

Lowe as the jailer of Napoleon. He so resembled his own jailer in a thousand particulars, that he realized and believed all that Napoleon had dictated on the unfeeling and ruffian deportment of the Governor of St. Helena. Mr. Emmet relates many anecdotes of his imprisonment. Twenty of the patriots were confined in one jail—each having a separate room. They contrived to gain the confidence of one of the subordinate keepers, and every night about twelve o'clock he was induced to unlock the door of each room and permit them to come together. They assembled in a common hall, on each side of which the cells were situated, and here they conversed till nearly light, when they returned quietly to their rooms. Their object was conversation—something to beguile the tedious hours of night. They stood up or sat down on the bare floor, and felt happy in the enjoyment of such a privilege. Their doors were locked after them as they returned to their apartments. Mr. Emmet was at that time connected with a woman, whose superior character and ardent affections will more than once appear in the narrative of her husband's sufferings. Soon after his confinement to the walls of the prison she was permitted to visit him. The room in which he lived was about twelve feet square. She declared, when once admitted, that she would never leave it but with her husband. The servants of the government ordered her in a peremptory manner to leave the prison, but she as positively refused. Force was not resorted to; but it was ascertained that the keeper had orders if she ever left the room, never to permit her to return, it being natural enough to presume that an opportunity of locking her out would soon occur. But such a presumption was ill founded: she remained in the room for twelve months, and left it but once, and then under peculiar circumstances. Her child, then at Mr. Emmet's father's, was taken sick, and dangerously ill. Information was communicated to Mrs. Emmet; but how was she to go? She appealed to the mother of children, to the jailer's wife, and at the hour of midnight she let Mrs. Emmet out of her cell, and conducted her through the jailer's apartments to the street. She visited her child, remained till the next night, and returned by means of the same sympathy. As she was on the point of entering Mr. Emmet's room, one of the keeper's discovered her; but it was too late. She never availed herself of the same permission again. During her absence Mr. Emmet's room was frequently visited; the curtains around the bed were closed, some bundles of clothing were put in the bed, and the keepers desired to step very softly, and not to disturb Mrs. Emmet when afflicted with the head-ache!

#### LEGEND OF LAMPIDOSA.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travelers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission, even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torak-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveler seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to

his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveler listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian: and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no further," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm; "we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide." "Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here?" replied the stranger, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us; I see its white foam in the doph." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight for a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves." "Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveler, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named, "my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!" "It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen, with astonishment, saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamor of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveler ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveler, tearing off his wet, half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverer. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek,



"he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog: and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigor of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveler wrapped himself again in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year, with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?" Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him, but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year—" "In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly. "Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-colored and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied among his winter-stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets: but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," said he to Claribell, "I am a traveler with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hofland, when he heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the

time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Fredericstadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat, brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if they intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveler, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake."—"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.—"Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!" The traveler looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a



soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. "My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofersfield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness. "Not to-night!" said Claribell; "a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed. Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shivered his lips when his offered guidance was accepted. "He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence. All were sleeping in Hoffand's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping. "So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well." "He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance. "Claribell!" he exclaimed after a long pause, "will you be my wife to-morrow?" "I am the lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?" "They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveler gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry." Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubies, and on her lover's face—"Brande, you have murdered him!" With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent." "Follow me then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight—"Sir," said Claribell in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept of the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein-deer's milk, which their neighbors, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract—"Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveler returns to sanction it." Moo-

dy silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter—"Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a desperate gesture—"Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?" "They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—"and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant, the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their tollsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveler, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hoffand's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination, with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Coningsburg.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes dim with intense agony on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go." "Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment." The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "I accuse him!" At this awful cry from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale gray eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed; "There was but one witness, and I go to him!" With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Coningsburg. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labor. But his

eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy; leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide. "It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendent of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice." "The woman is his widow then?" said the viceroy shuddering. "No, my lord;—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labors: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us." While the humane Intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein. "It is the traveler!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms. "My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart, "Claribell!" after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself:—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by a union with your virtues."

### THE STORY OF THE CROSS-BONES.

In an obscure corner in the town of Galway in Ireland, stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "The Cross-bones," and its tragical history is as follows:

In the fifteenth century, Jame Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life; an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was revered for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his

condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved, the idol of the citizens and their fair wives, was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of the time. The perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter, that attaching grace of manner which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft approved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem, which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke.

So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquilized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union, as to the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love, than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired "in what part of Galway Ireland lay?"

After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, toward whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo: Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-colored knoll, threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about

his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude for his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez, a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favored the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's; after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him perhaps a too partial description.

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travelers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character.

This hope appeared to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gonsalvo that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection.

But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared him for intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, that every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as *his*, though she still refused to confess her love, that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder toward himself. Nay, he even im-

agined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gonsalvo, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eyes met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered; capricious, humorless, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion, and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gonsalvo? for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her; to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gonsalvo, so little capable of concealment, the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna: when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom, he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness, or the condition of a still accountable creature.

On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gonsalvo, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst its veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger, he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times with strokes like lightning in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted up the ghastly spectacle before him—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once-beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done and judgment was at hand.



Led by the instinct of self-preservation, young Lynch fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness, for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable suffering of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death.

Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger steeped in blood had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he was nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hand.

We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when at break of day Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—the feelings of the father we cannot imagine,—when restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest troubled sea, they filled the market place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries, the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Toward morning, it was announced to the mayor, that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people; only the foreign guard held out,—and all demanded, with furious cries, the instant liberation of the criminal.

At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with the newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sank at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? the old man replied with unflinching voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you: your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us kneel down together, and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter; but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know

how to die worthy of him." With these words he re-kindled the noble pride of the once-dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side, with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it."

While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence; and every man gazed, as if stunned, to his own house. From that time the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to the grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in the course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

#### EXTRACTS FROM KOTZEBUE.

THERE are some people who are disliked by all; even by those whom they themselves like. Others have the happy talent of insinuating themselves into the favor of every one; even of those, to whom they, on many accounts, might be obnoxious. Others, again, are very agreeable to those whom they like, but toward those whom they dislike cannot assume a constrained civility. Perhaps I belong to that last description of men, and therefore own the justice of that gentleman's remark, who once advised a person, whom I by no means like, not to associate with me. "For," argued he, very wisely, "if he imposes no constraint upon himself, in his conduct toward you, I am certain you cannot live with him, and if he does impose any constraint upon himself, I am equally certain that he cannot live with you."

"He is a good kind of a man,"—I have often heard people say, and when I asked the reason, I have always found, they only called him a *good kind of man*, because he distinguished himself in no way whatever; or, in other words, because he was a cypher. The man most certain to be esteemed, is he who, neither by the endowments of genius, nor of fortune, stands in the way of any other.

The world will sooner pardon a vicious than a ridiculous man, and, it is a dreadful truth, that almost every man had rather appear vicious than ridiculous, if the choice were in his power.

To think unlike the world is courage of mind. To avow such thoughts is courage of the heart and—folly.



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M. Wright

Duck

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# THE ROVER.

## WESTLIN WINDS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Now westlin winds, and slaughtering guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;  
The moorcock springs on whirling wings  
Among the blooming heather;  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;  
The soaring hern the fountains;  
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender;  
Some social join, and league combine,  
Some solitary wander;  
Avaunt, away! the cruel away,  
Tyrannic man's dominion;  
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,  
The fluttering gory pinton!

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
All fading green and yellow.  
Come let us stray o'er gladsome way,  
And view the charms of nature;  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And every happy creature.

## A RACE FOR A SWEETHEART.

BY SENA SMITH.

HARDLY any event creates a stranger sensation in a thinly settled New England village, especially among the young folks, than the arrival of a fresh and blooming Miss, who comes to make her abode in the neighborhood. When therefore Squire Johnson, the only lawyer in the place, and a very respectable man of course, told Farmer Jones one afternoon that his wife's sister, a smart girl of eighteen, was coming in a few days to reside in his family, the news flew like wildfire through Pond village, and was the principal topic of conversation for a week. Pond village is situated upon the margin of one of those numerous and beautiful sheets of water that gem the whole surface of New England like the bright stars in an evening sky, and received its appellation to distinguish it from two or three other villages in the same town, which could not boast of a similar location. When Farmer Jones came in to his supper about sunset that afternoon, and took his seat at the table, the eyes of the whole family were upon him, for there was a peculiar working about his mouth and a knowing glance of his eye that always told them when he had anything of interest to communicate. But Farmer Jones' secretiveness was large and his temperament not the most active, and he would probably have rolled the important secret as a sweet morsel under his tongue for a long time, had not

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Mrs. Jones, who was rather of an impatient and prying turn of mind, contrived to draw it from him.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said she, as she handed him his cup of tea, "what is it you are going to say? Do out with it; for you've been chawing something or other over in your mind ever since you came into the house."

"It's my tobacher, I s'pose," said Mr. Jones, with another knowing glance of his eye.

"Now, father, what is the use?" said Susan; "we all know you've got something or other you want to say, and why can't you tell us what 'tis?"

"La, who cares what 'tis?" said Mrs. Jones; "if it was anything worth telling, we shouldn't have to wait for it, I dare say."

Hereupon Mrs. Jones assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, as the surest way of conquering what she was pleased to call Mr. Jones' obstinacy, which by the way was a very improper term to apply in the case; for it was purely the working of secretiveness without the least particle of obstinacy attached to it.

There was a pause of two or three minutes in the conversation, till Mr. Jones passed his cup to be filled a second time, when with a couple of preparatory hems he began to let out the secret.

"We are to have a new neighbor here in a few days," said Mr. Jones, stopping short when he had uttered thus much, and sipping his tea and filling his mouth with food.

Mrs. Jones, who was perfect in her tactics, said not a word, but attended to the affairs of her table, as though she had not noticed what was said. The farmer's secretiveness had at last worked itself out, and he began again.

"Squire Johnson's wife's sister is coming here in a few days, and is going to live with 'em."

The news being thus fairly divulged, it left free scope for conversation.

"Well, I wonder if she is a proud stuck up piece," said Mrs. Jones.

"I should'nt think she would be," said Susan, "for there ain't a more sociabler woman in the neighborhood than Miss Johnson. So if she is at all like her sister I think we shall like her."

"I wonder how old she is?" said Stephen, who was just verging toward the close of his twenty-first year.

"The squire called her eighteen," said Mr. Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to say, that's about the right age for Stephen.

"I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village, for some time, she felt a little alarm at the idea of a rival.

"I dare be bound she's handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Miss Johnson, for where'll you find a handsomer woman than Miss Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charles Robinson and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game at quoits and a ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went round to the Widow Davis' and told Sally,

and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before sunset, a chaise was seen to drive up to Squire Johnson's door. Of course the eyes of the whole village were turned in that direction. Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking, set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the squire's door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and gone into the house. Patty Bean was doing up the ironing that afternoon, and she had just taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise passed the door, and she ran with it in her hand and stood on the door steps till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house was over. Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead, her shriveled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view.

"Seems to me they are dreadful loving," said old Mrs. Bean, as she saw Mrs. Johnson descend the steps and welcome her sister with a kiss.

"La me, if there isn't the squire kissing of her tu," said Patty; "well, I declare, I would a waited till I got into the house, I'll do if I would't. It looks so vulgar to be kissing afore folks, and out of doors tu; I should think Squire Johnson would be ashamed of himself."

"Well, I should'nt," said young John Bean, who came up at that moment, and who had passed the chaise just as the young lady alighted from it. "I shouldn't be ashamed to kiss sich a pretty gal as that any how; I'd kiss her wherever I could catch her, if it was in the meetin'-house."

"Why, is she handsome Jack?" said Patty.

"Yes, she's got the prettiest little puckery mouth I've seen these six months. Her cheeks are red, and her eyes shine like new buttons."

"Well," replied Patty, "if she'll only take the shine off Susan Jones when she goes to meetin, Sunday, I sha'n't care."

While these observations were going on at old Mr. Bean's, Charles Robinson and a group of young fellows with him were standing in front of Robinson's store, a little farther down the road, and watching the scene that was passing at Squire Johnson's. They witnessed the whole with becoming decorum, now and then making a remark upon the fine horse and the handsome chaise, till they saw the tall squire bend his head down and give the young lady a kiss, when they all burst out into a loud laugh. In a moment, being conscious that their laugh must be heard and noticed at the squire's, they, in order to do away the impression it must necessarily make, at once turned their heads another way, and Charles Robinson who was quick at an expedient, knocked off the hat of the lad who was standing next to him and then they all laughed louder than before.

"Here comes Jack Bean," said Charles, "now we shall hear something about her, for Jack was coming by the squire's when she got out of the chaise. How does she look Jack?"

"Handsome as a pictur," said Jack. "I haint seen

a prettier gal since last Thanksgiving Day, when Jane Ford was here to visit Susan Jones."

"Black eyes or blue?" said Charles.

"Blue," said Jack, "but all-fired bright."

"Tall or short?" said Stephen Jones, who was rather short himself, and therefore felt a particular interest on that point.

"Rather short," said Jack, "but straight and round as a young colt."

"Do you know what her name is?" said Charles.

"They called her Lucy when she got out of the chaise," said Jack, "and as Miss Johnson's name was Brown before she was married, I s'pose her name must be Lucy Brown."

"Just such a name as I like," said Charles Robinson; "Lucy Brown sounds well. Now suppose, in order to get acquainted with her, we all hands take a sail to-morrow night, about this time, on the pond, and invite her to go with us."

"Agreed," said Stephen Jones. "Agreed," said Jack Bean. "Agreed," said all hands.

The question then arose who should carry the invitation to her; and the young men being rather bashful on that score, it was finally settled that Susan Jones should bear the invitation, and accompany her to the boat, where they should all be in waiting to receive her. The next day was a very long day, at least to most of the young men of Pond village; and promptly an hour before sunset, most of them were assembled, with a half a score of their sisters and female cousins, by a little stone wharf on the margin of the pond, for the proposed sail. All the girls in the village of a suitable age, were there, except Patty Bean. She had undergone a good deal of fidgeting and fussing during the day, to prepare for the sail, but had been disappointed. Her new bonnet was not done; and as to wearing her old flapsided bonnet, she declared she would not, if she never went. Presently Susan Jones and Miss Lucy Brown were seen coming down the road.

In a moment all was quiet, the laugh and joke were hushed, and each one put on his best looks. When they arrived, Susan went through the ceremony of introducing Miss Brown to each of the ladies and gentlemen present.

"But how in the world are you going to sail?" said Miss Brown, "for there isn't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail-boat, neither."

"Oh, the less wind we have, the better, when we sail here," said Charles Robinson, "and there is our sail-boat," pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat some twenty feet long by ten wide.

"We don't use no sails," said Jack Bean; "sometimes, when the wind is fair, we put up a bush to help pull along a little, and when 'tisen't we row."

The party were soon embarked on board the scow, and a couple of oars were set in motion, and they glided slowly and pleasantly over as lovely a sheet of water as ever glowed in the sunseting ray. In one hour's time, the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lively and fascinating manner; she had told stories and sung songs. Among others, she had given Moore's boat song with the sweetest possible effect; and by the time they returned to the landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were decidedly in love with her.

A stern regard to truth requires a remark to be made

here, not altogether favorable to Susan Jones, which is the more to be regretted, as she was in the main an excellent hearted girl, and highly esteemed by the whole village. It was observed that as the company grew more and more pleased with Miss Lucy Brown, Susan Jones was less and less animated, till at last she became quite reserved, and apparently sad. She, however, on landing, treated Miss Brown with respectful attention, accompanied her home to Squire Johnson's door, and cordially bade her good night.

The casual glimpses which the young men of Pond village had of Miss Brown during the remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door, or looked out at the window, or once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they all had of her at meeting on the Sabbath, served but to increase their admiration, and to render her more and more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most prominent candidates, however, for Miss Brown's favor, were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all others in the back ground. Charles, whose father was wealthy, had every advantage which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decidedly the advantage of Charles in personal recommendations. He had more talent, was more sprightly and intelligent, and more pleasing in his address. From the evening of the sail on the pond, they had both watched every movement of Miss Brown with the most intense interest; and, as nothing can deceive a lover, each had, with an interest no less intense, watched every movement of the other. They had ceased to speak to each other about her, and if her name was mentioned in their presence, both were always observed to color.

The second week after her arrival, through the influence of Squire Johnson, the district school was offered to Miss Brown on the other side of the pond, which offer was accepted, and she went immediately to take charge of it. This announcement at first threw something of a damper upon the spirits of the young people of Pond village. But when it was understood that the school would continue but a few weeks, and being but a mile and a half distant, Miss Brown would come home every Saturday afternoon, and spend the Sabbath, it was not very difficult to be reconciled to the temporary arrangement. The week wore away heavily, especially to Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. They counted the days impatiently till Saturday, and on Saturday they counted the long and lagging hours till noon. They had both made up their minds that it would be dangerous to wait longer, and they had both resolved not to let another Sabbath pass without making direct proposals to Miss Brown.

Stephen Jones was too early a riser for Charles Robinson, and, in any enterprise where both were concerned, was pretty sure to take the lead, except where money could carry the palm, and then of course, it was always borne away by Charles. As Miss Lucy had been absent most of the week, and was to be at home that afternoon, Charles Robinson had made an arrangement with his mother and sister to have a little tea party in the evening, for the purpose of inviting Miss Brown; and then, of course, he should walk home with her in the evening; and then, of course, would be a good opportunity to break the ice, and make

known to her his feelings and his wishes. Stephen Jones, however, was more prompt in his movements. He had got wind of the proposed tea party, although himself and sister, for obvious reasons, had not been invited, and he resolved not to risk the arrival of Miss Brown and her visit to Mr. Robinson's before he should see her. She would dismiss her school at noon, and come the distance of a mile and a half round the pond home. His mind was at once made up. He would go round and meet her at the school house, and accompany her on her walk. There, in that winding road around those delightful waters, with the tall and shady trees over head, and the wild grape-vines twining round their trunks, and climbing to the branches, while the wild birds were singing through the woods, and the wild ducks playing in the coves along the shore, surely there, if any where in the world, could a man bring his mind up to the point of speaking of love.

Accordingly, a little before noon, Stephen washed and brushed himself up, and put on his Sunday clothes, and started on his expedition. In order to avoid observation, he took a back route across the field, intending to come into the road by the pond, a little out of the village. As ill luck would have it, Charles Robinson had been out in the same direction, and was returning with an armful of green boughs and wild flowers, to ornament the parlor for the evening. He saw Stephen, and noticed his dress, and the direction he was going, and he at once smoked the whole business. His first impulse was to rush upon him and collar him, and demand that he should return back. But then he recollected that in the last scratch he had with Stephen, two or three years before, he had a little the worst of it, and he instinctively stood still, while Stephen passed on without seeing him. It flashed upon his mind at once that the question must now be reduced to a game of speed. If he could by any means gain the school house first and engage Miss Lucy to walk home with him he should consider himself safe. But if Stephen should reach the school-house first, he should feel a good deal of uneasiness for the consequences. Stephen was walking, very leisurely, and unconscious that he was in any danger of a competitor on the course, and it was important that his suspicions should not be awakened. Charles therefore remained perfectly quiet till Stephen had got a little out of hearing, and then threw down his bushes and flowers, and ran to the wharf below the store with his utmost speed. He had one advantage over Stephen. He was ready at a moment's warning to start on an expedition of this kind, for Sunday clothes were an every day affair with him.

There was a light canoe belonging to his father, lying at the wharf, and a couple of stout boys were there fishing. Charles hailed them, and told them if they would row him across the pond as quick as they possibly could, he would give them a quarter of a dollar a-piece. This, in their view, was a splendid offer for their services, and they jumped on board with alacrity and manned the oars. Charles took a paddle and stood in the stern to steer the boat, and help propel her ahead. The distance by water was a little less than by land, and although Stephen had considerably the start of him, he believed he should be able to reach the school-house first, especially if Stephen should not see him and quicken his pace. In one minute after he arrived at the wharf, the boat was under full way. The boys laid down to the oars with right good-will, and Charles

put out all his strength upon the paddle. They were shooting over the water twice as fast as a man could walk, and Charles already felt sure of the victory. But when they had gone about a half a mile, they came in the range of a little opening in the trees on the shore, where the road was exposed to view, and there, at that critical moment, was Stephen pursuing his easy walk. Charles's heart was in his mouth. Still it was possible Stephen might not see them, for he had not yet looked around. Lest the sound of the oars might attract his attention, Charles had instantly, on coming in sight, ordered the boys to stop rowing, and he grasped his paddle with breathless anxiety, and waited for Stephen again to disappear. But just as he was upon the point of passing behind some trees, where the boat would be out of his sight, Stephen turned his head and looked round. He stopped short, turned square round, and stood for the space of a minute looking steadily at the boat. Then lifting his hand, and shaking his fist resolutely at Charles, as much as to say I understand you, he started into a quick run.

"Now, boys," said Charles, "buckle to your oars for your lives, and if you get to the shore so I can reach the school-house before Stephen does, I'll give you a half a dollar a-piece."

This of course added new life to the boys and increased speed to the boat. Their little canoes flew over the water almost like a bird, carrying a white bone in her mouth, and leaving a long ripple on the glassy wave behind her. Charles' hands trembled, but still he did good execution with his paddle. Although Stephen upon the run was a very different thing from Stephen at a slow walk, Charles still had strong hopes of winning the race and gaining his point. He several times caught glimpses of Stephen through the trees, and, as well as he could judge, the boat had a little the best of it. But when they came out into the last opening, where for a little way they had a fair view of each other—Charles thought Stephen ran faster than ever; and although he was now considerably nearer the school-house than Stephen was, he still trembled for the result. They were now within fifty rods of the shore, and Charles appealed again to the boys' love of money.

"Now," said he, "we have not a minute to spare. If we gain the point, I'll give you a dollar a-piece."

The boys strained every nerve, and Charles' paddle made the water fly like the tail of a wounded shark. When within half a dozen rods of the shore, Charles urged them again to spring with all their might, and one of the boys making a desperate plunge upon his oar, snapped it in two. The first pull of the other oar headed the boat from land. Charles saw at once that the delay must be fatal, if he depended on the boat to carry him ashore. The water was but three feet deep, and the bottom was sandy. He sprang from the boat, and rushed toward the shore as fast as he was able to press through the water. He flew up the bank, and along the road; till he reached the school-house. The door was open, but he could see no one within. Several children were at play round the door, who, having seen Charles approach with such haste, stood with mouths and eyes wide open, staring at him.

"Where's the schoolma'am?" said Charles, hastily, to one of the largest boys.

"Why," said the boy, opening his eyes still wider, "is any of the folks dead?"

"You little rascal, I say, where's the schoolma'am?"

"She jest went down that road," said the boy, "two or three minutes ago."

"Was she alone?" said Charles.

"She started alone," said the boy, "and a man met her out there a little ways, and turned about and went with her."

Charles felt that his cake was all dough again, and that he might as well give it up for a bad job, and go home. Stephen Jones and Lucy Brown walked very leisurely home through the woods, and Charles and the boys went very leisurely in the boat across the pond. They even stopped by the way, and caught a mess of fish, since the boys had thrown their lines into the boat when they started. And when they reached the wharf, Charles, in order to show that he had been a fishing, took a large string of the fish in his hand, and carried them up to the house. Miss Lucy Brown, on her way home through the woods, had undoubtedly been informed of the proposed tea-party for the evening, to which she was to be invited, and to which Stephen Jones and Susan Jones were not invited; and when Miss Lucy's invitation came, she sent word back, that she was engaged.

#### A PROPHECY.

There is a mighty dawning on the earth,  
Of human glory; dreams unknown before  
Till the mind's boundless world, and wondrous birth  
Is given to great thought; and deep-drawn lore,  
But late a hidden fount, at which a few  
Quaff'd and were glad, is now a flowing river,  
Which the parched nations may approach and view,  
Kneel down and drink, or float in it forever:  
The bonds of Spirit are asunder broken,  
And Matter makes a very spot of distance;  
On every side appears a silent token  
Of what will be hereafter, when existence  
Shall even become a pure and equal thing,  
And Earth sweep high as heaven on solemn wing.

#### MIDNIGHT REVENGE.

##### A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

"It is the very witching hour of night,  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to the world. Now could I drink hot blood.  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN the county of Galway, in Ireland, there lived a young couple, the children of two neighboring cottagers, who were betrothed to each other from the earliest period of infancy. Their parents were of the lowest class of peasantry, and possessed no inconsiderable share of the national characteristics. With dispositions inherently good, their passions had been inflamed by the pressure of acute poverty, and finally induced them to join the rebellion, which terminated in the death of Emmett and his associates.

It happened that the father and mother of the young girl, with the youth to whom she was betrothed, were sitting round their fire-side, when a sudden knock at the cottage-door induced them to hasten to the gate. A tall elegant stranger, closely muffled in a military cloak, entered their humble dwelling, and through the folds of his roquelaure attentively surveyed the group. He appeared young, noble, but wrapt in gloom; which at the period to which I allude, was felt more or less by every Irish patriot.

After a long pause, he relaxed somewhat in his



scrutiny, and, having insisted on the departure of the females, commenced an animated recital of the civil dissensions of Ireland, and terminated his discourse by solemnly conjuring the cottagers to participate in a rebellion, which was raised for the preservation of their country. His appeal was not lost upon his audience. They had felt the sting of poverty, and were ready to embrace any prospect of ultimate emancipation. They had hearts too that could feel, and hands that could wield a sword; and as the stranger saw the tears coursing down their cheeks, he embraced them with transport, and promised to meet them on the ensuing evening, on a bleak moor which adjoined the village where they resided.

The night soon arrived; and having taken an affectionate farewell, the one of his betrothed bride, the other of his wife and daughter, the couple set forward on their march. As the clock from the village church struck eight, they entered on the place appointed for their meeting. At the remotest corner of the moor they observed a man hastening to join them. It was the stranger; he hailed their appearance with enthusiasm, and taking a hand of each, desired them to accompany him in silence. The party soon quitted the moor, and as they cut rapidly across the high road, discovered a numerous company of horse-patrol, scouring along with swords drawn, and steel helmets flashing through the darkness of the night. By creeping under the hedges they were easily enabled to avoid them; and when the sound of their receding steps could be heard no longer, they cautiously stole from their hiding place, and pursued their midnight march.

They had now entered on a dark mountain pass, enclosed on either side by precipices, which rose to an awful distance above them. Beyond towered a gloomy forest of pines; and to the right, in the distance, appeared the bleak hills of Wicklow. The dead of night drew on; and as the wind roared through each opening cleft in the mountains, the spirit of the travelers assumed a corresponding tone of dejection. They moved along in silence, not, however, without an occasional murmur from the cottager and his son-in-law, as to the direction of the road they were pursuing; and they had already commenced an expostulation, when the moon peeped through the mass of clouds in which she was buried, and revealed the expanse of the deep blue ocean, which roared at the base of the mountain along whose summit they were winding.

In a few minutes they had gained the further side of the pass, and could distinctly hear the hum of human voices, and see the dim flickerings of a hundred torches, revealing to their surprise a cavern which seemed yawning to receive them. They advanced toward the entrance, where a sentinel, with a pike in his hand and a broadsword by his side, was stationed. "Who goes there?" he exclaimed, leveling his weapon at the approaching party. "Friend," was the reply. "The watchword?" "The Emerald Isle," returned the other and hastened on, accompanied by his two astonished associates.

After winding through a narrow passage that admitted but one at a time, their eyes were dazzled by the glittering radiance of torch-lights, which illumined the dark vaults of the cavern. A charcoal fire burnt in the middle of the cave, and threw a sulphurous glare on the ferocious features of the surrounding group. From the centre of the arched roof a lamp was suspended, and on every side hung broadswords, pistols and other

instruments of destruction. On the entrance of the stranger with companions, the rebels advanced to meet him, and paid him that involuntary respect which true dignity never fails to elicit. He had now thrown off his mantle, but his features were still carefully concealed. He was habited in a simple suit of green; and advancing toward his two companions, recommended them to the rest of the group as friends to the liberty of Ireland. They were received with shouts of applause, the fearful oaths of allegiance were taken, and they were equipped with arms to be used in the ensuing contest.

Among the number of those who held their nightly meetings in the cavern, was an old enthusiast, well known by the name of "Allan of the Moor." He was a reputed wizard, and had no inconsiderable influence over the assembly by the wild and savage singularity of his demeanor. His face was cadaverous; his matted hair thinly strewn over his wrinkled brow, but his eyes were as the eyes of the dead. As his prophecies, the effects of a distempered imagination, invariably announced a successful issue to the contest, the rebels daily received a formidable addition to their reinforcements. They remained with their families during the morning, and assembled each night in the cavern, but with such precaution that they were enabled to baffle the penetration of the soldiers who were stationed in companies throughout the country. The troubles of Ireland meantime raged with unabated energy.

On a gloomy night in autumn, considerable numbers assembled in Thomas street, Dublin, where they had previously deposited their arms, and awaited in anxious expectation the signal that was to announce their rising. As the castle clock struck the hour of eight, lights were seen burning on the summits of the neighboring hills; the roar of musquetry was heard, and a fearful contest took place in the crowded streets of the city. The alarm bell was immediately rung, the riot act read, and the drums of the military called into action. At this instant, a party of rebels, with the young stranger at their head, moved towards the Castle. A regiment was ordered to attack them; but such was the fury of the charge, that the soldiers were dispersed on the first onset. They had now gained the Castle walls, and sword in hand the stranger, followed closely by the cottager and his son-in-law, mounted the ramparts. The last was shot dead at the first attack, and the other two separated from each other by the violence of the struggle. Numbers at length prevailed; the rebels were eventually subdued, their commander imprisoned, while the cottager was almost the only one that escaped. For days subsequent to the battle, he continued wandering about the streets in hopes of encountering the stranger, with whose fate he was yet unacquainted.

As the hour of trial approached, he resolved to enter the hall of justice, and boldly endeavor to address him. The conviction of the rebels had in part commenced; a deep silence prevailed, and the young man was busy in his defence. He was of a noble and commanding aspect, with a countenance shaded by the gentlest melancholy. But his voice—it struck immediately the agonized feelings of the cottager, and convinced him that the person he now beheld, was the stranger of his fancy—the EMMETT—the patriot of his country. He denied the charge of treason with the most impassioned eloquence, and sighed while he recalled the memory of the girl he loved, but whom he had given up in his su-

perior attachment to his country. He wept, but he wept not for himself; and the tears that had never fallen for his own misfortunes, stole down his faded cheek when he reflected on the miseries he had entailed on the poor associates of his rebellion. For himself he sought not pardon; but he supplicated the mercy of the judge for the wretches he had misled, and concluded with that affecting appeal to posterity, which never can be forgotten: "Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; but let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and men can do justice to my character." Even this appeal failed in its effect; he was condemned to die the death of a traitor, and his execution was ordered for the ensuing Monday.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her last farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood against the window frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote diamally on her almost broken heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for EMMETT himself, he wept, and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, the long-past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and, though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection.

At this instant the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. EMMETT started at the sound; and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at this moment; ashamed at his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile approached, to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but, as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired, it was but for a moment,—the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time on earth.

With the earliest peep of dawn, numerous detachments of cavalry paraded the streets of Dublin, and a file of soldiers were stationed on the scaffold. As the heavy bell from the prison tolled the appointed hour, the criminal, arrayed in a suit of mourning, made his appearance on the platform. He bowed to the populace with serenity, but smiled with ineffable contempt, while the executioner approached to draw the cap over his face. "Away with your mockery," he passionately exclaimed; "do you think that the soldier who has braved death in the field, fears to meet it on the scaffold?" The man, terrified at his indignant counter-

ance, hesitated to perform the office, but dashing the cap from him, threw the rope around the neck of his victim. A deep silence reigned throughout the multitude, broken at intervals by the muffled drums of the soldiers, and the distant roar of artillery, that announced the commencement of the tragedy. At this moment, the eyes of the sufferer rested on the cottager, who by dint of persuasion and artifice had contrived to force himself opposite the scaffold. Emmet sighed, as he beheld him, smiled faintly in token of recognition, and pointing upwards, signified that it would not be long before they should both meet again in heaven. All was now ready for the execution, which waited only the fatal signal. It was given by the officer stationed on the scaffold, and soon he heavy tramping of the horse-guards, and the double roll of the war-drums, announced that Emmet—the noble-minded, but misguided Emmet—had met with the fate of the brave.

On the failure of the rebellion, the cottager, secure from the inferior part he had acted, hastened to return home. The cruelties he had so lately witnessed had hardened his natural moroseness, and poverty, augmented by despair, had inspired him with the feelings of a demon. The road to his cottage lay near the cavern where he had first been seduced from his allegiance. He paused for an instant as he beheld its gloomy front darkening in the moonlight, and resolved once again to enter. As he reached the avenue, a low groan, proceeding from the further end of the recess, arrested his attention. He listened in breathless anxiety, and, guided by a faint light that glimmered in the distance, threaded the winding labyrinths of the cavern.

A few paces brought him into the well-known vault, in which, stretched on a pile of straw and faggots, lay the extended figure of "Allan of the Moor." His countenance, at all times repulsive, was now strikingly savage. His eyes deep set in their sockets, glared with sepulchral wildness; and a few lank hairs, twined round his sunken cheeks, seemed like worms coiling round a skull. On the entrance of a stranger he started from his couch, and stood in an attitude of defiance, like Cain, when the Almighty's curse first reached him. "Behold," he exclaimed, as recognizing his former companion he rushed with him to the mouth of the cave, "behold, all that remains of the wretched Allan of the Moor. I have bled for my country, and see how it requites me. Wounds and old age are all that is left."

The cottager inquired how he had been disabled, and was told that he had been present at the late skirmish in Dublin, where he was wounded by a treacherous pikeman of his own party, and with difficulty escaped to the cavern. "My days are finished," he continued; "friends, relatives, wife, children, have all gone before me to the grave, and I have nothing to do on earth. But for you," he added, "hope still remains; seize it then as the means of revenge. Already the British fleet floats upon the western wave, and the blood hounds pursue us to annihilation. But may my curse, a curse that has withered the blossom on the bough, and the child at the mother's breast, be upon them till they writhe in the torments of the damned!"

As he uttered these imprecations, he raised his arms to heaven, and shouted with a frantic yell of triumph. The sound attracted the attention of some horse-patrol, who were scouring the country, and they galloped towards the cave. The wizzard heard their approach, he beckoned to his companion, and together they retreated into the cave. Here having stretched himself once

again upon his couch,—“Listen fellow-sufferer,” he said, giving the expiring torch to his companion, “to the last words of Allan of the Moor. A train is laid through this cave communicating to my couch of fagots. When you entered, I was on the eve of firing it; but the spirits are propitious, and the hour of retribution arrives.”

The shouts of the approaching party were now distinctly heard; nearer they advanced; nearer, nearer still, and already their horses' hoofs clattered on the road that overhung the cavern. Allan grasped the hand of the cottager, and, pointing to the train, waved a mute farewell. Nevertheless with awe, his companion rushed into the open air, and saw by the dim moonlight the figures of the advancing squadron. They beheld him from their elevated position, and called on him to surrender his arms. The moonbeams shone full upon his figure; and as he stood in the defile below, with the torch in his hand, and the frown of defiance upon his brow, he looked like Satan in the vaults of Pandemonium.

“No nearer,” he exclaimed, “on your lives, advance no nearer.” “Forward,” said the leader of the squadron, and the sword already glittered in his hand. The cottager marked his time; the whole troop had now reached the road that led above the cavern, and nought impeded their advance. “It must be so,” he exclaimed; “I warned you, but you derided my admonition, and your blood be upon your own heads.” With the words, he stooped—he fired the train. A wild shout was heard, the earth yawned asunder, and the squadron vanished like smoke before his eyes.

For days, weeks, months, he continued wandering about the country, a wretched, blighted being. His food was the acorn of the wood, his drink the water of the marsh, for who will succor the outcast? At length as the necessity for concealment abated, he resolved to return to his cottage.

It was dusk when he arrived, and the voice of wailing was loud within. He entered, and beheld his wife, with a young woman seated by her side; and his daughter, the child of his pride, dying of positive indigence. Unacquainted with the cause of her complaint, he turned an enquiring glance upon his wife, and was informed that neither herself nor her daughter had eaten anything for the last two days. Her countenance darkened as she spoke, and, with a grin of diabolical import, she drew her husband from the room, and whispered in his ear that the young woman who lodged in their cottage, had saved up a guinea while at service, and proposed that it should be appropriated to themselves. The point was soon decided; and at midnight they entered the room where the two females reposed on the same truck. In order to insure the destruction of their victim, they remarked that she was stationed nearest to the door, while their daughter slept contiguous to the cottage wall. Having carefully ascertained this point, they entered an adjoining apartment and conversed in an audible tone upon the way in which the murder should be perpetrated.

In the mean time, the young woman, roused by the conversation, and overhearing the frequent repetition of her name, listened in breathless silence and became but too soon acquainted with the proposed treachery. Not a moment was to be lost; she hastily changed places with her sleeping companion, and crept to the cottage wall. All was now silent; but in a few minutes the door was, lifted gently on its latch, and a head was

thrust forward. The form advanced and was succeeded by another, bearing a dark lantern in her hand. They approached the bed in quiet, but in the agitation of their movements, the light was extinguished. The young woman continued in the most fearful suspense, and could distinctly hear the sharpening of the murderous weapon. In an instant, the bed clothes were drawn down, the neck bared, the knife drawn across the throat of the victim. The death-rattle followed, and a long, deep sigh announced that the *midnight revenge* was effected.

The wretches removed the body; and, followed at a slight distance by the young woman, who resolved to track their footsteps, bore it to the grave that had been dug for its reception. The night was wild and tempestuous, the wind howled across the moors, and every succeeding gust spoke of unrelieved solitude. The guilty couple felt the silent awe of the moment; and, as they stole along with the lifeless burden hanging on their arms, listened with renewed affright to each passing moan of the breeze. They had now reached the extremity of the garden, and cast the corpse into the burial-place. It sunk with a heavy sound into the grave; the face was turned upwards, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed the features of their daughter, for whose sake the murder had been committed.

They were roused from their trance of agony by the shout of approaching footsteps; and, by the dim light of their lantern, beheld a form clad in white approaching the grave. The conscience of the murderers instantly took the alarm, and suggested to their disordered imagination that it was the ghost of their slaughtered child. Struck to the soul with the sight, her past guilt rushing full on her mind, the feelings of the mother were unequal to the struggle, and she dropped senseless on the body of her daughter. The father returned in a state of phrenzy to his cottage, was impeached on the evidence of the young woman who had encountered them at the grave; and, together with his wife, was shortly afterwards executed for murder. Before he died, he confessed the share he had taken in the rebellion, but solemnly persisted in affirming that he was driven to despair by the unexampled indigence of his family.

#### THE CAPTIVE BOY.

ALL who are conversant with the early history of our country will recollect that our frontier settlements were, many years ago, before the power of the aborigines was broken and subdued, frequently laid waste and desolate by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging and destroying whatever property lay in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom gluttony vengeance or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions, that a young man by the name of Bird, with his wife and child, an infant boy of about six months old, was made a prisoner. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages, making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother important, their lives were spared, for the sole purpose of assisting in carrying it off. They were shown their burdens, and directed to follow. The mother, knowing the fate which in these circumstances awaited her infant, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors, and having wrapped it up in her burden, close to her breast,



journeyed by the side of her husband toward the wilderness, sorrowing no doubt, but invoking the protection of Him whose almighty arm can succor the most unfortunate, and deliver in the greatest peril.

After traveling from sunrise until late at night, through a long summer's day, the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured, the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife, even after so much fatigue, felt little disposition to close their eyes. How they might escape alone occupied their minds; they matured their plan and put it into execution; but to avoid recapture, required even more vigilance and resolution than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the cords that bound them.

They, however, set out, and with their helpless babe which, as by a miracle, they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began at midnight to retrace their steps; but before day, fatigue, anxiety and the want of nourishment so completely exhausted them both, that they found the following dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness, or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already streaking the east with gray, and they knew that their flight must have been already discovered; they knew, too, the characters they had to deal with, and that to escape there was not a moment to be lost. Distracted with opposing resolutions, a sense of duty to themselves, finally prevailed over the parents' fondness; the mother for the last time, pressed her innocent offspring to her breast, bedewed its unconsciously smiling cheeks with tears, and sat it down on the green bank of a little tinkling rill, to perish, where, as she cast a last anguishing look, after she left it, she saw it scrambling after the flowers that grew around it.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbors, and returned to the spot where the child had been left; but it was gone; and, in the lapse of years, blest with riches and a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep over their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled upon the harvests, when, in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article of which bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their possession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners on the part of the whites, with the declaration that he was a white, found in infancy, upon the very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents, who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parents' joy was full—but the boy wandered through the rich possessions of his father, without a smile. His bow and blanket was his only joy. He despised alike, the dress, the habits and the luxuries that were proffered to him; and his mind constantly brooded over the forest scenes and sports in which he had passed his boyhood. Vain were all the attempts made to wean him from his native habits—and as vain the efforts to obliterate the recollections of his adopted home from his mind. While persuasion and indulgence were alone resorted to, he modestly acquiesced; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garments of civilized life, and his favorite bow for a book, he grew sullenly discontented; and at last was missing in his father's house. He was seen that same evening

arrayed in his Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his course toward the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event, that Mr. Bird and his wife, now advanced somewhat in years, removed to a new settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence and while a more commodious building was erecting, they inhabited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood. One day when the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighborhood having gone to a distance of several miles to assist at a raising, she saw from her door several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet and ascending a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, determined to defend herself to the last.

The savages entered, and finding their efforts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her; but the first hand that was thrust through the trap-door was severed, by the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at the moment, that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated, and disappeared in the woods instantly; while almost at the same moment Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the deliverers of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, and lo! there appeared before her the scarred right hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I draw the inference, that it is habit that endears the savage to his wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits; and delight in blood and treachery; and that between the natural passions, affections and dispositions of men, there is no difference, except such as is created by education and custom.

#### THE BROTHERS' QUARREL.

Of the divided affections too often observable among brothers, a most remarkable instance happened a few years ago in the family of a gentleman of the north of Scotland. George and William Stirling were the only sons of the gentleman alluded to, and they had grown to manhood in the exercises of that mutual kindness which it is so delightful to observe in relations in that degree of consanguinity. We are not aware that there was anything remarkable in their characters: they were, simply, two respectable young men, of good education; and while the elder was reared to the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the younger soon attained such a degree of distinction at the bar, as rendered his fate little less enviable. On the death of their mother, which took place when they were between twenty and thirty years of age, some dispute arose respecting a legacy, the destination of which had not been expressed in terms sufficiently clear, and which, after a brief suit at law, was determined in favor of the elder brother. At first it was resolved by the two brothers that this plea should be amicably conducted, merely for the purpose of deciding an uncertain matter; but some circumstances unexpectedly occurred, which, acting upon the inflammable nature of the elder, and not being met with a proper spirit by the younger brother, speedily produced a decided alienation between them. Each retired sullenly into the fortress of his own pride; nor were their father's entreaties and good offices, nor their common recollection of twenty affectionate and happy years, of the least avail in bringing them once



together. They did not again meet for ten years: it was at their father's funeral. The old gentleman had died in presence of his eldest son only, reiterating with his latest breath, those injunctions so often before employed in vain, that his two sons might be restored to brotherly friendship, an object, he said, which engrossed his thoughts so much in life, that he felt as though he could not rest at peace in his grave unless it was accomplished. The two brothers met, but without taking the least notice of each other, when respectively mounting their carriages, in order to follow the corpse of their father to the family burying-ground in Aberdeen. Their hearts were still filled with fierce and indignant feelings toward each other, though it is not improbable that the elder had been somewhat touched, almost imperceptibly to himself, by the dying entreaties of his father.

The procession, consisting of a hearse and the carriages of the two brothers, set out on its long and dreary journey, which was rendered additionally melancholy by the gloom of a December day. It was originally designed that there should be no stoppage, except to exchange horses, till they reached their destination; but this arrangement was destined to be strangely disconcerted. A fall of snow which had begun only that morning in the low country, was found, when they reached the hilly region, to have been of two days' continuance; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they reached a lonely inn, about half way toward the capital, beyond which it was declared by the postillions there was no possibility of proceeding that day. This humble place of entertainment was accustomed to lodge only such guests as carriers, and as it was partly occupied on the present occasion, by various wayfarers, the host, with all anxiety to accommodate such distinguished guests as those who had just arrived, found he could not, by any means, offer them more than two rooms. It was his expectation, that, while one of these was devoted, as decency required, to the reception of the corpse, the other would serve for the two mourners; and he accordingly proposed to make up an additional bed in the room which he had marked as that which should receive his living guests. What was his astonishment, and what was the astonishment of all the inmates of the house, when he was informed by a servant that one of the gentlemen would sleep in one of the rooms, while the other had no objection to that in which he had placed the corpse! It was not, however, for him to make any resistance to such an arrangement, and he accordingly caused the rooms to be prepared as befitted the taste of his guests.

It must communicate a strange feeling to know that two brothers—men of cultivated understandings, and each respected in his sphere for public and private worth—actually carried this dreadful arrangement into effect, to avoid what they must have contemplated as a more painful thing—the spending of a single night in each other's company. It was the younger who proposed, as a solution of the dilemma in which he found they were placed, to take up his quarters in the same chamber with the corpse; unpardonable as the elder was for his share of the dissension, it was but justice to him to state that he could not, after the dying request of his father, have encountered the sensations which might be expected to arise in so dreadful a situation. During the evening, as the storm prevented them from going out of doors, each kept his own room,

and was severally served with the refreshments which he required. Night came, and each went to rest. Morning returned, and still the storm was unabated. It was, therefore, necessary to spend another day in the same extraordinary circumstances. Slowly, slowly waned the hours of the twilight day; and still the snow continued to fall in its broad and lazy flakes, seeming, to the two brothers, as each surveyed it listlessly from his window, the very personification of monotony. As the rooms were close to each other, and only divided by a thin partition, through which there was a door of communication, each of the unhappy gentlemen could overhear everything that his neighbor did, almost to his very breathing. It at length became the amusement of each, unknown to his fellow, to watch the proceedings of the other—to note every footfall, to register every sigh. George, in particular, became interested, in spite of himself, in the situation of his brother, which, in consideration of what he had heard from the lips of his dying father, bore to him an aspect more repulsive and painful than perhaps the actual sufferer.

At length, when after a weary day, the time of rest again drew nigh, and the house became more than usually still, he heard a groan—a groan partly suppressed, but still bearing distinctly the impress of unutterable anguish—proceed from his brother's room. He listened more intently, and in a few minutes he could make out that the living tenant of the death-chamber was prostrated beside the coffin, weeping—bitterly weeping—but still making every effort to bury the expression of his grief in his own bosom. It may easily be imagined that such sounds, coming upon a heart which had been insensibly undergoing a softening process during the whole day, must have had the best effect. Still the rancor of ten years was not to be got over by tears shed under such circumstances. He stole softly, however, to the door, and watched with the most intense anxiety every respiration and movement of his afflicted brother. After waiting a few minutes, he distinctly heard William breathe forth the words, "Oh, mother!" and that in a tone which referred so pointedly to their unhappy quarrel, that he could no longer entertain a doubt as to the nature of his brother's present reflections. A thousand tender associations were awakened by that endearing word; he reverted to the early days when they had no contention but for her affections—no rivalry but for the kind bounty which she was always ready to bestow upon each alike. Human nature could hold no longer, and he gently tapped at the door which had hitherto kept them apart. "William," he said, "may I come in?" The voice of affection could not be mistaken; William opened the door in an instant, and, as if he had guessed intuitively the disposition of his brother, rushed into his arms.

The next day saw the two brothers amicably proceeding in one vehicle to the family burying place, where, in the grave of their father, they inhaled every bitter feeling they had ever entertained against each other; and afterward, taught by the sufferings which they endured in their period of alienation, there was no pair of friends who took such pains to cherish each other's affections, or to avoid all means of converting them into gall.

Two greater the acknowledged merits of any one, the more severe will be the sentence passed upon any of his defects, real or imaginary.

We consider the following one of the finest effusions of the writer, who is ranked by many, and we might say, almost by general consent, as the first poet in the country. Besides being exceedingly beautiful, its application to the season adds to its interest at the present time.

## AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and  
sere—

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the summer leaves lie  
dead;

They rustle to the eddying wind, and to the rabbit's tread!  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy  
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately  
sprung and stood,

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours—  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November  
rain,

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again!

The wild-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the briar rose and the orchis died amid the summer's  
glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in Autumn beauty  
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague  
on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade  
and glen!

And now, when comes a calm, mild day, as still such days  
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees  
are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late  
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no  
more!

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and faded by my side:  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the  
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief!  
Yet not unmet it was, that one, like that young friend of  
ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers!

## DANIEL O'CONNELL.

SINCE the receipt of the intelligence of the arrest of O'CONNELL by the British government, we presume we cannot offer a more acceptable article in the present state of England, Ireland, Repeal and public opinion, than the following short sketch of the early private and personal history of the conspicuous agitator.

He is descended from an ancient Catholic family of the county of Kerry, and was in his youth intended for the priesthood. He was early sent for his education to the Jesuits' College, at St. Omer, and, on finishing his studies there, immediately avowed his preference for the law. He accordingly studied in the Middle Temple, and, in 1796, was admitted to practice at the Irish bar, which had just been opened to Catholics.

His success in his profession was rapid. It has been said of him, that "he is in the greatest request in jury cases, where he is in his element. A Dublin jury forms the twelve string harp upon which, above all things, he delights to play. His powers as a *trial* *prius* advocate are numerous, and always at command. His skill in conducting defences for the Crown court is remarkable. Here his versatility seems to approach nearer to inconsistency than in any other department of his practice. Habitually bold and sanguine everywhere else, he is in these cases a model of prudence and caution. Rapid in his usual cross-examinations, here he never puts a hasty, especially a hazardous, question." He received a silk gown in the latter part of 1831. At the same time that Mr. O'Connell became one of the well known advocates of the Irish bar, he was not less eminent in the political assemblies of his countrymen, in which he displayed a power, earnestness and firmness that soon rendered him the leader of the Irish Catholics. Indeed, his exertions seem to have been of the most laborious nature. Rising early for calm and profound study, disposing of a mass of business before the Courts, which would seem sufficient to exhaust the strength of a common constitution, he would often pass the day in some popular meeting, and the evening at a public dinner, in both of which he was required to address the audience; and the next morning would find him early engaged in new labors. For about thirty years he has been the zealous and active partisan of his oppressed countrymen, and has acted a leading part in all the efforts which they have made for an admission to the rights of British subjects. The Catholic Board, and the Catholic Association, which were formed in 1823, and suppressed in 1829, were much indebted to his services for their influence. In consequence of his having applied the reproachful epithet of "beggarly corporation" to the Dublin corporation, which was opposed to the Catholic claims, he became involved in a duel, in which his antagonist fell. A dispute which soon after arose between him and Mr. Peel, when the latter was Secretary for Ireland, also led to an appointment, which, having become public, the parties were prevented from meeting by the authorities; they agreed, however, to meet on the continent—but Mr. O'Connell was arrested in London, and held to bail before the king's bench. The measures which he considered necessary for the relief of his country, were a repeal of the union, and of the Catholic disabilities. Previous to the passage of the relief bill, he had declared that he considered it possible for him to sit in Parliament. He was accordingly elected member for Clare, but did not attempt to take his seat until after the passage of the bill, when he was required to take the usual oaths of allegiance, supremacy and abjuration. He claimed the benefit of the bill, but it was decided that he was not entitled to the advantages of its provisions, and he was not permitted to sit. He was afterward, however, re-elected, and took his seat accordingly. In 1830, he moved on several occasions for leave to bring in bills for extending the privileges of Catholics, and also a bill for reforming the abuses of Parliamentary representation, declaring himself in favor of universal suffrage, voting by ballot, and triennial Parliament; but his plans met with little support.

For the last ten years he has occupied an important position in the eye of the public of the United Kingdom, and his movements are familiar to all.

No doubt the most singular movement he has ever made in his political life, has been his late indiscreet speech about the Southern Planters of the United States. It has cost an entire destruction of the Republican Associations in the southern portion of this country.

### THE MAN WITH AN APPETITE.

I NEVER, for the life o' me, could understand why a man of *ten* stone weight should pay as much for coach hire as one of *twenty*. There's neither reason nor virtue in it; and the stage coach proprietors must be a set of unjust jolterheads not to alter it. The rogues weigh your dead stock—your luggage, and, if it be what they call "over weight," they make no scruple of charging you so much a pound for every pound above a certain number of pounds, but they take no account at all of overweight in *living* luggage, and will charge just as much for carrying a little whippet snapper of a passenger, whose entire *corpus*, in full dress, might be tucked into a coach pocket, as they will for a great, over-fed fellow, whose empty waistcoat would button round a hay stack! If a man will stuff himself till he's as big as a roasted Manningtree ox with a pudding in his belly, let him do so—there is no statute to the contrary thereof, that I know of; but I see no reason why he should obtrude his fat upon folk of reasonable compass—or expect to have his overweight of blubber carried about the country for nothing. Twelve stone is about the average weight of a man; and if the coach owners were not blockheads and boobies—blind to their own interests, and to common equity, they would establish a scale of fares, hang weighing chairs in their coach offices, and demand so much additional fare upon every stone weight above twelve; reducing the fares to those of less weight in proportion. If they would do that, a man, wedged into a six inside coach between two of those enormous bowel-cases, might take some little comfort to himself in knowing that what he suffers by suffocation, he saves in pocket.

It was our fate to have one of these two legged prize centile—"a certain Franklin in the wilds of Kent," as a traveling sixth in the Dover coach. We took him up—or rather he was heaved up, by the coachman and half-a-dozen helpers, at a road-side public house, somewhere between Sandwich and Deal; and when he was up, and had poked forward, half way across the inside of the coach, his hips stuck in the door way, so that he was obliged to turn aside, before he could bring in his rear. At length he was *all* in; and down he went squash! into the only vacant seat, between two venerable spinster-like ladies, his bowed elbows spreading over them in front like a couple of Brobdignagian sausages. "Mercy on us!" cried one of the spinster-like venerables—"I declare you have torn my gown completely out of the *gathers*!" "And mine too!" said the other. "Really, sir, we must get you to sit up a little," said both. "Aye—I thought I felt something give way," grunted the mountain of a mummy; and then, instead of sitting up, as they had requested, he leaned slowly from side to side, so as almost to smother each lady in her turn, whilst the other was dragging her torn gown from beneath his abominable brawn. However, all that being arranged and room having been made for his legs, as he called them, on we went, but we had not gone more than a mile, when he grunted,—"Can't stand this!"—"Stand *what* sir?—you seem to be *sitting*!" said some body. "Can't ride *backward*

—never could," grunted tallow-beech in reply. Now it so happened that directly opposite to him sat a fine bouncing dame—fat, fair, and fifty, tightly done up in blue braided broadcloth, overhung with a gilt Belcher chain, almost big enough for a chain cable, and she no sooner heard his complaint of not being able to stand riding backward than she offered to change places with him—whether from sympathy with his fat, or respect to her own blue broadcloth, did not appear. But how this exchange of places was to be brought about, was the thing: to the lookers on it seemed to be almost as easy as turning a couple of bullocks in a watch-box; but as the necessity for it was growing more and more urgent every moment, the attempt was made. In the first instance they each essayed to rise like ordinary people, but that would not do; before the *male* was half up, down he went again—squash!—and they repeated the attempt a second time with no better success. "I'll tell you what, ma'am," grunted tallow-beech, "you'd better catch hold of my hands." The lady complied; and having hooked their fat fingers, together, in the way the boys call *butchers'* hold, they succeeded in *bousing* each other up, fairly out of their respective seats, but in the attempt to turn, they missed stays, as it were, and swung round, horizontally, across the laps of the rest of us.

Here was a pretty predicament!—In a moment we were all mixed up together like so many maggots in a grease pot, all trying to get the upper hand of each other: the spinsters were shrieking, the bouncing dame squalling, the fat fellow grunting; and all of us spruiling with might and main, to keep our heads above brawn. Luckily, the two fat ones had "a kind of alacrity in sinking"—their ability to sprunt being diminished in exact ratio to their superabundant blubber, so that we soon got them pretty well under; but, nevertheless, there is no knowing what the upshot might have been, had not a lean and long neck'd linen dealer in the corner, poked his head out at the window, and implored the coachman to stop—"Coachman," cried he, "coachman! for Heaven's sake stop the coach!" The coach did stop, and that right speedily—for the cry was urgent, and both doors being set wide open, we—the four lean ones, as soon as we could disentangle ourselves, got out upon the road, shoe-top deep in mud, and the rain raining as though it thought the sooner we were cooled the better; whilst the two fat ones, assisted by the coachman and others, were getting themselves set upright on their own *propria persona* seats; and this matter achieved, we all got in again. Now you would think, perhaps, that after such a squabash, the fat man's appetite would be sadly damaged—and I thought so too; but I was mistaken; for in less than an hour after, I sat down to dinner with him, at one of the inns in Dover, and I'll tell you the manner of his feeding.

It was a sort of four shilling ordinary—plenty of food there was; and some twenty or thirty feeders—each with a four ounce lump of bread by the side of his plate. "You'll take some *soup*, sir?" said somebody to the fat Franklin. "Yes, I'll take *soup*," said he; and did three plates full, to which he added the aforesaid four ounce lump of bread. "You'll take *salmon*, sir?" "I'll take *salmon*; and some *bread* waiter." The plate of bread was handed to him, and having paw'd on three or four ounce lumps, he ingulphed two of 'em with the salmon. Shall I send a *fried sole*, sir? "Yes, I'll take *fried soles*, and some *fresh ale*, waiter." A quart jug of



ale was set beside him; and having ingulph'd a great goblet of it, he sent down a half pound sole, and the fourth lump of bread after the salmon. Here's a fine brill, sir; will you allow me to send you some?" "Yes—brill, and some bread, waiter." The plate was again handed to him, and having paw'd off four lumps, down went one of them with the brill, and another goblet of ale cleared his gullet for the second course.

Second course: Roast beef, roast pig, calf's head, and boiled leg of mutton. "Beef sir?" "Yes I'll take some beef; champ, champ, chamble, champ, and gulp—gulp—gulp;" and there was an end of the beef, and a third goblet of ale. "Some calf's head, sir." "Yes, I'll take calf's head: slerrup, slerrup, chamble, champ, slerrup; gulp, gulp, gulp." "A little more calf's head, sir?" "Yes, I'll take a little more calf's head; slerrup, slerrup—bread, waiter; slerrup, chamble champ; gulp, gulp, gulp, gulp;" and this ended the second course.

Third course: "Shall I send you the wing of this goose, sir?" "Yes, I'll take the wing of a goose," and he did. "Allow me to send you a slice or two of the breast, sir?" "Yes; I'll take some of the breast," and he did. "some boiled fowl and oysters, sir?" "Yes; I'll take some boiled fowl and oysters; slerrup, slerrup, champ, cham—stop waiter! where are you going with that duck! I shall take some duck;" and having finished his boiled fowl and oysters, he helped himself to the breast of the duck. By this time his eyes stood out like a lobster's; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his bald front. But still he went on, champ champ, champ; and fearing the pastry would cleared away before he had finished his duck, he contrived to eat the solid slices from the breast with one side of his mouth, whilst he gnaw'd the meat from the leg with the other—the drumstick poking out from the corner of his mouth, till it dropped completely plucked upon his plate. Then, gulping down the remainder of his ale, he tossed a glass of brandy after it; and asked for some *damsen hirt*; swallowed it in a twinkling; "a little *custard pudding*?" "Yes!" *cheese*? "Yes!" and finally a *bottle of sherry*! Is it not monstrous, that a fellow like this—who will cram himself with more food than would serve a dozen modest men, should obtrude his abominable paunch upon decent people, and get his overweight carried about from town to town for nothing.

#### JEFFERY HUDSON IN THE PIE.

Jeffery Hudson, the famous English dwarf, who contributed to the amusements of the court of Charles II, was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire, in the year 1619. When about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, he was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burligh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen entertained at Burligh, little Jeffery was served up in a cold pie, and presented by the duchess to the queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age to thirty, he never grew any larger; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery took a considerable part in the entertainments of the court, Sir William Davenport wrote a poem called "Jeffriedon," on a battle between him and a turkey cock; and in 1638 was published a very small book called "The New Years gift," presented at court from the Lady Percival

to the Lord Minimus (commonly called little Jeffery,) her majesty's servant &c. written by Microphilus with a little print of Jeffery prefixed. Before this period Jeffery was employed on a negotiation of great importance; he was sent to France to fetch a midwife for the queen; and on his return with this gentlewoman and her majesty's dancing master, and many rich presents to the queen, from her mother, Mary de Medici, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffery, thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teasing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the kings gigantic porter. At last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued; and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on a level, Jeffery, with the first fire shot his antagonist dead.

This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not remain long in slavery, for at the beginning of the civil war, he was made a captain of the royal army, and in 1646 attended the queen to France, where he remained till the Restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life in the sixty-third year of his age.

#### A SQUALL IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

On the 16th of August, after having doubled the Cape, we encountered a very severe squall, which during the time it lasted, almost amounted to a hurricane, and which I think worthy of being recorded, on account of the peculiar circumstances which attended it.

The day on which the gale occurred happened to be on Sunday. We were dead becalmed. The Albatron, instead of wheeling around as, as usual, floated on the glassy surface of the ocean. The sails hung lazily against the masts; and our gallant ship, after having fought her way bravely round "the Cape of Storms," appeared to be enjoying the seventh day of rest, in common with all nature. Divine service was performed, as usual, under an awning of flags, and the whole crew, with the exception of the officer of the watch and the man at the wheel, attended in their best Sunday clothes, almost every man having a prayer book; and all appeared much impressed by the solemnity of the service.

I do not know a more impressive ceremony, or one better calculated to inspire one with serious thoughts, than that of Divine Service performed at sea.

The solemn silence which reigns throughout the ship, unbroken, save by the gentle lapping of the water against her massive sides—the weather beaten Captain, standing with reverent air at the capstan head, which, covered by the meteor flag of Old England, serves his ready desk—the little group of sincere worshippers, who, perhaps, only twelve hours before, were struggling against the fury of the elements, with the characteristic energy, and indomitable courage of British seamen, now assembled to offer up their humble petitions, and return thanks to their Creator in the midst of the trackless ocean. The beautiful language of the prayers sp-



pointed to be read at sea—and the blessed assurance that our feeble voices are heard, although ascending from a mere speck in the ocean many hundred miles removed from the habitations of our fellow men—all tend to inspire feelings of devotion, to impress us with a conviction of our own insignificance, our utter dependence on the goodness of our Creator—"The eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the Heavens, and rulest the raging sea." And the heart of the most thoughtless is filled with gratitude toward Him, without whose aid vain lazeed were the feeble efforts of man to contend against the spirit of the tempest.

But this is a digression.

Divine service had been performed, and we were all lounging about upon the poop; some impatient spirits grumbling at the delay occasioned by the calm, and making absurd bets as to the probable time of our arrival at Madras. Others, with more philosophy, smoking their cheroots in silent enjoyment of the peaceful scene, or watching the sportive gambols of a dolphin, which glided round the ship, sparkling in all the pride of green, and purple, and gold; while the officer of the watch paced slowly up and down, now casting his eyes aloft in hopes that some passing current of air might fill the light duck of the sky sails, and now whistling as though to awake the sleeping breeze.

Some having remarked this circumstance, the conversation naturally turned upon the superstitions of seamen, and one of the party, a wild young ensign of the name of C——, proposed that we should try the experiment of procuring a breeze by sticking a knife in the mast.

"What are you at, there, young gentleman?" cried the chief mate, a venerable old seaman, and a firm believer in all nautical superstitions—as C——opened a large clasp knife, and drove it, with all his strength, into the milzen mast, leaving it sticking in the wood:

"Only conjuring up a breeze, old boy," replied C——, laughing. "I am sure you want one."

"May be, may be," replied the mate, resuming his walk, with rather a dogged air! "but mind that you don't get more wind than you bargained for, young gentleman. I have seen that trick played before now, and no good came of it, I can tell you."

At this moment the dressing bugle sounded, and the youngsters rushed to their cabins to prepare for dinner, laughing immoderately at the solemn visage of the mate.

I had the middle watch that night, and accordingly retired early to my berth; but, before doing so, I went on deck to see how the weather looked. It was still as calm as ever, but the night was very dark; a swell was getting up, and I could see from the anxious looks of the men who stood clustered in groups, in the waist and at the gangways, that they expected a dirty night of it. I could also gather, from a few words that reached my ears, that my friend C——, and his incantation formed the subject of their conversation.

At twelve o'clock I was roused from a comfortable nap, by the shrill pipe of the boatswain, and a hoarse voice bawling down the hatchway—"Larboard watch, ahoy! All hands reef topsails!" which, together with the uneasy motion of the ship, proved that a change had taken place in the weather. Next moment the unwelcome apparition of a dripping, shivering middy stood in the doorway, cap in hand.

"Eight bells, if you please, sir."

"Very good, Master Peter. What sort of a night is it?"

"Very dirty to windward, sir—breeze freshening—sea getting up, heavy rain, every appearance of a squally night, sir," and with this lob's comfort, middy made his bow and exit.

Remarkably pleasant, thought I, as I jumped out of my comfortable cot, and huddled on a thick pea-jacket and pair of Flushing trowsers.

When I got on deck I found the night darker than ever. There was a thick drizzling rain, the sea had got up in an extraordinary manner, and the ship under double reefed topsails, with topgallant sails over them, was rolling along at the rate of eleven knots, with a fresh breeze on her quarter; the royal yards were on deck, and all appeared to be made snug for the night.

Having mustered my watch, I ascended the poop ladder, and found the second mate, who had been relieved from his watch, taking a parting glance, to see that all was right, before leaving the deck. The wind groaned and whistled through the straining cordage, and the rain beat in my face, so as to almost blind me, as I looked out to windward and attempted to pierce the dense gloom which brooded over sea and sky.

"What sort of a night are we likely to have?" said I, addressing the second mate,

"Not very settled, sir, from the appearance of the sky," he replied in an abstracted manner. "Rather squally or so, eh? A small pull of that weather main topsail brace! So! Belay every inch of that! Now that's something ship shape, eh? Mr. Peter," addressing the little dripping middy before mentioned, who, buttoned up in a huge pea-jacket large enough to hold three of him, looked very much like a young polar bear, "just run down to the cabin and see how the barometer stands."

"A little down since it was last set, sir," reported Master Peter, returning on deck, and touching his hat.

"The devil it is, eh? Smart fellow you Master Peter. Are the ropes all clear, and ready for running?"

"Yes, sir, saw them all clear myself."

"Eh! you did, did you? that's right, smart fellow, Master Peter. Never trust to another. Always see things done yourself, that's ship shape, eh? Well, go below now, and turn in. But stay; go to my cabin first, and get a glass of grog, for you are wet to the skin, you poor little limp, and must want something to warm you."

Peter made a grateful duck of acknowledgement for the mate's kind offer, and disappeared down the hatchway.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the second mate, "I shall wish you a good night and a pleasant watch. Your orders," addressing the third mate, who relieved him, "are to carry on as long as you can, to keep a good look out, and to call the captain and first mate, if any particular change should take place in the weather. You need not trouble yourself about me, unless you want to reef. Good night, gentlemen. No saying, and humming a tune, No. 3 dived below."

During the first hour of my watch, no change took place in the weather; but about two bells (or one o'clock in the morning) the dark gloomy haze which had hung so long to windward, gradually rose till it had attained a certain height, where it hung like a huge black curtain, a lurid mysterious light extending from its lower edge to the horizon, and showing the foaming crests of the waves, as they rushed along tu-

multuously in our wake, roaring and hissing in their vain attempts to overtake the bounding ship; the rain suddenly ceased, and the breeze freshened rapidly, coming in strong fitful puffs.

"I don't much like the looks of the night, sir," said the gunner approaching the officer of the watch, and touching his hat respectfully.

"Neither do I," replied the mate, "there's a fresh hand at the bellows, and we'll catch it before long, I suspect."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for offering an opinion," said the gunner modestly, after a turn or two across the deck; "but that main top-gallant mast is complaining a good deal, sir; shall we settle a little of the top-gallant halyards to ease it?"

"Aye," replied the mate, looking aloft and smiling, "it's grinning a little, but it's a good stick, and my orders are to carry on till all's blue; so we'll let it grin a little longer; there are plenty of spare spars on board."

But the breeze now freshened so rapidly that the dashing mate was obliged to furl his top-gallant sails; and, in another hour, in spite of his intention to "carry on," he began to think seriously of taking another reef in the topsails. He was just about to issue orders to this effect, when the wind suddenly lulled as if by magic. The black cloud again descended to the horizon, rendering the darkness more intense than ever. It fell stark a calm, and the ship having no steerage way, reeled and staggered like a drunkard, threatening at every lurch to roll the masts over the side, and making the wet sails flap and thrash about with a noise like thunder. I found it quite impossible to keep my feet and was obliged to hold on by the mizzen rigging.

"This is strange weather," said I, addressing the mate.

"You may say that, sir, I have been expecting Mr. C——'s breeze all night, and we are going to have it now, with a vengeance. Here youngster," addressing a midshipman, "call the captain and first mate, and desire the boatswain to pipe all hands, to reef topsails."

The first mate, who like a good seaman always slept in his clothes in such unsettled weather, was on deck in an instant, and his experienced eye at once detected that mischief was brewing.

"Shall I reef the main topsails, sir?" asked the officer of the watch.

"Yes, sir, yes!" replied the first mate, hurriedly. "Away aloft there, main topsail yard!"

The gunner was already in the top, and a few hands besides the topmen. But just as the words left the mouth of the chief mate, a flash of forked lightning, far exceeding in intensity anything I have witnessed before or since, burst from the black cloud over head, lighting up the wild scene with a ghastly blue light, and glaring fearfully on the pale, anxious faces and dripping forms of the crew. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the thunder bellowed as if the whole firmament were being rent to pieces.

"Lie down there in the tops! Off the yards, men! Stop where you are, you on deck!" roared the chief mate, as the men were swarming up the rigging like bees.

At this moment, I looked over the gangway. The rain had suddenly ceased, the dark cloud lifted a little, and a line of bright phosphoric light appeared to fringe the horizon; at the same moment a low moaning

sound, gradually increasing to a fearful hissing noise, was heard.

"Port!" roared the captain, who at this moment rushed on deck half dressed, and who, bewildered by the darkness and confusion, did not appear to know exactly what he was about.

"Starboard your helm! hard a starboard!" shouted the first mate, in a clear manly voice that was heard above every thing.

This was no time for etiquette. The man at the wheel hesitated for a single moment, and then obeyed the latter order. It was well for us he did so. The low, hissing sound increased to a terrific roar, and a thick mist drove full in our faces. It was not rain, but salt spray. Before I had time to remark any thing further, the tempest had burst upon the ship in all its fury. The wind had flown round in an instant, from NW to SSE, and struck us with a violence that baffles all description. Had it not been for the quick eye and presence of mind of the first mate, the ship must have been thrown on her beam ends, and would probably have been dismasted. As it was, she careened for an instant, and then, being right before it, flew through the boiling sea with a velocity that was fearful to behold.

A terrific crash followed by wild shrieks from the after cabins, was now heard. The cross jack yard had snapped right in the slings, and the unfortunate lady passengers, thinking, no doubt, from the tremendous noise over head, that the ship had struck, rushed wildly from their cabins in their night dresses, and were speedily joined by the gentlemen from below, in a similar state of dishabille. It was a scene which at any other time would have made one laugh, but other thoughts were uppermost at that moment. The work of destruction once begun, went on rapidly, sail after sail was split and torn to ribbons, and in a few minutes the unfortunate ship was flying along under bare poles, a dismantled wreck. The noise of splitting canvass, the splintering of wood, the furious clanging of the chain sheets, as they banged and thrashed against the masts, the dismal howling of the wind, the shouts of the men and the screams of the women, formed the most terrific concert I have ever heard; whilst the fire balls that played about the mast heads and the yard arms lighted up the wild scene with a ghastly blue that rendered it perfectly awful.

The only man in the ship who appeared perfectly unconcerned in the midst of the hubbub was the second mate. He was quite in his element, and bustled about, laughing and joking, as if the whole thing had been got up for his special amusement.

"Why," said he, laughing, as he picked up a large splinter of wood which had been hurled from the poop with great violence, "one might as well be in action at once; here are splinters and chain shot," alluding to the chain sheets which were hanging about, unpleasantly near our heads, "and all the delights of a naval engagement. And some work for the doctor, too," he continued, as an apparently lifeless form was carried past him between two of the men. But his levity gave way to better feelings, when he discovered the sufferer to be his favorite middy, little Peter. The poor little fellow had been struck by a splinter, and his head was so fearfully mangled, that we supposed him dead. But the kind hearted reader will be glad to know that he eventually recovered.

The squall, although so furious during the time it lasted, blew over in less than a quarter of an hour, when it again fell stark calm. But the sea which had hither-

to been kept down by the extreme fury of the blast, now got up so suddenly, and in so frightfully agitated a manner, that nothing could be done towards repairing damages; and for the remainder of that night we continued in about as uncomfortable a plight as can be imagined.

The whole odium of the affair, of course, fell upon poor C——, who from that time forth was looked upon as a perfect Jonah, by the ship's crew in general, and the old quartermaster in particular.

## SONNET.

BY LAWRENCE LABRE.

Blest spirit of the Christian's heaven! Sweet saint!  
How fondly does my memory cling to thee!  
Since to this bosom thou hast ceased to be  
A matchless joy, I pour my weary plaint,  
Silent, but with an ever-gushing thought,  
Into the heedless air; and in my dreams  
I see thee as when first my heart I taught  
To yield thee homage; and as morning's beams  
To earth, thou to my soul wert joy and light;  
And, like a new-born spirit, I did feel  
That bliss so exquisite would ne'er take flight,  
Making a wound that Hope can never heal;  
And ever, while I live, this heart must mourn  
That part-spread hour when thou wert from me torn.

## A MANIAC BRIDEGROOM.

A THRILLINGLY TOLD LOVE STORY OF VENICE.

PERFECTLY overcome by the heat of an Italian evening at Venice, I quitted the bustling gayety of St. Mark's Place for the quiet of a gondola, and directing the man to shape his course for the Island of Lido, (a narrow strip of land dividing the "lagunes," or shallows beyond the city, from the open sea,) I seated myself on the prow of the vessel, with a firm determination to make the most of the flimsy wafts of air that every now and then ruffled the surface of the still, dark waters.

Nothing intercepted my view of the distant city, whose mighty buildings glowed beneath the long, red rays of the setting sun, save, occasionally, when a market boat, on its return, floated lazily past us, or the hull of some tall merchantman shut out for an instant the dome of a magnificent church, or the deep red brickwork of the Ducal Palace. Inexpressibly beautiful was the glimmering of the far-off lights in the houses, as, one after another, they seemed to start out of the bosom of the deep; and at that quiet hour the repose—the peculiar repose of Venice—seemed mellowed into perfect harmony with the delicious languor of the atmosphere. The sounds of laughter, or snatches of rude songs that now and then came over the waves, instead of interrupting, invested with fresh charms the luxurious silence of the moment. We touched the narrow strip of land that forms the beach of the little island, and stepping ashore, I enjoyed the only particle of green sward in all Venice.

I walked backwards and forwards for some time, thinking of England and English friends (for at such hours the mind wanders to distant scenes and old customs) without interruption, until a slight rustling among the bushes of the island reminded me that I was not the only tenant of the garden of the Lido, and looking through the fast-gathering darkness, I discovered an aged female pacing the smooth walk near, apparently lost in contemplation.

My curiosity was rather excited by the presence of an old woman in such an unfrequented place; but the haze of the evening prevented my observing her with any degree of accuracy, and as I feared to disturb her by advancing too near, I could only guess at her features. At last the dwarf trees on the island "began to glitter with the climbing moon," and I saw that she was weeping bitterly. Her thick, gray tresses were braided over a face that had evidently once been beautiful, and there was a dignity and propriety in her demeanor, and a native nobleness of expression in her countenance, which told me that I looked on no common person. She continued her solitary walk for some time, occasionally pausing to look up to the stars that now gemmed the clear glowing firmament, or to pluck a few dead leaves from a little rosebush that grew in an obscure corner of the garden, until a thought seemed suddenly to strike her, and hastening to the shore, she stepped into a small gondola that was in waiting, and rapidly disappeared.

On my return to Venice, I mentioned the circumstance to my "cicerone," or guide, a remarkably intelligent fellow and much to my astonishment, he solved the mystery of the lonely lady to me immediately. As her history is one of great devotion and misfortune, it may, perhaps, merit repetition.

It appeared, then, from the statement of the "cicerone," that the elderly lady was an English woman, who had once been the "beauty" of the gay circle of Venice. She had there met a student in astronomy; and whether it was his lonely mystic life, the charm of his conversation and person, or his scientific attainments, that won her, I know not, but he gained her affections, and it is still remembered by those acquainted with her at the time, that her attachment to him was so intensely passive in its devotion as to seem almost unearthly; and that very Lido, now the scene of her affliction, was once the favorite spot for their early love greetings.

He was a strange, wild creature, that student; his family were natives of a distant land, and he had traveled to Italy to devote himself, body and mind, to his favorite pursuit. From the after testimony of one of his friends, it appeared that, in childhood, he had been attacked with temporary derangement, and his extraordinary application to the mysterious, exciting study of astronomy had increased this infirmity in a most extraordinary and terrible manner. At times, he was haunted by a vision of a woman of disgusting ugliness, who seemed to pursue and torment him wherever he went. In a few hours delirium, and sometimes raging madness, would ensue from this hallucination; by this terrible creation of his mind, his constitution became more and more decayed by each successive ravage of his disorder. As he advanced, however, to manhood, these violent attacks became less and less frequent; and at the time that he met with the beautiful English lady, though his conscience seemed to tell him he was no companion for a delicate woman, he tried to persuade himself that his constitution had at last mastered his imagination, and that he was as fit for society as his less excitable fellow men. And he thought there was much excuse for him, for he could not withstand the quiet, yet intense affection of the English woman! Who could resist the temptation of listening to her sweet, musical voice, of watching her sad soft blue eyes, or of hearing her fascinating conversation? She was so devoted, so gentle, so en-



thusiastic on his favorite subject, so patient of his melancholy, so considerate of his enjoyments, so comforting in his afflictions, he must surely have been without heart or feeling to have been coldly calculating on possibilities at such a time. He schooled himself to think that it was his solitary life that so affected his faculties, and that a companion—and such a companion as his betrothed—would drive out all remains of his disorder, even supposing it to be still existing. In short the eloquent pleading of his heart triumphed over the still, small voice of conscience; the wedding day was fixed, and it was remarked, with surprise, that the nearer it approached the more melancholy did Volpurno become. However, the ceremony was performed with great splendor, and the bridal party set out to spend the day on the mainland; where the friends of the bride were to say farewell before she proceeded with her husband on the wedding tour. They were chatting merrily in the little hotel at Mestri, on the mainland, when they were horrified by suddenly hearing sounds of frantic laughter, followed by wild shrieks of agony, and the student rushed into the room; his frame convulsed with horror, and a drawn sword in his hand, as if pursuing something a few yards before him, with an expression of mingled fury and despair. Before the guests could interfere, he had jumped from the window, and with the same shrieks of laughter, sped across the country in pursuit of his phantom enemy.

Assistance was at hand; he was instantly followed; but with supernatural strength he held on his wild course. He was occasionally seen as he paused for an instant to strike furiously in the air, and his cries of anguish were sometimes borne by the wind to the ears of his pursuers; but they never gained on him, and unless he neared a village, and was stopped by the inhabitants, his capture seemed impracticable. At last, as night grew on, he sunk exhausted at a lone hovel, by the wayside and the bride and her party came up with the maniac bridegroom. But the stern fit was past and gone, and he was lifted insensible upon a coarse pallet in the hut. The English woman sat by his side, and bathed his temples, and watched his deep, long slumber, from the rise of the moon to the bright advent of day. And thus passed the bridal night of the helress and the beauty.

Toward the going down of the sun, Volpurno became conscious, and though the delirium had left him, the agony of his situation allowed no repose to his jarred; disordered nerves. His remorse was terrible to behold; over and over again did he heap curses on his selfishness in drawing an innocent, trusting woman into such a labyrinth of suffering. All her repeated assurances of her forgiveness, of her happiness at his recovery, of her hopes for the future failed to quiet him; and so, between soothing his anguish and administering his remedies, three days passed, and on the third a material change took place. The dim eye of the student brightened, and his wan cheek flushed with the hue of health. He commanded all to leave the room but his bride, and to her he made full confession of his terrible infirmity, of its seizing him with tenfold violence at the inn of Mestri, and of the frightful forebodings he had felt as their wedding day approached. And then he grew calmer, and the smile again came forth from his lip, and the melody returned to his voice, and at his favorite hour of midnight—in a peaceful quietude that had been unknown to him in his life—Volpurno died.

The corpse was carried to Venice, and interred by the English woman by her former trysting place on the Lido. People wondered at her calmness under such an affliction, for she lived on, but little changed—save that she was paler and thinner—from the quiet creature that had won the fatal affection of Volpurno.

By degrees her more immediate friends died or were called into other countries, and she was left alone in Venice; and then her solitary pilgrimages to the Lido became more and more frequent. As years grew on, and the finger of time imprinted the first furrows on the fair, delicate cheek, and planted the gray among the rich beauties of her hair, these visits increased. While, from day to day, the powers of her body became older, the faculties of her heart grew greener and younger. Years dulled not the pristine delicacy of her feelings, and age seemed in her to nourish instead of impairing the silent growth of memory. \* \*

A few months afterward, I again visited the Lido at the same hour, but the English woman did not appear. I walked toward the rose-bush which I conjectured grew over the grave of Volpurno; its withered leaves were untrimmed, and the earth around it newly heaped up. I asked no more questions; the freshness of the mould and the neglect of the rose tree were eloquent informers.

#### LUDICROUS SITUATION FOR A POLITICAL CONFERENCE.

MR. PITT and the Duke of Newcastle frequently differed in opinion; but Pitt always carried his point in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occurred on one of these occasions. It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavorable and even dangerous for that fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at this time confined to his bed with the gout; and was obliged to receive all his visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber, shivering with cold, he said: "What! have you no fire?"—"No!" replied Pitt, "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout." The Duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapped in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room; and the Duke being unable to endure the cold, at length said: "With your leave I'll warm myself in this other bed," and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and resumed the debate. The Duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was positively determined that it should be put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the Duke, making a thousand contortions; "it will certainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the Ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture, and had the greatest difficulty in preserving his gravity at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation. The fleet, however, did put to sea, and Mr. Pitt was justified by the event; for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and the victory was more decisive in favor of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.—*Duten's Memoirs.*



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*Black Snake, Muller's, 1840, 1841*



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# THE ROVER.

## THE BOA CONSTRICTOR, AND THE SERPENT TRIBE.

THE readers of the Rover are presented this week with a fine steel engraving of a remarkable character, giving an accurate view of an attack of a monstrous boa-constrictor upon a Lascar sleeping in his boat, and the battle of the boat's crew to rescue their comrade. The writer, by whom the circumstance is related, gives it in the following words:

"A few years before our visit to Calcutta, the captain of a coasting ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh fruits, which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of it. During their absence, the Lascar who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats and fell asleep. While he was in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous boa-constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned at this auspicious moment, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and found to measure sixty-two feet and some inches in length."

This engraving is from a painting by the celebrated English artist Daniell, and was originally engraved for the "Oriental Annual."

The boa-constrictor is believed to be the largest of land serpents. He is found in the East Indies and in Africa, and a serpent differing but little from him is found in some parts of South America. His length varies from twenty to sixty feet; and he will destroy an ox or a buffalo by winding his enormous folds around them and crushing them to death.

It is supposed that an individual of this species once diffused terror and dismay in a whole Roman army, a fact alluded to by Livy in one of the books that have not come to us, but which is quoted by Valerius Maximus, in words to the following effect: "Since we are on the subject of uncommon phenomena, we may here mention the serpent so eloquently recorded by Livy, who says that near the river Bagrada in Africa, a snake was seen of so enormous a magnitude, as to prevent the army of Atilius Regulus from the use of the river; and after snatching up several soldiers with its enormous mouth, and devouring them, and killing several more by striking and squeezing them with the spires of its tail, was at length destroyed, by assailing it with all the force of military engines and showers of stones, after it had withstood the attack of their spears and darts; that it was regarded by the whole army as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself; and that the whole adjacent region being tainted with the pestilential effluvia proceeding from its remains, and the waters with its blood, the Roman army was obliged to remove its station. The skin of the monster was 120 feet long, and was sent to Rome as a trophy."

Another account says, that "it caused so much trouble to Regulus, that he found it necessary to contest the possession of the river with it, by employing the

whole force of the army, during which a considerable number of soldiers were lost, while the serpent could neither be vanquished nor wounded, the strong armor of its scales easily repelling the force of all the weapons that were directed against it; upon which recourse was had to battering engines, with which the animal was attacked in the manner of a fortified tower, and was thus at length overpowered. Several discharges were made against it without success, till its back being broken by an immense stone, the monster began to lose its powers, and was with difficulty destroyed, after having diffused such a horror among the army, that they confessed they would rather attack Carthage itself than such another monster.

### SEA SERPENTS.

Though the boa-constructor is the largest of land serpents, there can be no doubt that there are serpents much larger, inhabiting the great deep. If the whale is larger than the elephant, why should not the sea-serpent exceed in size the boa? Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of persons have borne testimony to having seen these mighty monsters of the deep, but as none of them have yet been taken, the world at large seem to be incredulous of their existence. And yet the evidence is so voluminous, and comes from so many different witnesses, and under such a variety of conditions and situations, that we have no more right to doubt the existence of these animals in the ocean, than we have to doubt the existence of the Island of Cuba because we have never happened to see it.

The following condensed account of the appearance of sea-serpents at different times, along the eastern coast of our own country, was given several years ago by a writer in the "American Magazine of Useful Knowledge."

We give a description of the sea-serpent, which has been seen, in and near Massachusetts Bay, and on the coasts of Maine including Penobscot Bay, and described by a number of very intelligent and respectable individuals, within fifty years, and chiefly within the last twenty or thirty years. By most of those who have seen this aquatic monster, and been so near him as to make accurate observations and give a just account and description of him, his length is nearly one hundred feet, (the accounts, however, vary from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty feet, and this difference is accounted for by the different distances and positions, at or in which the animal was seen;) and its thickness about that of a barrel, or of a cask twice the size of a barrel. The greater portion of those who have seen the serpent, describe him as having protuberances on the back, nearly the whole length from the neck to the tail; not unlike the humps on the camel's back; but some have expressed an opinion that the apparent bunches were owing to the manner of his motion in the water. When the serpent was first seen in Penobscot Bay, about thirty-six or thirty-eight years ago, (the earliest of his recent appearances, but not strictly so of his appearances on the coast of Maine,) the bunches were particularly noticed; which led the doubting, who concluded the narrator was alarmed and deceived, to ask if it was not a school of porpoises swimming by in a line. This supposition was afterward abandoned, when the serpent was seen

by several persons, at different times, and most of them too near it to be deceived.

A large animal, formed like a serpent, was repeatedly seen on the coasts of Norway long before the appearance of the monster in the waters near Massachusetts and Maine. Bishop Pontoppidan gave an account of the animal as he received it from those who saw it. They represented it as several hundred feet long; in which no doubt they were mistaken. They also describe it with bunches, and a drawing was given, very like the serpent seen on our coasts, except as to the supposed length of the former.

The most correct statements of the appearance of the sea serpent on the coasts of America, and those entitled to the fullest credit, (with some abatement for opinions as to its size or length, some of the persons being at a considerable distance,) were given by those who saw it thirty or fifty years ago in or near Penobscot bay; if perhaps we except the account of such as have had a view of one near Cape Ann and Nahant, within fifteen or eighteen years last. Reference has already been made to one who saw the serpent in Penobscot bay. He was a respectable clergyman well known to the writer of this article; and at whose request he gave had a written account, and afterward a more particular description. Several persons were with him at the time, and had a full view of the monster for some minutes. They saw him at rest on the water; and afterward saw him dart out to sea with great velocity. Capt. George Little, commander of an armed vessel on the coasts of Maine in 1779-80, and in 1799-1800, of the United States Frigate Boston, saw the sea serpent in Broad bay, (which is east of Sequin, and west of Penobscot bay,) at the former period; and supposed it was fifty feet or more in length; but he was not so near as to judge accurately as to its length. A Capt. Kent, before that time, who was commander of a coasting sloop, saw a sea snake, near the same bay, which he believed was at least fifty feet long. Capt. Crabtree, who lived some time on an island in Penobscot bay, a very intelligent and reputable man, deposed that he heard the people there, speak of having seen a large sea serpent at different times; and that in 1778, he saw it himself. He saw it lying at rest for some time, on the surface of the water, and within five hundred feet of the land; and he judged it was one hundred feet long, and three feet diameter. In 1793, the same person or one of his family had a view of the animal, near the same place. The clergyman above referred to, also related to the writer of this account, that in the war of the Revolution, some of the British troops at Castine had a view of a similar animal. He also stated, that one person, whom he well knew, saw two of them together, in that vicinity, some twenty years before. Many years ago, when there were few families on Mount Desert, which is east of Penobscot bay, the skeleton of an animal was found near the shore, in an unfrequented part of the island, which was said to be seventy feet long.

In common cases, this is evidence enough to satisfy reasonable men, that a large serpent of seventy or eighty or one hundred feet long, has been often seen in the bays and on the coast of Maine, within fifty or sixty years. But it is proper to notice the more recent accounts given of a similar animal on our coasts. In 1815, the Sea Serpent was seen near Plymouth, outside of the harbor, but near the land, and within a quarter of a mile from those who saw him. One of

these was a very intelligent sea captain, who viewed him with the naked eye, and through a glass. When he saw the animal it was moving directly from him, and appeared about thirty or forty feet; but on changing its course, and exhibiting fairly its whole length, he judged it to be at least one hundred feet. The Serpent again approached the shore and remained at rest for about five minutes. The bunches were as large as a barrel, and about thirty in number. It was of a deep brown color. The sky was clear and it was almost calm. The head and neck appeared six or eight feet long.

In 1817, the serpent was seen in the harbor of Gloucester, or Cape Ann. The master of an eastern coaster, lying at anchor in the harbor, in August, saw it at rest on the surface of the water very near his vessel, with its head near the cable, (in front of the vessel,) and its tail extending beyond the stern. The vessel was at least sixty feet, according to her tonnage; and the animal not less than seventy-five or eighty. Soon after, one of the citizens of Gloucester, who resided at the point of land running out into the Atlantic, saw the Serpent and gave an account of it; but neither his testimony nor that of the captain of the coaster received full credence. "Some doubted." The last witness saw the animal for more than an hour; during which it was in motion backward and forward, and nearer, or more distant. He saw fifty feet of its length, but did not speak of any bunches. He described its color as others had done. During the same month, the Serpent was seen in that vicinity, by several others, and sometimes within fifty feet. Some noticed the bunches, and some did not. The crew of a vessel belonging to Newburyport, of another belonging to Beverly, and of a vessel from New York to Salem, all saw what they called a large Sea Serpent. So also did the fishermen of several Chebacco boats then employed in cod or mackerel-catching in the vicinity. And all doubt seemed to be removed of the existence of a Sea Serpent of about eighty or one hundred feet in length, and of the size of a large barrel or cask. At a later period, the animal was seen near Nahant and Phillip's Beach, between Nahant and Marblehead. But their statements need not be detailed. One fact, however, it is important to add, connected with the account of a sea serpent near our coasts. In September of the year, when the animal was so often seen in Gloucester Bay and near Cape Ann, where is a cove making up into the land, beyond the general course about one hundred and fifty yards; near which a snake was taken, aiming toward the bay. When moving slowly on the ground, the motion was vertical; and it moved by contracting and then extending itself. One of the men pursued and detained it by his pitch-fork. The efforts it made were said to be different from those of other snakes. It had the power of expansion and contraction in a remarkable degree. When contracted, there appeared bunches on the back, but when it was at rest, and lying horizontally, they were hardly perceptible. When contracted, it was scarcely two feet long, but when not contracted, it was three feet. The people who killed it, did not consider it of the common kind of snakes. It was taken to Boston, and carefully examined by some members of the Linnæan Society. Its length was found to be two feet eleven inches and a half; and from a comparison of the young of large land snakes and serpents, with those of common age and growth, the parent of this, (if but a few weeks

old,) might be from one hundred to one hundred and eight feet. The place where the young was found; and the peculiar formation with bunches made by self-contraction; and the spine adapted to this angular shape, excepting near the neck and tail, (where no bunches were discovered in the large monster,) where it was straight as in other serpents; all seem to render it probable that this animal was the offspring of the great sea monster. Twenty-four distinct bunches were noticed between the head and the vent. The color was a deep brown; the belly a little lighter. "The interior structure of the animal taken, differed from that of other serpents. The different vertebrae varied, and were accommodated by their shape and size to the configuration of the back."

The sea serpent has been often seen near our coasts since 1815 and 1817, and the accounts given by those who saw it, go to confirm the former statements in all important parts.

### DEATH OF THE BREWER KING.

THE clock of St. John's, at Ghent, struck five. The day had hardly begun to break, and, notwithstanding, an immense multitude already filled the streets of the great Flemish city. The *Reverend*, or sovereign, was momentarily expected. Was it a joyful triumph which was awaiting the chief demagogue? Was it the preparation of a triumphant entry, which had put in motion the whole population of Ghent?—No. The groups formed here and there, met, crowded each other, and rolling from one side to another, in menacing columns, gave passage of any thing but a fête. The symptoms of an inevitable revolution are manifested in the countenances of the heroes of the insurrection. A hideous crowd are proceeding from the four corners of the city toward its great northern gate, like the froth from a boiling pot. Feroocious railings, mingled with obscene jokes and patriotic songs, sounded in the air like the roaring of the sea in a raging tempest. The inhabitants of Ghent determined upon the assassination, secure of their prey, and masters of their vengeance, proceeded with a kind of satanic tardiness to a general insurrection. The cannibals seemed occupied in placing themselves conveniently to enjoy at their ease, afterward, the pleasures of crime and death. The partizans of the Brewer-king mingled with the crowd, and heard, with an increasing perplexity, the bloody notes of the insurrection. The sky was pure and serene. The azure calm of the firmament, like a mockery of nature contrasted in a sinister manner with the disorderly movements and unmerciful looks of the insurgents. The passions were in full play. But already opinion, almost unanimous, pronounced the condemnation of Artevelle. It might be called a national decree, for, in the forum of the revolt, more than a hundred thousand voted. What a strange and clashing dialogue is that of the multitude! There is a lesson in it; attend:—

"He comes late—the traitor!"

"He has sold us to the English!"

"They are counting out his money, perhaps!"

"And his pockets are so large, it takes hours to fill them!"

"We shall not be so long in emptying them!"

"He is bringing casks full of ropes, which have been sent to him from London. They are loading them, and that takes time!"

"What is the use of these ropes?"

"To hang burghers, and us common people!"

"The witches dance amuses him!"

"He shall open the ball!"

"Who?"

"The Tyrant!"

"Holla! don't push so hard—you crush me!"

"Terrible!—terrible!—old woman."

"Dirty fellow!"

"They say he will come on horseback!"

"On the horse—or dragged under his feet?"

"The streets need sweeping!"

"Will he have a crown on his head?"

"Yes, in the shape of a night-cap!"

"And we'll cry out, Good night comrade!"

A crowd of students crossed at this moment the great street of the city, directing their course toward the Steen-dam. The chief of the troop waved a kind of flag, with variegated colors, upon which was written these words, *LIBERTY!* "Neither thrones nor kings!" The lowest of the female population followed them, clapping their hands. Oaths, jests, laughter and menaces, mingled tumultuously in the affray."

The greater part of the students were half drunk, and were returning from their nocturnal orgies. Some, tattered beggars, bawled out church hymns, others, bullies sang warlike airs. They were all armed with pistols and daggers, and their frightful procession, like the folds of a serpent winding from one quarter to another, and showing in twenty places at a time, resembled the innumerable heads of a hydra. These young fellows, vomited from the schools and burning with revolutionary fever, had only bloody smiles and words of destruction. Like owls, they flew to the ruins; like vultures, they scented the dead body. Their conversation was the same—that of the people.

A horseman, pale and panting for breath, came out of the gate of the city, opposite Ghent. He is one of the partizans of the usurpation. His countenance expresses alarm:

"Go back, or you are lost! The capital is in open rebellion!"

"I fly!" said the chief demagogue.

"Death is in front of you—back!"

"Death is behind!"

"Is it then true? The city of Bruges."

"Is in the power of the Count of Mall!"

"And Ypres?"

"Is in open rebellion!"

"Oudenard?"

"I am betrayed there!"

"What! perfidy everywhere?"

"Let us enter into Ghent!"

"Have a care not to do so. Your friends there are tracked in the streets like fallow-deer. The people roar unchained!"

"I have some influence over this people!"

"Can you have power over tigers?"

"I have friends!"

"Who deny you?"

"I will speak!"

"They will not hear you!"

"But Ghent has made me king!"

"Ghent will kill you!"

The *Reverend* bowed his head. He reflected some minutes on his disastrous situation. Flight is not possible; no retreat; no refuge. The insurrection, like a vast conflagration, extends its flames on all sides. There is no chance of safety for him but in a bold effort

—a desperate resolution. He flatters himself that his presence, saluted a short time since with so much enthusiasm by the great Flemish city, will still impose upon the populace. He affects confidence; and raising his head, with a feigned firmness, continues his journey toward Ghent.

"I have a star!" said James.

The star had just been extinguished—

Artevelle has passed the northern gate; he is under the walls of the capital. The furious bands of the faubourgs, composed of mad vagabonds, disgusting prostitutes and ragged children, advanced to meet him, brandishing their pikes, and themselves stunned by their own imprecations. A cry of ferocious joy burst from their ranks on seeing him—a cry like that which demons utter when a soul, abandoned by heaven, is cast into their burning lakes. It was for the *Reward* the first tolling of his death-knell—the first note of agony. The heart of the Brewer-king failed him. Will he still advance?—He stops face to face with the popular curses. There was no longer a single drop of blood in his veins that did not chill. But there was no longer time to recede from a decision once taken. He must march straight forward to misfortune. Boldness was now a necessity.

"Courage, brave lancers! tighten your belts! raise your arms!"

The English soldiers answered by acclamations the order of the chief demagogue. They were in number only a hundred, but by their undaunted courage they were equal to an army. They defied in a measured step. Some burghers, friends of Artevelle, made to him from their windows signs of alarm, in order to hinder him from going farther. Other individuals, from the balconies, pointed at him with disgust. The clamor continued to increase. The *Reward*, his eye fixed upon the distant hordes bristling with poignards, through which he must force a passage, saw clearly the night of horrors which extended around him. Shouts met his ear; the cry of furies was mingled with them. The spectators, greedy for murder, who crowded with transport after these bloody men, seemed to possess sepulchral figures; or rather might have been called dead bodies, gathered from their graves, for the orgies of the sins of hell.

"James!" said a voice from a neighboring window, in a tone of irony, "how sublime and glorious is this liberated population! Behold the heroes of thy glory—the supports of thy throne!—Admiration and respect! Uncover thyself, then and salute them!"

A smile of sad courtesy answered the vengeful irony. Opposite Artevelle is a bridge; on the other side of the bridge is a public square, in the midst of which is a gigantic gallows; and in the square is collected the raging crowd, when, uttering savage yells, is preparing to rend its victim.

"Give way for the *Reward*!" cried the archers. The intrepidity of these brave men confounded the multitude. Nevertheless, thousands of raised arms pointed out the horrible gallows. The vociferations redoubled.

"Death to the English!"

"Down with the *Reward*!"

"None of the liberties of the tyrant!"

"He has sold and delivered us!"

"Let him give us the gold he has taken!"

"No *Black Prince*!"

"No more traitors!"

"Long live the Counts of Flanders!"

The noble features of Artevelle were cast down; his eyes were dilated with horror; his eyebrows from violent suffering, were horribly drawn up. Instruments of torture were preparing upon the square, to tear his limbs to pieces before suspending them on the gibbet. He saw ten kinds of death to suffer before enduring the last agony. He heard the bursts of furious joy and ferocious mockery, which broke forth from the volcano of popular feeling in its eruption. His head turned. The multitude, without pity, like the ferocious beast which takes care not to kill its prey on a sudden, in order to toy with the palpitations of its agony; the multitude happy and gaping, then struggled together to have the Brewer-king spared for the moment. They needed a series of bloody emotions; a succession of varied tortures; a long spectacle of death. There, for all this assembled people, death must not be purely and simply the last sigh of a condemned wretch; it must be for an entire day, the sport of the city. "Give way for the *Reward*!—Give way for the *Reward*!" They repeated the cry of the archers. These last, armed to the teeth, and their heads raised, formed around d'Artevelle a rampart of steel and iron. Some stones and arrows had been directed against them, on their descent from the bridge; but the chiefs of the revolt had opposed their attacks; and the valorous Englishmen, determined to fight even to death, continued to break through the tumultuous mass, which gave way before their lances like ears of wheat before the rushing of the tempest. The brilliant hotel of the *Reward* is at the other extremity of the square. Artevelle has at length succeeded in overcoming all obstacles. But he re-entered the walls of his hotel, with only a third of his cohort; sixty brave men have perished. He has received no wound. The great door of his dwelling is promptly closed after him; but his safety is not assured; his house, entirely surrounded, has neither secret issue nor defence. The bottom of his court is fronting a canal, and the two sides of this same court are shut in by high walls, behind which a besieging crowd constantly increases. No way is open to flight. The Brewer-king, crossing the vestibule of his hotel, mounts rapidly the great stair-case which conducts to the state rooms, and, from one of the high windows, which overlook a part of the city, he casts his eyes without. Hideous picture! ferocious spectacle! A kind of order has succeeded to the disastrous uproar; public ferocity, a moment turned from its course, by the skirmish of the students and archers, was again directed upon the *Reward* with a new intensity. Thousands of assassins call him. A revolutionary sun—a sun of July (17th July, 1345) rose in a cloudless sky. James, motionless and fixed to the spot, gazed attentively upon the ovation of death, which the executioners were preparing for him. The lofty gallows raised in front of his habitation, had three branches, at the ends of which hung ropes with running knots attached to iron rings; a wooden horse and a wheel, destined to fasten the spectators with the convulsions of the victim, were close to the gibbet. Not far off, was a wood-pile, upon which were placed cauldrons, which some smiths were blowing by the aid of an enormous bellows; they were also heating pincers. The cannibals collected at this place, were singing patriotic hymns, and taking hold of each other's hands, they danced around the fire. They had lighted torches of pitch, which they waved in the air; a black vapor arose;



and they continued, enveloped in the smoke, their dance of demons. Several English arches ran toward their chief.

"Reward, they are breaking in the doors."

The eyes of Artevelle were half extinguished in their orbits; the whirling of his brain hindered his apprehending the most distinct words. He had his hand upon his garments; and, with the rage of a brute, he tore his breast with his nails.

"What will become of us?—All is lost!" cried the servants of the hotel. "Do you hear the blows of the axe?" The sudden falling of one of the walls of the court, caused the whole hotel to tremble. The acclamations of the mob saluted the triumphant crash. The murderers are at the breach.

"Reward, we will defend the staircase," cried the undaunted archers; and you, whilst we fight, must endeavor to speak to the people."

"And where?" said Artevelle.

"From the balcony." The brewer-king is dragged thither. At a few paces from him, he hears the ferocious howlings of the assailants. His faithful guards, ranged at the top of the staircase, are all about to perish, even to the last. He appeared on the balcony. Ironie applauses burst forth at sight of him. James made a sign that he wished to speak; his knees tottered; his hands convulsively clenched the railing of the balcony, in his endeavor to sustain himself. He saluted to the right and left by a mechanical instinct; his burning throat hardly left passage for a few inarticulate words, which were drowned by frantic howlings.

"I have wished the happiness of all. Alas!—you are about—in my blood—to drown the liberty of Flanders," A thousand voices interrupted him.

"He no longer says, *My dear fellow citizens!*"

"And he still dares to speak of liberty, the tyrant!"

"Enough of thy juggleries, spoiler!"

"Revolt! die by the revolt."

"Thou betrayedst—thou art betrayed."

"Thou hast sold us—thou art thyself sold."

The popular fury seemed, nevertheless, to have lost its intensity. A gleam of hope shone vaguely in the eyes of James. He is preparing to speak again, when, on a sudden, a hand, cold and heavy, strikes his shoulder like the talon of a vulture. At this unforeseen occurrence, he turns his head and gazes. A dark and colossal figure was standing by his side—the figure raised his visor.

"Behold me!" It was *Wenemare*.

These terrible words, which at the critical hour, the exterminator had promised to speak to the victim, completely annihilated the "Reward." There is on the balcony an awful exchange of looks of vengeance and cowardice. Urbin with his head inclined towards the condemned wretch, overpowered him with the vengeance which beamed from his eyes. James, no longer able to sustain the lightning of those terrible eyes, seeks to hide the figure from his sight; but, with his iron fingers, Wenemare pushes away his hands, and his voice, heard afar off, seemed like thunder; he repeated those words:

"Behold me!"

With his face on the ground, Artevelle falls exhausted.

"Dost thou recollect my two oaths!" said the soldier of Oudembourg; "I have kept one, I shall fulfil the other. The second blood washes out the first."

James breathes forth a last murmur. "Pity! pity!"

The implacable Urbin rises. "When Louis, struck

by a dagger, rolled at thy feet expiring—vile tyrant!—didst thou have pity on him?"

"Kill him!" clamored the multitude.

The executioner of the vengeance of the people continues with vehemence.

"When thou oppressedst the kingdom—when thou didst despoil the orphan—when thou didst imprison the widow—when thou didst gain riches by murder, and when thou didst govern by crime: usurper! didst thou have pity?"

"Oh! death!" cried Artevelle. "I am tortured enough—Kill me!—Ah—!"

This last exclamation seemed like the final parting of life. Urbin turned away his head, with the sensation of disgust which a vile reptile, that one is about to crush, inspires. He raises his sword—lets it fall: disgust has conquered hatred.

A new tumult, an extraordinary movement, again occurred to vary the scene. Philip Artevelle, seconded by Hamstede, and followed by a numerous troop of workmen, undertakes to save his father. He hastens on. He is young and brave. His filial love and his bold despair impose upon the populace. He speaks with a loud voice, and is heard. He braves death, and is admired. A passage is opened for him—Philip crosses the square. The *Reward* perceives his son. A new ray of hope: this time it was the last.

The fury of Wenemare, an instant suspended, is again aroused at the sight of the foul seducer of Neelle, with a violence impossible to describe. He seizes with his iron gauntlet his citizen-majesty, still at his feet, he raises him with his athletic hand above the fatal balcony, and, throwing him afar off with prodigious force, he cries:

"Philip! thy father!—Citizens, behold your king!"

A general cry of stupefaction, welcomed this hardness—soon a burst of enthusiasm succeeds. The dark colossus, who had thus cast a kind of monarch as the game of a pack of human hounds, as a straw is cast to the wind, struck with admiration the children of independence. A vigor so prodigious, joined to so rare a daring, appeared to them supernatural. They contemplated Wenemare with a superstitious awe. This black and gigantic warrior seems to them to be a messenger from the Most High, an avenging genius, almost a god.

The multitude has changed its purpose and its ideas. Its fury is turned towards the son of the *Reward*. "Death to James! Death to Philip!"—Philip has fled from the field of battle.

The brewer-king had fallen like an inert and dead mass, at a considerable distance from the balcony. The spectators, anxious to hear his last sigh, crowded round the body. Gerard Denys was there—"James," cried he, "arise!" and he shook the victim. "Walk! the gibbet waits for thee."

James had his thigh broken. "Have pity on me and kill me!—my limbs are broken—I die." And he stretched out an arm.

"He wants to grasp my sabre!" said a bantering fellow; and the arm of Artevelle is cut off.

"He cannot walk; let us drag him!"

"Like a great man!"

"Like a triumphant conqueror!"

"Like a civic chief!"

"Like a citizen king!"

The unhappy, mutilated wretch still struggles with convulsive frenzy amongst the ruthless multitude, who

press about him, to tear him in pieces. His last groans are stifled by shouts of mockery. His torn limbs and his still palpitating flesh, were swept about in the mire. His hair, dyed in blood, was trampled under feet. His heart still beat, but reason and understanding were gone. Suddenly, by a strange and barbarous compassion, Gerard Denys, at the foot of the gallows, plunged a pike into the entrails of the body, in order to extinguish any remaining life. The eyes of the brewer-king opened; a shuddering in his lips—a vague sound—and all is over. His skull was broken. I.

### MRS. SYKES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE PRACTICE OF DOCTOR TONIC, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS WONDERFUL TREATMENT OF THE CASE OF MRS. SYKES.

THE author of the following very racy article, Nathaniel Deering, Esq., of Portland, Maine, has perpetrated more good things in the way of light literature, than many authors of the day, who have ten times more fame than has been awarded to him. Whether he is too careless or too modest to look after his laurels, we know not; but if some folks had his pen, they would make their names as familiar as household words on both sides of the Atlantic. He has written some of the best stories of humor that have appeared in this country, besides some fine gems of poetry.

We published some weeks ago two articles of his, on the renowned Timothy Tuttle. Those of our readers who shook their sides over the history of the musical Timothy, will not wait for an invitation to look at the following picture of pathos and fun.

One dark, stormy night, in the summer of —, finding my system had lost much of its *humidum radicale*, or radical moisture, in truth a very alarming premonitory, I directed Mrs. Tonic, in preparing my warm *aqua fontana*, to infuse a *quantum sufficit* of Hollands; of which having taken a somewhat copious draught, I sought my cubiculum. Let no one imagine, however, that I give the least countenance to the free use of alcoholic mixtures. They are undoubtedly poisonous, and like all other poisons which hold a high rank in our pharmacopoeia, it is only when taken under the direction of those deemed cunning in our art, that they exert a healing power, and as one Shakespeare happily expresses it, "ascend me to the brain." Now as the radical moisture is essential to vitality, and as this moisture is promoted in a wonderful degree by potatoes of Hollands, we of the faculty hold, with Horatius Flaccus, "*omnes eodem cogimur*"—we may all *cogus* it. But to return to my *narratio*, or story, as it may be called. I had hardly "steeped my senses in forgetfulness," as some one quaintly says, when I was effectually aroused by a loud knocking at the window. The blows were so heavy and frequent that Mrs. Tonic, though somewhat unadorned, it being her hour for retiring, yet fearful of fractured glass, hurried to the door. I might here mention, in order to show the reason of Mrs. Tonic's fears, that my parlor front window had been lately beautified with an enlarged sash, containing, not seven by nine, the size generally used, but eight by ten—panes certainly of a rare and costly size, and which Mrs. Tonic had the honor of introducing. The cause of this unseasonable disturbance proved to be a messenger from Deacon Sykes, stating that good Mrs. Sykes was alarmingly ill, and desiring my imme-

date attendance. Now in the whole range of my practice there was no one whose call was sooner heeded than Mrs. Sykes'; for besides being an ailing woman and of course a profitable patient, she had much influence in our village as the wife of Deacon Sykes. But I must confess that on this occasion I did feel an unwillingness to resume my habiliments, that night, as I before remarked, being uncommon stormy, and myself feeling sensibly the effects of the sudorifice I had just taken. Still I should willingly have exposed myself had not Mrs. Tonic gathered from the messenger that it was only a return of Mrs. Sykes' old complaint, that excruciating pain, the cholera. As the medicine I had hitherto prescribed for her in such ailments had been wonderfully blessed, I directed Mrs. Tonic to bring my saddle-bags, from which having prepared a somewhat smart dose of *tinct. rhei*, with *carb. soda*, I gave it to the messenger, bidding him return with all speed. In the belief that this would prove efficacious, I again turned to woo the not reluctant Momus, but scarcely had an hour elapsed when I was again alarmed by repeated blows, first at the door then at the window. In a moment I sat bolt upright, in which attitude I was soon imitated by Mrs. Tonic, on hearing the crash of one of her eight by tens. Through the aperture I now distinctly recognized the voice of Sam Saunders, who had hired with the Deacon, stating that good Mrs. Sykes was absolutely in *extremis*, or as Sam himself expressed it, "at her last gasp." On hearing this, you may be assured I was not long in *naturalibus*; but drawing on my nether integuments, I departed despite the remonstrances of Mrs. Tonic, without my wrapper, and without any thing, in fact, except a renewed draught of my *philo humidum radicale*. My journey to the Deacon's was made with such an accelerated movement, that it was accomplished, as it were *per saltum*. This was owing to my great anxiety about Mrs. Sykes, though possibly in a small degree I might have dreaded an obstruction of the pores in my own person. However, on arriving at the Deacon's, I saw at once that she was beyond the healing art. There lay all that remained of Mrs. Sykes—the *disjecta membra*—the *fragmenta*—the casket! But the gem, the *mens divinator*, was gone and forever. There she lay, regardless of the elongated visage of Deacon Sykes on the one side, and of the no less elongated visage of the widow Dobbie on the other side, who had been visiting there, and who now hung over her departed friend in an agony of woe. "Doctor," cried the Deacon, "is there no hope?" "Is there no hope?" echoed the widow Dobbie. I grasped the wrist of Mrs. Sykes, but pulsation had ceased; the eye was glazed and the countenance livid. "*A caput mortuum*, Deacon! *defuncta*! The wick of vitality is snuffed out." The bereaved husband groaned deeply; the widow Dobbie groaned an octave higher.

On my way home my mind was much exercised with this sudden and mysterious dispensation. Had Sam Saunders blundered in his statement of her complaint? Had I myself—good Heavens! it couldn't be possible! I opened my bags—*horresco referens*! It was but too palpable! Owing either to the agitation of the moment when so suddenly awakened, or the deep solicitude of Mrs. Tonic, who, in preparing my *philo humidum radicale*, had infused an undue portion of the Hollands—to one of these the lamented Mrs. Sykes might charge her untimely exit; for there was the vial of *tinct. rhei*, full to the stopple, while the vial marked "*laudnum*" was

as dry as a throat in fever. I hesitate not to record that at this discovery I lost some of that self-possession which had ever been characteristic of the Toulon. I was not only standing on the brow of a precipice, but my centre of gravity seemed a little beyond it. There were rivals in the vicinity jealous of my rising reputation. The sudden death might cause a *post mortem* examination, and the result would be as fatal to me as was the laudanum to Mrs. Sykes. A thought, occurring doubtless through a special Providence, suddenly relieved my mind. At break of day I retraced my footsteps to the chamber of the deceased. Accompanied by the Deacon, I approached to gaze upon the corpse when, suddenly starting back, I placed one hand upon my oculo-facials, and grasping with the other the alarmed mourner, I hurried towards the door. "In the name of Heaven," cried the Deacon, "what is the matter?" "The matter!" I replied, "the matter! Deacon, listen. In all cases of mortality where the radical moisture has not been lessened by long disease, putrefaction commences on the cessation of the organic functions, and a *miasma* fatal to the living is in a moment generated. This is the case even in cold weather, and it being now July, I cannot answer for your own life if the burial be deferred; the last sad offices must be at once attended to." Deacon Sykes consented. Not, he remarked, on his own account, for, as to himself, life had lost its charms, but there were others near on whom many were dependant, and he could not think of gratifying his own feelings at their expense—sufficient, said he, for the day is the evil thereof. I hardly need add that, when my advice to the Deacon got wind, the neighbors with one accord rallied to assist in preparing Mrs. Sykes for her last home; and their labors were not a little quickened by the fumes of tar and vinegar which I directed to be burned on this melancholy occasion. Much as I cherished Mrs. Sykes, still I confess that my feelings were much akin to those called pleasurable, when I heard the rattle of those terrene particles which covered at the same time my lamented friend and my professional lapsus.

But after all, as I sat meditating on the ups and downs of life, during the evening of the funeral, the question arose in my mind, is all safe? May not some unfledged Galens remove the body for the purpose of dissection? Worse than all, may not some malignant rival have already meditated a similar expedition? The more I reflected on this matter and its probable consequences, the more my fears increased, till at last they became too great for my frail tenement. There was at this period a boarder in my family, one Job Sparrow, who having spent about thirty years of his pilgrimage in the "singing of anthems," concluded at length to devote the residue thereof to the study of the human frame, to which he was the more inclined, probably, as he could have the benefit of my deep investigations. His outward man though somewhat ungainly, was exceedingly muscular, and he had a firmness of nerve which would make him willingly engage in any enterprise that would aid him in his calling. Conducting him to my sanctum or study, a retired chamber in my domicile, "Job," I remarked, "I have long noticed your engagedness in the healing art, and I have lamented my inability of late to further your progress in the study of anatomy, from the difficulty of procuring subjects. An opportunity, however, is at length afforded, and I shall not fail to embrace it, though at the sacrifice of my best feelings. The subject I mean is the lamented

Mrs. Sykes. Bring her remains at night to this chamber, and I with my venerable friend Dr. Grizzle, will exhibit what, though often described, are seldom visible, those wonderful absorbents, the *lacteals*. It is only in very recent subjects, my dear Job, that it is possible to point them out." My pupil grinned complacently at this manifestation of kindly feelings towards him in one so much his superior, and hastened to prepare himself for the expedition. It was about nine of the clock when the venerable Dr. Grizzle, whom I had notified of my intended operations through Job, came stealthily in. Dr. Grizzle, though from his appearance one would conclude that he was about to "shuffle off this mortal coil," was a *vera avis*, as to his knowledge of corporeal functions. There were certain ginsmeyers, indeed, who asserted that his intellectual candle was just glimmering in its socket; but it will show to a demonstration how little such statements are to be regarded, when I assert that the like slanders had been thrown out touching my own person. The profound Grizzle, above such malignant feelings, always coincided with my own opinion, both as to the nature of the disease we were called to counteract, and as to the mode of treatment; and so highly did I value him, that he was the only one whom I called to a consultation when that course was deemed expedient.

We had prepared our instruments, and were refreshing our minds with the pages of Cheselden, a luminous writer, when to my great satisfaction the signal of my pupil was heard below. Hitherto our labors seemed to have been blessed; but a difficulty occurred in this stage of our progress which threatened not only to render these labors useless, but to retard, if I may so say, the advance of anatomical science. It was this; the stairway was uncommonly narrow, and the lamented Mrs. Sykes was uncommonly large. As it was impossible, then, for Job to pass up at the same time with the defunct, it was settled after mature deliberation, that he and myself should occupy a post at each extreme, while Grizzle assisted near the lumber region. "Now," cried Job, "heave together;" but the words were hardly uttered, when a shriek from Grizzle paralyzed our exertions. Our muscular efforts had wedged my venerable friend so completely between Mrs. Sykes and the wall, that his lungs wheezed like a pair of decayed bellows; and had it not been for the Herculean strength of Job, who rushed as it were, *in medias res*, the number of the dead would have equalled that of the living. At length, after repeated trials, we effected, as I facetiously remarked, our "passage of the Alps;" an historical allusion that tended much to the divertimento of Grizzle, and obliterated in no small measure the memory of his recent peril. And now, having directed Job to go down and secure the door, Grizzle and myself advanced to remove the bandages that confined her arms, previous to dissection. But scarcely was the work accomplished, when a sepulchral groan burst from the defunct, the eyes glared, and the loosened arm was slowly lifted from the body. That I am not of that class who can be charged with any thing like timidity, is, I think well proved by my consenting to act for several years as regimental surgeon in our militia, a post undoubtedly of danger. But I must concede that at this unexpected movement, both Grizzle and myself were somewhat agitated. From the table to the stairway, we leaped as it were by instinct, and with a velocity at which even now I greatly marvel. This sudden evidence of vitality in



my lamented friend, or I might say rather an unwillingness to be found alone with her in such a peculiar situation, also induced me to prevent if possible the retreat of Grizzle, and I fastened with some degree of violence upon his projecting queue. It was fortunate in so far as regarded Grizzle, that art in this instance had supplanted nature. His wig, of which the queue formed no inconsiderable portion, was all that my hand retained. Had it been otherwise, such was the tenacity of my grasp on the one hand, and such his momentum on the other that Grizzle must have left the natural ornament of his cerebrum, while I, though unjustly, must have been charged with imitating our heathenish aborigines. As it was his bald pate shot out from beneath it with the velocity of a discharged ball; nor was the similitude to that engine of carnage at all lessened when I heard its rebounds upon the stairs, How long I remained overwhelmed by the wonderful scenes which I had just witnessed I cannot tell; but on recovering, I found that Mrs. Sykes had been removed to my best chamber, and Job and Mrs. Tonic both busily engaged about her person. They had, as I afterwards ascertained, by bathing her feet and rubbing her with hot flannels, wrought a change almost miraculous; and the effects of the laudanum having happily subsided, she appeared, when I entered, as in her pristine state. At that moment they were about administering a composing draught, which undoubtedly she needed, having received several severe contusions on the stairway, in our endeavors to extricate Grizzle. But rushing forward, I exclaimed, "thanks to Heaven that I again see that cherished face! Thanks that I have been the instrument, under Providence, of restoring to society its brightest ornament! Be composed, my dear Mrs. Sykes, ask no questions to night, unless you would frustrate all my labors." Then presenting to her lips an opiate, in a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing her sink into a tranquil slumber.

As I considered it all important that the matter should be kept a profound secret till I had arranged my plans, and as Mrs. Tonic had in a remarkable degree that propensity which distinguishes woman, I was under the necessity of making her privy to the whole transaction, trusting that the probable ruin to my reputation consequent on an exposure would effectually bridle her unruly member. My venerable friend, too, I invited for a few days to my own mansion, lest the bruises he received during his *exodus* from the dissecting room might have deprived him of his customary caution. The last and most difficult step was to prepare the mind of Mrs. Sykes, who was yet *in nubibus* as to her new location. With great caution, I gradually unfolded the strange event that had just transpired—her sudden apparent death, the alarm of the village touching the *nébula*, and the consequent sudden interment. "Your exit, my dear Mrs. Sykes," I continued, "seemed like a dream—I could not realize it. Such an irreparable loss! I thought of all the remedies that had been applied in such cases. Had any thing been omitted that had a tendency to increase the circulation of the radical fluid? There was the galvanic battery—it had been entirely overlooked, and yet what wonders it had performed! No sooner had this thought occurred to my mind than I was impressed with the conviction that you were to revisit this mundane sphere, and that I was the chosen instrument to enkindle the vital spark. No time was lost in obeying

this mysterious impulse. The grave was opened, the battery was applied *secundum artem*—and the result is the restoration to society of our beloved Mrs. Sykes. In proportion to her horror at the idea that she must have rested from her labors but for my skill, was her gratitude for this timely rescue. She fell on my neck and clung like one demented, till a gathering frown on the face of my spouse warned me of the necessity of repelling her embraces. Mrs. Sykes was now desirous of returning immediately home, to restore, as it were, life to her bereaved consort, who was no doubt mourning at his desolation, and refusing to be comforted. But here I felt it my duty to interpose. "My dear Mrs. Sykes," said I, "your return at this moment would overwhelm him. The sudden change from the lowest depths of woe to a state of ecstasy, would consign him to the tenement you have just quitted. No! this extraordinary Providence must be gradually unfolded." She yielded at last to my sage councils, and consented to wait till the violence of his grief had somewhat abated, and his mind had become sufficiently tranquil to hear the tale which I was cautiously to relate. On the following day, however, her anxiety to return had risen to a high pitch, and truly by evening it was beyond my control. She was firm in the belief that I could make the disclosure without essential injury to the Deacon; "besides," as she remarked, "there was no knowing how much waste there had been in the kitchen." It was settled at last that I should immediately walk over to the Deacon's, and by a judicious train of reflection, for which I was admirably fitted, prepare the way for this joyous meeting. When I arrived at the house of mourning, though perhaps the last person in the world entitled to the name of evesdropper, yet as my eye was somewhat askance as I passed the window, I observed a spectacle that for a time arrested my footsteps. There sat the Deacon, recounting probably the virtues of the deceased partner, and there, not far apart, sat the widow Dobbie sympathizing in his sorrows. It struck me that Deacon Sykes was not ungrateful for her consolatory efforts; for he took her hand with a gentle pressure and held it to his bosom. Perhaps it was the unusual mode of dress now exhibited by the widow Dobbie, that led him to this act; for she was decked out in Mrs. Sykes' best frilled cap, and such is the waywardness of fancy, he might for the moment have imagined that his helpmate was beside him. Be that as it may, while I was thus complacently regarding this interchange of friendly feelings, the cry of "*you vile hussy!*" suddenly rang in my very ear, and the next instant, the door having been burst open, who should stand before the astonished couple but the veritable Mrs. Sykes! The Deacon leaped as if touched in the *pertecardium*, and essayed to gain the door; but in his transit his knees denied their office, and he sank gibbering as his hand was upon the latch. As to the terrified widow Dobbie, I might say with Virgilus, *steteruntque comae*, her comb stood up; for the frilled cap was displaced with no little violence, and with an agonizing shriek she fell, apparently in *articulo mortis* on the body of the Deacon. What a lamentable scene! and all in consequence of the rashness and imprudence of Mrs. Sykes. No sooner had I left my own domicile than Mrs. Sykes, regardless of my admonitions, resolved on following my steps, and was actually peeping over my shoulder at the moment the Deacon's hand came in contact with the widow Dobbie's. It was truly fortunate for



all concerned that a distinguished member of the faculty was near at this dreadful crisis. In ordinary hands nothing could have prevented a quietus. Their spirits were taking wing, and it was only by extraordinary skill that I effected what lawyer Snoodles said was a complete "stoppage *in transitu*."

I regret to state that this was my last visit to Deacon Sykes'. Unmindful of my services in resuscitating Mrs. Sykes, he remarked that my neglect to prepare him for the exceeding joy that was in store, had so far shattered his nervous system that his usefulness was over, and, in fine, had built up between us a wall of separation not to be broken down. I always opined, however, and of this opinion was Mrs. Tonic, that the Deacon's coldness arose in part from an incipient warmth for Mrs. Dobble, which was thus checked in its first stages. It was even hinted that on her departure, which took place immediately, he manifested less of resignation than at the burial of Mrs. Sykes. The coldness of the widow Dobble toward me, certainly unmerited, was also no less apparent, till I brought about what I had much at heart, viz. a match between her and Major Popkin. He was a discreet, forehanded man, a representative to our general court, and kept the variety store in that part of our town, that was named, in honor of him, "Popkins' Corner."\*

\* From the papers of Doctor Tonic, recently brought to light.

We have two objections to the following spirited poem sent us from Brunswick, Maine. One is, the subject does not entirely suit us, and the other, that it is a little too long; too much spun out. Still we are disposed to publish it, for it has a great deal of artistic merit. Its verification is very easy and graceful, and it abounds in strength and happy expression.

We infer from the diffident tenor of the letter accompanying it, that it is from a young writer; and if so, we think it betokens a high degree of poetic ability.

We should be happy to hear from him again.

#### THE STORM-GOD.

Gloomily wailed the moaning wind,  
Right loud and gloomily—  
On whirled the dusky murky clouds,  
And the thick fog from the sea.  
Like a spectre-band from the spirit land  
In their wild night-dance of glee—  
Brave glare for their hall was the lightning's flash;  
Brave music for them was the thunder's crash,  
And the sound of the rushing rain,  
As they flew with the speed of a maddened steed  
From the din of the battle plain—  
With a car of cloud, and with steeds of air,  
The stern old Storm-God's course is there—  
And these are the words that he seems to say,  
As the thunder's crash, and the lightning's play  
O'er his path; and his voice is like the roar  
Of the angry sea on a rocky shore:  
"Fell not to me of the gentle breeze  
Through the bright green tree tops sighing;  
Nor of the silvery fleecy clouds  
Through the summer azure flying;  
Hing not to me of rippling streams,  
And their tiny wavelets plashing;  
On the golden sand of a sunny lead!—  
Fell not of the merry dashing  
Of the bright cascade, in the everglade,  
Where the naiads sport in the willow's shade!  
These may be bright, but my delight  
Is the dash and the roar of a stormy night!

Oh tell me not of your music sweet!

The thrill of the gayest string,  
Or the wailing moan of the trumpet's tone  
To me no joy may bring.

Supreme I ride in my power and pride,

My steeds are swift and strong,  
And ever there is the lightning's glare  
To light my course along.

I ride there ever—unseen my form;

For I am the god of the raging storm!

My car is of cloud: no fleecy thing  
But black with the scowl of its thundering.

Without a limit, from shore to shore

I ride the wide creation o'er;

And I rule the course of the storm-wind wild,

As if I were a father, and it my child—

I love the roar of the angry sea,

The dash of its billows is music to me;

And I send my winds, (not the breezes mild,)

To make its tones with their fingers wild—

What though the ship, with its priceless freight

Is whelmed in the seething tide?

What though the cries of the hapless rise

As they're torn from its riven side,

To sink to their grave in the deep, deep, sea,

"Unknelled, unconfined," what's that to me!

I love to hear their last wild cry

Of fear and mortal agony,

As the gurgling brine stops the life blood warm;

For I am the god of the howling storm!"

Then ceased the voice, and naught was heard

But the moaning trees by the tempest stirred,

And the rumbling sound of the storm-king's car,

Fast dying away in the distance far;

The moon looked down from her silver throne,

Glad that the strife in her realm was done;

And another voice like a flute tone, clear,

Fell sweetly and softly upon my ear;

And these were its words, for I marked them well

As they rang like the chime of a silver bell:

"Vain brawler! who gave thee thy boasted might?

Who formed thy steeds and thy chariot light?

Who made the winds that thou sendest so,

Holding them fast, or bidding them go?

Know there's a God, that rules o'er all,

From the course of worlds, to the sparrow's fall!

He holds the winds in His mighty hand,

And the tempest rages at his command!

No joy to him is the sorrow tone

Thou lov'st, of the weak, when their hope is gone.

What though there's sorrow? that end is wise,

And good fore'er 'neath the chafening lies!"

And thus in life when the storm clouds roll

Their sullen gloom o'er the troubled soul;

And if, the while, their demon king

To the heart, of evil is whispering,

Then think there's a God that rules o'er all,

Who cares for even "the sparrow's fall!"

And that is a heart of peace alone,

Which ever may say, "thy will be done!"

Brunswick, Me., Nov. 1843.

W.

#### REVOLUTIONARY RELIG.

The following interesting relic of the Revolutionary struggle appears in the columns of the *Citizen Soldier*.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PROUT, SEPTEMBER 10, A. D. 1777.

MERRIS, J. R. & A. H. DILLER—

GENTLEMEN—Not long ago, searching into the papers of my grandfather, Major John Jacob Schoefmeyer, who was out in the days of the revolution, I found the following discourse, delivered on the eve of the battle

of Brandywine, by the Rev. Jonb Prout, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in presence of Gen. George Washington and General Wayne, and others of the army. You may use this discourse for the columns of your valuable paper, if you should think proper, Your friend.

A. H. SCHOEPMYER.

Brynewood Farm, Chester co. ?  
August 30, 1843. }

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

"*They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.*"

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat—alike we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed; the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn, will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitened tents of our encampment; in times of terror and of gloom, have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff, the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow.

"*They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.*"

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolated plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm house, blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here: wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our poets on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"*They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.*"

Brothers think me not unworthy of belief, when I

tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm of Divine Retribution!

They may conquer us on the morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and God defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand and tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of the doom and the retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight?—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his grey hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged—the lonely farm house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers, as they despatched their victim, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of the vivid reality if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the Awful and the infinite fights for you and you will triumph.

"*They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.*"

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones.

You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that

man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers I bid you all farewell. If any of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the stillness and silence that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it.

Let us pray.

#### PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father, we bow before thee. We invoke thy blessing we deprecate thy wrath, we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitied; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech, with renewed life and strength, our hope and thy instrument, even GEORGE WASHINGTON—shower thy counsels on the Honorable the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance, and they may fill us with desires for revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us, in their hour of butchery and bloodshed. And, in the hour of death, do thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee, through Christ, our Redeemer—*God prosper the Cause.—Amen.*

#### TRINITY COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE, ENG., FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a College chum to put in execution a long-cherished scheme of driving to London tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anarchisms "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in style—went ball pitch to the play—and, after a quiet breakfast at the St. James's, set out with my two horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas ———.

To escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thou-

sand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George? what the —— do you here? Tandem, too, by ——." (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments dropped from his mouth like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind, which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as it was not possible if it could be me he was addressing. "What! you don't know me, you young dog? Don't you know your uncle? Why, sir, in the name of common sense—pshaw! you've done with that. Why, in —— name, a'n't you at Cambridge?"

"At Cambridge, sir?" said I.

"At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment! "Why, I suppose you never was at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift! Is this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? you young profligate, you young —— you ——."

Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, sir," said I with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance." His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment. "I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me; but to my knowledge, I never saw you before." A torrent I perceived was coming. "Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate, though your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Bye, bye, old buck." The cart was removed and I drove off, yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, hearing him exclaim, "He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle, by ——!"

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principles." "Well! you've done it. Dished completely. What could induce you to be such a blockhead?" said he.

"The family of blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party."

"Pshaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?"

"Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge instantly."

"Cambridge?"

"In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling is to be there before him."

Without settling the bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched, the traces broke—turnpike-gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress; but

in spite of all these obstacles we reached the College in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas — been here?" said I to the porter, with an agitation I could not conceal.

"No, sir."

Phil thanked God and took courage.

"If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving *veracious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of College for this fortnight. You twig! God bless you! I had hardly time to get to my room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, strewed around in learned profusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I want to see Mr. —," said he; "is he in the room?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago."

This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through College, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for.

"Ay! very likely; reads very hard, I dare say?"

"No doubt of that, I believe, sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass.

"You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he's not in College!"

"Not in College! sir, as I hope!"

None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms. If two hours ago I did not see —. See him; yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?"

"What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes!"

"How happy I am to see you!" I continued; "how kind of you to come! how well you're looking!"

"How people may be deceived! My dear George, (speaking rapidly,) I met a fellow in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was more taken off my stilts. I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor—to tell the master—to tell all the College, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you forever."

"My dear sir, how singular!"

"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and—that was *not* yours. No, no, you never would have treated your old uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that!"

"Rejoiced; so am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Egad! I can't tell you how I was startled. I have been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that,

though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet, never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons, they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking; and that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadow, had shown me a caricature, taken from life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, Oh! that I had had the honor of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!" But, — it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle! I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is—" I moved instantly. "But it's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come my dear fellow, come: I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people more alike!"

We dined at an Inn and spent the evening together; and, instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were as he entered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man; and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who, the world said, was partial to him. She *may* have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you. Read hard, you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers!" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me heir to his fine estate: I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated; and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honors, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality, or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last interview on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened cured me forever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight-forward path of life that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

## THE SQUIRE AND HIS LADY.

Among those whom I knew, when as yet young life had scarcely felt the burden of a care or the bitterness of a disappointment, were the 'Squire and his Lady. In those days, a village 'squire was allowed by universal consent to be a man of great importance; and, generally speaking, as much deference was paid to him, and as much homage duly rendered, as might have satisfied any ordinary claimant to such honors in the high and palmy days of British feudalism. The peasantry and farmers of our neighborhood were in no wise lacking in matters of rural etiquette, which, however, did not extend much beyond the doffed hat, the low bow, or the modest courtesy; and nothing could surpass the alacrity with which their little stock of "good manners" and suitable terms of address were put in requisition, whenever the 'squire or his lady was to be approached or spoken unto. Let not my readers, however, mistake all this for mere ob-



anxiousness: it was respect and veneration; and being richly deserved, was sincerely and readily yielded.

The 'squire could not boast of ancestral greatness, as the term is generally used and understood; but he could boast of ancestral industry, consistency, and high-mindedness. At a very early age, and long before his father's death, he came into possession of an estate of considerable value, especially in his hands. Here he fixed his residence, in the ancient family mansion, and immediately commenced those operations, whose results are now seen by the delighted eye, in flourishing plantations, cultivated lands, smiling meadows, and, though last not least, a happy, intelligent and grateful tenantry.

For some time the 'squire and his lady had been contemplating a visit to the Continent; not merely for pleasure, but for the benefit of their health. A circumstance now transpired which not only hastened the event, but indeed rendered it imperative. Six years had been spent in repairing the family mansion. Scarcely, however, had its chief occupants been congratulated on the completion of so long and so expensive a work, when it was discovered that the timber used in the building, was yielding to dry rot. The sensation produced by this unforeseen calamity may in some measure be conceived. On the arrival of professional gentlemen, an extensive and professional examination took place, when the worst fears of the parties were realized. The most exquisite specimens of workmanship were necessarily despoiled. Former confusion and bustle took the place of recently established order and quietness; and the hopes, anticipations, and prospects of years, were disappointed or darkened.

The effect of this on the sensitive and delicate frame of the lady was but too visible, while the 'squire's ill-conceived sufferings awakened general sympathy and concern. Arrangements were immediately made for a three year's residence on the Continent, and the day of departure was fixed. The day was the Sabbath. Did they then disregard the Sabbath-day? No, they revered it; but they preferred spending their last hour among their tenantry and laborers in acts of divine worship—especially as a friendly dwelling, to which they often resorted, was near at hand. And there where all might see, and where all might be seen, take their departure and reciprocate prayers and tears, from scenes which perhaps they might never visit again.

Of this day and its circumstances I have a vivid recollection. I remember the mingled beauties of its morning sky; the brightness of its ascending sun; the kindness of its straying breezes; the ardor of its varied minstrelsy; and above all the welcome summons of its worship-bell. It was generally a joyful sound, and as a call to the house of God was not less so on this occasion. But there was new associations. With that sound was now linked an event which few could contemplate without emotion. To many it was sure to be, and to all it *might possibly* be, the farewell sight of those, whose munificence had enriched, whose exertions had exalted the neighborhood. The church was densely crowded long before the time. Precisely at the hour, as was ever the case, the 'squire appeared, with his lady leaning on his arm. The congregation arose, until they had passed to their private seat, upon which the service commenced. During the reading of the Liturgy, and especially the singing, they were visibly affected; the lady yielding freely to the emotions

of her full heart, while down the manly cheek of her husband, stole the expressive tear. But the most touching scene was yet to transpire. After the sermon, in which a delicate allusion had been made to the occasion, the clergyman turned slightly round to the objects of so much sympathy and affection, and solemnly pronounced—"May the peace of God which passeth all understanding"—here he became inaudible: solemn silence followed—silence disturbed only by the voice of ill suppressed weeping, until the 'squire rose, and tenderly supporting his sobbing partner passed along the aisle to the door. Every thing was in readiness. The party retired for a few minutes to the hall, and then, surrounded by faithful and attached dependents and others, walked slowly to the carriage, from which they returned the affectionate salutations of the multitude, and drove off.

"The place is not like itself," said several of the inhabitants to the writer, a year after, "without the 'squire and his lady; they are sadly wanted, and there's two long years yet, before we shall see their face again." These two long years, however, like all other long years, passed away, and expectation became almost impatience. At length communications were received, fixing the time for their return, and giving necessary directions touching what was to be done. This was in itself joyous; but a paragraph followed of dubious meaning:—"The more orderly every thing is, and the less excitement the master is exposed to, the better." This was, of course, regarded as an indication of declining health—how could it be otherwise? and came like a dark cloud across the sunny prospect that had just gleamed upon their view. It was, alas! but too correctly interpreted. The day arrived, and the travelers returned, and met with a welcome as hearty as the separating sorrow had been sincere.

For some time the real state of the 'squire's health was little known; perhaps he did not know it himself. All his former engagements were resumed; the same energy and activity of mind were displayed; the same course of benevolence was pursued; the same number and class of visitors were entertained; and the same round of duties was performed. Previously entertained apprehensions of disease were lulled; friends with unrestrained affection, regarded him now as a good of more certain tenure; and many were again reposing beneath his shadow as beneath a rock, whose firm foundation no heaving floods can move, whose towering front no winged bolt can scar!

All this, however, was but the treacherous calm, before the tempest-blast. The revolution of a few months discovered the truth, and left hardly a ray of hope to glimmer through the deep and settled gloom. The complaint baffled all medical skill, and made such direful havoc on that once fine constitution, as presently to reduce it to the utmost feebleness.

His real state was not long hid from him; and without delay he "set his house in order," and so arranged his affairs, that he had little to do, but hold converse with eternal things. His evident and unceasing solicitude for his distressed lady was most affecting. She was the last to yield him up to the will of God; and from the time, when the conviction, that he must die, forced itself upon her almost broken heart, she refused to leave him more than a few minutes at once, by night or day. He would now receive the medicine from no other than that kind hand which he had so often pressed to his bosom, nor, indeed, would she

suffer another hand to administer it. Whenever she left his side for a few moments, his once fine piercing, but now languid eye, would follow her, and on her return, he fixed it on her pale and tearful countenance, as if his whole soul were centred there. On one of those affecting occasions, he, holding her hand in his, and still gazing upon her face said feebly: "Mary, I am going to leave you—going before you to another, I hope a better world. I have loved you through life: I love you in death. The bitterness of death," in my case, is the thought of separation. You know where to look—on whom to rely. I trust I am settled on the right foundation. My last earthly thought will be on—*Mary*." Here his voice greatly faltered, and she, utterly overcome, was removed for a short interval from his presence.

Such endearing conduct should not be unnoticed, as the sequel will show. That this unquenchable attachment did not unduly interfere with higher considerations, can be abundantly testified by those who attended in the dying chamber. That these admirable persons knew the truth cannot consistently be questioned; that they were influenced by it, this narrative, will, I think, show; and that *the truth* was the subject of their frequent conversation, amid the gathering shadows of the tomb, is well known to those whose duty and privilege it was to "watch with them," and by the truth I mean—the truth in Christ; "who is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

We now hasten to the closing scene, and yet fear to approach it. Three days previous to the solemn event such symptoms appeared as left no doubt on my mind of approaching dissolution. A celebrated physician who was in attendance intimated to the lady the fact, the announcement produced the most alarming effects. She now became the object of painful solicitude, but after a time revolved in a measure, and proceeded to her dying husband. From that time, intervals few and short excepted, she remained by his side, and, nevertheless, of the kind expostulations of attendants, administered to him everything that he required. On the evening of the third day, while she stood with his hand clasped in hers, the pangs of death came upon him. He looked—oh that look!—he looked, and faintly breathed out—"My Mary—farewell!" Wound up to the highest pitch of excitement of which nature is capable, and which nature can sustain but for a short time, she bent over him, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and impressing the last kiss of affection upon his quivering lips, said "I shall soon follow," and fell down, all but lifeless, by his side.

The scene that ensued, was of the most affecting nature, and sets all adequate description at defiance. The thrilling announcement—thrilling though anticipated, produced one general expression of ingenious sorrow, while the situation of the lady awakened the deepest and most painful sympathy. She was conveyed to bed, but looked not, neither spake she. Restoratives were resorted to, but in vain. Occasionally during the night she uttered short incoherent sentences, which were with difficulty understood. The morning found her rapidly sinking; and the physicians deemed it expedient to prepare the minds of all concerned for that which they saw could not be averted. Through the day her beauteous form lay all but motionless; her pulsation became gradually weaker and more irregular; those eyes which had so often beamed

with intelligence and love were closed, and everything told of approaching dissolution. Once more her lips moved; the physician caught the trembling accents, "I SHALL FOLLOW SOON." Her bosom heaved again, and was still forever! They were lovely and pleasant in their life, and in death they were not divided.

The shock produced by so solemn an event was deeply and extensively felt. Every countenance was sorrowful; every heart was sad. The funeral took place eight days afterward, and was attended by vast multitudes of people. Nothing could be more impressive than was the whole scene. The bodies having been brought out, were each received by eight laboring men, neatly attired in mourning, who slowly bore them to the church. Soon as the coffins were brought into sight, a simultaneous lamentation burst from the multitude, and nothing was heard but the voice of weeping. On arriving at the entrance of the churchyard the bodies were met by the clergyman, who, slowly walking before the procession, read with deep and solemn emphasis, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. After entering the church, the bodies were placed on biers in the middle of the aisle, while a portion of the service was being read; after which the men proceeded to lower, and lay them side by side in the vault. On preparations being made for this last sad ceremony, the sorrowing multitude yielded to the full tide of grief; and with sepulchral sounds issuing from the vault beneath, were mingled accents of bitter and undissembled woe. On the service being closed, the mourners, as many as could, took a last, last look of the dear remains, and retired to their own homes, I doubt not to weep there!

#### THOMAS CARLYLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

THE 28th of June, 1778, was a great and memorable day in the Kalends of the infant American Republic. For wise and good reasons the English army left Philadelphia, with a train of baggage twelve miles long, for New York. The latter city was held during the whole of this Liberty war, this contest between the mother and daughter, by the unnatural mother. Washington left his huts at Valley Forge, and in imitation of the Roman Consul who opposed Asdrubal, made a bloody effort to prevent the junction of the two armies of his enemy. He led his suffering soldiers towards the seashore. He sought his enemy and met him on the sandy plains of Monmouth. Washington wide-winged, Clinton and Cornwallis wide-winged at, and around the villages of Freehold and Englishtown; and fire-hall is whistling far and near upon those burning plains; the great guns playing and the small, both vomiting fire and death. And Gen. Lee is swept back on this wing and on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when Washington arrives in person and speaks a prompt word or two. "Stand fast," said the Hero, "Stand fast my boys, for the Virginia and Maryland line will soon come to your relief." The hearts of the American soldiers leaped at the sound of their beloved, and, as they thought, invincible Chief, and the armed mercenaries of a monarch fell in units, tens, and hundreds beneath the republican fire.

Washington on his death-defying old and faithful white horse galloped along the line, he waved his sword and cheered on his men in the death-struggle. The fierce provincials wrestled with their oppressors,

they meet the soldiers of the mother country hand to hand, they close with them at weapon's point. It was a bloody conjunction or rather conjugation of carnage, this battle of Monmouth. Men of kindred blood, men speaking the same noble language, met in the death-grapple. It was indeed a bloody conjugation. It was, I kill, thou killest, he kills, we kill, you kill, they kill. But death had other weapons of destruction. The sun for seven days had been in the Boreal Crab, the men were fighting, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the heat of 90°. Many of the combatants bit the dust and died unscathed by sabre or shot. If Washington was Fabius in Oct. 1776, at the White Plains, he was Marcellus, at Monmouth. The honors of the day remained with him, for his enemy retreated in the night.

#### JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. RANDOLPH, in Congress, was an able debator, but had little influence as a legislator. He captivated and held in delight all who happened to come in hearing; but no one ever seemed to think much of the cogency of his reasoning. He was never at a loss for subjects or words, but the matter was scattered over a great field. On one occasion, when he undertook to show to the old Republican or Jefferson party, who had accused him of having deserted their standard, that they had abandoned their principles, he spoke four days successively. His appearance on the occasion, was the oddest that can be conceived.

The first thing that he did on obtaining the floor, after the Speaker had responded to his claim to it by saying "*the gentleman from Virginia*,"—the customary salutation to all speakers,—was, very deliberately and very coolly, provokingly so, to strip off his overcoat, to lay aside his hat and whip, and then transfer the bandana, which had previously adorned his throat, to his head. Even after he had thus tied up his head, and made other arrangements for a seven or eight hours' speech, he would stand perfectly motionless, looking at the Speaker as if he was waiting to have something more said to him before he began. In this way he was wont to take in many a Chairman of the Whole, and who have had their knuckles well rapped by him for interfering with his honor on such occasions, much to the amusement of a crowded auditory. On a similar occasion and on a stormy day, he held an umbrella, instead of the everlasting whip, in one hand, and in the other an orange. On obtaining the floor while expectation was on tiptoe to hear the exordium, which was generally spicily, and amusing, he coolly began to suck his orange, without regard to the feelings of the members.

Whoever the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole was, seeing the House impatient, he reiterated "*the gentleman from Virginia*." All the reply or satisfaction he got was the sententious "*I know it, sir!*" and then he went on to suck his orange, while the whole house laughed at the rebuke. As it suited his convenience to begin, the whole attitude and manner were imitatively fine. His hair was combed back and separated in front, something like the fashion with which women part theirs on their forehead; the bandana was around his neck, and the surtout on. In his left hand he held the umbrella, in the other the orange. Throwing forward his head, a little turned on one side, three fingers of one hand grasping the orange, the other pointing to the Chair, he commenced:—"I remem-

ber, sir, about fourteen years since—yes sir, about fourteen years since—that the gentleman from South Carolina, (Mr. Hagar)—we were both then members of this House—set a popularity trap—yes sir, a popularity trap, which he baited with *brown sugar and molasses* (a tariff project)—but it caught nothing, sir!—not that I ever heard of." He then passed off in an attack upon New England, Mr. Clay, and the other prominent members generally, in his usual style of invective, at times amusing, scorching, and occasionally instructing his listeners.

#### A CURIOUS DREAM STORY.

MISS H. B. was on a visit to Mrs. Andre, and, being very intimate with the latter, shared her bed. One night she was awakened by the violent sobs of her companion, and upon entreating to know the cause, she said, "I have seen my dear brother; and he has been taken prisoner." It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that Major Andre was then with the British army, during the heat of the American war. Miss B. soothed her friend, and both fell asleep, when Miss Andre once more started up, exclaiming "They are trying him as a spy," and she described the nature of the court, the proceedings of the judge and prisoner, with the greatest minuteness. Once more the poor sister's terrors were calmed by her friend's tender representations, but a third time she awoke screaming that they were hanging him as a spy, on a tree, and in his regimentals, with many other circumstances! There was no more sleep for the friends; they got up and entered each in her own pocket-book the particulars stated by the terror-stricken sister, with the dates, and both agreed to keep the source of their own presentiments and fears from the poor mother, fondly hoping they were indeed built on "the baseless fabric of a vision." But, alas! soon as news, in those days, could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came, and, to the deep awe as well as grief of the young ladies, every circumstance was exactly imparted to them as had been shadowed forth in the fond sister's sleeping fancy, and had happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream! The writer thinks this anecdote has not been related by Miss Seward, Dr. Darwin, or the Edgeworths, father and daughter who have all given to the public many interesting events in the brilliant but brief career of Major Andre.

#### INTERESTING CEREMONY IN FRANCE.

AN interesting ceremony took place, in Paris, on a late anniversary of the birth-day of the Emperor Napoleon. It commenced at the Hotel des Invalides where the surviving veterans of the old Imperial Guard, wearing their ancient uniform, amounting in number to about 160, of whom 120 wore the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which many of these had received from the hand of the Emperor himself, marched at eight in the morning to the chapel, where a mass appropriate to the day was performed. Then they went to the apartments of the Governor, where they were received by General Petit, their old companion in arms, who displayed to them the standard which led the small troop that followed the Emperor to the Island of Elba. The veteran band then divided into companies of 25 each, and proceeded to the Place Vendôme, where they all marched twice round the column in mournful silence.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Nov. 8th, 1843.

DEAR COUSIN ROVER,

THE exhibition of the "Boston Artists Association," closed on the 8th of this month. Its success was not what could have been desired, nor even expected, in a city like this, where almost every person of common understanding can display some taste in regard to art, although, as Doctor Lardner says, they may have more information than knowledge. The chief attractions of the exhibition this year, were the works of Thomas Cole; the "Voyage of Life," and others landscapes; and strange to say, they failed entirely to attract. The Bostonians have always admired Mr. Cole's portraits of nature, but they say, and I think with some propriety that *allegory* has had its day. Spencer, and Bunyan gave to the world works of such magnitude and splendor that they at once monopolized the field, and continue to hold undisputed dominion. All who read them have their tastes for the allegorical, at once satisfied. In fact the human mind has advanced beyond that point, when it was necessary that truth should be administered in gaudy colors. The child was pleased with the gilded pill, and swallowed the healthful medicine because it was pretty and sweet, but the adult prefers to take the dose plain, because he knows that simplicity is more efficacious.

Speaking of art, let me say that Mr. Brackett, the sculptor is about publishing a work that cannot fail to be received with *ecclat*, and make a new era in the history of American Art. The first number will soon be issued to the public. It is to consist of five outline engravings, executed in a most superb manner, each picture accompanied with an illustrative article from the pens of some of the first *literati* of the country. "Miranda," "The Guardian Angel," an excellent full length picture of Bishop Griswold; a beautiful group, representing the well known lines of Pope:

"Hark they whisper, angel say  
Sister spirit, come away."

Also an illustration of Longfellow's "Excelsior."

"There in the twilight cold and gray  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,  
And from the sky serene and far  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior."

So much for the arts.

We have just had Doctor Lardner lecturing here at the Melodeon.

And notwithstanding that the Evening Journal some time since warned the dear public, and ladies in particular, that the Doctor was a *naughty man*, and all that, he never failed to find his lecture room crowded by an attentive audience, and what is more, he never failed to delight and instruct his auditory. The Doctor is certainly a very peculiar man; his style of delivery is singular and impressive. Daguerrotype likenesses are not always overpleasing, but let us see if our camera is in order. The Doctor appears before a very red curtain; makes a very slight bow; rubs his hands, smacks his lips several times, as if trying the flavor of what he is about to say; feels the floor for sometime with his feet, until he finds himself in a favorable attitude. He now, (at this critical moment the house is thundering with applause) he now precipitates his left hand under his coat tail, his right hand is thrust deep under his vest toward his heart, as if to force up that

emphatic preliminary sentence, "ladies and gentlemen" remember that there is great stress laid upon the "and." "Ladies and gentlemen, it may be proper to say, that in appearing before ye, this evening, which as ye know, is but a recent arrangement, I say, it may be proper to add, that this entertainment, for so let me call it, will—in—no—way—interfere—with—my regular course of astronomical lectures—will, I say, in—no—way interfere with my regular course of astronomical lectures—at all! But," here he tastes the word "but," tries to swallow it as in fact he does with a great number of his monosyllables; but he fails, and he continues. "But, I say, but, I have proposed for your amusement and instruction a series of experiments in the combustion of metals, to prove to ye, that the hardest substances in creation cannot withstand the heat of a flame. Cannot, I say, withstand a flame.

Also, some experiments in galvanism, wherein I will make it perfectly demonstrable to ye, by applying the machine to a dead rabbit, I say to a dead rabbit, that however insensible the nerves may be, they are quickened by a galvanic attack—by a *galvanic attack*. And this magnetic power has the same influence over the most rigid nerves of the human body. Your attention, this evening, will be called more particularly to this subject of galvanism. In fact, magnetism will be the heavy side of this evening's discourse. It is an important vital principle, I say that, the galvanic magnetic influence is an important vital principle!" More anon,

BOSTON ROVER.

THE following is one of the bright gems that *Percival* used to throw off some fifteen or twenty years ago. Why does not his genius give out such scintillations in these days?"

I saw on the top of a mountain high  
A gem that shone like fire by night;  
It seem'd a star that had left the sky,  
And dropp'd to sleep on the mountain's height.

I clomb the peak, and I found it soon  
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon.  
Canst thou its hidden sense impart?  
A cheerful look and a broken heart.

THEMISTOCLES once, on his sailing to and fro among the confederates of the Athenians, to gather a tribute, when he came to the Adrians, and found them backward to pay, he told them that he brought two mighty gods with him—*Love and Force*. They answered—"That they had also two great goddesses to withstand him—*Poverty and Impossibility*.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE. We commence this week a series of letters from a Boston correspondent, who signs himself "Boston Rover," and whose letters we have no doubt our readers will find replete with interest. The series will be continued indefinitely. The writer is a person of genius, and those who keep the track of him will find both amusement and instruction.

DOCTOR LARDNER. The peculiar manner of this distinguished lecturer is happily portrayed in the letter of our Boston correspondent. Those who have heard the Dr. lecture, will recognize it as a true picture, and those who have not, will be able to form something of a picture to themselves, without seeing the original



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M O L O C H.

*Baron de Saxe, 1750.*



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# THE ROVER.

## MOLOCH.

[FROM MILTON.]

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
His trust was, with the Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,  
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear; of God, or hell, or worse,  
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake.

"My sentence is for open war. Of wives  
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those  
Contrive, who need, or when they need; not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place  
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder; and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels; and his throne itself  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments."

## AN INDIAN STORY:

ALL THE BETTER FOR BEING TRUE.

We copy the following narrative from the *Clarion*, published at Skowhegan, on the river Kennebec, in Maine. We know Captain John Neptune, who was for a long time head chief of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, and, as the writer of the article says, has been "a mighty hunter" in his day, as well as a great man in his tribe. We have been at his residence, where he dwells with the remnant of his people, on the beautiful island of Oldtown, in the Penobscot river, twelve miles above Bangor. We have been paddled across the waters of the Penobscot, sitting in the bottom of his birch canoe, with our "better half" by our side, and therefore have a right to feel an interest in his story. The writer says he had the narrative from the lips of Captain John himself, in the early part of last winter, when he was returning from a fall hunt up the Kennebec waters.

### CAPTAIN JOHN NEPTUNE.

On one of those cold, frosty mornings, which furnished such abundant sources for conversation, last winter, while engaged in the act of piling more wood upon the newly kindled fire, and ejaculating in a soliloquizing tone to myself, for perhaps the twentieth time, "the coldest morning this winter," accompanied by a freezing shiver, which would have gone far toward eclipsing the shake of an ague fit, I heard a soft, cat-like step in the outer entry, and the next moment the door was quietly opened, and the venerable figure of Captain John Neptune, a sachem of the once powerful Tarratines, stood before me. Giving me the usual Indian salutation, he proceeded with the same quietness

to seat himself before the fire, which now sent its crackling flames upward through the dry wood, that filled the ample, old-fashioned fireplace. While employed in warming his extremities, his eye, which had lost none of its fire by age, and which, contrasted with his shriveled skin and gray sprinkled locks, burned more vivid, wandered carelessly around the apartment. His dress consisted of a coarse, soiled blue frock, fastened about his waist with a leathern belt, from which was suspended a small hunting knife. He had a pair of moose shank moccasins on his feet, and on his head a cast off heaver of the fashion of other days. In short, as old "Cully" said of Washington, when he went courting his mistress, "he was a proper man—quite a proper man."

Knowing the taciturnity invariably displayed by an Indian, when cold and hungry, I did not intrude much conversation. His dress, which a white man would have considered much too scanty for a white man to venture abroad in, in such severe weather, bore evident marks of his having recently emerged from some neighboring hay-mow, where, no doubt, with true Indian "toughness," like the worthy governor of Barmenia, he had blessed the man who first invented sleep.

The other members of the family were soon stirring. The older portion gazed upon the phenomenon of a live Indian with curiosity strongly developed, while the little ones cast furtive glances at his knife, which associated itself in their minds with all they had ever heard of bloody scalps and fearful war-whoops, and instinctively shrank closer to their mother's side; and one little flaxen-haired girl fairly buried her face in the apron of her maternal protector, when the wild eye of Captain John for a moment met hers. His rigid features relaxed into a kind of half smile, as he ejaculated: "Ugh, ugh; pappoose much 'fraid—Indian no hurt—me no hurt!" and turning to me as he spoke, he added: "Me 'Mexican—all United States men!" I assented to this appeal, and succeeded, in a partial degree, in allaying the fears of the children.

As the morning meal was now ready, after a short petition to that Being who made the world and all things therein, to direct our footsteps during the day, I placed a seat for the stranger, at table, and made him welcome to share our repast.

After breakfast was over, I took a seat beside him, determined to have from his own lips, a narrative of an event in which he was a prominent actor, and which I had previously heard hinted at by the old settlers. Now, I am free to confess, there is nothing I love so much, as to hear a good story. He complied with my request, and related the circumstances substantially as follows:

Not many years ago, the whole of the country bordering on the Kennebec, above the quiet, rural-like village of Norridgewock, was a deep forest, unbroken, save here and there a little patch of clearing upon some goodly intervals stretched along the bank of the rapid river, which some hardy Yankee had carved out with strong hands and stout heart, for his future resting place and home. These men—the pioneers of the country, spent a portion of the time in trapping fur, which was then plenty, and was almost the only means they had of procuring money. This business was

largely shared with them by the Indians from Oldtown, who, being better acquainted with the country, and bred to the business, experienced better success.

One fall, three of the settlers, whom I shall call John Smith, Jere. Smith and Peter Smith, were to be seen wending their way in a canoe, containing their provisions, traps, &c., by the mouth of Dead river, at the Forks of the Kennebec, up the east branch, which issues from Mooshead Lake. The stream at this place is rapid, and with their poles grasped stoutly, they set the canoe up the stream with much steadiness and caution. One of the men was a short, thick set fellow, the general turn of whose features bespoke a turbulent spirit, and that he was not wanting in brute courage. The second was a tall, spare man, with a restless, ever-changing eye, calculated to make you feel uneasy in his company, yet still allied to an outward quietness of demeanor which contrasted forcibly with the roughness of the first. The third was one of those commonplace individuals who go to make up the multitude—no particular expression of face, no peculiar points of character.

Tolling slowly up the stream, sometimes wading over a gravel bar to lighten their craft, and others coming into deeper water, where they would ply their poles with vigor, late in the afternoon they arrived at the mouth of the Moxa stream, by which the waters of the Baker and Moxa ponds are emptied into the Kennebec. Here they found Captain Neptune preparing for his fall hunt up the various waters of the Moxa; and after a slight communication with each other, they proceeded to encamp for the night. Early next morning, the three whites proceeded to a point further up the east branch, and Neptune was left alone on the ground of his selection. He had already built his home camp at the foot of Moxa pond, in the midst of a grove of sugar maple, beside which flowed a pleasant stream of water. This camp he had constructed with more than ordinary care, for he intended it as a sort of depot, where he would not only deposit his surplus provisions, but store his fur as fast as caught and cured. He had already killed a fat bear, the lean parts of which he had cut into things and dried in the smoke, and the fat had been tried out and deposited in a trough which he had hollowed for the purpose. Trout were plenty, and these he could have in abundance whenever he chose. A small bag of flour was the only eatable he brought with him from below, and on these articles he lived with a satisfaction known only to the stern sons of Lacedæmon, while seated over their black broth, at the public tables.

It was one of those warm afternoons often experienced in the latter part of September, when the black flies are so troublesome, that Neptune was returning to his home camp with his canoe, and had just doubled a headland which makes out into Moxa pond, when, but a short distance before him, near the mouth of a sandy stream, he heard a tramp, and in a moment after three moose rushed into the water. He silently paddled his canoe behind the headland, and disembarking among the bushes, took his gun in his hand, and putting two bullets in his mouth as he went, made a circuit to get a position nearer the moose, and at right angles with the place of entrance, as he knew that if he appeared or fired at them from the place where they entered the water, they would unhesitatingly swim across; whereas, on the first alarm, if the way was open, they would take their back tracks, and march out in single file.

Putting aside the bushes with one hand, and holding his gun in the other, he cautiously waded into the water. The moose were so absorbed in their gambols that they noticed not their danger, till the crack of the gun awoke them. They immediately made for the shore, the hindmost on the entrance being now in advance. They had proceeded but a short distance, when a second crack again dealt death among them. Terrified beyond measure, and with the blood of two of them already beginning to tinge the water, they boldly struggled up the bank, and the hindmost was just beginning to be shaded by the small bushes, when he received the third bullet just behind the shoulder-blade, and fell. He however rose again, and struggled forward a short distance, but soon gave over. Neptune found them all within less than fifty rods of the pond. The true secret of this quick loading was, that his gun was old, and, as he turned in the powder at the muzzle, primed himself—a bullet from his mouth followed, and he was ready to fire.

Time wore on, and November had set in with unusual rigor. Capt. Neptune was out, looking his traps for the last time before he took up his voyage homeward. He had been very successful, and his fur was well stored at his home camp. He had forty beaver skins, sixty otter, eighty sable and two hundred muskrat. And as he looked them over and carefully examined them for the last time, no wonder his heart beat proudly, and his eye kindled with pleasure. It was on the afternoon of the third day since he left his home camp, that he returned to its neighborhood, hungry and toll worn. What a prospect now met his view! nought but the smouldering ruins met his eye. Fire had been there and desolated his home and with it consumed the fruits of his labors. He did not cry out—he did not weep—for that would have been in violation of the stolen principles on which an Indian is taught to school his heart, all his life. But this does not denote the absence of feeling. You may check its outward utterance, but you cannot stifle the inward anguish of the soul. Oh, who can tell with what bitterness of spirit, this man sat beside the ruins, that live-long night, in the depths of the silent wilderness!

The sun had already begun to peep over the tree-tops, when Neptune slowly rose from the ground, and traced his steps to his canoe. As he moved forward his quick eye detected a small package of his own fur, not far from the ruins of his camp. He picked it up with joy, and was about to make search for the remainder, when the thought flashed upon him, that it could not come there without hands. He examined the vicinity and was soon convinced that he had been robbed of his fur, and his camp then burned, to hide the crime. The small package, which he found, had probably been dropped by the rogues in their hurry, and thus afforded some clue to the detection of the matter. He suspected the three persons, mentioned in the early part of our story, had done the deed. With true Indian perseverance, he determined to ferret them out, even if his whole life should be absorbed in the pursuit, and called on the great Spirit to record his vow. He proceeded homeward with a speed accelerated by a thirst for revenge, and at the first "clearing" he came to, learned that three men had passed downward, two days before. The revenge he sought for was not blood, but being well acquainted with the customs of the whites he determined to discover such evidence as would produce a return of his property and cause the

guilty to suffer the penalty of the law. In vain he searched about the premises of the suspected, in vain he secretly watched their movements. He could discover nothing. Indeed his only hope of being able to recognize his property, should he be so fortunate as to discover it, was, that it was his invariable custom to put a certain mark with his knife upon every skin.

Norridgewock was then, as it is now, the shire town. The court was in session, and the usual crowd of lawyers, suitors and loafers thronged the building, when Neptune marched up to the clerk's desk, and taking a pen and paper proceeded to mark out a beaver, then an otter, sable and muskrat, making on each his private mark, and figures signifying the number of skins he had lost. The clerk, to whom he was not entirely unknown, in a few minutes conversation with him, learned the facts in the case, and to humor him laid his hieroglyphic sheet in one of his drawers. For two years, Capt. John wandered up and down the river, seeking for his stolen property at every place where they bought fur, but without success. The robbers, whoever they were, had carefully abstained from making any sales. But after two years had passed away, they began to think that they might sell with safety, and disposed of a single beaver skin at a time, here and there.

"One day, Neptune came up the river and went into Mr. Thompson's who kept a small store in Embuden. It was a dull day for business, and Mr. Thompson was loitering over the counter, with his hands thrust into his trousers pocket, probably absorbed in a brown study upon the highly interesting subject of dollars and cents, when the Indian entered.

"Good day, Misser Thompson," said Neptune.

"Ah, John, 's that you," returned the trader, "Why aint you off hunting?"

"Oh, Misser Thompson, me goin' soon. How much you giv for beaver now. You got any beaver?"

"Yes, John, I've got a few."

"Misser Thompson, you let me see your beaver. Me want to see if white man skin 'em same as Indian do."

The trader feeling in a good humored mood, took down his bunch of skins, and let the Indian look it over. At length Capt. John found a skin bearing his private mark, and after commenting upon the excellency of the skin, inquired in a careless under tone of whom he bought that skin. The trader stated that he bought it of John.

"Sartain, Misser Thompson?"

"Yes, John, sartain. But why are you so particular about it?"

Capt. Neptune shortly explained the matter. A warrant was soon issued for the person who sold the skin, and upon search, a quantity of fur was found upon the premises, concealed in a hollow log. The case was brought before the court; and although no imprisonment ensued, the individuals charged with the robbery had their property swallowed up in the suit and fine. One fled through the wilderness to the provinces, and the others were for a long time missing from their former places of abode.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered out one of our city pedagogues to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand. "I have got an inkling of what you mean," replied the boy.

## A NIGHT OF FEVER.

It was the eleventh day of my fever. The medical attendants had again collected round my bed for a last struggle with the disease, that was drying up my blood, and searing the very marrow of my bones. Unfortunately, in every sense of the word, for my present comfort, as for the chance of recovery, I had little faith in them, though, to judge from the result, my opinion had less of reason than of prejudice. But I could not help myself; and I was far away from those in whom I should have put trust, in the Isle of Jersey, which, for any useful purpose, as regarded distance, might as well have been in the Isle of Madra.

The evening declined rapidly; the physicians had long since gone; and in those few hours which may be said to linger between light and darkness, I was in a state of comparative quiet. But when night came on—eyeless, voiceless, heavy night!—strange shapes began to float about me, while my hands and feet burnt like iron thrice heated in the furnace, and my own touch scorched my own flesh. I was fast tending to delirium; I felt it myself, and even tried by reasoning to keep down my rising fancies. But it was all to no purpose. Those fantastic shadows, too, flung from the various pieces of furniture upon the wall—how they mocked me by their flitting forms, as the rushlight flickered to and fro under the air!

I buried my head in the clothes, to shut out the images that harassed me, and for a time slept, or seemed to sleep. It was, however, only for a short time—perhaps an hour—perhaps a few minutes—I know not; but time grows longer as we approach the grave, as the shadows increase in the decline of day.

The sound of trumpets startled me from my broken slumber. I was in Rome, a Roman among Romans, with no other consciousness of individual being than what belonged to that moment; yet memory and fancy had strangely wrought together, confounding men and things, times, and places. War had fixed his throne in the capital, and bound his brow with the crown of victory. Men neither thought nor spoke of anything but battle and triumph; they were the only measure of glory—the sole object for which we lived. The wealth of nations was constantly pouring through the street, either as tribute or as plunder, to satisfy a spirit that was insatiable, and to swell a pride that was already towering to the clouds. What were kings, rich with barbaric gold and pearl, to the meanest of us, though our rage were an offence to earth and heaven?—to us, the citizens of eternal Rome? Our eagle waved over them, to defend or to devour; our senate gave them laws, either as slaves or allies. And who lent wings to those eagles, or gave voices to that senate, but ourselves—the children of eternal Rome? It was told us by our tribunes; it was repeated by our consuls; it was engraved upon our banners, that spoke neither of tribunes, nor of consuls, but of the senate and the Roman people; while the tremendous Cabala, the S. P. Q. R., spread terror among the remotest nations of the world.

We might want for bread, but we never wanted for that food which pampers the spirit, and elevates poor mortality above the level of earth. Slaves in gold and purple might flatter kings, but our flatterers were the conquerors of kings; they were heroes and demigods, the bravest, and the wisest, and the noblest of the earth, and yet were fain to put on the garments of

humility, showing their scars and counting their deserts to win our favor. Wherever our eyes turned, they were saluted with the monuments of our glory—the records of a conquered world. There was no pause, no stagnation of existence with us; our tide of life rolled onward like a torrent, foaming, boiling, and sparkling, amid the shouts of victory, the glitter of triumph, the pageantry of festivals, the eloquence of the senate, the tumult of the forum, the crowning of one hero; the immolation of another; amidst crimes that, from their greatness and their motives, shone out like virtues—and virtues which wore the bloody hue of crimes, but both crimes and virtues such as none but a Roman could have had the head to imagine, or the heart to execute. Such was our every-day life; but the present day was one of even more than usual interest. The formidable eagles were passing out at one gate with their mailed legions to distant battle; while, at another, Pompey, and Scipio, and Cæsar, and Cæsar, and the conqueror of Coriolanus, were returning victorious in the midst of rejoicing multitudes. The kings and warriors of many nations, from India to Britain, followed their triumphant wheels; and in the faces of those kings and warriors might be read defeat, and shame, and wrath, and captivity. The masses of human life grew yet denser; the clamor of triumph swelled louder and louder, peal after peal, incessant, like the bursting of a stormy sea upon the shore. I saw a king—who a few days before had ruled a world, who had been the joy or the terror of more millions than Rome could count thousands—I saw him, this mighty one, dash out his brains, in the impatience of despair, with his fetters; and the many around shouted applauses on the noble deed, as if it had been a noble death on the public stage; but, in the next moment, the glorious suicide was forgotten, the pageant passed on, and the marching legions trampled with indifference on the corpse, till it became a portion of the highway.

In the midst of this swelling pageant, and while the temples were yet reeking with incense, I was sensible, though I knew not why, that I had become the object of general awe and hatred. Men scowled as they passed by me, and drew their garments more closely to them, to avoid the contamination of my nearness, as if I had carried plague and pestilence in my touch; or else turned pale with terror, and hurried on, as they would have fled from the path of the asp. Still I kept on my way without stop or question, the staring crowd dividing before me like water before the prow of a vessel when the gale is at the highest, till I found myself in the senate-house. A general murmur arose at my appearance, and all simultaneously started up from the bench on which I had seated myself, and passed over to the opposite side, where Cato sat low-eeling hatred and defiance, and Cicero was watching me with his keen, eagle eyes, while his whole frame trembled with visible emotion. I knew that I was Cataline, with the will to be lord of the city, or to lay it in ruins—I reckoned not which—and the dread and loathing I inspired were sweeter to me than flattery. Rome, that feared nothing else, feared me. I rejoiced that it was so; I could have laughed, but for prudence, at the majestic horrors of Cato—the doubtful brow of Cæsar, who loved the treason, though he shrank from its danger—and the spare face of the consul, bleached with his mid-night terrors, and not yet seeming quite assured of his safety, even when buckled round by

his friends. But even then, while my heart was swelling with present and expected triumph, the orator arose and thundered in my ears the terrible "Quousque tandem, Catilina!" and a thousand voices re-echoed with deafening roar, "Quousque tandem—quousque tandem!" It was like the unholy spell of some wizard. The images of the gods, the marbles of the illustrious dead, in temple and in porch, in the forum and in the senate, all at that sound became instinct with life, and cried out with the pale orator, "Quousque—quousque!" I endeavored to reply, to defend myself, to hurl back defiance on the wretched peasant of Ariminum, who had dared to brand a Roman and a noble; but my voice was no more, amidst the tumult, then the voice of a child would be to the cataract or the ravings of the tempest. I was stunned, beaten to the earth, by the mighty congregation of sounds; my eyes dazzled; my brain shook; and down I toppled—down—down—a precipice as deep as from heaven to earth, catching at everything in the long descent to break my fall. But all was in vain: the stoutest oaks snapped under my grasp like the dried reeds of autumn; the ponderous masses of jutting rock sank from my tread like hills of sand. The weight of some strange crime was upon me; and, loaded as I was, nothing was so stout it could give my foot a resting-place.

Unconsciousness, or sleep, its counterfeit, dropped a curtain between me and this stage of suffering, and again the shadows of my delirium took other forms. A rapid succession of visions came more or less distinct, and again melted away, like those fantastic forms which the clouds build up in a summer's evening, when the winds are high, and the sun is sinking amidst a world of vapors. I skinned the air with the birds; I dived into the waters with the sea-mew; or floated on its surface with a fleet of gallant barks, that were sailing to an unknown land, which no one could name, but which all knew to be the land of the sun, where the spices grew like acorns, and the stones of the highway were emeralds and diamonds. As we neared it, the air grew softer, the skies brighter, the waters clearer; it was a world unlike the world we had left, not in degree, but in kind; and the feelings it excited required a new language for their expressions. But even then the scene faded. I was burning at the stake by the side of the Huguenots, surrounded by thousands, who in general did not, or dared not, ply us, though the faces of many were convulsed with eager horrors; and here and there the features of some young female, in despite of beads and rosary, expressed a sympathy with our fate. The flames from the new-lit fagots hissed like serpents. Anon, before the fires, that wrapt us as with a garment, were burnt out, I was tossing on the waters of the Polar Sea, amidst mountains of blue ice, whose tops were in the clouds. The surge dashed and broke upon these colossal masses as upon so many rocks of granite. On a sudden, a crash like thunder killed the mutinous billows. The huge icebergs were rent and shivered, and their summits dissolved into floods, that came roaring and tumbling down their rugged sides, till around us was a world of cataracts; and in the pool below our little bark tossed and eddied like a dry leaf in the whirlwind.

By some inexplicable shifting of the scene I was in Africa, and the past was as if it had never been. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, was sand—nothing but sand—hot and burning sand—which scorched the weary soles of the feet, as though I had



been walking on molten lava. Suddenly the wind began to howl, and at its voice the fiery mass rolled, and swelled, and surged, and was lifted up as the storm lifts up the sea; but its waves were more like mountains. Then again the unstable mass formed itself into moving columns, and these giants of the desert traversed or rather swept, the waste with a speed that made flight hopeless. But I was not fated to perish by them. They rolled around me harmless, and, in less than what seemed an hour, all was again calm, and the sun sunk down upon silence—a silence that was lifeless!

A raging thirst tormented me. But no stream was near in the moon-light expanse, and the night of the desert had no dew to moisten my parched lips. Had any benevolent genius stood before me, with an offered diadem in one hand, and a glass of fair water in the other, I had rejected empire, and snatched at the more humble boon with rapture. The pains of fire or of steel—and I had felt both within the last few hours—were nothing to the torments of this terrible thirst; it drank my very life-blood.

In the midst of this unutterable agony, I heard, or thought I heard, the rushing of water. Strange that I had not seen it before! Within a hundred yards of me was an oasis, or island of the desert, covered with a grove of palms, and a remarkable sort of tree, for which I know no name; but it breathed a fragrance sweeter than all the spicy gales of Araby the Blessed; yet still sweeter to my fancy was the little crystal spring that bubbled from the turf beneath, sparkling, and leaping along over stone and pebble, as if rejoicing in the soft moonlight. If ever there was bliss on earth, it was mine for that brief moment when my eyes first fell upon the stream. But, like every joy beneath the sun, it proved a shadow, an unsubstantial vapor, fading the very instant it was grappled with. When I would have drunk, all was mist and confusion; and then, for a while, my troubled fancy slept.

There was a blank in my existence—for aught I know for hours. Had I been dead, the mind and body could not have been wrapped in a repose more deep or senseless.

After a time, it seemed to me as if I awoke from a long, long slumber, all that had passed showing to my memory rather as the dream of sleep than of delirium. On this awaking, I had a distinct perception that I was in my bed-room, dangerously ill, if not dying. But the hag of a nurse could not wait for the fated hour, when, as it seemed, death would of himself visit me, but must needs anticipate his coming. Filling a cup from one of the many phials, she came to my bed-side, and croaked out, "It is time; drink, and die!" But I stoutly refused the draught so ominously presented. The hag persisted, uttering dreadful, half intelligible menaces; and, in the very desperation of terror, I struggled as for life, and endeavored to dash down the chalice. But I was a mere child in her hands. She forced me back upon my pillow with a strength that to my feebleness seemed gigantic, and poured the poison down my throat in spite of my utmost resistance.

No sooner was it swallowed than it crept like ice through my veins, freezing up life as it crept on, drop by drop, and inch by inch, the numbness beginning at my feet, and mounting upward till it curdled at my heart. It must not, however, be supposed that I was silent during this deadly march of the poison; on the contrary, my rage was, at least, equal to my terror; and their united influence was powerful enough to loos-

en the bonds that had hitherto kept my tongue tied, when to have spoken would have been some relief to the overwhelming sense of agony. I poured forth the bitterness of my heart in curses that staggered the old hag, and sounded tremendous even to my own hearing. At first she only stared, like one struck by sudden wonder; then, as surprise gave way to fear, she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the sounds that were too horrible for hearing; and, finally, fled with the long-protracted howl of the wolf when driven from its prey.

I was dead, and knew that I was dead. I had consciousness without life—sense only for suffering—and lay a fettered prisoner in my narrow prison-house. Still *SELF*, that centre-point to which in life all pain and all pleasure are referred—that individual but invisible existence, which remains entire even when the limbs are lopped away from the trunk—which, mutilate the body as you will, retains in its wholeness the same capacity of suffering and enjoyment—this *SELF* still was, I lived, though my body had perished; and the stings and business of the insensible flesh were by some mysterious agency, reflected on the spirit.

But I was soon to be called to another sphere, and to loftier modes of suffering. While I was yet mouldering, a voice reached me, and it sounded like a tempest—"Let the dead arise!" Death, which had closed my ears to all other sounds, could not make me deaf to this awful summons. I arose from the grave as from a bed, shaking off the mouldering garment of the flesh, and was in eternity, myself a portion of it, however indefinite. There was neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor earth, nor space, nor time: all was eternity—immeasurable, incomprehensible eternity! And there I was alone with my own conscience, that, with a thousand tongues, spoke out the sentence of anguish, and drove me onward through the boundless without rest, for in it was no resting-place. I called on Death; but Death himself had passed away with the world. Not even an echo answered to my cry. I called on those who, like me, were to know anguish; but either they were not, or else were lost in the world.

On a sudden a whirlwind arose. I heard the mighty flapping of its wings as it rushed on towards me through the boundless, and again felt that there was hope. The darkness rolled away before it: the sound of many instruments came up from the deep; and I was hurried onward, till at last, by a transition as rapid as the passing of a sunbeam over the water, I found myself in a state, blissful indeed, but such as almost sets description at defiance. I heard the voices of those I loved so dearly; I saw their little fairy forms gliding dimly about me, as if in mist; but I could neither move, nor speak, nor in any way, as it seemed, make them sensible of my nearness. They were talking of me. I heard one say to the other, "to-morrow is his birth-day!" And then they began to sing in low, plaintive tones, one of the wild strains of a wild drama that I had written many years before, and which was even too apt to my situation. Strange to say, though till that moment I could as soon have repeated the whole of the *Iliad*, as my own lines, yet, ever since the address of the poor Adine to Faustus has remained indelibly written upon my memory. It ran thus:

Oh, Saul! oh, king!  
Wake from thy fearful dream!  
The chains, that bind  
Thy horror-haunted mind,

Drop from thee as the stream  
Of music gushes from the trembling string.  
Softly, softly breathe, my lyre,  
Stillling every wild desire!  
Let thy music full as sweet  
On the anxious, listening ear,  
As the odors to the sense  
When the summer's close is near.  
More soft! more slow!  
The measure flow!  
Softer, slower yet!  
Till the sweet sound beget  
A joy that melts like woe.

I listened and wept! Oh, the unutterable luxury of those tears! They worked upon my burning brain as the long-withheld dews fall upon the dry and rifted earth. The fever of my blood was stilled, and the air seemed to blow so coolly upon my parched cheeks! A sense of enjoyment stole over me, calm as the breath of a summer's evening, but vivid beyond the power of words to paint it.

The sounds of that wild strain came fainter and fainter; the fairy forms waxed dim; my eyes grew heavier; I slept.

The morning awakened me; it was not till the sun had been up for many hours; but when it did break my long slumber, it found me far other than it had left me on the preceding day. Then I was dying; now the dangerous crisis was past. Then I had neither eyes, nor ears, nor indeed any other sense, for pleasure; now the sight of the blue sky alone, seen through the window as I lay in bed, was a source of infinite delight. Even the poor old nurse, who, in the hours of the night, had been so hateful to me, was, in my altered mood, a kind, officious creature, whose happy face had in it as little as could be well conceived of the night-hag. By-the-by, the good old creature, half-laughing, half-crying, reproached me with having beaten her in my delirium. This, if true—and I much fear it was—must have been when she brought me the medicine, and my over-wrought fancy represented her as conspiring to poison me. Nor have I the least doubt, if it were worth while, that all my visions might in the same way be traced to some existing or foregone reality.

### A BEE HUNT.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say, that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee hive with the farm-house and flower-garden; and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man, and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they

banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present the honey bee swarmed in myriads, in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of the bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall lank fellow in homespun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain; at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge. They seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown color, others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was

almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; these which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dipping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indianan that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoils, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by vermin," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears, and skunks, and raccoons, and 'possums. The bears is the knowinjest vermin for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all."—*Tour on the Prairies.*

#### NAPOLEON AT THE ADVANCE POST OF BAUTZEN, MAY 21ST, 1813.

I WAS at the advance post with thirty lancers, behind a small hill, within pistol shot of a piquet of Cossacs. At three o'clock, the *aid-de-camp* of Gen. Bruyere sent me the following order: "Napoleon will visit the posts; the soldiers must not make the least movement that might betray the presence of the emperor. They are not to notice him, and to remain at their employment." At half past three, two squadrons of lancers of the guard appeared, and were drawn up half a wrest from my post, and four individuals issuing from the ranks slowly approached the place where we were. The Cossacs, it appears, did not observe these movements, and continued quietly to look after their horses, wandering with them to the middle of a field of grain. Soon afterwards, I saw Bonaparte, dressed in a gray greatcoat and a little three-cornered hat, and without any military distinction, approach the hill

where I was. He had with him marshals Berthier and Ney, and our general of division, La Bruyere, a relative of the former. They dismounted at the foot of the hill, and as they had neither footmen nor soldiers in attendance, my sub-officer took charge of their horses. Agreeably to orders, my soldiers did not appear to notice the new comers: some remained with their horses, others were seated round a fire dressing their victuals, or quietly drinking their wine, and I was promenading the hill with my pipe in my hand. I saluted the Emperor by raising my hand to my schako, and continued my walk. The four personages sat down on a pile of stones. Berthier unrolled a map and presented a spy-glass to Napoleon. After having conversed together for some time, whilst examining the map, Gen. La Bruyere put his knee on the ground, and Napoleon, placing the glass on his right shoulder, and stooping down, remained a quarter of an hour observing the position of the Russians, the city of Bautzen situated in a right line opposite to the hill, and the heights, on which were seen cannon and Russian infantry: after which Napoleon called me. "Have you been long in the service?" said he. "It is my business, sire; I was only 16 years old when I became acquainted with bullets and balls." "What do you think of the Cossacs?" "They are good soldiers, but they are more useful for camp service than in a general battle." "That is correct! Have you fought against the Russian Infantry?" "Yes, sire: good infantry, and worthy of contending with your majesty's infantry." "He is right," said Napoleon, turning towards Ney. "You other Poles, you speak almost the same language as the Russians?" continued Napoleon. "Yes, sire, we easily understand each other, as the Swedes and the Danes, the German and the Dutch." "Apropos, do you speak German?" asked Napoleon. "Yes, sire." "Well! mount your horse, and bring me from that village down there, a hundred paces off, the first peasant you meet. I will command the post in your absence."

My horse was all ready; I clapped spurs to him, and flew to the village. I arrived, and perceived at one end of it Russian chasseurs preparing their *hacha*, whilst at the other some French tirailleurs were quietly strolling from house to house. By good luck a German came out of a house half naked. "My good friend, do you wish to make some money?" said I, stopping him. "Money? very much; but what is to be done?" "Come and converse a few minutes with our general." "Perhaps he wishes to take me for a guide?" "Fear nothing, on my word of honor! he only wishes to speak to you; he will let you return immediately. Now follow me or I will break your head;" (and I presented my pistols to him.) "Pardon! pardon! I will follow you," said the poor countryman, trembling all over. "Get up behind me." I approached the wall; the countryman placed himself en croupe, and I set off like lightning. "Bravo, Mr. Officer," said Napoleon, "I thank you."

The peasant saluted him, and awaited his fate with trembling. Napoleon turned his back to him, and Ney repeated the questions. "Is there much water in that ravine, on the right, (on the left flank of the Russians?)" "Not higher than the knee," replied the peasant. "Have you sometimes crossed it in a cart?" "Always, except in the spring and autumn, when there is a great deal of water." "Is the ford everywhere good?" "No, in many places, there are too many stones, but from that little bridge on the right, to the distance of four miles, the bottom is good." Napoleon

was very well satisfied with the answers; it was evident that he was in a good humor. He asked Berthier for some money, took a handful of Napoleons, and said to the peasant: "Take this and drink the health of the Emperor of the French." The peasant wished to throw himself at his feet; Napoleon prevented him. "Do you know the Emperor?" "No; I would like very much to see him." "Well, there he is," said he, pointing to Ney, who at that moment permitted his embroidered uniform to be seen under his great coat. The peasant threw himself at his feet. Ney begun to laugh. "That gentleman is deceiving you; that is the Emperor," added he pointing to Berthier, and the peasant fell at the feet of Berthier. "It is labor lost," said the latter to him in very bad German; "that is the Emperor," pointing to La Bruyere. The peasant again proceeded to throw himself at the feet of the last. "I am too young to be Emperor," said La Bruyere; "go thank him who gave you the money." "*Das ist recht*," (that is true) said the German seizing the hand of Napoleon; "*Du ist ein goldenes handchen*," (that is a golden hand) and kissed it. The whole group laughed heartily; and after having sent away the peasant, descended from the hill. Napoleon ordered Berthier to give a piece of gold to each of my soldiers, which was done immediately. "Berthier, write down the name of this officer," said Napoleon; then mounting his horse, and turning towards me, he added: "I have been talking with your soldiers about you; I am satisfied with you. If you have need of anything, address yourself directly to me, and recel our acquaintance near Bautzen. Adieu; I wish that you may shortly be a Captain." I saluted him by bowing, and they returned slowly towards the lancers of the guard who had remained all the time mounted. An hour afterwards some horse chassours came and relieved me. I arrived at the regiment, and the first word the Colonel said to me was, "Your health, Captain!" They had already announced my promotion in the regiment. To welcome it, we drank some bottles of good wine with my comrades, and an hour afterwards went to throw ourselves before bullets, which spare neither Captains nor Lieutenants.

#### AFFECTION OF A WOLF.

THE wolf is one of those ferocious animals in which attachment may be carried to the greatest extent, and which presents us with one of the most singular examples of the developement to which the desire of affection may attain, a desire so extraordinary, that it has been known to prevail, in this animal over every other necessity of his nature.

The individual, instanced by Cuvier, must undoubtedly have been naturally of a very peculiar disposition. Brought up like a young dog, he became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master everywhere, seemed to suffer much from his absence, was obedient to his voice, evinced, invariably the most entire submission, and differed, in fact, in nothing from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the Royal Menagerie at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for many weeks, without exhibiting the least gaiety and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered; he attached himself to his keepers and seemed to have forgotten his past affections, when his master

returned, after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognized him, and testified his joy by his motion and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again, to the poor wolf, the cause of most profound regret. But time allayed his grief, three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog, which had been given to him as his companion. After this space of time, which would have been sufficient to make any dog, except that of Ulysses, forget his master, the gentleman again returned. It was evening, all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not effaced from his memory; the moment he heard it, he knew it; he answered, by cries, indicative of the most impatient desire; and when the obstacle which separated them was removed, his cries redoubled. The animal rushed forward, placed his two fore feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened, with his teeth, his very keepers, who approached, and to whom, an instant before, he had been testifying the warmest affection. Such an enjoyment, as was to be expected, was succeeded by the most cruel pain to the poor animal. Separation again was necessary; and from that instant the wolf became sad and immovable; he refused all sustenance; pined away; his hairs bristled up, as is usual with all sick animals; at the end of eight days, he was not to be known, and there was every reason to apprehend his death. His health, however, became re-established, he recovered his good condition of body, and brilliant coat; his keepers could again approach him, but he would not endure the caresses of any other person; and he answered strangers by nothing but menaces.

Such is the recital of a scientific naturalist, himself an eye-witness of the facts which he relates, and who, we may well believe, as he himself asserts, has exaggerated nothing in his account of them. It is the narrative, not of an ignorant exhibitor, or an ambitious traveler, but of a philosopher, not less distinguished for his patient habits of observation and comparison, than for the soundness and calmness of his general deductions. We dare not therefore, refuse it a particle of credit, however little it may agree with the popular notions concerning the dispositions of the wolf, and the reports of travelers concerning it. But this animal has hitherto been known only in its wild state, surrounded with enemies and dangers, among which no feelings could be developed but those of fear, hatred, and distrust. Certain it is, that dogs suffered to run wild in the woods, from birth, become just as savage and ferocious as wolves. So true it is, that to acquire a complete knowledge of the character of a species, of its essential intellectual qualities, it must be seen under every circumstance adapted to their manifestation.

FAME.—The truest seeker after fame may be the man who labors to make his children useful and honorable in their generation. In this way editions of his works may go on multiplying, instead of perhaps sinking into oblivion with his own time.



The author of the following fine drawing from nature, though his name is almost entirely unknown to the public as a writer, has nevertheless written some beautiful things both in prose and poetry. He has spent some years in the far west, and describes well what he has seen.

PROVIDENCE,  
OR EARTH AND ITS CREATURES.  
BY FAY ROBINSON.

I HAVE stood alone in the prairie wilds,  
Where the earth was deck'd in her blindest smiles,  
And the winds that o'er the streamlet breath'd,  
Where the purple flags, with the lilies wreath'd,  
Mingled their scents with the perfumed bay,  
That in ever-green glades about it lay;

When the sun was sinking to his rest,  
And slanted his rays o'er the green earth's breast,  
And the larks sung out their farewell hymn  
To the light that now was waxing dim,  
And the horn'd owl flew to the timbers' edge,  
And the frog croak'd out from the reedy sedge;

Where, painted on the horizon's lines,  
The deer were seen with their branching tines—  
Oh, little they knew of horn or hound,  
Though an eager glance they threw around  
As they hurried o'er the dowy plain  
To hide them in the wood again—

Where the black wolf stole from his fetid bed  
And followed the track the deer had sped,  
When the curlew whistled by the lake,  
And the mock-bird answer'd from the brake,  
When an Indian hunter alone pass'd o'er,  
The spot where his fathers were tomb'd of yore.

Strange were the thoughts that fill'd my breast,  
As I flung me on the ground at rest,  
And I laughed aloud at the ark and care,  
That worldlings in their bosoms bear,  
How they growl and howl in the crowded mart,  
And, scorning nature, are slaves to art.

But I wept to think, like magic wand,  
The finger of art would change the land,  
That the stream which shone, like molten gold,  
O'er its pebbly bed as it babbling roll'd,  
Must cease some day its joyous trill,  
And shape its course to man's rude will;

That the purple flags would pass away,  
Be torn from the earth the scented bay,  
That the mighty trees, whose branches hung  
Above the stream, must bow them down,  
That the deer and the hunter hence must roam  
To the far-off hills for a quiet home.

And I doubted much if earth was made  
For man alone, as his children said,  
If the wolf that howl'd in his lonely den,  
If the fox that stole from the rocky glen,  
If the deer that swiftly hurried by,  
Nature alone had form'd to die;

If but to man 'tis given to grasp  
At each earthly bliss as it hurries past,  
And alone to seek in the world above,  
The crowning cup of its heavenly love,  
If God, from whose hands the ravens feed,  
The lot of each creature does not heed.

A Sabbath well spent  
Brings a week of content.  
And health for the toils of to-morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned,  
Whatso'er may be gained  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

## MRS. HEMANS AND SCOTT.

Mrs. HEMANS in one of her letters gives the following lively account of her visit to Sir Walter.

"How I wish you were within reach of a post, like our most meritorious Saturday's Messenger, my dear —. Amid all these new scenes and new people, I want so much to talk to you all! At the present I can only talk to Sir Walter Scott, with whom I have just been taking a long, delightful walk through the "Rhymour's Glen." I came home, to be sure, in rather a disconcerted state after my adventure, and was greeted by my maid, with that most disconsolate glance of hers, which invariably moves my kind heart to laughter; for I had got wet above my ankles in the haunted burn, torn my gown in making my way through the thickets of wild roses, stained my gloves with wood-strawberries, and even, direct misfortune of all I scratched my face with a *rowan* branch. But what of all this? Had I not been walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of elves, and bogles, and brownies, and hearing him recite some of his Spanish ballads, till they "stirred the heart like the sound of a trumpet?" I must reserve many of these things to tell you when we meet, but one very *important* trait, (since it proves a sympathy between the Great Unknown and myself,) I cannot possibly defer to that period, but must record it now. You will expect something peculiarly impressive, I have no doubt. Well—we had reached a rustic seat in the wood, and were to rest there, but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. "Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans," said Sir Walter, "to take the seat?" I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but somehow or other, I always prefer the grass." "And so do I," replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, "and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my *good advisers* say that it will give me rheumatism." Now was it not delightful? I mean for the future to take my own way in all matters of this kind, and to say that Sir Walter Scott particularly recommended me to do so. I was rather agreeably surprised by his appearance, after all I had heard of his homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance is, I think, a sort of arch good-nature, conveying in a mingled impression of penetration and benevolence. The portrait in the last year's Literary Souvenir is an exact likeness.

"Will you not be alarmed at the sight of another portentous-looking letter, and that so soon again? But I have passed so happy a morning in exploring the "Rhymour's Glen," with Sir Walter Scott, that following my first impulse on returning, I must communicate to you the impression of its pleasant hours, in full confidence that while they are yet fresh upon your mind, I shall thus impart to you something of my own enjoyment. Was it not delightful to ramble through the fairy ground of the hills, with the "mighty master" himself for a guide, up wild and rocky paths, over rude bridges, and along bright windings of the little haunted stream which fills the whole ravine with its voice! I wish for you so often! There was only an old countryman with us, upon whom Sir Walter was obliged to lean for support in such wide walks; so I had his conversation for several hours quite to myself, and it was in perfect harmony with the spirit of the deep and lonely scene; for he told me old legends, and

repeated snatches of mountain ballads, and showed me the spot where Thomas of Ercildoune—

"Was aware of a lady fair  
Come riding down the glen."

which lady was no other than the fairy queen, who bore him away to her own mysterious land. We talked, too, of signs and omens, and strange sounds in the wind, and "all things wonderful and wild;" and he described to me some gloomy cavern scenes which he had explored on the northern coast of Scotland, and mentioned his having heard the deep forboding murmur of storms in the air, on those lonely shores, for hours and hours before the actual bursting of the tempest. We stopped in one spot, which I particularly admired; the stream fell there down a steep bank into a little rocky basin, overhung with mountain ash, and Sir Walter Scott desired the old peasant to make a seat there, kindly saying to me, "I like to associate the names of my friends and those who interest me, with natural objects and favorite scenes, and this shall be called Mrs. Hemans' Seat." But how I wish you could have heard him describe a glorious sight which had been witnessed by a friend of his, the crossing the Rhine at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of liberators, on their return from victory. "At the first gleam of the river," he said, "they all burst forth into the national chant *Am Rhein, Am Rhein!* They were two days passing over, and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time, for each band renewed it while crossing, and the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roar, of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus *Am Rhein, Am Rhein!*" I shall never forget the words, nor the look, nor the tone with which he related this; it came upon me so suddenly too, like that noble burst of war-melody from the Edinburgh Castle rock, and I could not help answering it in his own words:

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array!"

"I was surprised when I returned to Chiefswood to think I had been conversing so freely and fearlessly with Sir Walter Scott, as with a friend of many days, and this at our first interview, too! for he is only just returned to Abbotsford, and he came to call on me this morning, when the cordial greeting he gave me to Scotland, made me at once feel a sunny influence in his society.

I am going to dine at Abbotsford to-morrow—how you would delight in the rich baronial looking hall there, with the deep toned colored light, brooding upon arms and armorial bearings, and the fretted roof, imitating the fairy sculpture, of Melrose in its flower-like carvings! Rizzio's beautiful countenance has not yet taken its calm clear eyes from my imagination; the remembrance has given rise to some lines which I will send you when I write next. There is a sad fearful picture of Queen Mary in the Abbotsford dining room. But I will release you from further description for this time, and say farewell.

Ever faithfully yours, "F. H."

An Irish gentleman once remarked in the English House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the universe, adding, very pointedly, "they will never be at peace till they are engaged in another war.

## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP AND HIS DOG.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It is Bulwer, we believe, who allows himself the the pleasant anticipation of meeting in another world, the only faithful companions he has found in this, viz:—well-disposed and well-trained dogs. We hold to no such heresy, though we admire the feelings with which that accomplished writer enforces his impressions. Dogs cannot read printing, but they can read the countenance of their master, often less legible to man than the finest type; and we have at our command some anecdotes illustrative of the abiding affection of the dog, that would beget for the whole race a kindly feeling in the heart of every philanthropist, especially of the ladies—but we repress, for the present, our inclination to publish them. We hope there will be time enough, while we live, to narrate them all—but should there not, honesty will only be the sufferer, as it generally is: meanwhile, let our simple, unadorned narrative do justice to one who, from his color and his trade, is scarcely ranked with human beings.

Coming down Chesnut street a few mornings since, one of the few in which the sun has been visible this season, our attention was attracted toward a cluster of people in the middle of the street. We hastened toward them with a view of ascertaining the cause of the convention.

It was not until we had made our way toward the centre of the mass, that we could even guess at the cause. There was no noise, no threat, no swaying backward and forward in the crowd, as there is during a fight. The whole were silent and looking wistfully at some object in the centre. We soon discovered what it was.

A dog of rather more than the middling size lay stretched out in the midst out of the crowd.

Shortly afterward a little chimney-sweep knelt down beside the animal, applied his hand to the left side, withdrew it, lifted up the dog's head, let it fall, and rising slowly, with a heavy sigh, exclaimed, "*he is dead.*"

There was a cadence in the tone of the boy that particularly arrested our attention. We looked into his face; the tears that had gushed up into his eye, warm from the fountain of his heart, had worn furrows on his soot-encrusted cheek, so that had a painter desired to sketch an emblem of grief, the sweep boy might have served his purpose with remarkable adaptation.

The dog had been killed by the wheel of a carriage passing over his neck, and the solicitude of the sweep had drawn together the crowd.

A lad struck the dog with his foot, and observed, "he was good for nothing; he is neither pointer, setter nor hound."

It is most true; the animal did certainly rank with "curs of low degree," and the remark was well high disturbing the gravity of the assembly. But the poor sweep, who had born a few taunts upon himself, with patience, would not tamely hear his dog discredited. "He may be good for nothing for you, and gentlemen who go a gunning," said the sweep, raising his eyes to the person whom he addressed "but he was good to me. He has been with me day and night, these three years; and once he saved me from drowning."

This was the true philosophy of the human heart. We admire and laud those whose peculiar station gives them opportunities of becoming benefactors of the

human race; or of serving with extraordinary efficiency their grateful country. But the heart pours out its streams of affection upon those, whether humble or exalted, whose favors or services are lavished upon itself. The heart acknowledges a pride of particular and especial attachment, as strong and as paramount as is the love of wealth. The poor sweep had turned upon himself the whole current of the dog's affection; and now that it was dried up he felt how much his heart had become a wilderness and he "lifted up his voice and wept."

A person present gathered from the crowd a small sum of money, which he gave to the boy, adding that he should purchase another dog with the contribution. The boy took the change into his hand with a bow of humble gratitude, and for a moment a gleam of pleasure beamed in his eye. He turned the pieces of money over with his finger, and paused, as if weighing some important question; at length he stood firm, and reaching his hand toward the person who gave him the money, he said, "If I must buy another dog with this money, I would rather not have it. For I don't want to have a dog that is not as good as that was; and I'm sure," continued he, the tear starting from his eye, "I'm sure I don't want to lose another that is as good."

The boy dragged his filthy soot rag over his shoulders—settled his black cap upon his forehead, and turning the corner, started the loud and piercing cry that his profession uses, in order to "prate their whereabouts." The first notes were strong; but before he had half finished the customary scream, his voice became tremulous and broken, and the notes were utterly lost.

It was evident the poor fellow was not fit for his duty that morning. A kind being in the crowd took the hint.

"Let us," said he, "pay his master the money as a compensation for his morning's labor, and thus buy for the boy a holiday in which to entertain his grief."

We saw no more of the sweep—but let those who think lightly of his affections, remember that the single lamb of the poor man, which had lain all night in his breast, and had been to him as a child, was more in the sight of the prophet than the countless flock of the rich man, who had a thousand different objects for his affections.

When all is swept away, the larger and more numerous the objects, the more is the vanity wounded; the more limited in number and general value, the more is the affection blighted.

#### 60,000 PEOPLE PERISHED.

In the year 1755 a portion of Lisbon was sunk by an earthquake, and where it stood the water is now one hundred fathoms deep. More than sixty thousand of the inhabitants perished in a few minutes! The immense loss of life was caused by the sinking of the spacious quay called *Cays do Prada*, in which multitudes resorted for safety in the first moment of danger, as the nearest open space where they would be out of danger from the falling buildings, or might escape to the shipping. On this spot is now the deepest water. The sea first retired and left the bar dry, then rolled in and rose fifty feet above its ordinary level. This earthquake was felt in various parts of the world, not only in Europe, but in the West Indies, and in this country, where so far as there were observers at the time, it was felt most plainly on Lake Ontario.

#### THE NORTH CAROLINA CAPT. KIDD.

**BLACK BEARD.**—Who has not heard of the famous Black Beard, the noted freebooter, who according to vulgar credulity, has buried chests of money upon the banks of almost every deep creek along our coast, and whose headless trunk when slain, swam nine times around his vessel! The true history of this man, so famous in the legends of North Carolina, will be found in the following account, which we have taken from Williamson's History of North Carolina. His real name was *Teach*, and he pursued his piratical adventures on our coast about the year 1717.—*Newburn Spectator*.

"Governor Eden, and Tobias Knight, Secretary of the Colony, were both suspected of confederating with this man. Teach, the noted freebooter, who was surnamed Black Beard, while he pursued his piracies, used to retire to the Pamlico river in North Carolina, to refit his vessel. Bath county was thinly inhabited; and Teach frequently went ashore, to the town of that name, without restraint; for guarded as he was, he could not be easily apprehended. He lived on terms of familiarity with some of the inhabitants, who did not count it dishonorable to associate with a robber. Tobias Knight, a member of the Council, Secretary of the Province, and collector of the customs, for the port of Bath, was, unfortunately, in the number of his friends. King George the First, in the year 1717, was pleased to issue a proclamation, offering a pardon to all pirates, who should surrender themselves within a limited time, to any of the colonial governors. This was deemed to be the most expeditious method of obtaining relief from a common pest. Teach, and twenty of his men, surrendered themselves to the governor of North Carolina, and took the oath of allegiance. His associates dispersed themselves, and some of them went to work. But Teach was an intemperate man, and had long been in the habits of idleness. In a short time his money was expended. Those treasures were of no use to him, which vulgar credulity, prone to believe a wonderful story, has passed to his account. The man, who is said, and believed to have buried pots or chests of money, in every deep creek along our coast, had not the means of supporting himself on shore, when he left off cruising; wherefore, he resolved to risk his life, by returning to his piracies. For this purpose, he fitted out a sloop, enlisted a proper crew, and cleared as a common trader, for the Island of St. Thomas. After a few weeks, he returned to Carolina, and brought with him a French ship, laden with sugar, coffee, and cotton. He made oath before the governor, with four of his people, that he found the ship deserted at sea; upon which, he was allowed to enter at the custom-house. He landed his sugar, and other goods, and hove down his sloop, to give her a clean bottom, at the place which is now called Teach's Hole, within Ocracoke Inlet. Knight who was a collector of the customs, lived on Pamlico river, a few miles below the port of Bath. Teach had been at his house during those transactions; for he stored twenty barrels of sugar, and two bags of coffee in his barn. Whatever the governor or his secretary may have thought of an old pirate, who alleged that he had found a tight ship, with a valuable cargo, deserted at sea; other people were disposed to view it as a piratical adventure. The assembly of Virginia, offered a reward of one hundred pounds for Teach, and ten for each of his associates. There were two ships of

war then at their mooring, in Hampton Roads. Maynard, a lieutenant in one of these ships, taking with him two small coasters, and a sufficient number of men, sailed in quest of Teach, and found him at his usual careening place. When the action began, Teach had only 17 men with him; but he fought like a desperado, who was resolved to escape the gibbet. He was killed in the action, and nine of his men. Eight of them were taken. Thirty of Maynard's men were killed or wounded. The pirates who survived the action were tried in Virginia. One of them, Basil-Ha Hand, turned king's evidence; and four of them were executed, after they had confessed the truth of Hand's deposition. It followed, as a necessary consequence, from the testimony of Hand, that Secretary Knight was privy to the last act of piracy. A copy of these examinations were sent to the governor of North Carolina, by the Court of Admiralty, who alleged, that Knight should be tried as an accomplice. When Knight was summoned to appear before the council, he exculpated himself by the testimony of a young man, who lived with him in his house. This testimony was directly opposed to the evidence of Hand; and the presumption in that case, should have been in favor of Knight's innocence; for the testimony of a pirate, who turned king's evidence, supported by the declaration of four negro pirates, who were condemned, could do little injury to a fair character; but there was other evidence more to be trusted, than such oaths. By that evidence, Knight's character was destroyed; and the governor did not escape suspicion. A letter from Knight was found in Teach's pocket, dated a few days before he fell into the hands of Maynard. That letter referred to a secret, not to be trusted to paper. It was proof of Knight's friendship for a freebooter, and a clear intimation of the governor's respect. There was also a silver cup found in Teach's cabin of which he had lately robbed a boatman on the river, below Knight's house."

#### VISIT TO THE EGG-HATCHING-OVENS OF CAIRO.

The hatching oven consists of a suite of small square chambers, or cells, arranged on either side of a small passage, in which they open; the doorway, when there are eggs within, being closed with mats. In some of the chambers the eggs had been newly put in, and were perfectly white; in others, having already undergone many changes, they exhibited a dirty yellow color; while in several cells, the embryo having been warmed into life, had shattered its prison, and was emerging through the broken shell. Nothing is more common than this process of incubation, which, in fact, falls under the eye of every man, and the principle of the Egyptian hatching ovens, in which heated atmosphere performs the office of the hen, is also generally understood; yet I could not behold without admiration a thick stratum of eggs, acted upon by an invisible fluid, bursting into spontaneous motion, rolling against each other, cracking, opening, and disclosing each an organized and animated being. As soon as the chickens are out of the shell, they are carefully removed into the passage, which is divided into numerous compartments by small ridges of clay; from whence, when a few days old, they are drafted off into cooler quarters. The passage, at the time of our visit, was filled with chickens; of which there must have been

many thousands, not more than one day old, chirping, moving about, and needling about each other. Stones placed at intervals, like stepping stones in a brook, enabled us to traverse the several compartments. A number of low subterranean cells, in which an equal temperature is maintained by fires of dung, communicate a sufficient heat to the hatching rooms by apertures in the floor. Few persons can endure, for any length of time, the intense heat of these ovens. We were glad to make our escape; and, on issuing forth into the streets, after making our saucy Arab a handsome present, we found the atmosphere of Cairo, at noon, cool and refreshing. Respecting this process, many erroneous ideas are prevalent in Europe. It has been supposed that the secret, as it is termed, is known only to the inhabitants of a few villages in the Delta, who, dispersing themselves over the country in autumn, undertake the management of such eggs as are entrusted to their care; but there is no secret in the matter, and the eggs are thus hatched by the inhabitants in all parts of Egypt. In the oven, we examined there were at least twenty cells, each, perhaps, containing 5000 eggs; so that, should they all take, one hundred thousand chickens would be produced in twenty one days; or one million seven hundred thousand per annum, supposing the progress to go on without intermission. Two hundred similar ovens, kept in constant operation, would therefore hatch in the year, three hundred and forty millions of chickens; so that were this practice introduced into England, it would very speedily reduce the price of poultry.

#### LETTER OF MRS. THRALE.\*

TO A NEW MARRIED MAN.

To be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will by this means have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement. Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavor, therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenses, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have anything to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsels of a woman, and if you comply, with her requests, pronounce you to be henpecked. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or is wholly ignorant of making a pudding. Cookery and learning are good in their places and may be used to advantage.

With regard to expense, I can only observe that money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom of

\* The contemporary and correspondent of Dr. Sam. Johnson.



never profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator; and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. This may, perhaps, be an unpleasant reflection; but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honorably aspire.

It behoves the married man not to let his politeness fall, but to retain, at least, that civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not show a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

Public amusements are not so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaudy and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, secures the most rational pleasure.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that dress can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among city men in general has been, that they, finding themselves unfit for polite life, transferred their vanity to their wives, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port and punch, after the counting-house was shut.

If you are ever tempted to be jealous, tell your wife your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment that makes you jealous; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious. Be above giving her pain—nor do your business, nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you do might as well, perhaps, be proclaimed in the parish vestry."

#### A SLEIGH RIDE AND YANKEE BALL.

BY JOHN NEAL.

On a bitter cold starry evening, in the depth of one of the coldest winters I ever knew, that of 1815-16, having made our arrangements above a week before, nine sleigh loads of about as heavy and happy human creatures as ever breathed the powdered glass of a northern sky, started off in a string from a little snug settlement on the borders of the Kennebec, to have a dance by contribution at the new house of a neighbor, about four leagues off, who talked of entertaining company at half price. By contribution, I say, because after the ball is over, one of the company goes round with a hat, sparing nobody, not even the invited guest nor the stranger, perhaps not even the girls, though of that I am not sure, and asking them to shell out their four-pences.

I was one of the party, and being a new comer, had my choice, not only of girls, but of the horses and sleighs, and to say the truth, I was not backward in availing myself of the advantage. The girl was one of the handsomest and heartiest romps I ever met with—and I have seen a good many in my day; she was a dark-haired, bright-eyed, rosy-mouthed, sensible, shrewd creature, who would behave more freely in the broad day light before every body that knew her, than she would by a country fire in the dead of night, after the old folks had gone to bed. She had no objection to being kitted, or pulled and hauled about before folks; but the moment you were alone with her—hands off! she would laugh in your face if you tried to kiss her, and fairly waltz herself out of your arms, if you tried to clasp her. So much for Nabby Q. Pettigrew, eldest daughter of old Peter Q. Pettigrew. And as for the horse, I will say, that I never saw a finer, a freer, a more spirited or a more graceful creature; and I must say moreover, that of all the ways I ever heard of, and of all the contrivances I ever met with for showing off a beautiful horse to advantage, give me a light well mounted Yankee sleigh, with a buffalo robe, a harness not heavier than a handful of ribbons, a genteel figure of a girl—or a wife—a broad level—or a smooth glittering highway before me—a fair field and no favor. I know of nothing on earth to compare with it—not even the free graceful movement and rigging of a tandem-lender. The creature appears to launch away unnumbered, as if turned out by the boys without saddle or bridle, to enjoy the new turf in the spring of the year, to gallop along the sea-beach, or to take his fill of the fresh wind; or—I like to reach every body—or—as if he were let off with gunpowder to the sound of bells and the flash of rockets and fire-works.

I had a horror of sleigh-parties. I had been to several in my youth, where after danceling and frolics, and dancing by turns for half the night in a huge barn of a place, with two fires in it, each big enough to roast an ox by, a floor sprinkled over with white sand, a supper-table spread long after midnight with boiled-beef and cabbage, pickles and preserves, puddings and pies, custard and geese, dough-nuts, fish-and potatoes and poached eggs, with flip sauce;—another country dance to finish off with after supper, through a line of people such as you may see standing up to pass the bucket at a fire in the wooden parts of New-England—at several of these dances in my youth, I say, where after suffering all this and in the shape of a frolic, I have been obliged to plump into the sleigh head foremost in my hurry to escape, and gallop a dozen or two of our country miles (which never have more than one end a-piece) my fingers numb with cold, my feet aching, and my ears ringing with a north-wester, every creature about me chilled through and through, muffled, dappet, and all—bricks, buffaloes and stones to the contrary nevertheless—with no hope of finding so much as a spark of fire or a thimble full of hot ashes to thaw by after I got home, or any prospect more cheering before me than that of being obliged to lie a-bed for half the next day trying to recollect where I had been the night before, and how in cases of numb-palsy the circulation could be restored to the feet. Feet! they are lumps of snow at such a time; neither more nor less—nothing but lumps of untouchable, unmeltable snow. Therefore I hated a sleigh-ride. And to tell the truth I used to enjoy the story of Franklin prodigiously,

where on being asked what a sleigh-ride was by somebody of the south who lived among orange flowers, magnolia, honeysuckle and jessamine, the doctor is made to say—Do as I bid you sir, and you may have a sleigh-ride of your own, without stirring a foot nearer the north pole. You have only to wait for the coldest wind you ever have here; to open all the doors and windows of your house, to seat yourself in the draught with your feet in cold water up to your knees, and to set all the people in your house, men, women and children galloping about you with bells on.

But I had cause to alter my faith on the evening I allude to. It was cold to be sure—cold as the north sea, where the very star-light freezes and sparkles and cracks, loud enough—so say the sailors—to be detected by the ear; but then the road was capital, smooth, glossy, and all the way down hill both ways—to judge by the speed of the horse and the noise of the wind as it rang in my ear, the moon brighter than I ever saw it before, the girl at my side a creature of ten thousand for a frolic, a laugh, or a game of blind-man's buff, and the horse a fair match for her. But we arrived, and greatly to our surprise without being run over, run away with, upset, or pitched into a snow-drift; and found the hall as they termed it there, lighted with half a score of barberry candles and warmed with ever-so-much wood, in two of the biggest fire-places I ever saw; a black fiddler perched in a corner, and the master of the house aided by five or six handsome daughters and a wife, who looked more like their elder sister, than their mother, all getting ready for the dance; a part laying the cloth and watching the fire, a part helping to dress each other, and the rest tracing figures with a hemlock-broom over the white-sanded floor.

Hurra there! hurra! cried the hired man, as we drew nigh. Before fifteen minutes were over, our horses were taken care of in the shed, our girls paraded fore and aft the long room, like a troop of horse ready for the charge, and the next moment away went the top couple, followed by at least five more kicking and flinging in all directions, whirling and whapping, and setting and shuffling, this way and that, as if they were at work by the job. My partner was every where, and I trying to follow her. Jupiter! how she did swing and sway hither and thither over that large room, bawling out the figure at the topmost pitch of her fine clear voice, and shoving half the company one way, and half the other, as she *flapped* against their sides with her arms a-kimbo, or bounced on their toes, at the last fling of every new step. At one time, what with the agony and excitement, we were all jumping and pigeon-winged together.

In the midst of the uproar, I heard a rough observation uttered by a voice I knew; and as I turned about, I saw a young farmer of the neighborhood in dispute with a stranger who had arrived in the village that afternoon, just as we were making up the party, and was therefore allowed to join us, by way of lowering the tax. You said you could handle me, said the farmer,

I did not.

Well then, you may have a chance, by'm by—

But I did not, I say. What more would you have?

Better not brag any more then, that's all.

Brag—what do you mean?

What do I mean?

Yes—what do you mean sir?

I mean what I say—help yourself.

I thought proper to interfere now; and leaving my partner, I went up to the fire-place where they stood eyeing each other with a look that boded mischief to both. Poh, poh, said I to the farmer, what if he did say so? You are none of the worse for it, are you?

## FEMALE HEROISM.

In the year 1750, Henry and Emily, a newly married pair, and the children of wealthy and respectable parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D—. Miss Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence, was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract. Though her character was made up of all those qualities, which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those, which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After the lapse of five years, their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight, by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by forests, except in one direction, where there was a deep valley from which the wood had been cleared to open a communication with an adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horizontally into this valley, enabled the eye to reach to a great distance, and formed a striking contrast to the deep gloom that bounded both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might be frequently seen at the close of the day returning from labor in a distant field. It was here too, that the eye of affection and hope first caught a view of his beloved object.

One evening about the end of June, Henry was seen half way up the valley on his way home. At this instant, a tall, stout Indian leaped from the adjoining wood—seized upon the unprotected, and unsuspecting Henry, and appeared to be in the act of taking his scalp. The forest around rung with savage yells; and four Indians were seen bounding over the fields toward the house. In an instant the tender and dependent Emily was transformed into the bold—the intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors—removed her two sleeping children into the cellar, and with her husband's rifle, stationed herself before the window, facing the Indians. The foremost Indian had just then disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he rose to view, he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded, and anxiously waited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted by running. Two of them met with a fate similar to that of their companion; but the third succeeded in reaching the door, and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine, with admirable presence of mind, recollected that she had a kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it and poured it down on this son of the forest; who, that instant looking up, received the whole contents hot as they were, into his face and eyes. Blinded and scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being outwitted by a woman, (which of all things a savage most abhors,) he ran furiously around the corner of the house, and stumbled into a deep well.

Freed from immediate personal danger, she became anxious to know the fate of her husband. On looking

toward the spot, where he had been first seized upon by the Indians, she beheld him not only alive, but struggling with fearful odds against his foe, both covered with blood. She immediately hastened to his relief; and unperceived, deliberately despatched a ball through the head of his adversary. On the discharge of her gun, both fell; the one in the convulsions of death, the other by exhaustion: the one was restored to his mother earth; the other to the arms of an affectionate, and truly *heroic wife*.

We remember a story of Incedon the once famous vocalist, that fits an "Affair of Honor" most capably. Poor Incedon was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity, that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incedon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying his bottle of port, one fine afternoon, at a noted hotel. "Mr. Incedon," says the waiter "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir." "Show him up, then," said Incedon. "Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name in a very improper manner, and I've come to demand satisfaction." After some parleying, Incedon rose, put on his hat, and, planted himself at one side of the room, began warbling "Black-eyed Susan," in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," that has given complete satisfaction to several thousand, and if you want anything more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

#### HOKOMOK; A LEGEND OF MAINE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

To the west of the beautiful harbor of Townsend, in Lincoln county, Maine, there is an opening into the land, which furnishes a communication between the river Sheepscot and Townsend bay, and also forms a passage well known to navigators, somewhat intricate, yet safe and convenient, between the towns upon the eastern shores of Maine and those lying on the rivers Sheepscot and Kennebec. Those who have sailed through this wild but beautiful passage, with its green banks, now sloping smoothly to the water's edge, and anon rising in frowning cliffs, surmounted with towering pines, through which the unceasing sound of the wind suggests to the imagination the idea of a requiem over the ashes and departed glory of the red man, will recollect a headland, known by the name of "Hokomok," which rises perpendicularly from the water, to a great height, casting the light sail-boat, or vessel, that skims over the waters beneath, into a deep, dark shadow. The breathless silence and upturned eye of all who pass this cliff, bespeak it connected with wild tales and startling legends. It was here that a brave and desperate band of native heroes, when there was no alternative but death or submission to the white man, resolved to die in the wild freedom of their ancestors, and to enter the land of warriors with a mind unshackled and a spirit unshooked. Upon this height the chieftain, Hokomok, had reared his bark-covered wigwam, and conveyed Nisnayah, the daughter of a chief, to this place, a fit residence for the bride

of a warrior, even for Nisnayah of the haughty brow, and the dark proud eye, with a spirit as bold, as fearless to resolve, and as firm to endure, as that which glowed in the breast of her husband. Though her eye turned with a haughty glance upon the warriors who thronged to the cabin of Hokomok, when it rested upon him, its calm liquid light spoke volumes of the wild love and timid gentleness of a savage bride. For him she wrought undriling the feathery robe, the wampum belt and the gay moccasins. To please his eye, she culled the sweetest flowers and sought the blightest shells to ornament their wigwam; and when he would hunt on the opposite bank, Nisnayah was with him, and threw back the beaver robe, bared her round arm, and with the skill and graceful motion of a hunter's wife, paddled back the light canoe. At night she watched at the extremity of the cliff until he returned from the chase, and then again she crossed the surge to meet him. But the pale-faced race were fast encroaching upon the hunting grounds of the red man; the sapling that the oak had sheltered was fast crowding upon the branches of the protecting tree, and the followers of Hokomok left the wild deer and moose to roam the forests undisturbed, while they assembled in council to devise means to fell the sapling while its branches were yet young and tender, and before it should tower above the oak. The women of the tribe were conveyed to an island many miles from the contemplated scene of warfare; but Nisnayah, the wife of their chief refused to go; she chose rather to remain in their cabin, that she might sooner know the events of the war, and the fate of her husband. She had early been inured to danger, and her spirit was never known to quail. The chiefs were assembled upon the cliff of Hokomok; the war-whoop had been sung, the assistance of the great spirit invoked, and the warriors had sunk to rest with the green earth beneath, and the blue sky above them, that they might be prepared for the stealthy march before the dawn of day. They were to attack each of the white settlements in succession, and the tomahawk once raised, other tribes would follow their example, till the war of extermination should spread from the Norridgewocks, and clans of the north, to the Narragansetts of the south. The chiefs slept. But there was one who had been admitted to the councils of the brave, who appeared not at the rendezvous. Hokomok slept not, for he knew that the absent chief was a traitor. Before the dawn he called his followers and commenced their march, and ere the morning began to break, they found themselves close by a band of whites who had come out to surprise them, conducted by the traitor savage. Hokomok and his followers sank noiselessly beneath the brakes; but, though they had been unperceived by the whites, the Indian had discerned their tall shadows upon the horizon.

The alarm was given. The Indians sprang from their hiding places, and with the fierce, wild battle-yell, rushed upon their invaders. The battle raged long and bloody; each knew his foe too well to yield. But the whites were more numerous, besides possessing the advantage of superior arms and skill, and the Indians fighting desperately, retreated toward the cliff of Hokomok. Their numbers were every moment becoming less, and Hokomok was always seen in the thickest of the fight exhorting his followers to exertion. Nearer and nearer they approached the cabin of Nisnayah. There is no retreat; they must yield or die. She caught her infant son in her arms and sprang to the

verge of the cliff. "Hokomok," cried the warrior's bride, as she raised her child above her head, and then pointed to the waters beneath. She clasped her infant to her breast, sprang from the cliff, and sunk in the waves below. "Hokomok, Hokomok," repeated the warriors, plunging successively into the abyss of waters: "Hokomok, Hokomok," they cried, as they paused to take one last fatal aim at their pursuers ere they disappeared from the cliff. "Hokomok," repeated their leader, in a wild mournful tone, and he sank to his wife and child.

#### THE FIELD OF AUSTERLITZ.

On the road near Rausnitz was noticed two old trees, splintered and crippled by the bullets and cannon balls in the great battle. These trees, however, are covered with fresh vegetation, and are the only things which bear any traces of the conflict. Everything else has returned to its old condition. Those hills, of which, on the battle day, every thicket, every mound, and every bush was a matter of life and death, have now returned to their old insignificance. The field is covered with luxuriant corn; the graves of the warriors have been given over again to the plough. No monument of any kind has been erected on the field of battle. Not far from the field of Austerlitz, however, a monument has been erected to commemorate an event of a very different nature from that of December, 1805.

That most paternally beneficent of emperors, Joseph II., while riding through the country on the 19th of August, 1769, saw a poor peasant who was leaning exhausted on his plough, unable to continue his labor. The emperor dismounted, and, taking the plough in hand, finished the man's day's task for him. A monument has been erected upon this spot, consisting of a large iron pedestal, upon which is perched an Austrian eagle. On that side of the pedestal which is turned toward the road the emperor is represented driving the plough; beside him stands the old peasant, and on the other side the emperor's servant holding his horse. Beneath is the inscription.

#### THE SONS OF ERIN AT HOME.

FATHER MATTHEW lately stated in London, that he had received letters from the Magistracy of Liverpool and Manchester, where 140,000 persons had taken the pledge, stating that already an immense diminution of crime had taken place. He also said that there were 4,000,000 acres in Ireland into which spades had never been put since the flood, and that he desired to see the Irish as happy in their own country as were the English, by the cultivation of additional thousands of acres. May they find more freedom, more equality, and more happiness at home. God grant it.

#### VERY SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

It is a singular, but not less true remark in a late work, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson; Monroe eight years after Madison; and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is, that Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Jefferson was sixty-six; Madison was sixty-six; Monroe was sixty-six; and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson and Monroe, all died on the 4th of July.

#### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston Nov. 17, 1843.

POOR CLEVINGER! he sleeps in the eastern edge of ocean. How brilliant, yet how brief, his probation. Six years ago he was modestly chiseling tablets for the dead; carving the young creations of his fertile imagination on blocks of coarse freestone, whose destination was too frequently an obscure country churchyard. In this way he exhibited acintillations of genius not to be mistaken. His designs, however early, were always full of poetry, and the figures graceful; in fact they were a beautiful and truthful index to the great volume of his mind, which Fate, with the exception of a few scattering pages, has sealed forever. How often has it been the destiny of high-souled genius:

"Not here her resting place,  
Her portion is not here; and happiest they,  
Who, gathering early all that earth can give,  
Shake off her mortal coil, and speed for Heaven."

Shubal V. Clevenger was a native of the State of Ohio: he was apprenticed to a stone-cutter in the city of Cincinnati, and at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he married the daughter of Thomas Wright, who was for a long time "Market Master" in that city. Mr. Clevenger immediately engaged in business for himself; in the way of carving tombstones, and erecting small monuments, which were generally ornamented with some appropriate device of his own. In this way he attracted the attention of Mr. Thomas, a gentleman of literary acquirements, also possessing a decided love of Art; who advised him to try and execute a bust in the same rough material he had been cutting into tablets. Mr. Clevenger, encouraged by this hint, in a short time produced a likeness of Mr. Thomas, which at once brought the sculptor into notice, and a sufficient degree of patronage, to enable him to turn his entire attention to the noble art in which he soon became universally distinguished. Meeting with success upon every hand, he went to New York, Washington, Boston, and thence to Italy, where he left productions, wonderful as likenesses, beautiful as works of art, and truthful auguries of his future success, which was only not realized because of the intervention of that strong arm, never stayed by the greatness of intellectual acquirements or genius. This artist died on his way from Italy to America. All of his earthly nature has a resting place in the deep blue ocean.

"The spirit is not there!  
It is but lifeless perishable flesh,  
That moulders in the grave;  
Earth, air, and waters ministering particles  
Now to the elements  
Resolved, their uses done."

MR. EDITOR—There are many things in relation to Boston that I ought to communicate to you; but how can I leave a melancholy subject, and turn to a recital of the light incidents of the day? You shall have some of them served up for next week. Yours &c.,  
BOSTON ROVER.

A young gentleman, who had quarreled with a lady to whom he paid his addresses, was so imprudent as to threaten, that he would publish the letters she had written him. "That" (she replied) would be really vexatious; for though I need not be ashamed of their contents, I certainly ought to be ashamed of their directions!"



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VIADUCT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY







# THE ROVER.

## "TIME STILL MOVES ON."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

### I.

TIME still moves on, with noiseless pace,  
And we are loiterers by the way;  
Few win and many lose the race,  
For which they struggle day by day;  
And even when the goal is gained,  
How seldom worth the toll it seems!  
How lightly valued when obtained,  
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!

### II.

Submissive to the winds of chance,  
We toss on Life's inconstant sea;  
This billow may our bark advance,  
And that may leave it on the lee;  
This coast, which rises fair to view,  
May thick be set with rocky mail,  
And that which bootes o'er the blue,  
Be safest for the shattered sail.

### III.

The cloud that, like a little hand,  
Slow lingers when the morning shines,  
Expands its volume o'er the land,  
Dark as a forest-sea of pines;  
While that which casts a vapory screen,  
Before the azure realm of day,  
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,  
And from the mountain tops away.

### IV.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight  
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,  
And ever bring some new delight  
To minds that strive and sigh for change.  
Within ourselves the secret lies,  
Let seasons vary as they will;  
Our hearts would murmur, though our skies  
Were bright as those of Eden still!

## GRAND VIADUCT

ON THE BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON RAIL-ROAD.

The engraving in this week's ROVER is a finely finished and correct view of the great viaduct over the Patuxent, on the Baltimore and Washington railroad. This is the eighth plate we have given in the ROVER, of striking and beautiful views of "American Scenery," in conformity with an intimation given by us some four or five months ago. For the benefit of new subscribers and new readers, we may mention that the subjects of these plates are as follows:

- "The Ruins of Fort Mifflin," in New Jersey.
- "Evening on the Passaic," in New Jersey.
- "Falls of Montmorency."
- "View of Boston and Bunker Hill."
- "Caldwell's Landing," view on the Hudson.
- "Eastport and Passamaquoddy Bay," in Maine.
- "The Narrows," at the entrance of New York Harbor.

These are all beautiful engravings on steel, and to persons who do not possess them, are alone worth the price of the ROVER for a year, to say nothing of the thirty other plates which the work so far contains.

A few full sets from the commencement may still be had of the publishers at 162 Nassau street, or at the general agency, at the Sun office.

Vol. II.—No. 12.

The following true tale was written nearly a year ago for that excellent family newspaper, the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, from which we transfer it to our pages. The names used in the narrative are of course fictitious; but the incidents all occurred substantially as here related, and the parties are respectable gentlemen now living and doing business in this bustling city of New York. The writer had the account directly from the lips of the principal actor.

## PERSEVERANCE:

OR PETER PUNCTUAL'S WAY TO COLLECT BILLS.

BY BESSA SMITH.

SOME few years ago, Peter Punctual, an honest and industrious young fellow from Yankee land—I say Yankee land, Messrs. Editors, but I freely confess that is merely an inference of mine, drawn from circumstances of this story itself; but if your readers, after perusing it, do not come to the same conclusion, they may set him down as coming from any other land they please; but for myself, were I on a jury, and under oath, I would bring him in a Yankee. This same Peter Punctual, some few years ago, came into New York, and attempted to turn a penny and get an honest living by procuring subscribers to various magazines and periodicals, on his own hook. That is, he would receive a quantity of magazines from a distant publisher, at a discount, and get up his own list of subscribers about the city, and serve them through the year at the regular subscription price, which would leave the amount of the said discount a clear profit in his pocket, or rather a compensation for his time and labor. There are many persons in this city who obtain a livelihood in the same way.

Peter's commissions being small, and his capital still smaller, he was obliged to transact his business with great care and circumspection, in order to make both ends meet. He adopted a rule therefore to make all his subscriber's pay their year's subscription in advance. Such things could be done in those days when business was brisk, and the people were strangers to "hard times." In canvassing for subscribers, one day, through the lower part of the city, and in the principal business streets, he observed a store which had the air of doing a heavy business, and read upon the sign over the door, "Solomon Sharp, Importer" of certain wares and merchandize. The field looked inviting, and in Peter went with his samples under his arm, and inquired for Mr. Sharp. The gentleman was pointed out to him by the clerks, and Peter stepped up and asked him if he would not like to subscribe for some magazines.

"What sort of ones have you got there?" said Mr. S.  
"Three or four different kinds," said Peter, laying the specimens on the desk before him—"please to look at them and suit yourself."

Sharp tumbled them over and examined them one after another, and at last took up "Buckingham's New England Magazine," published at Boston.

"What are your terms for this?" said he; "I don't know but I would subscribe for this."

"Five dollars a year in advance," said Peter, "to be delivered carefully every month at your store or house."

"But I never pay in advance for these things," said

Sharp. "It's time enough to pay for a thing when you get it. I'll subscribe for it, if you have a mind to receive your pay at the end of the year, and not otherwise."

"That's against my rule," said Peter; "I have all my subscribers pay in advance."

"Well, it's against my rule to pay for anything before I get it," said Sharp; "so if you haven't a mind to take my subscription, to be paid at the end of the year, you won't get it at all. That's the long and the short of the matter."

Peter paused a little, and queried with himself as to what he had better do. The man was evidently doing a large business, and was undoubtedly rich—a wholesale dealer and an importer—there could not possibly be any danger of losing the subscription in such a case; and would it not be better to break over his rule for once, than to lose so good a subscriber?

"Well, what say?" said Sharp; "do as you like; but those are my only terms. I will not pay for a thing before I get it."

"On the whole," said Peter, "I have a good mind to break over my rule this time, for I don't like to lose a good subscriber when I can find one. I believe I'll put your name down, sir. Where will you have it left?"

"At my house," said Mr. Sharp, which was about a mile and a half from his store, away up town.

The business being thus concluded, Peter took up his magazines, bade Mr. Sharp good morning and left the store. No further personal intercourse occurred between them during the year. But Peter, who was his own carrier, as well as canvasser, regularly every month delivered the New England Magazine at Mr. Sharp's door. And in a few days after the year expired, he made out his bill for the five dollars, and called at Mr. Sharp's store for the money. He entered with as much confidence that he should receive the chink at once, as he would have had in going with a check for the like sum into the Bank of the United States, during that institution's palmiest days. He found Mr. Sharp at his desk, and presented him the bill. That gentleman took it and looked at it, and then looked at Peter.

"Oh! ah, good morning," said he, "you are the young man who called here on this business nearly a year ago. Well, the year has come round, has it?"

"Yes, I believe it has," said Peter.

"Well, bills of this kind," said Mr. Sharp, "are paid at the house. We don't attend to them here; you just take it to the house, any time when you are passing, and it will be settled."

"Oh, very well, sir," said Peter, bowing, and left the store. "Doing too large a business at the store, I suppose," he continued, to himself, as he walked up the street, "to attend to little things of this kind. Don't like to be bothered with 'em, probably."

But Peter thought he might as well make a finish of the business, now he was out; so he went directly to the house, and rung at the door. The servant girl soon made her appearance.

"Is Mrs. Sharp within?" said Peter.

"Yes, sir," said the girl.

"Just carry this bill to her, if you please, and ask her if she will hand you the money for it."

The girl took the bill into the house, and presently returned with the answer, that "Mrs. Sharp says she

doesn't pay none of these 'ere things here—you must carry it to the store."

"Please to carry it back to Mrs. Sharp," said Peter, "and tell her Mr. Sharp desired me to bring the bill here, and said it would be paid at the house."

This message brought Mrs. Sharp herself to the door, to whom Peter raised his hat and bowed very politely.

"I haven't nothing at all to do with the bills here at the house," said the lady; they must be carried to the store—that's the place to attend to them."

"Well, mam," said Peter, "I carried it to the store, and presented it to Mr. Sharp, and he told me to bring it to the house and you would pay it here, and that he couldn't attend to it at the store."

"But he couldn't mean that I should pay it," said Mrs. Sharp, "for he knows I haven't the money."

"But he said so," said Peter.

"Well then there must be some mistake about it," said the lady.

"I beg your pardon, mam," said Peter, "it's possible there may be," and he put the bill in his pocket, bowed and left the house.

"It is very queer," thought Peter to himself as he walked away a little vexed. "I can't conceive how there could be any mistake about it, though it is possible there may be. There couldn't be any mistake on my part, for I'm sure I understood him. May be he thought she had money at the house when she hadn't. I guess it will all come out right enough in the end."

Consoling himself with these reflections, Peter Punctual thought he would let Mr. Sharp rest two or three days, and not show any anxiety by calling again in a hurry. He would not be so unwise as to offend a good subscriber, and run the hazard of losing him, by an appearance of too much haste in presenting his bills. Accordingly, in about three days, he called again at Mr. Sharp's store, and asked him in a low voice, so that no one should overhear, if it was convenient for him to take that little bill for the magazine to-day.

"But I told you," said Mr. Sharp, "to carry that bill to the house; I can't attend to it here."

"Yes, sir, so I understood you," said Peter, "and I carried it to the house, and Mrs. Sharp said she couldn't pay it there, for she had no money, and I must bring it to the store."

"Oh, strange," said Mr. Sharp; "well, she didn't properly understand it then. But I am too much engaged to attend to you to-day; you call again, or call at the house sometime, when I am there."

Upon this, he turned to his desk and began to write with great earnestness, and Peter left the store. The affair began to grow a little vexatious, and Peter felt a little nettled. Still, he supposed that people doing such very large business *did* find it difficult to attend to these little matters, and doubtless it would be set right when he should call again.

After waiting patiently a couple of weeks, Peter called again at Mr. Sharp's store. When he entered the door, Mr. Sharp was looking at a newspaper; but on glancing at Peter, he instantly dropped the paper, and fell to writing at his desk with great rapidity. Peter waited respectfully a few minutes, unwilling to disturb the gentleman till he should appear to be a little more at leisure. But after waiting some time without seeing any prospect of Mr. Sharp's completing the very pressing business before him, he approached him with deference, and asked if it would be convenient for him to

take that little bill for the magazine to-day. Sharp turned and looked at Peter very sternly.

"I can't be bothered with these little things," said he, "when I am so much engaged. I am exceedingly busy to-day—a good many heavy orders waiting—you must call at the house, and hand the bill to me or my wife, no matter which." And he turned to his desk, and continued to write, without saying anything more.

Peter began to think he had got hold of a hard customer; but he had no idea of giving up the chase. He called at the house several times afterward, but Mr. Sharp never happened to be at home. Once he ventured to send the bill again by the girl to Mrs. Sharp, who returned for answer, that she had nothing to do with such bills; he must carry it to the store.

At last, after repeated calls, he found Mr. Sharp one day at home. He came to the door, and Peter presented the bill. Mr. Sharp expressed some surprise and regret that he had come away from the store, and forgot to put any money in his pocket. Peter would have to call some other day. Accordingly, Peter Punctual retired, with a full determination to call some other day, and that not very far distant; for it had now been several months that he had been beaten back and forth like a shuttlecock between Mr. Sharp's store and Mr. Sharp's house, and he was getting to be rather tired of the game.

Having ascertained from the girl at what hour the family dined, he called the next day precisely at the dinner hour. He rung at the door, and when the girl opened it, Peter stepped into the hall.

"Is Mr. Sharp in?" said Peter.

"Yes, sir," said the girl; "he's up stairs. I'll speak to him if you want to see him."

"Yes," said Peter, "and I'll take a seat in the parlor till he comes down."

As he said this, Peter walked into the parlor and seated himself upon an elegant sofa. The parlor was richly furnished with Brussels carpet, the best of mahogany furniture, a splendid piano, &c., &c.; and in the back parlor, to which folding doors were open, everything appeared with corresponding elegance. A table was there spread, upon which dinner seemed to be nearly ready. Presently the girl returned from the chamber, and informed Peter, that Mr. Sharp said "it was just the dinner hour now, and he would have to call again."

"Please to go and tell Mr. Sharp," said Peter, "that I must see him, and I'll wait till he comes down."

The girl carried the message, and Mr. Sharp soon made his appearance in the parlor. A frown passed over his brow as he looked at Peter and saw him sitting so much at ease, and apparently so much at home, upon the sofa. Peter rose and asked him politely if it was convenient for him to take that little bill to-day.

"No," said Sharp, "it is not; and if it was, I wouldn't take it at this hour. It's a very improper time to call upon such an errand just as one is going to sit down to dinner. You must call again; but don't come at dinner time; or you may drop into the store some time, and perhaps I may find time to attend to it there."

"Well, now, Mr. Sharp," said Peter, with rather a determined look, "I can't stand this kind of business any longer, that's a fact. I'm a poor man, and I suppose you are a rich one. I can't afford to lose five dollars, and I'm too poor to spend any more time in running after it and trying to collect it. I must eat, as

well as other folks, and if you can't pay me the five dollars to-day, to help me pay my board at my regular boarding-house, I'll stay here and board it out at your table."

"You will, will you?" said Sharp, looking daggers, and stepping toward Peter. "If you give me a word of your impudence, you may find it'll be a long time before you collect your bill."

"It's been a long time already," said Peter, and I can't afford to wait any longer. My mind is made up; if you don't pay me now, I'm going to stay here and board it out."

Sharp colored, and looked at the door, and then at Peter.

"Come, come, young man," said he, advancing with rather a threatening attitude toward Peter, "the sooner you leave the house peaceably the better."

"Now, sir," said Peter, fixing his black eyes upon Sharp, with an intensioness that he could not but feel, "I am a small man, and you are considerable of a large one; but my mind is made up. I am not a going to starve, when there's food enough that I have an honest claim upon."

So saying, he took his seat again very deliberately upon the sofa. Sharp paused; he looked agitated and angry; and after waiting a minute, apparently undecided what to do, he left the parlor and went up stairs. In a few minutes, the servant rung for dinner. Mrs. Sharp came into the dining room and took her seat at the head of the table. Mr. Sharp followed, and seated himself opposite his lady; and between them, and on the right hand of Mrs. Sharp, sat another lady, probably some friend or relative of the family. When they were well seated, and Mr. Sharp was beginning to carve, Peter walked out of the parlor, drew another chair up to the table, and seated himself very composedly opposite the last mentioned lady. Mr. Sharp colored a good deal, but kept on carving. Mrs. Sharp stared very wildly, first at Peter and then at her husband.

"What in the world does this mean?" said she. "Mr. Sharp I didn't know we were to have company to dinner."

"We are not," said the husband. "This young man has the impudence to take his seat at the table unasked and says he is going to board out the amount of the bill."

"Well, really, this is a pretty piece of politeness," said Mrs. Sharp, looking very hard at Peter.

"Madam," said Peter, "hunger will drive a man through a stone wall. I must have my board somewhere."

No reply was made to this, and the dinner went on without any further reference to Peter at present. Mr. Sharp helped his wife, and then the other lady, and then himself, and they all fell to eating. Peter looked around him for a plate and knife and fork, but there were none on the table but what were in use. Peter, however was not to be baffled. He reached a plate of bread and tipping the bread upon the table cloth, appropriated the plate for his own convenience. He then took possession of the carving knife and fork, helped himself bountifully to meat and vegetables, and commenced eating his dinner with the greatest composure imaginable. These operations on the part of Peter, had the effect to suspend all operations for the time on the part of the rest of the company. The ladies had laid down their knives and forks, and were staring at Peter in wild astonishment.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Sharp," said the lady of the house, "can't we pick up money enough about the house to pay this man his five dollars and send him off? I declare this is too provoking. I'll see what I can find."

With that she rose and left the room. Mr. Sharp presently followed her. They returned again in a minute, and Mr. Sharp laid a five dollar bill before Peter, and told him he would thank him to leave the house. Peter examined the bill to see if it was a good one, and very quietly folded it and put it into his pocket. He then drew out a little pocket-book and a piece of paper, laid it upon the table before him, wrote a receipt for the money, which he handed to Mr. Sharp, rose from the table, bowed to the company and retired, thinking as he left the house that he had had full enough of the custom of Solomon Sharp, the importer.

Peter Punctual still followed his vocation of circulating magazines. He had no intention of ever darkening the door of Mr. Solomon Sharp's store again, but somehow or other, two or three years after, as he was canvassing for subscribers in the lower part of the city, he happened to blunder into the same store accidentally, without noticing the name upon the door. Nor did he discover his mistake, until he had nearly crossed the store and attracted the attention of Mr. Sharp himself, who was at his accustomed seat at the desk where Peter had before so often seen him. Peter thought, as he had got fairly into the store, he would not back out; so he stepped up to Mr. Sharp without a look of recognition, and asked if he would not like to subscribe for some magazines. Mr. Sharp, who either did not recognize Peter, or chose not to appear to recognize him, took the magazines and looked at them, and found a couple he said he would like to take, and inquired the terms. They were each three dollars a year in advance.

"But I don't pay in advance for anything," said Sharp. "If you have a mind to leave them at my house, to be paid for at the end of the year, you may put me down for these two."

"No," said Peter, "I don't wish to take any subscribers, but those who pay in advance."

Saying this, he took up his specimens, and was going out of the door, when Mr. Sharp called him back.

"Here, young man, you may leave those two at any rate," said he, and here's your advance," handing him the six dollars.

"Where will you have them left?" said Peter.

"At my house, up town," said Mr. Sharp, describing the street and number.

The business being completed, Peter retired, much astonished at his good luck. He again became a monthly visitor at Mr. Sharp's door, where he regularly delivered to the servant girl the two magazines. Two or three months after this, when he called one day on his usual round, the girl told him that Mr. Sharp wanted to see him, and desired he would call at the store. Peter felt not a little curious to know what Mr. Sharp might have to say to him; so in the course of the same day he called at Mr. Sharp's store.

"Good morning," said Mr. Sharp as Peter entered; "come, take a chair, and sit down here."

Peter, with a "good morning, sir," did as he was desired.

"Ain't you the young man," said Mr. Sharp with a comical kind of a look, "who sat out to board out a subscription to the New England Magazine at my house two or three years ago?"

"Yes," said Peter, "I believe I'm the same person who once had the honor of taking board at your house."

"Well," said Mr. Sharp, "I want to give you a job."

"What is it?" said Peter.

"Here, I want you to collect these bills for me," said Mr. Sharp, taking a bundle from his desk, "for I'll be hanged if I can; I've tried till I'm tired."

Whereupon he opened the bundle and assorted out the bills, and made a schedule of them, amounting, in the aggregate, to about a thousand dollars.

"There," said he, "I will give upon that list ten per cent. commissions on all you collect; and on that list I'll give you twenty-five per cent. on all you collect. What say you, will you undertake the job?"

"Well, I'll try," said Peter, "and see what I can do with them. How soon must I return them?"

"Take your own time for it," said Mr. Sharp; "I've seen enough of you to know pretty well what you are."

Peter accordingly took the bills and entered on his new task, following it up with diligence and perseverance. In a few weeks he called again at Sharp's store.

"Well," said Mr. Sharp, "have you made out to collect anything on those bills?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"There were some of the ten per cent. list that I thought it probable you might collect," said Mr. Sharp. "How many have you collected?"

"All of them," said Peter.

"All of them?" said Sharp; "well, fact, that's much more than I expected. The twenty-five per cent. list were all dead dogs, wasn't it? You got nothing on them, I suppose, did you?"

"Yes, I did," said Peter.

"Did you though? How much?" said Sharp.

"I got them all," said Peter.

"Oh, that's all a joke," said Sharp.

"No, it isn't a joke," said Peter. "I've collected every dollar of them, and here's the money," taking out his pocket-book, and counting out the bills.

Mr. Sharp received the money with the most perfect astonishment. He had not expected that one half of the amount would ever be collected.

He counted out the commissions on the ten per cent. list, and then the commissions on the twenty-five per cent. list, and handed the sum over to Peter. And then he counted out fifty dollars more, and asked Peter to accept that as a present; "partly," said he "because you have accomplished this task so very far beyond my expectations, and partly because my acquaintance with you has taught me one of the best lessons of my life. It has taught me the value of perseverance and punctuality. I have reflected upon it much ever since you undertook to board out the bill for the magazine at my house."

"Why, yes," said Peter, "I think perseverance and punctuality are great helps in the way of business."

"If every person in the community," said Mr. Sharp, "would make it a point to pay all of his bills promptly, the moment they become due, what a vast improvement it would make in the condition of society all round. That would put people in a condition, at all times, to be able to pay their bills promptly."

We might add, that Peter Punctual afterward opened a store in the city, in a branch of business which brought Mr. Sharp to be a customer to him, and he has been one of his best customers ever since, paying all of his bills promptly, and whenever Peter requires it, even paying in advance.



## THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,  
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;  
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time  
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,  
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,  
And prompt thy tongue the generous thought to speak,  
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong,  
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,  
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;  
A path, thick set with changes and decays,  
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;  
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,  
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,  
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—  
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,  
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.  
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,  
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;  
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,  
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;  
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides  
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand  
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet  
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,  
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.  
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,  
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,  
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill  
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,  
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?  
Comest there not through the silence, to thine ear,  
A gentle murmur of the morning gales,  
That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright shore,  
And thence the fragrance of its blossoms bear,  
And voices of the loved ones gone before,  
More musical in that celestial air?

LET not the reader pass over the following story because it has not a *taking title*. It is full of deep interest.

## A TALE OF NATICK.

The events connected with the history of our fathers cannot fail to interest the reader; and he will I doubt not feel amply repaid for the perusal of the following "plain unvarnished tale" of facts.

The Indefatigable, and, in many instances successful, labors of the apostle Eliot, in civilizing and christianizing the Indians of Massachusetts, are very generally known and highly appreciated. He, in fact, adopted the only rational method for the accomplishing of his purpose. It was a favorite maxim with him, that "the savage must be in a good degree civilized, before they can be evangelized." Hence he fed them at first with the sincere milk of the word, instead of such strong meat, as the most metaphysical mind can with difficulty digest. By collecting together a number of families in permanent habitations, by teaching them how to construct more comfortable dwellings, than those to which they had been accustomed, by instructing them in agriculture, orcharding, and some of the most important of the mechanic arts, and by inducing them to understand and obey the more plain and practical precepts of the gospel, he made them feel

that godliness is profitable as it respects the life that now is, as well as in regard to the hope which it inspires of a happier life to come.

By these means, under Divine Providence, in the course of a few years he had the satisfaction of seeing a number of "praying towns," inhabited by the children of the forest. The principal of these was Natick. Here the rude wigwam was succeeded by the decent framed house; the apple-tree took place of the trees of the wood; grain waved in the rays of the sun, where not long before, stood a wilderness impervious to his beams, and domestic flocks and herds grazed in the open pastures, where but lately the wild beasts of the forest alone were wont to prowl for prey. A school for instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic was founded on the spot, where ignorance and indolence had recently reposed. Prayer, praise and thanksgiving were heard to ascend to the Father of all good, in the spirit of joyful hope, where, ere-while, the diabolical *powow* was howled forth to the imaginary father of evil, through a servile and soul degrading fear. In the sacred though lowly chapel, the duties of Christianity were taught, and its holy rites administered, and many of the red men walked in its commandments and ordinances blameless.

Such was the condition of this settlement, when a respectable English family moved into it and fixed their residence among the aborigines. The father and his sons were competently skilled in the trade of the carpenter, mason, smith, and cordwainer; the mother and daughters, in knitting, spinning, weaving, and making garments. In addition to these employments, this family cultivated a farm and managed a dairy. They were of essential service in assisting the devout and philanthropic Eliot, not only by exhibiting before their neighbors examples of piety, virtue, industry and economy, but by instructing them in the most necessary and useful arts. In church, in school, and in their daily occupations, they mingled with the natives on the footing of perfect equality.

At this time there resided at this place a native, but little past the age of twenty years, whose form was that of manly beauty, for which the aboriginal Americans were so justly celebrated. He had been for a considerable time a pupil of Eliot and an inmate of his family. He had adopted the English costume and manners. In his person and dress he was remarkably neat and tasteful, and in his deportment graceful and prepossessing. He had studied, with considerable success, several of the liberal arts and sciences, was well instructed in the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and, as he gave abundant evidence that he had embraced this religion with his whole heart, Eliot was now employing him as school-master and occasional preacher among the lost sheep of his tribe. Civilization had not rendered him effeminate; for he retained all his native vigor, and might justly be said to have gained the true object of education, that is, "the possession of a sound mind in a sound body." In addition to his other qualifications he, was skillful in the use of all the simples, known in his nation to be efficacious in the cure of diseases; and was not unfrequently called upon as a physician, by the white people in the neighboring towns, as well as by those of his own color in the place of his nativity.

Feeling unbounded gratitude toward Eliot, his spiritual guide and father, his friendship was very naturally extended to all the white people, with whom he became

acquainted. He very naturally felt a peculiar attachment to the only white family in his native village, whom he frequently visited; and, in process of time, he very naturally felt for their eldest daughter, Lydia, about his own age, a somewhat more powerful passion than friendship. Nor is it wholly unnatural to suppose that Lydia, who seldom saw any young man of her own complexion, should at least respect the good qualities of one, whose skin was some shades darker than her own. In reality, both felt a growing attachment to each other, though both were sensible of the inexpediency, if not impropriety of cherishing it.

The increasing mutual fondness of these young persons could not long escape the penetrating eye of Lydia's watchful mother, who, together with her father, reprimanded her severely, and took measures entirely to prevent in future the visits of Bran, which was the name of our hero. His parents also felt that natural aversion to intermarriages, which is in a great degree prevalent among all nations, even of the same color; and they used their most strenuous exertions to direct the affections of their son to a more suitable object.

What were the feelings, on this occasion, of the two lovers, (for so I may as well denominate them at once,) I leave the reader to imagine; or, if he or she insist on a description of them, one may be found in almost any play, novel or romance, that is worth a perusal. I proceed with my narrative.

In a few days Lydia was taken ill with a fever. An English physician was sent for, who came and prescribed, but without effect. Another was called in for consultation. Still she grew worse, and at length was declared past recovery. At this solemn period, the parents were advised to consult Bran, who had been frequently successful in difficult cases. In that state of desperation, in which a drowning man catches at a straw, her parents consented. He came and prescribed; the fever speedily left her; and she gradually recovered her former state of health, strength and vivacity.

Which had the greatest efficacy in her restoration, the company and conversation of the physician, or the simples, which he prescribed as medicine, I will not undertake to determine. Certain it is, that, during his visits he found an opportunity to declare his strong and unalterable affection for his patient, and she to declare that, as she owed her life to him, the remainder of it should be devoted to the promotion of his happiness.

At this time King Phillip's war was raging, and the English inhabitants, being jealous that the "praying Indians" would join their enemies, barbarously seized them, and hurried them down to an island in the harbor of Boston, where they were closely confined and carefully guarded. Bran, with a few others, were permitted to remain at home, and assist in guarding the garrison of Lydia's father; but her parents still persisting in their opposition to her tender regard for him, immediately on the restoration of her health, sent her to Medfield, to reside with her uncle and aunt, who had no children; hoping that, by uniting with those of her own nation only, her unhappy predilection would be overcome. Here her friends made use of every expedient they could devise, to induce her to transfer her affections. At one time they assailed her with the most serious exhortations; at another attacked her with sarcastic railery. Among other things, such doggerel as the following was handed round among her young associates:—

"Fair Lydia thinks it right,  
Most closely to unite  
The red rose and the white."

"Sure Lydia would live on the cheapest plan,  
She asks nothing more than Indian Bran."

But all these exertions drew nothing from the unfortunate girl but sighs and tears.

But a few days elapsed, ere another kind of trouble fell upon her and the rest of the inhabitants of that ill-fated town, in which she resided. At day-break they were roused from their slumbers by the tremendous war-whoop of the savage enemy; most of their buildings were reduced to ashes; a large number of the people were slaughtered; and many were led captive into the wilderness. Among the latter were Lydia and her uncle and aunt.

The news of this disaster reached Bran and his associates, in the course of the day, and he instantly resolved to rescue his beloved Lydia, or perish in the attempt. He disappeared from the garrison, exchanged his English dress for the costume of the savage warrior; painted his face in the most terrific style; supplied himself with the best of arms and ammunition; and filled his pack with a plenty of provision, not forgetting a purse of money and a large flask of *usqueage*, the Indian name for rum, well knowing the power of both, either in savage or civilized society. Thus provided, he started immediately for the Wachusett, having learned from spies, some weeks before, that the general rendezvous of the enemy was in the neighborhood of that mountain.

By rapid travelling the whole of the succeeding night, and till late in the afternoon of the following day, most of the way through a pathless wilderness, he began to ascend the Wachusett. Having arrived at such a height, as enabled him to overlook the surrounding country to a considerable extent, he halted to take a survey; and immediately discovered, at the distance of two or three miles, the smoke, high curling from the Indian encampment. He here seated himself upon a log, resolving to take some rest and refreshment, of which till now he had scarcely thought, since the commencement of his expedition. He watched and listened with intense anxiety. In less than half an hour he heard, at the distance of a mile or more from the camp, a most dismal funeral howl of hundreds of human voices, which was responded by an innumerable multitude stationed in the reverberating forest. This arose from the party just returned from Medfield, and was repeated as many times as they had lost warriors in the assault. To these horrible howlings succeeded the triumphant yells of the savages, according to the numbers they had butchered and brought away captive; and these, too, were echoed from the rendezvous with astounding vociferation.

By the time these hideous noises had subsided, night overspread the dense forest, and no objects were visible, excepting the gloomy light of the watch-fires, which dimly shone among the towering ever-greens. A feast was speedily prepared with the spoils they had taken, and a large portion of the night was made hideous with noisy riot and reveling. Bran now matured his plan of operation for the morning. He determined to use that treachery, which, by savages, is called stratagem, and, by civilized nations, policy in war. He resolved to appear among the enemy at sunrise, to declare himself a deadly foe to the white men, to enlist with those who desired their extermination, and to

watch a favorable opportunity to desert with the object of his fondest affection.

At dawn of day he moved towards the camp, and at sunrise presented himself before it. The first object that met his eye, was a lovely white female tied to a stake, surrounded with dry combustibles. At a short distance stood, spectators of the horrid scene, a group of despairing, heart-broken captives. Around, in smaller and larger circles, the savages were dancing and shouting with the frenzied ferocity of demons. At the sight of Bran all became instantly still and silent. A chief approached and conducted him within the innermost circle of warriors, in the centre of which the wretched victim was bound to the stake, ready to be sacrificed by lingering tortures to relentless cruelty. The victim was Lydia. Bran instantly knew her; but he was so disguised by dress and painting, that it was impossible for her to recognize him. As far as in his power he concealed and suppressed his agonizing sensations, and addressed the warrior chiefs, in their own language, to the following effect:—

"BROTHERS—I have been deceived. I thought the white men the children of the great and good spirit; but I have found them to be the spawn of *Hobomok*. Their religion is made of good words and bad deeds. They say they love Indians; but they only covet the land of Indians. I and all my tribe have been friends of white men; we are now their foes. The white men have made prisoners of my father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends. I hunger after revenge. I thirst for white men's blood. I take hold of the same tomahawk with you.

Brothers—I know the young woman at the stake. Give her up to me. Let me be her torturer. Let her blood in part allay the burning thirst, that is consuming my vitals. I know some of the other captives. Let me torture them. It will increase their torment to know that it is inflicted by me.

"Brothers—I have done. My heart is yours already. Will you accept my hand to help you to annihilate the white men?"

This talk was received with loud shouts of approbation, and Bran was adopted as a chief. Lydia was given up to his disposal. While he was releasing her from the stake, he informed her who he was, what was his object, and how she must conduct herself. He told her he must appear to treat her with severity, in presence of the Indians, and that she must quietly submit, the better to conceal their intention to desert. Having unbound her, he carried her fainting to a *wigwam*, which was appropriated to his use, spread his blanket on the ground, placed her upon it and administered cordials and other refreshments, which he had brought with him, and which soon revived her. He now learned that the cause of her sentence to the torture was her endeavoring to escape from captivity; and that the rest of the prisoners were forced to be spectators of the sacrifice, to deter them from a similar attempt.

Bran's next object was to get Lydia's uncle and aunt into his possession. For this purpose he invited to his *wigwam* the three Indians, who captured Lydia and her relatives, and consequently claimed them as their property. Here, after telling them, in her hearing, how he meant to torture her and her relations, if he could gain possession of them, he made a handsome present in money to her late master, and the still more grateful donation of a generous drum of *occupees* offering at the same time, to trade with the other two on the same

conditions. His proposal was eagerly accepted, and the captives delivered into his custody. He would gladly have purchased more of them, but feared that, by attempting too much, he should meet with a disastrous disappointment.

The three Indians having retired, well satisfied with his treatment of themselves and the prisoners, he gave the latter brief directions how to behave, and then invited the principal chiefs to a council of war. He told them, that the white men knew where they were, and that on the next day a numerous and powerful army would attack them. He advised them, therefore, to send off, towards Connecticut river, the old men, women, and children, and that the stout and brave warriors should remain where they now were, to give the Englishmen battle. His plan was approved, and preparations immediately made to carry it into execution.

It was proposed that small guards should be placed on all sides of the camp, and that the main body should sleep on their arms. As Bran's *wigwam* was one of the outermost, and baricaded with logs, it was designated as one of the guard-houses, and his company was appointed as one of the guards. At dark, Bran planted his sentinels, in a line with the guard-house, on each side of it, at a considerable distance from it and from each other, promising to relieve them at midnight, by those, who were to sleep at his quarters till that time. A death-like silence now prevailed throughout the camp, when Bran drew forth his flask of *occupees*, having previously infused into it a strong decoction of soporific herbs, and treated his joyous soldiers to a dram, which speedily laid them asleep for the night. They might now have easily destroyed the sleeping foe; but, knowing that their death would be avenged by the destruction of at least an equal number of their captive countrymen, they permitted them to sleep unmolested.

The desired hour of escape had now arrived. No time was lost. Bran slung his pack, replenished with provisions, and seized his trusty rifle. The uncle did the same with the best supplied pack and the best rifle and accoutrements, belonging to the Indians. The aunt and niece took each a brace of pistols and suitable ammunition, which the Indians had recently plundered from the English. Bran moved forward, Lydia and her aunt followed rank entire, and her uncle brought up the rear. Their homeward march was rapid, being quickened by the most animating hope and most appalling fear.

Daylight found them among the ruins of Lancaster. Here they secreted themselves among the rubbish in the cellar of a house, that had been demolished, with most of the buildings in that town, but a few weeks before. As it happened, however, their fear of being pursued was groundless; for so soon as the Indians discovered that Bran had deserted with his white associates, and that their companions in arms were in a sleep, from which they could not rouse them, they were struck with a panic. They concluded that he was a sorcerer, and that it would be in vain to pursue him. Fearing also that an English army might be on the way to meet them, they hastily decamped, leaving the sleeping guard, should they ever chance to wake, to follow them and explain the mystery of their enchantment.

Bran and his companions lay concealed the whole of the day, and at night set forward with renewed vigor and alacrity. They traveled all night; and the next

morning the sun rose upon them in the hospitable township of Concord. The worthy inhabitants of this place welcomed them with hearty congratulations, and furnished them with horses and an escort for the remainder of their journey. About noon the parents of Lydia had the inexpressible happiness of embracing their daughter, and brother and sister, and of most heartily thanking their deliverer; who, having scoured the pulpit from his countenance, appeared about as light-colored and comely, in their eyes, as many of their sun-burnt countrymen. He now demanded the release of the "praying Indians" from their cruel confinement, declaring that they were all as ready as himself to be servicable to the English; and by the kind co-operation of Elliot and Gookin, they were soon restored to their former dwellings.

The reader, especially the youthful reader, is, no doubt, anxious to know if this second Othello was finally married to the Desdemona, whom he had twice rescued from the very jaws of death. He was—and by "that holy man of God, the apostle Elliot!" and, in so far as my information extends, they lived and died as virtuously, plously and happily, as most married couples, whose complexion is the same.

B.  
Worcester Magazine.

#### NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE.

M. de Bousset relates the following extraordinary scene that took place in his presence a short time before the divorce was pronounced between Napoleon and the Empress Josephine:

"I was on service at the Tuilleries from Monday, November 27. That day, and the Tuesday and Wednesday following, I was struck with a great change in the look of the Empress, and the embarrassed silence of Napoleon. The only words he spoke during dinner were to ask me a few brief questions, the answers to which he appeared not to hear. On none of these days the dinner lasted more than ten minutes. On Thursday, the 30th, the storm burst. Their Majesties sat down to dinner; Josephine wore a large white bonnet tied under the chin, which partly concealed her features; I could, however, perceive that she had been weeping, and with difficulty even then restrained her tears. She appeared to me like the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence reigned during dinner. Napoleon and the Empress merely tasted for form's sake what was served to them. The only words uttered were those addressed to me by the Emperor. "What kind of weather is it?" and as he pronounced them he rose from the table and went into the drawing-room, the Empress slowly following him. Coffee was brought in; when Napoleon, contrary to his usual custom, took the cup from the page, and made a sign that he wished to be alone, I immediately quitted the room; but feeling anxious and alarmed, I sat down in the *salon de service* (where their Majesties usually dined) on a chair near the door of the Emperor's drawing room. I was observing mechanically, the servants clearing the table, when suddenly I heard the Empress shriek in the most violent manner. The usher of the chamber, supposing she had fallen into a fit, was on the point of opening the door, but I prevented him, saying that the Emperor would call for assistance if he thought it necessary. I was then standing near the door, when Napoleon himself opened it, and perceiving me, said, in a hurried manner, "Come in Bousset,

and shut the door." I entered, and saw the Empress stretched upon the carpet, and uttering the most heart-rending cries and moans. "No, I shall never survive it," exclaimed the unfortunate woman. Napoleon said to me, "Are you strong enough to take up Josephine, and carry her by the private staircase, to her room, in order that she may receive the care and assistance that her situation requires?" I obeyed, and raised up the Princess, who I supposed had fallen into a fit of hysterics. Aided by Napoleon, I took her in my arms; and he, taking one of the lights from the table, led the way through a dark passage toward a private staircase.

On coming to the staircase, I observed to Napoleon that it was too narrow to allow me to descend it with the Empress in my arms, without the danger of falling. He immediately called the guardian of the portfolio, who was stationed night and day near one of the doors of his closet, which opened upon the landing of the private staircase. Napoleon gave him the light and told him to go on before him; he then took Josephine by the legs, and in this manner aided me to bring her down. At one moment, in consequence of my sword having got between my legs, we were all near tumbling down together. Fortunately, however, we descended without accident, and deposited our precious burden upon an ottoman in the bedchamber. The Emperor immediately rung for the Empress's women. When in the drawing room above stairs I took the Empress in my arms, she ceased her cries, and I supposed that she had fainted away; but at the moment when I became embarrassed by my sword in the middle of the private staircase, I was obliged, to keep myself from falling, to clasp her more closely. I held the Empress in my arms, which were thrown around her waist; her back was against my breast, and her head reclining on my right shoulder. When she felt the efforts that I made to keep myself from falling, she said in a very low voice to me, "You squeeze me too much." I then judged there was nothing to fear for her health, and that she had not lost her senses for a single instant. During the whole of this scene I had been exclusively occupied with Josephine, whose situation affected me, and could not observe Napoleon; but when the women of the Empress came, he passed into a small saloon contiguous to the bedchamber, whither I followed him. His agitation and anxiety were extreme. In this moment of trouble he explained to me, in the following words, the cause of what had passed: "The interest of France and my dynasty has forced my heart to act thus—divorce has become an act of rigorous duty for me. I am more pained by *la scene que vient de faire Josephine*, as she must have been made acquainted three days ago by Hortense with the unfortunate obligation that compels me to separate myself from her. I pity her with all my heart—I thought her possessed of more character, and I was not prepared for this explosion of her sorrow." In fact, the emotion that he felt compelled him to leave a long interval between each phrase, in order to take breath. His words escaped him with difficulty and without connexion—his voice was stifled and faltering, and his eyes filled with tears. All this scene occupied from seven to eight minutes. Napoleon immediately after sent for the physician Corvessart, the Queen Hortense, Cambaceres, and Fouché; and before going to his own apartment, he returned to that of Josephine, whom he found calmer and more resigned."



## SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF EMBAL V. CLEVENGER;  
Who died at sea, on his passage home from Italy, Sept. 1843.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

On, thou hast left us! O'er the surging sea  
There comes a wailing tone of misery!  
The hearts thou should'st have cheered are desolate,  
Compell'd to kiss th' afflicting rod of Fate;  
Grief shrouds our senses in her funeral pall!  
Upon thy cherish'd name in vain we call;  
Ocean is silent—her guarded treasure keeps,  
While in her cavern'd halls the Sculptor sleeps:  
Yet do we mourn not as the hopeless mourn;  
Though in his youth, with fame-encreted brow,  
From friends that loved him, and from fond hearts torn,  
Humbled, at Destiny's dread shrine we bow,  
Believing that enfranchised, God forgiven,  
The Sculptor's spirit now finds rest in Heaven!

## COURTSHIP.

I would give three quarters of all I am worth in the world, and that is no trifle for me, to know how to court as our grand-mothers were courted, *conscientiously*. People of no experience in the matter may laugh at the idea; and they who have been courting all their lives long, without ever getting ahead, may pity me. But I am not a fellow to be laughed out of my Christian name, or pitted out of a fixed belief. I know what I am about, bachelor though I am; and I not only have my reasons for what I say, but very good reasons too. There is nothing more difficult to go through with, nothing so rare on earth, I do believe, as what I call a conscientious courtship; a courtship, that is, where both parties act like reasonable creatures.

My brothers, who are all married and settled in life, and who never see me without expressing a wish that I would cast anchor somewhere, late as it is, and give pledge to posterity for my good behaviour—they would leave it all to Nature. But I say no. Nature is never to be trusted in courtship—if she were, I should have been married ages ago. Nature may get a fellow into a scrape—that she may—but who ever saw her help him out of one, where the affections were busy? Marriage, to be respectable or safe, must be the marriage of the head as well as of the heart, of the understanding and judgment as well as of the mysterious sympathies and secret longings of our nature. In a word, people out of whom nations are to proceed, have no business to marry, till they know each other well. We may not do everything; but we may do much. We cannot promise that no wrong principle would be generated by the best companionship of the reasonable and the virtuous; but we may promise that *fewer* will be perpetuated forever, so long as they seek to know each other well before marriage.

But to the point. When I was a young man, I had a habit of making love—that is, of trying to be agreeable to every pretty woman that fell in my way. There was no harm in that, I hope. Before I was out of my time, however, I had got the reputation, yet nobody ever deserved it less, (for to tell the truth, I never had the courage to trifle with anybody,) of being a thorough-bred trifler, a down-right ladies' man. But they wronged me. I was far too conscientious. That I followed the girls about year after year, is true enough; but then it was never the same for more than six months together, at the very outside. That I helped them gather blueberries, gave them flowers that cost nothing, (for I had too much delicacy ever to offend

them with bought presents,) and that I paid their tavern-bills without flinching, whenever we were out on a sleighing party, is also true. But as to courting, I protest to you, reader, I never had the heart for such a thing. Not that I never had the desire, not that such stories were never told of me; for I cannot deny that I yearned after a wife long before I knew what a wife was good for, and that in our village, I have been betrothed to somebody or other for nearly fifty years; although as I hope to be—*married*, I was going to say, though I am old enough now to know better, I never squeezed a woman's hand in my life, except by accident—as where she stumbled over a ditch, or one or both slipped, as we held on our way over ice, and through snow, half-leg deep in the drifts, on a moonlight evening in the depth of January; nor have I touched the lip of a woman, for the last quarter of a century, except in the way of trade, (I draw teeth occasionally,) or after a game of button, when I was *obliged* to obey whether I would or no, or lose a handkerchief or a penknife, and the girls were *obliged* to hold still, or lose their combs.

But to my particular case. When I first set out in life, I determined to be married as soon as ever I could find a tolerably handsome, tolerably good-tempered, tolerably well-educated, healthy woman. Whose fault was it, if with such a reasonable hope, I went wandering about, I will not say how long, I will not say how far, in search of a companion. I wanted no beauty, no heiress, no female of birth and accomplishment. On the contrary, I should have been satisfied with any such woman, as any reasonable man that knew me, my temper, habits, condition, family and feeling would have recommended to me. Nay, I would have abated something even from this, had I been allowed to judge for myself.

But though I made up my mind to be married without delay, I was determined never to buy a pig in a poke, nor ever to marry in a hurry and repent at leisure; but to look before I leaped—according to the maxims of my grandfather, himself an old bachelor, with whom they originated. But how was I to find out the real temper and worth of the females I knew, if I went to work at once in the shape of a lover? How, if it was known that I was after a wife? how, without being made acquainted with their true temper, their household worth, *that* which the married man would have to put up with, and live with all his life long, without being allowed to visit them on the most familiar footing? To go when I was invited; to go when others were invited, would never satisfy me. I should be sure to see my dear in a holy-day humor. No, no—I like to catch people in the suds—I like to fall upon them by surprise, when it is washing-day not only with their hands, but with their temper.

You see now what I was obliged to do—and I did it conscientiously—I was obliged to give the folks an idea that I did not mean to marry at all—that I was not after a wife; and then, that I might avail myself of the stratagem, (a lawful one, I insist upon it, where a man really wishes to marry like a reasonable creature,) I was obliged to become very intimate with the only woman I knew that appeared to be fitted for me. She was a warm-hearted, generous girl, of no great beauty, to be sure, as the world goes; but she had a clear eye, a rich mouth, a plenty of good humor, was not worth a shilling, and appeared to be somewhat in danger from her poverty. I succeeded pretty well—the first week

or two I was regarded as a neighbor, then as a friend, then as a sort of relation—and finally, before the month was over, as an adopted brother. Hang such brothers, I say! We were on such good terms that I was allowed to pop in without knocking, at all reasonable hours, night or day; to furnish her little bed-room with flowers, to lift her blind mother about in the old arm chair, and go to church with her arm-in-arm, like a child, through the only street of the village. But in the mean time, all her other beaux withdrew, the neighbors took up the affair—and while we were drawing conclusions one by one, they lumped all together, and made a match of it. What was I to do? I was neither engaged nor betrothed—I might have been so—and yet, how could I bear to give her up? I had never opened my lips to the girl, or the mother, on the subject of marriage, yet they and everybody else appeared to look upon it as a settled affair.

And so, after laying awake all one night, I concluded to do the conscientious thing—for I had rather become dissatisfied with the way of our companionship. How were we ever to know each other heart and soul, as we should be known to each other for the higher and holier purposes of marriage, if we continued our intimacy? And how if we did not? I never was half so much puzzled in my life. So to cut the matter short, I concluded to withdraw—but to withdraw so gradually as to excite no remark, and only so far that I could keep an eye on her path, and return to her when I pleased. This would leave us at liberty not only to judge, but to act for ourselves. Reader, I put it to you—was I to blame? Would you advise anybody to buy a pig in a poke, or a wife in a holy-day dress? With more wit, perhaps I should have been safer with less, I know I should. But I was like the birds that are frightened away from the cornfield by a piece of ragged cloth, or a bit of woolen yarn—I knew just enough to be made a fool of with impunity. Had I known less, I should neither have seen nor suspected a trap; more, I should not have been frightened with a bit of pack-thread, nor have mistaken a coat for a man.

But my beloved Bertha—who never cared a fig for the opinion of others, when it interfered with her own, would not give up what she insisted on calling our friendship; but begged and prayed of me to continue to regard her, as I always had, like a brother—bless the dear girl!—whatever the gossips of the neighborhood might say. If I left her now, people would say I did so on account of the reports—and here she blushed crimson—or that we had been quarrelling. As for herself, she was determined never to be a slave to the judgment of others. If her conscience did not reproach her, why should she heed the reproach of others? Not that she would never make any sacrifice even to propitiate error—even to smother prejudice; but she would never make a disproportionate one. Here a glorious color overspread the whole breadth of her low Greek forehead, and the half-blown roses there trembled with sympathy. There was the transit of a star-like dream over her lighted face—a glow like that of a summer sun-set in the depth of July, over the new-dipped water-lily; and her large hazel eyes ran over with large drops of light. I could hardly get my breath. For her own part, she had never misunderstood me for a moment—the gipsy—and having determined never to marry, on account of her poor blind mother, (her voice faltered here, and it was as much as I could do to keep from jumping up and crying out, I *will* have

you, Bertha!) she would continue to be my sister, and I should be her brother, let people say what they would.

There was no standing this. I saw my danger. I knew that my plan was all knocked in the head forever, if I gave up. Yet how could I refuse to be her brother, *only* her brother, you know? What if it should encourage a hope in her that might never be realized? And what if it did drive all other suitors away, and send up the charm of her youth and beauty in the flush of her high maidenhood—why even that was no business of mine, if she insisted on desisting it. I knew that she would look upon me as a lover, in spite of all her declarations to the contrary. And how could I hope to know her real character—if her real character was not what it should be, if I did give up, if I continued to visit her as intimately as before—a lover in the disguise of a brother? How could I ever know that I was *preferred*, if there was no obstacle in my way? Thus I argued with myself. And yet I did not give up. And why?—Because I loved her. It was already too late for me to do otherwise than I did.

But nevertheless, I determined to be wary, and to throw the neighbors upon a wrong scent, before they had driven us into each other's arms, in spite of her modesty and my conscience, without allowing us to get acquainted with each other. I played my part well—very well—for in three months from the day I was re-instated, poor Bertha was in a grave, and I was looked upon as her destroyer; charged with having broken her heart. As I live, we would have been married but for their meddling; and at the moment of her death, I would gladly have died with her.

Many years went over my head before I had the heart to go near a woman again. I felt like a widower—for my very soul was widowed; like a bereaved husband, though Bertha and I were all that a brother and sister should be to each other, and nothing more. My poor conscience! But after a while I revived, and my strength returned to me, so that on falling in the way of a beautiful widow, the tones of whose rich low voice reminded me of poor Bertha, I began to think once more of being happy in this world. The widow R— was decidedly the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and then her love to her buried husband, her amazing love (he had been dead a twelvemonth) was the talk of the whole country. Our acquaintance was rather short; for I had no time to throw away on the preliminaries. And so one day, after having heard her talk a whole hour about her poor Philip, whom she was determined not to survive, I thought it a good opportunity to state my case; which I did by giving her to understand, as gently and delicately as I could, that I wanted to come a year or two on trial—or in other words, that I wanted her to give me time enough to become acquainted with all her excellencies. I did not like to say in so many words—my dear madam, you must not allow yourself to fall in love with me, for it is highly probable, or at least possible, that we may not like each other after all. But I took about as good a way. I contrived to hint that nobody worth having, no sensible man would ever marry, before he had got thoroughly acquainted with a woman's heart and temper—(she bristled at this, and the motion of her fan grew audible: it was very hot weather)—and that no woman worth having—no sensible woman would ever allow herself to suppose a man was courting her, if he did not do so in good wholesome English. So long as his conduct was equivocal, there was no safe-

ty for her, but in the belief that his attentions were not serious.

But here I was interrupted—the fair widow and I were on the best possible terms not five minutes before. I had just given her a beautiful rose, and had been loitering over the back of the sofa, and she had even allowed me to play with a mass of rich black hair, which on the accidental spring of her comb rolled away from the pressure, and loosened itself with a sudden rush all over her beautiful arm, which some how or other nearly touched mine. But the instant I spoke, two or three flower-leaves fluttered past me—I knew them without looking up. Her voice changed, her keen eyes dilated, and making me a very deliberate bow, she begged me to believe that she was abundantly grateful for the solicitude I had thought proper to express for her safety (here I began to look sheepish) and that with my permission, she would rely hereafter, as the only safe course for her on another expedient—that of keeping out of danger.

I was thunderstruck—I tried to laugh it off; but no, no—the magnificent creature would not be pacified. And so, the long and the short of the story is—that I became the talk of the town again, as the valiant cockcomb alive, and the worst of triflers. Ah! if they only knew me! But for my conscientiousness, I might have been the husband of that very widow; for she married an older and an uglier fellow than I was before the month was out, instead of being what I now am, a miserable, good-for-nothing old bachelor—as the very newspapers assure me, though I eat, drink and sleep well, owe no man a farthing, have a good property of my own, with which I have done my share of good in the world and hope to do a great deal more; sitting under my own vine and fig-tree, with no wife to make me afraid, no children to pay for. Heigho!

After this rebuff, I waited full five years before I ventured to pick up a woman's pocket handkerchief, or to hand her a tea-cup the second time. I had almost forgotten how to walk arm-in-arm; and as for keeping the step, I might as well have gone a-tiptoe through the street.

A new thought struck me. If the daughters were not to be trusted with a knowledge of my design, the fathers or the mothers might; and having been reproached for making love in one case without the consent of the poor old blind mother, I determined to do whatever I did next in the way of courtship so honestly that nobody could blame me. And therefore the moment I saw a girl—by the by, I began to look out for a younger wife now, one that I could educate in my own way—with whom there was any probability of my ever being able to make a match, my custom was to go straightway to the father and mother and ask leave. But zounds! what an uproar it made. For more than a year, not a girl in the neighborhood of any spirit, would suffer me to pick her up from under the feet of wild horses. It was all in vain that I tried to make them understand the matter—saying that I did not go to the father and mother so much to obtain their child, as to get leave to obtain her if I could, by her own consent. They laughed at me, they made mouths at me, and they avoided me, as much as if I had avowed myself purveyor to the grand Turk—perhaps more.

At length, however, not long after this, I tried a new plan, better and safer by far than any of those heretofore noticed. I still wanted a wife—but I had no time

to lose, and I began to perceive that the longer I put it off, the more difficult it would be for me to suit myself or another—to please or to be pleased. Habit would do much, I knew. But I was so mortally afraid of being obliged to marry a woman merely because I had got accustomed to her, or because I knew not where else to go, that I determined to begin a course of inquiry with five or six at a time, young or old, brown or fair, maid, wife or widow, it was all the same to me. It was time to be in a hurry. Here I should be sure of leading nobody astray by particular attention—or interfering with no fair creature's prospect of marriage, by that most hateful of all monopolies, the monopoly of a girl's youth, or a woman's harvest hour—God forgive the man that *isa* a trifler—for I am none. By doing so, I should be free, and everybody to free to pick and choose, each for himself. I therefore took down the names of all in the neighborhood whom I thought eligible, and visited each in turn so regularly, that before the winter was over they not only knew the day of the week, but the hour of the day, by my step, as I drew near.

But I fared no better for this! The more conscientious I grew, the more I was hated and vilified. Nobody spared me now—I was regarded not only as a confirmed and hopeless old bachelor, but as a very unprincipled man. But I forgive my accusers. With a tittle of my conscience, or a fiftieth part of my real admiration of the sex, I might have been all this and more without reproach—perhaps a married man—perhaps a father. *Hurono!*

#### THE BUTCHER AND HIS CALF.

A butcher who had purchased a calf, sat with it on a horse at a public house door, on which a shoemaker, remarkable for his drollery, observing and knowing he had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to steal the calf for a glass of grog; the landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropt one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood, and another a quarter of a mile from it. The butcher saw the first shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and according dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the mean time, unstrapped the calf, and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it into his barn. The butcher, missing his calf, went back to the inn, and told his misfortune, at the same time observing that he must have another calf cost what it would, as the veal was bespoken. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn, which he would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price; the landlord replied, "Give me the same price you did for the calf you lost, as I think this is full as large." The butcher would not allow it by any means to be as good, but gave him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time across his horse. Crispin, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf again for another glass of grog, which, being agreed, he posted to the wood and hid himself, where, observing the butcher come along, he belloved so like a calf, that the butcher, conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried with joy, "Ah! are you there? Have I found you at last?" and immediately dismounted and ran into the wood. Crispin, taking ad-

vantage of the butcher's absence, untrapped the calf, and actually got back with it to the publican before the butcher arrived to tell the mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The publican unraveled the mystery, and the butcher after paying for, and partaking of, a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got great applause for his ingenuity.

#### FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF AN ARTIST.

BY S. A. MOUNT.

During an excursion into the interior of Pennsylvania, I had occasion to make a short sojourn at the delightful valley of Wyoming—a place, from its stirring incidents with the old French war, celebrated in our own and trans-Atlantic story. Who, that has read the beautiful poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," does not feel a deep interest at the mention of the very name? Albeit, some poetical liberties have been taken by the author of that production, in the description of the spot, yet travelers and historians concur in representing it as one of the happiest of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an unpropitious hour, however, the junction of Europeans with the Indians converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Campbell apostrophizes it in the following manner.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies  
Thy happy shepherd swains had nought to do  
But feed their flocks in green declivities,  
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe,  
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,—  
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,  
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;  
And aye those sunny mountains half way down,  
Would echo fingeolet, from some romantic town."

Pennsylvania, generally, is attractive to an artist; but the scenes in the vicinity of Wyoming, situated on the banks of the "still gilding" Susquehanna, cause a still deeper feeling of enthusiasm. My object in visiting the spot, was to study nature in her secret haunts; and no place in this fair creation offers more allurements to her votaries than this.

I had been only a short time at Wyoming, and had become snugly situated at my lodgings, and duly prepared for rambling, when I formed an acquaintance with the family of a revolutionary veteran named Col. F—. He had signalized himself in the wars, and had subsequently prepared for publication a history of the eventful struggle, as far as related to the vicinity of Wyoming. At present, however, he was suffering under the effects of paralysis, accompanied with frequent returns of mental aberration. His family were under the apprehension that he was passing away, and being desirous of preserving some memento of him, had solicited me to attempt his portrait. I was told that I must expect to obtain it with much difficulty and patience, owing to the prostration of his mental and physical capacities. I hesitated; and it was owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the urgent solicitations of the family, that I at last consented to commence the task.

Accordingly, on the following morning, I repaired to the Colonel's house, professionally equipped, with everything necessary to the accomplishment of my design. I was conducted to the door of his apartment;

and here commenced one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever experienced. Here I was surprised to hear frequent cries of "Murder!" On entering the room, I beheld the hoary-headed veteran, stretched upon his couch, his hands elevated, and his eyes keenly fixed on me. At his feet, sat an old companion in arms—named Moore. This individual, probably from constant association, was the only person who had been able to preserve the least control over the Colonel. I advanced as coolly as possible, to the middle of the room, and sat myself upon the floor, when the invalid again commenced his cries of "Murder! Murder! Murder! Moore! Moore!" upon which the following hurried dialogue commenced, with a degree of familiarity on Moore's part warranted by their long companionship.

"Hallo! Colonel, what's the matter?"

"Don't that fellow mean to kill me?"

"No, no, Colonel, he won't touch you."

"You lie!—he means to murder me."

"I tell you he don't, Colonel."

"Who is he Moore?—a Doctor?"

To humor his vagaries, Moore told him I was.

"Come this way, Doctor, I want to speak to you. Moore, don't let him kill me!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Colonel."

"Doctor, am I dying?"

"No, no, Colonel; let me feel your pulse," I added.

"Have you been sent here to kill me, Doctor?"

"No, Colonel; I have come here to paint your portrait!"

"Then, you don't mean to kill me, Doctor!"

"Confound your nonsense, you old coward," interrupted Moore; "what do you suppose he wants to kill you for—he has come to paint your portrait!"

"Don't murder me; for God's sake Doctor; don't murder me!"

Moore now took hold of the Colonel's throat, affecting to choke him, while the Colonel, with his long arms, commenced pounding his assailant's cranium, at the same time exclaiming—

"Moore is killing me! Moore is killing me! Take him off Doctor!"

I was about interfering in favor of the Colonel, when Moore turned partly round, and whispered me to be silent, and he would soon quiet the old man, which to my surprise he accomplished in a few moments. The Colonel became exhausted in consequence of this struggle, and conceived himself dying. At his request the family were called to his bed side, to receive his farewell blessing. He was bolstered up, and commenced a pathetic harangue to the members of his family. The indifference manifested by all present somewhat surprised me at first; but I was soon led to account for it, when the Colonel,—suddenly starting up in bed, exclaimed vehemently—"Moore! Moore! I am hungry! I am hungry! Where is the Doctor? where is the Doctor?" This abrupt termination gave a rather ludicrous effect to the scene; and the family seeing his life was in no immediate danger, withdrew, and I approached the Colonel.

"Doctor," asked he, "are you a Tory?"

"I am not, Colonel."

"What the d—! are you, then?"

"I am an artist, and with your permission, will paint your portrait."

"Do you hate a tory—Doctor?"

"I do, Colonel."



"That's right—that's right. Moore—you and the Doctor help me up."

We threw a cloak over him, and seated him by a small table near the window. Food was brought him, and Moore ministered to his wants. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Shakspeare, to depict adequately the effect which this scene wrought upon me. In silence I regarded the two old veterans, recounting in their second childhood the recollections of the past—

"Boasting aloud of scars they proudly wore,  
And grieved to think their day of battle o'er."

Thinking I should have no better opportunity of effecting the object of my visit, I proposed making a sketch of the Colonel, to which he readily assented, seeming pleased at the idea. The table was removed. I arranged my light and easel, and commenced my labors. My subject remained quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly threw himself back in his chair, parted the bosom of his shirt, and displayed to my gaze a deep wound in his heart.

"Do you see that?" he exclaimed, his countenance beaming with enthusiasm.

"I do, Colonel."

"I received that wound in fighting for your liberty, my boy. I want you to paint it in my picture. Yes—Doctor," he exclaimed, "I got it in the glorious cause of my country—the country I love with my heart and soul;" and the old man, unable to restrain himself, in the weakness of age and disease, burst into tears. I was sensibly affected, so was Moore, who remarked—"all he tells you is true, sir." In a few moments the Colonel resumed his former position, and I continued my task. It was not long before another incident occurred. I observed his countenance grow fiercer and fiercer in its expression, until, with his mouth wide open, his eyes glared upon me with the look of a demon. Cautiously hitching his chair near where I sat, he suddenly gave a kick, and my easel and canvass lay prostrate on the floor. Alarmed at this demonstration of hostility, I started back, and in so doing, involuntarily raised my maul stick. The Colonel regarded this movement on my part as a declaration of war, and threw himself into an attitude of defence, at the same time exclaiming—

"Come on, you infernal; you have been trying long enough to murder me. Stand by me Moore!"

"Pardon me, Colonel."

"I'll never pardon you," interrupted the Colonel; "you are an infernal coward. Isn't he, Moore?"

"No, he is not; and if you don't behave yourself, he'll whip you yet, as you deserve."

"You lie, Moore. I can flog you and the Doctor both," said the Colonel, squaring off at Moore, when a pugilistic encounter commenced between the two old soldiers.

I examined my picture, and found it uninjured, but concluded to finish it at a more respectful distance.

After the combatants had finished their battle, Moore persuaded the Colonel to get into bed, which he had no sooner done than he commenced a narrative connected with his military exploits, dwelling with peculiar interest on that part relating to the battle of Wyoming, a history of which he was preparing before his illness. Moore, venturing to dissent from some remark he had made, the Colonel became exasperated, and called upon me for a pistol. I handed him my maul stick. He raised it, and supporting himself with his left arm, took

deliberate aim with it at Moore, who was standing at the foot of the bed brandishing a boot-jack.

"Doctor," whispered the Colonel to me, with a look of surprise, "why don't he fall? I have fired six bullets into him."

"Try again, Colonel—it will require more than six of your bullets to despatch him."

He again presented, and Moore fell. There was a pause of some minutes, during which not a sound was heard. The Colonel kept his eyes vacantly fixed on the place where his victim had disappeared. At length he turned to me, and with a bewildered look asked—

"Where am I, Doctor?"

"In your bed, sir."

"Have I killed my friend?"

"I believe you have, Colonel."

"Will they hang me, Doctor?"

"Oh no! you killed him in self-defence."

"I am sorry I have done it," continued the Colonel, in a tone of sadness; "he was a good old man. Why did you tell me to shoot?—He was always kind to me."

Moore now rose up, and exhibited himself to his friend in a perfectly sound condition. The Colonel was delighted to see him safe; and a lasting treaty of peace was here made between the belligerent parties.

The knowledge which I had already gained of the Colonel's face enabled me to finish the portrait to the satisfaction of his friends; a sketch of which is now in my port-folio. Whenever I look upon it, I am forcibly reminded of the noble form of the worthy old officer, and his companion Moore. A late visit to the romantic valley of Wyoming afforded me the melancholy information that both my old friends now "lay like warriors taking their rest" on the beautiful banks of the Snakehanna.

## THE RIVER OF VINEGAR.

The water of the river of Pusamblo, which rises among the Andes of New Granada, South America, has a sour taste; and the inhabitants, who are acquainted with no other acid than vinegar, call the stream *Rio Vinagre*, or *Vinegar river*. The sourness, however, arises from the water's being impregnated with sulphuric acid, which it receives from the interior of a volcano, where sulphur is abundant, and where the river has its source. Within the crater of the volcano, it is said, there is an immense basin of boiling water, the vapors from which escape with much violence, and have a suffocating smell, being composed of sulphurous acid. The water of this basin is covered with a coat of sulphur; and a crust of the same substance is formed on the rocks above it, rising like a dome over the crevice, which forms the communication with the open air. The natives of the vicinity affirm, that the crust has sometimes acquired a thickness of as much as four feet, in less than two years. Acidulated by its impregnation with this powerful mineral, the *Rio Vinagre*, of course, becomes unfit for the support of animal life; and even the *Rio Cauca*, into which the *Vinegar river* empties, is destitute of fish during a course of twelve miles, on account of the mixture of these sour waters with its own. The fish are again found in the *Cauca*, at the point where it receives the tributaries of two other streams. The *Vinagre* throws itself into the *Cauca* over three beautiful cascades, the minute spray from which causes a prickling sensation in the eyes.

We have had the following lines on hand several weeks, and have delayed publishing them under the impression that they were not entirely original. We are not quite free from the impression yet. If indeed they are original, they ask her credit to our fair correspondent, and we ask her pardon.

TO ———,

Not love thee! Has a darksome spell  
Been o'er thy spirit cast,  
That thou should'st coldly turn away,  
And doubt my love at last?

Not love thee! Some delusive dream  
Enwraps thy senses now;  
And fancy, sporting with thy fears,  
Brings sadness to thy brow.

Not love thee! See the weeping skies  
Are robed in mourning deep!  
And list! the winds indignant rave,  
Roused from their summer sleep.

Not love thee! E'en the eyes of Heaven  
Are dropping fast their tears,  
As, from the lips of youth and love,  
Those words of doubt it hears.

Not love thee! Breathe it not again—  
This heart thou knowest well;  
Thou know'st that thou art dearer far  
Than lips of mine can tell.

Ah! let not doubts disturb thy heart,  
Have confidence in mine;  
And oh! believe through woe or we,  
That it will still be thine.

Behold thee now—the face of Heaven—  
How smiling it appears,  
The sunshine beaming once again,  
Disperses the falling tears.

Let thus the smile of love dispel  
The gloomy clouds of woe,  
And Truth unite our hearts in one,  
While pilgrims here below.

Hope lifts her glittering torch on high  
To light us on our way;  
And gliding on, points smilingly  
Unto a brighter day.

Faith gently waves her snow-white hand,  
And bids Mistrust depart;  
Then with her robes of dazzling light,  
Enfolds the trusting heart.

Bright Joy comes bounding to the breast,  
And lights the downcast eye;  
As sorrow "folds her raven wing,"  
And droops her head to die.

October, 1843.

ELLA.

#### HENRY M. DE LA TUDE.

In the year 1749, Henry M. de la Tude, son of a Knight of the order of St. Lewis, was sent to the Bastille, for the grave offence of having sported with the feelings of Madame Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. With the thoughtless warm enthusiasm of a young man, he had it seems attached himself to the cause of this woman in defence of her character, against the fanatics of the day. He wished to do her some ostensible good office, and sighed to render himself of consequence in her esteem. Having heard that she was unhappy from the apprehension of poison. La Tude waited on Pompadour at Versailles, to acquaint her that he had seen a parcel put into the post

office addressed to her; and at the same time expressed his suspicions relative to the contents of it, and cautioned the Marchioness to beware. The parcel arrived of course, La Tude having put it into the post office; but the powder proved on chemical experiment perfectly innocent. The result gave the marchioness an insight into La Tude's design; and, offended at his presumption she had him sent to the Bastille as an impostor.

La Tude with great ingenuity effected his escape from prison; and feeling unconcerned of any crime demanding severity of punishment, he went, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the king. Unhappy man! victim of the caprice and cruelty of a woman! The unforgiving marchioness, plucked at his placing more confidence in the king than herself, made such representations to his Majesty that he ordered La Tude back to the same prison, and to be immured in one of its most dreary chambers—a dungeon! where another prisoner of the name of Delegre, was also confined, by order of the marchioness.

Yet even from this impregnable fortress of barbarity, where no wealth could bribe—where no instrument of any kind was allowed, did La Tude and his companion, without money and unaided, effect their escape.

They had neither scissors, knives, nor any edged instrument; and for an hundred guineas, the turnkey would not supply them with an ounce of thread. Upon making the calculation of the difficulties to be encountered, they found that they required fourteen hundred feet of cordage; two ladders of wood and rope, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and another of an hundred and eight feet in length. It was necessary to displace several iron grates from the chimney; and in one night to make a hole in the wall several feet thick at the distance of only 15 feet from a sentinel. The wooden ladder and that of rope, when made, must be concealed; and the officers, accompanied by the turnkeys, came to visit and search them several times a week. They had to make and to do all these things to accomplish their design; and they had nothing but their hands to effect it with. The hand, to those who know its use, is the instrument of all instruments. The iron hinge of the table was by whetting on a tiled floor, converted into a knife. With this bars were removed and a saw constructed; wood was concealed from the daily fuel to construct the ladders; La Tude's portmanteau contained twelve dozen of shirts, and other articles of apparel, out of which they made the 1400 feet of rope. The bars in the chimney took six months to displace; and the whole of these preparations cost eighteen months work, day and night.

The moment of attempting their dangerous enterprise now arrived; one night after supper, La Tude first ascended the chimney, and drew the ropes, iron bars, &c. up after him, leaving a sufficient quantity of the ladder in the chimney to enable his companion to ascend with less difficulty. Being now on the top, they drew up the rest of the ladder; and then descended at once on the platform serving as a counterpoise to each other. They next fixed their ladder to a piece of cannon, and let it gently into the fosse; by which means, they descended with their iron bars, wooden ladder and all their equipage. During all this time the sentinel was not more than ten fathoms from them, walking upon the corridor.

This prevented them from getting up to it, to go into the garden, as they first intended; they therefore were under the necessity of making use of their iron bars.

They proceeded straight to the wall which separates the fosse of the Bastille from that of the garden of St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. In this place there formerly had been a little fosse, a fathom wide, one or two feet deep, but now the water was up to their arm pits.

The moment La Tude began to make a hole between two stones to introduce their iron bars as levers, the round major passed by with his great lantern, at the distance of ten or twelve feet over their heads. To prevent their being discovered, they sank up to their chins in the water; this ceremony they were obliged to repeat every half hour when the round came by. At length one stone was removed from the wall; they attacked a second, and afterward a third, with equal success; so that before midnight they had displaced several cart loads of stone; and in less than six hours had entirely pierced the wall, which was more than four feet and a half thick. They drew the portmanteau through the hole, abandoning everything else without regret. They then descended into the deep fosse of the gate St. Antoine; whence, after a narrow escape from perishing, they got upon dry ground, and took refuge at the abbey of St. Germain des Prez.

La Tude fled to Holland; but on the demand of the king of France, he was given up by the Dutch government, conducted to the Bastille, and more closely confined than ever.

On the death of Madame Pompadour, La Tude was informed of it by a writing placed up at a window in the street, in consequence of some papers he had thrown from the Bastille tower.

Most of the prisoners in the Bastille, were on this occasion liberated. The Minister Sartine, however, refused to set La Tude free, except on a condition which the unfortunate man, thinking derogatory to his honor, would not accede to, and he was still doomed by the remorseless revenge of that monster of inhumanity to remain a prisoner ten feet under ground, clad in tatters, with a beard reaching to his breast, no bed but straw, no provision but bread and water, overrun with vermin! Such, alas! continued for many years the wretched situation of the unfortunate La Tude; whose only crime was having offended the favorite of his sovereign.

The ultimate liberation of La Tude is not the least wonderful part of the story. A woman named Le Gros, walking abroad in June, 1781, saw lying in a corner, a packet of papers, that had the appearance of having been tumbled in the dirt. She took it up, and returning home read the contents. It proved to be a memorial, part of the misfortunes of the Sieur La Tude, prisoner in a dungeon ten feet under ground, on an allowance of bread and water, for thirty four years. The good woman was moved with compassion at the recital of such cruel sufferings, and was incessant in her applications in his behalf to persons of rank; till at last she obtained his liberation on the tenth of March, 1785, through the influence of Baron Breteuil, who accompanied the glad tidings with a grant to La Tude of a pension of four hundred livres.

The keeper of the menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A bystander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dust all about the tent, and he's big enough to know better."

## THE ELEPHANT.

WHEN I was in India I was very partial to these animals; there was a most splendid elephant which had been captured by the expedition sent to Maraban; he stood four or five feet higher than elephants usually do, and was a great favorite of his master, the rajah. When this animal was captured, there was great difficulty in getting him on board of the transport. A raft was made, and he was very unwillingly persuaded to trust his huge carcases upon it; he was then towed off with about thirty of the natives on the raft, attending him; the largest purchases and blocks were procured to hoist him in, the main yards doubly secured, and the fall brought to the capstan. The elephant had been properly slung, the capstan was manned, and his huge bulk was lifted in the air, but he had not risen a foot before the ropes gave way, and down he came on the raft with a heavy surge, a novelty which he did not appear to approve of. A new fall was rove, and they again manned the capstan; this time the tackle held, and up went the gentleman in the air; but he had not forgotten the previous accident, and upon what ground it is impossible to say, he ascribed his treatment to the natives who were assisting him on the raft. As he slowly mounted in the air, he looked about him in wrath, his eyes and his trunk being the only part of his frame at liberty. These he turned about in every direction as he ascended—at last, as he passed by the main channels, he perceived the half of a maintop-sail yard, which had been carried away in the slings, lying on the goosenecks; it was a weapon that suited him admirably; he seized hold of it, and whirling it once round with his trunk, directed the piece of wood with such good aim, that he swept about twenty of the natives off the raft, to take their chance with a strong tide and plenty of alligators. It was the self-possession of the animal which I admired so much, swinging in the air in so unusual a position for an elephant, he was as collected as if he had been roaming in his own wild forests. He arrived and was disembarked at Rangoon, and it was an amusement to me, whenever I could find time, to watch this animal and two others, much smaller in size, who were with him; but he was my particular pet. Perhaps the reader would like to have the dairy of an elephant when not on active service. At what time the animals get up who never lie down without being ordered, it is not very easy to say. The elephants are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the extreme heat of the sun; they stand under this tree, to which they are chained by the hind legs. Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the respective keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, cast themselves loose, and in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper; they will then march with him to the nearest forest, and on their arrival commence breaking down the branches of trees, selecting those which are most agreeable to their palates, and arranging them in two enormous faggots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make witheys and bind up their two faggots, and then twist another to connect the two, so as to hang them over their backs down on each side, and having thus made their provision, they return home; the keeper may or may not be present during this performance. All depends upon whether the elephants are well trained, and have been long in servitude.

Upon their return the elephants pass the chains again round their legs, lock the padlocks, and present the key as before; they then amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the others. Now when an elephant has had enough to eat, he generally selects a long bough, and pulling off all the lateral branches, leaves a bush at the end, forming a sort of whisk to keep off the flies or mosquitoes; for although the hide of an elephant is very thick, still it is broken into crannies and cracks, into which the insects insert themselves. Sometimes they have the following ingenious method of defending themselves against those tormentors; they put the end of their trunk down in the dust, draw up as large a quantity as they can, and turning their trunks over their heads, pour it out over their skin, powdering and filling up the interstices, after which they take the long branch I have before mentioned, and amuse themselves by flapping it right and left, in all directions about their bodies, wherever the insects may settle.—*Diary of a Blase.*

## LIFE ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

SKETCH VII.—LOG-ROLLING.

BY E. K.

AN exciting winter was that of 1835, in the Legislative Council of Florida. The western members had important measures to present for consideration, and were determined to carry them at all hazards; strong opposition was anticipated, but "faint heart never won fair lady" was the motto of the Escambians.

It so happened that a fair lady's case, was the pivot upon which the strength of the parties turned. Florida in those palmy days, was the land of liberty to all discontented spouses—a nominal residence in the territory, together with the most trivial testimony, was all that was required to ensure success in an application for release from what is usually called, the sliken bonds of Hymen.

"Ah! my dear fellow, I am glad to see you," said Col. F—, to Mr. B—, the member from Escambia, "I wish to secure you as counsel for two ladies, who are anxiously waiting your arrival; come with me and I will introduce you."

"When I have brushed off the dust of my journey, I will accompany you with pleasure."

The introduction being made, and the case stated, Mr. B— leisurely surveyed his fair clients. Extraordinary as it may appear, they were in reality ladies, entitled to that designation, by birth, education and fortune—and compelled (as they believed) to sue for a divorce on the score of incompatibility of temper! A mother and daughter were they, without any male friends, placing themselves as petitioners before this lone tribunal of their country—and most gallantly, as the sequel will show, was their confidence repaid!

Instead of bringing forward at once, the important measures of the session, this divorce bill was to test the strength of the eastern and western members; all other matters were made subservient to this end. In this as in all legislative bodies, there were active and passive members—the former transacting all the business, and doing all the talking—while the latter gave their votes as indolence or interest directed.

"If you will carry through this bill or petition for me, I will give you my vote for the divorce," or vice versa.

Principle being laid aside, and expediency the order of the day, strenuous were the efforts, and irresistible the blandishments of Counsellor B— and the fair divorcee. The governor's lady, notorious as the personification of the fickle goddess during General Jackson's administration, for a time lent her influence in favor of the divorce. So long as rivalry remained quiescent, all went on smoothly and delightfully—the reunions after dinner in the public parlor, if not the most recherche, were certainly the most unique in the world.

Imagine to yourselves, a spacious apartment, plainly furnished, the chairs particularly in most admired disorder; an ample fire-place, not exhaling the nauseous and noxious coal gas, but sparkling and glittering in the full glory of a good old fashioned wood fire. Around this assembled every afternoon the ladies, and the more chivalrous of the members. The smile of beauty was the reward of every additional vote, backed by the more substantial influence of the leaders—the flashing eye, gay repartee, fashionable air, gracious bow, deferential manner, were irresistible to the bewildered countryman—that, they who trudged all day behind the plough, whose wives and daughters rested content when arrayed in a flaming yellow calico, blue ribbons, green shawl, high crowned Sunday bonnet, stout shoes, no gloves, and a handkerchief like a small sized tablecloth;—that they, should resist all these enchantments, was preposterous!

The divorce bill prevailed, and the Southern Life and Trust Company capitulated with all the honors of war; that is, they were permitted the entire of the magic circle of wit and fashion—and their full share of the famous wine party, given on the triumphant evening of the day on which the bill passed its third reading.

During the controversy, one of the leading western members undertook to mystify his auditory by his much talking—this was in order to gain time, although the matter before them was precise and definite. In the course of his argument, the orator's mind seemed changed into a kaleidoscope, for apparently, whether he would or not, east, west, north and south, the tariff, manufactures, internal improvements, piracy, the state of the country, abolition, banking, and all other topics, touched upon by politicians generally, were reflected from his own mind to those of his auditors. When his object had been gained, and his six hours chit-chat concluded, an old member from the Indian country rose and said,—“Mr. President, I move if Mr— nint the most ablest, he is the most willingest speaker I ever heard.”

Did a doubtful voter, admire a ring on the lady's finger, or a sparkling diamond on the spotless (exterior) bosom of a partisan, a gracious smile, and “pry allow me to transfer it to you” secured the conquest. By this time, however, the Gov.'s lady had seceded from the party, her more youthful rival, exhibiting in her train all the elite of the town, as well as the greater number of admirers.

“You need not mind it,” said one dame to another, “our husbands will not return to their allegiance, until this fascination is removed, and as all our compeers are in the same situation with ourselves, let us bear this temporary neglect with becoming dignity!”—and from thenceforth the petitioners were more *assuetude* than they desired, being completely excluded from all society.

The timid man is alarmed before danger, the coward dreading it, and the brave man after it.



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CALDWELL.  
Lake Superior







# THE ROVER.

## CALDWELL, ON LAKE GEORGE.

THE ROVER presents its readers this week with another very beautiful view of *American Scenery*. Lake George is widely celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, the remarkable purity and transparency of its waters, and its interesting historical associations. The town of Caldwell, named in honor of James Caldwell, one of the principal early proprietors of the place, is situated on the southern end of the lake, and was organized in 1810. It has a village of some fifty dwellings, and six or seven hundred inhabitants. The village is sixty-two miles from Albany and twenty-seven from Saratoga Springs.

The ruins of fort William Henry and fort George are still to be seen near the head of the lake, and the bloody battles fought in the neighborhood will long live on the pages of history. The celebrated "battle of Lake George" was fought on the 8th of September, 1755, between the English provincials under Sir William Johnson, and the French Canadians under Baron Dieshau. Each party was supported by Indian allies. The body of Indians on the English side were led by Hendrick, a celebrated Mohawk chief, of whom some interesting anecdotes are told. Information having been received on the evening of the 7th that the Canadian forces were approaching, a council of war was held, and it was determined to send out a party to meet them. The number of men to be sent was agreed upon, and when General Johnson named the number to Hendrick, and asked his opinion, his remarkable reply was, "If they are to fight, they are too few. If they are to be killed, they are too many." Upon this forcible hint, General Johnson immediately increased the detachment, and thereby prevented a defeat.

Again, General Johnson proposed to send his force out in three separate parties. Whereupon Hendrick took up three sticks, and said to the General, "put these together, and you can't break them. Take them one by one, and you will break them easily." Hendrick's advice was heeded, and the English triumphed.

The brave Hendrick, who was upwards of sixty years of age, fell in the battle which followed. His head was covered with white locks and his appearance was very venerable. Before the march, he mounted a stage and harangued his people. He had a powerful voice, which, it is said, might be distinctly heard half a mile; "a fact," says Dr. Dwight, "which to my own view has diffused a new degree of probability over Homer's representations of the effects produced by the speech and shouts of his heroes." Lieut. Col. Pomroy, who was present and heard this effusion of Indian eloquence, told Dr. Dwight, "that although he did not understand a word of the language, yet such was the animation of Hendrick, the fire of his eye, the force of his gesture, the strength of his emphasis, the apparent propriety of the inflections of his voice, and the natural appearance of his whole manner, that he was more deeply affected with this speech, than with any other which he had ever heard."

But these wild and bloody scenes of war and battle exist now only in memory. The savage warrior sleeps with his fathers, and if perchance a remnant of his children remain, they have retreated into the wilderness of the boundless west, and the country they have

left behind them is filled with a dense population pursuing the peaceful arts of husbandry.

We cannot apply any thing more appropriate to our present engraving, and hardly any thing more beautiful, than the following sweet and liquid lines addressed to one of the western lakes of New York,

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue,  
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below;  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
Oh! could I ever sweep the oar,  
When early birds at morning wake,  
Or evening tells us toil is o'er!

## MOSLEM HONOR: A SPANISH TALE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Alora, now a ruin, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to a well-tried commander, and at the time of which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran, famed both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy, which should ever be entwined with the sternest qualities of the soldier.

The castle of Alora was a mere part of his command; he was Alcaide, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty cavaliers, all well mounted, and well appointed. With them he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems—patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye, and occasionally signalling himself by some dashing foray into the very Vera of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of the day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighborhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by Moorish scout or traveler, and kept along the ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the moon upon their armor. Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile, overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man, singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove, on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer, as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier, and his noble demeanor, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted, on a dapple-gray steed, of powerful frame and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a *marlots*, or tunic, and an *Albernoz* of crimson damask, fringed with gold. His *Tunistan* turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimitar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long, double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing with a sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love-ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain, in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink. The rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together; they were all so well pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm, but to conquer him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task. Rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitered him warily, loth to come to an encounter which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley. "If you be true knights," said he, "and seek for honorable fame, come on, singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers on the road, intent on spoil, come all at once, and do your worst!"

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed: "Although no law of the chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize, when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as a right. *Vallant Moor!* defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took a proper distance, couch-

ed his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned, passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast that soon brought the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvax, seeing three of his cavaliers extended upon the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time, their contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted from previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance. The Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then closing in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth—when, putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, "Cavaller," exclaimed he, "render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands."

"Kill me, rather!" replied the Moor, "for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty!"

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this," exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully, "that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me, as to a friend, and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the Alcayde. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in

spirit, is not from my wounds, which are slight, nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all the gloom, nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier is no disgrace. But to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story, and this I am moved to do by the great sympathy you have manifested toward me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions.

"Know, then, that my name is Abencerrage, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished; so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, that I should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

"Conformable to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alenayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me into his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father, and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years afterward, his wife gave birth to a daughter, but his tenderness toward me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarissa, for so the infant daughter of the Alenayde was called, as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her, was more fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were, leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

"At this period, I overheard a conversation between the Alenayde and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. 'It is time,' said he, 'to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and unlucky race.'

"This information would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period, but the intimation that Xarissa was not my sister, operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

"I sought Xarissa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair, by the mirror of a chrysal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embrace. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

"In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. 'Alas!' cried she, 'then is our happiness at an end.'

"How!" exclaimed I, "wilt thou cease to love me because I am not thy brother?"

"Not so," replied she; "but do you not know that when it is once known that we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?"

"In fact, from that moment our interviews took a new character. We met often at the fountain, among the jessamines, but Xarissa no longer advanced with open arms to receive me. She became reserved and

silent, and would blush, and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister, yet I would not have had the relationship true for the world.

"While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the king of Granada for the Alenayde to take command of the fortress of Coyne, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove, with all his family, but signified that I should remain in Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarissa. 'That is the very cause,' said he, 'why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abencerrage, that thou shouldst know the secret of thy birth, that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarissa thy sister.' 'I know it all,' exclaimed I, 'and I love her with ten fold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not tear them asunder; be indeed a father to me, by giving me Xarissa for my wife.'

"The brow of the Alenayde darkened as I spoke. 'Have I then been deceived?' said he. 'Is this your return for my paternal kindness—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter, that thou wert of a proscribed race, who can never approach the walls of Granada; this, however, I might pass over; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavored to win her from me by deception.'

"All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarissa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and seeking Xarissa, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. 'Xarissa,' said I, 'we part forever. I shall never see thee more. Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!'

"Xarissa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she consented to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part, to send me word from Coyne, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The Alenayde departed from Cartama, nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarissa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union; but everything around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarissa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited, the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the bower of jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she delighted. Everything recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy.

"At length a confidential servant brought me word that her father was to depart that day for Granada, on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyne, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance.

"If ever you have loved, most valiant Alenayde, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very

night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honor to my bride; and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom, in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarissa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge, then, whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaes was greatly moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war, than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abendaraez," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands, should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith, as a true knight, to return prisoner to my castle, within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet, to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the Alcayde prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand, in their presence, exclaiming solemnly: "You promise, on the faith of a cavalier, to render yourself my prisoner?" And the Abencerrage said, "I promise!"

Then said the Alcayde: "Go! and may good fortune attend you. If you require any safeguard, my cavaliers are ready to be your companions."

The Abencerrage kissed the hand of the Alcayde, in grateful acknowledgment. "Give me," said he, "my own armor, and my steed, and I require no guard. It is not likely that I shall again meet with so valorous a foe."

The shades of night had fallen, when the tramp of the dapple-gray steed resounded over the draw-bridge, and immediately afterward, the light clatter of hoofs along the road, bespoke the fleetness with which the youthful lover hastened to his bride.

It was deep night when the Moor arrived at the castle of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his panting steed under its dark walls, and having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarissa. He paused and looked round to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a little while the portal was timidly unclosed by the duenna of Xarissa. "Alas! senor, what has detained you so long? Every night have I watched for you; and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety."

The Abencerrage hung his lance and shield, and set-metar against the wall, and then followed the duenna, with silent steps, up a winding staircase, to the apartment of Xarissa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten, until too late, his promise to return a prisoner to the Alcayde of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarissa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs; but her countenance brightened when she heard the cause.

"Let not thy spirit be cast down," said she, throwing her white arms around him. "I have the keys

of my father's treasures; send ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me."

"No," said Abendaraez; "I have given my word to return in person, and, like a true knight, must fulfil my promise. After that, fortune must do with me as it pleases."

"Then," said Xarissa, "I will accompany thee. Never shalt thou return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty."

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. All preparations were speedily made for their departure. Xarissa mounted behind the Moor, on his powerful steed, they left the castle walls before day-break, nor did they pause, until they arrived at the gate of the castle of Allora, which was flung wide to receive them.

Allighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who remained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaes. "Behold, valliant Alcayde!" said he, "the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a prisoner, but I deliver two captives into thy power. Behold Xarissa, and judge whether I grieved without reason over the loss of such a treasure. Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and her honor to your hands."

The Alcayde was lost in admiration of the lady, and the noble spirit of the Moor. "I know not," said he, "which of you surpasses the other; but I know that my castle is graced and honored with your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own, while you deign to reside with me."

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each other's love, and in the friendship of the brave Alcayde. The latter wrote a letter full of courtesy to the Moorish king of Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the valor and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The king was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of showing attention to the wishes of a gallant man and chivalrous enemy; for though he often suffered from the prowess of Don Rodrigo de Narvaes, he admired the heroic character he had gained throughout the land. Calling the Alcayde of Coyn into his presence, he gave him the letter to read. The Alcayde turned pale, and trembled with rage, on the perusal. "Restrain thine anger," said the king; "there is nothing that the Alcayde of Allora could ask that I would not grant, if in my power. Go thou to Allora; pardon thy children—take them to thy home. I receive this Abencerrage into my favor, and it will be my delight to heap benefits upon you all."

The kindling ire of the Alcayde was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Allora, and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen to his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaes gave liberty to his prisoners without ransom, merely demanding a promise of their friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings. When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaes returned to his fortress of Allora.

After his departure, the Alcayde of Coyn addressed his children: "To your hands I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you, is, not to forget the ransom you owe the Alcayde of Allora. His magnanimity you can never repay; but you can



prevent it from wronging him of his just due. Give him, moreover, your entire friendship; for he fully merits it, though of a different faith."

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which so truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and enclosed it in a rich coffer, and, on his own part, sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned; with six shields and lances, mounted and embossed with gold. The beautiful Xarissa, at the same time, wrote a letter to the Alcaide, filled with expressions of gratitude and friendship, and sent him a box of fragrant cypress-wood, containing linen of the finest quality, for his person. The valiant Alcaide disposed of the presents in a characteristic manner. The horses and the armor he shared among the cavaliers who accompanied him on the night of the skirmish. The box of cypress-wood and its contents, he retained, for the sake of the beautiful Xarissa; and sent her, by the hands of the messenger, the sum of gold, paid as a ransom, entreating her to receive it as a wedding present. This courtesy and magnanimity raised the character of the Alcaide Rodrigo de Narvaes still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward, there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

## ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I HAD ONCE a favorite black hen—"a great beauty," she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast table for "Yarico"—no she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little cowering, timid things at first, but in due time, they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said: "If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse, it would do; but the copse is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again: it's always the way with young hens, Miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens." I have often thought, since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear.

One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favorite in the poultry yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot, I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young, long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet toward home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off with full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impudent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her

children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox.

The most interesting portion of my tale is yet to come. Yarico not only never afterward ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog, who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated, and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus: "Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!" "Sally, Poll wants her tea!" but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by "How do you do, Mr. A.?" She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street door, and whistle a number about her, and then, as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of, "Get out, dogs!" with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight.

I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot in its ignorance was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the gardener, who had lost most of his hair, at work, exclaimed: "Bald-pate, I ride—I ride!" "Yes, yes, yes," replied the old man, slowly raising his head, "and you'll pay for it." The story goes on further to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the sassy bird had learned that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle.

The raven, too, is a bird of humor and sagacity. There was one kept a few years ago at Newhaven—an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well, too. One day, the table was being set out for the coach passengers' dinner: the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room-door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very

quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, the dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation—silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array were carefully set out, and the raven performing the honors of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread.

There is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry, window in the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. "Five, are there?" replied he; "then I'll have three." "Nay," exclaimed the other indignantly, "I run all the danger, and I'll have the three." "You shall not," still maintained the boy in the inside: "you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you!" "Drop me, if you please," replied the little hero: "but I'll promise you no more than two;" upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter's frock, secured round the neck, which, filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion. "Now you shall have none!" and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent. \* \*

"How wonderful is that instinct by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration! But how still more wonderful is it when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where the summer before it first enjoyed existence! And yet such is unquestionably the fact. Four brothers had watched with indignation the felonious attempts of the sparrow to possess himself of the nest of the house-martin, in which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds. The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird who had come over land and sea, and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshaled themselves with blow-guns, to execute summary vengeance; but there well-meant endeavors brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile they wished to defend. Their artillery loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber. The parent-birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted by the

change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified by their unwearied twitter of pleasure, the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds, were duly fledged, and from that window began their flight, and entered upon life for themselves. The next spring, with the re-appearance of the martins, came four, who familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were without question, the very birds that had been there the preceding year.

## THE FRESHET.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

It may not be known to the majority of my readers, that the scenery of the Connecticut river, especially after passing the northern limit of Massachusetts, presents many singular appearances. Ranges of broken and towering hills hem in the fertile and verdant valleys, every here and there converging, as though once united—presenting, where the angry current hurries its waters over the jagged rocks that madden its onward course into foaming rapids, rude and frowning precipices; as though those hills had long ago been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion, and the wide and deep lakes that their various points of union had created, had discharged themselves in cataracts of waters, leaving only the intractable stream that now tumbles onward to the ocean; occasionally emulous of its pristine glory, when the torrents of heaven have swelled its current, and bursting the fetters that winter has bound about it, it revenges itself in its fiery liberty, by adopting those fetters as the very instruments of its revenge; flooding the valleys, far and near, and piling up the huge blocks of crystal against mill and stately bridge, roaring in angry triumph at its work, and heaping block upon block, until, with a sound as of thunder, the object of its rage is lifted from its very foundations, and splintering and crashing, is borne away to aid its destroyer in its further devastation.

These evidences that the more northerly portions of the river were originally a chain of lakes, is corroborated by the fact that, at a certain height around the bases of the hills, tables of land extend into the valleys, uniform in height, evenness of surface, and perpendicularity of elevation; indicating the water mark, being themselves depositions of alluvion from above. Sometimes the tables rise from the very centre of the valleys, strangely regular in the concavity of their sides, having corners standing forth like huge bastions. Those who have neglected to observe the uniformity of the height of these elevations with the tables at the bases of the hills, have supposed them to be Indian mounds, instead of islands, once rising in beauty from the midst of lakes.

These tables sometimes extend for some distance up the banks of lesser streams that empty into the Connecticut; and serve to add a new charm to their already glorious scenery. Connected with a stream of this description, are some thrilling incidents, which I am about to relate. The events of the freshet, the preservation of the individuals, and the heroic bravery of their preserver, will have deeper interest in the eyes of my readers, from the fact that they are strictly true.

Peter Kennedy was an honest man—a hard working farmer—in the town of P—, in Vermont, which lies on the banks of the Connecticut. He was not a be-

forehand man; for though he labored assiduously, he could never look forward with complacency to a "rainy day," in the consolation that he possessed the wherewithal to procure the necessities of life, should misfortune assail him. There are many of Peter's stamp; who, though diligent and economical, seem to be ever struggling against time and tide. How it is—whether in their cases, fortune never will show her face, or the unfortunates do not coax her properly—do not get a fair hold of the handle of success, we divine not, but we pass our word for it, that they are, and by this token are much to be pitied. Peter, having nothing of his own, rented for several years, a thrifty farm at the halves' as it is called in Yankee land—receiving half the produce for his superintendence. He married—he reared a family—he grew somewhat old—and still he was a farmer only "at the halves" still had laid up nothing of his own. By and bye he died; and was lost to further labor in the grave. What was his family to do?

That family—there was Mrs. Kennedy, a good woman—a very good woman; but firm and wilful and superstitious—mayhap, now we reason upon it, herself the drawback to her husband's success. Then there was Mary Kennedy his daughter—a true-born Yankee girl; with all her father's energy and perseverance—and just enough of her mother's firmness to give solidity to her character—and more mind than both together. She was not beautiful—but she was good and well-shaped, and graceful—with expressive features and a firm sparkling eye. These two were all; and what were they to do?

The funeral was over. Friends and neighbors had rendered every assistance through that period of the heart's desolation—the interval between the death and burial of a dear relative, and the widow and orphan were left in their lonely home to look with a shudder to the future. But Mary was not a being to darken yet more the dreary prospect by useless replinings and despair. She nerved herself to meet the exigencies of their situation. She consulted with her ministers—her friends—and of them so sweet a girl could have no lack—and they came forward one and all to her relief. The farmers of New England are a toiling race—they slowly amass a competency by severe labor and rigid economy; and the value of wealth thus painfully acquired is necessarily enhanced to their minds. They look with wariness and hesitation upon applications to their charity, whose worthiness is not clearly manifest; but let a neighbor be unfortunate—his dwelling burned, it may be, by fire—or his means wrested from him by no negligence or fault of his own—and the Yankee farmer is ready then with open hand according to his ability. So was it now. On a Saturday evening there was an assemblage at the minister's to devise ways and means. They came from two or three miles about; of all ages and degrees. The physician of the village, and the merchant and the squire, were among them—I tell of it, to show in what strong estimation Mary was held—and more than all, there were present two young men who had been for some time suitors for Mary's hand. One, Samuel Brady by name, was a substantial farmer, some thirty-five years of age—well to do in the world—shrewd and forethoughtful; yet selfish to a degree. Did he love Mary—was his heart bound to hers by an irresistible sympathy, all pervading, all engrossing, that true love which purifies the heart, and illumines life and the things of life with

a steady glow—lighting up its dark passages, and investing its pleasant walks with intenser brightness? I doubt it—and the neighbors doubted it all along—notwithstanding that Mrs. Kennedy favored his suit, and almost quarreled with the gentle Mary that she would not listen to him; preferring as she did young Charles Hall, the carpenter, a whole souled, earnest hearted fellow—industrious, though poor at present—and possessing an energy to overcome all difficulties, and better still, loving Mary with a love that made him feel like a giant in strength of determination. He was the first to make a proposition and give their charity form and shape. "Come," said he, "Squire Haskins, there'll be one third of the lumber left after your barn is finished; and if Dr. Jones will add a little to it of what he's got down at the mill, there would be full enough to raise a snug little house. I'll build it free gratis, off and on, with some help from the neighbors about, and they'll have a roof over their heads at any rate. Who gives the land?"

There was a proposition! Who would refuse his mite? The minister with his eyes swimming, went up and taking Charles by the hand, gave it a pressure that told his Christian thankfulness; for it was not so much the offer, as the readiness and promptness with which it was made, which achieved the end. It kindled every heart in sympathy. "You're welcome to all that's over after the barn's completed," said Squire Haskins with a smile.

"And about that lumber down to mill," added Dr. Jones, "I'm only sorry I haint any team to haul it where it will be wanted."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Bliss, "my people'll be on hand with the cattle for that 'ere proceedur, just as soon as the word's giv out."

"Come to my store for nails, Mr. Hall," said the merchant.

Old gray-haired farmer Ware had had his head on his cane ever since Charles first spoke; and now at his first pause, he lifted it up, and half shutting one eye and squinting with the other at a corner of the mantel-piece—don't laugh, for he was one of the best men that ever lived, rough as he was—and the more intently he squinted at an object before uttering his thoughts, the more valuable the thoughts were sure to be—he lifted up his head, I say, with his richest squint, and said in his slow unvarnished manner.

"My farm, you know, butts on Snake river; and right on the side as you go down to the bridge the land makes off just as level as can be conceived on, for a considerable distance. I guess, the fact is I know sarlin, there's risin an acre in all on't from the bridge down along. Now you're welcome to that 'ere. It'll be snug, and enough on't for a little garding, leavin' out what's took for the house to set on. If that don't suit ye, say where you'd rather have an acre or so—but I'm minded that's a sick place."

It was just the place for Mary. This flat spot was one of the tables of land I have described above; and the scenery around was glorious—a continual feast for her ardent imagination. Let me describe it to you. The stream, not very large in its own dimensions, came foaming and dashing in tiny cataracts, through a deep ravine, to mingle its waters with the Connecticut. Across it, about a quarter of a mile from its mouth, a bridge had been thrown for the high road. Its timbers rested on everlasting foundations—the solid rocks on either shore, between which, thirty feet below the

bridge, the river dashed along. At the same time, the bridge itself was low in the ravine; for there was a steep descent on either side to reach its level. Above, a mill had been built whose huge over-shot water wheel turning about down in the very depths of the ravine, dripping ever with spray, added to the romance of nature; while the water played over its dam in a clear unbroken sheet, lulling the senses with its monotonous hum. Below, on one side, birches, hemlocks and stunted pines shrouded the steep bank from the top to the very edge of the stream; and on the other, just midway, was the table of land, proposed to be given by Farmer Ware. Don't you agree with me, reader, that it was just the spot for Mary?

Before many months, a pretty dwelling was erected, and Mrs. Kennedy and Mary installed in possession. It was two stories in height, because a better view could be obtained by a little more elevation; and Charles was ever on the watch for the comfort of the being he loved. On the lower floor were two rooms, one for kitchen and parlor in common—for under Mary's housewifery, so far as neatness and arrangement were concerned, her kitchen always looked like a parlor—the other for a school room—for she was to have twenty little scholars all the year round, at twelve and a half cents a week each—and that, mind you, in a country village, so far inland, was quite an income for her. Above were two bed rooms; and Mary's, rest assured, was on the westerly side of the house, looking up the stream—and fitted up with every possible convenience.

Mary understood and appreciated the delicate management Charles exhibited in all this, indeed she knew that she owed to him—to his enterprise and energy, guided by his love, the most of her present comfort; and she poured out upon him that intensity of affection which ever fills woman's heart to overflowing when she is truly loved. But she was not happy in her love. The house was finished—the school collected—and there in the midst of nature's glory, Mary had nothing to desire for mind or body—yet with all, she was not happy. The laugh of the children echoed merrily from the hills, and mingled with the sound of the waters, and to them, their idolized instructress wore always a cheering and alluring smile, but an aching void was beneath. The secret was here. Her mother, a woman of strong prejudices, had imbibed a dislike for Charles, which not all his goodness to her, in her lone widowhood, had overcome. Whenever he visited Mary, she testified by hints and innuendoes that he was disagreeable to her, and she seemed to delight in tormenting her daughter by the open expression of her feelings, and by asserting her strong disapproval of the connection. This treatment was aggravated by her encouragement of Brady, who yet persevered in his suit, in the face of Mary's coldness. I have said that I doubted his love for her. Let me not be understood to mean that he was guided solely by selfish motives—far from it. He loved, perhaps, as well as he was capable of loving—but by his very nature his attachments were tinctured with alloy. He knew Mary to be one of a thousand in capacity—that she would make a capital dairy woman, and help a husband to get rich. We will give him credit for some perception of her charms—but he was incapable of fervent love.

So waned the summer hours—and autumn's ruddy tinge pervaded nature. Winter came; and that, too, with its storms and bleakness passed away. Mary still taught her little school—still bore the complainings

and reproaches of her mother with unreplining fortitude and submission. She was kind as ever to her parent; but alas! she was compelled to meet her lover in stolen interviews, and submit to receive in passive sufferance at least, the visits of her mother's favorite, whom she now looked on with growing dislike. One day, in early spring, Brady represented to her mother that a crisis must be attained—that he must learn decisively his standing with her, as his home demanded a mistress speedily. Mrs. Kennedy told him that Mary *should* marry him; and content to woo the daughter through the mother, he left her, much pleased with the result of the interview.

It was a fair deduction that he was unworthy of Mary, that he had so little refinement of feeling as thus to disregard her own disinclination to him, and rely for success on the influence of her parent. I do not mean the refinement imparted by education—but that natural elevation of character, that infusion of the "*Ideality*" of the Phrenologist, which tinctures the most uncultivated with softness. Poor Mary! She was full—too full of it for peace. It shed an influence over every connection of her life. It lent a charm to her love, and made it doubly dear—but at the same time it sanctified the command of a mother, and forbade infingement. But resolutely she reasoned with that mother, when the stern unqualified command had been given to wed Brady, or live an exile from her parent's heart for ever,—and when reasoning proved abortive, she pleaded—earnestly—tearfully—on her very knees, to be spared—but her mother was inflexible.

A curse had been threatened for disobedience; could she disobey? Within a fortnight, one little fortnight—she must surrender all her fond anticipations, or lose a parent's smile! Dreadful alternative! The mind not constituted like her own may sneer at her hesitation; and see full justification and contentment in disobedience; but to her the name of parent was holy.

Her school had been dismissed early, for a storm had been gathering for some days, and already the drops began to fall. Now, as she sat by her chamber window, pale as ashes, the clouds were pouring their treasures merrily down. She resolved to consult the minister—her well-tried friend; and Charles—her own Charles,—at the thought of whom her bosom heaved, and her tears mingled with the rain-drops,—and to make them the arbiters of her fate.

It rained all night, hard and steadily. She had determined to trip up to the minister's before school hours in the morning; but all the morning it was one continued pour—pour; and she could not leave the house. She had no pupils that day on account of the storm, and her loneliness and agitation were unrelieved by customary duty. She had promised to meet Charles in the evening beneath an aged oak, their sacred trysting-place, but it poured down so as to prevent her, and oh, how much more saddening was this! All night—a sleepless night to her—it was plash—plash—plash—upon the saturated earth; and the river's roar—for two days and nights of rain had swelled it to a mimic torrent—sounded like the knell of desolation. She awoke and looked abroad, when daylight dawned upon her sleepless eyes. All nature seemed resolved into wetness—and still, the third day, it was raining hard as ever. Again no pupils—again a dreary, dreary day—and no cessation to the storm. But toward night it cleared away—the sun broke forth—the atmosphere became sultry as in midsummer, and the drops glist-



tened like pearls upon the trees. The birds that had begun to assemble from their more southerly sojourn during the cold weather, sung gaily on the branches, and all was life and light again. The change in nature's aspect infused a kindred influence into Mary's bosom, and she began to hope once more. But about midnight, after the strange sultriness had become oppressive distant thunder rolled sluggishly on the ear, giving warning of a second change. Soon a rising breeze whispered through the trees—increasing every moment, until it blew a shrill whistle, as it careered round the corner of the house, and dashed the branches against each other, until they creaked and grated in the harsh collision. It died away for a moment, and nature was hushed in unbroken and awful repose; as though, for it was growing blacker and blacker with the dense clouds, she was drawing a long breath to prepare for a terrible conflict. Then the sharp lightning flash, followed, almost instantly, by a crash of thunder that made the very hills tremble to their foundations, started sleepers bewildered from their beds, with dazzled eyes—and anon, all at once, torrents poured down from the black sky, overpowering, in the sound of their contact with the earth, the very roar of the stream. There was but that one peal of thunder—but until nearly sunrise there was no pause in the rainfall. The sun however rose in majesty in an almost clear sky, and men felt that his beams would gladden them through the day.

There had been three days and two nights of storm—and finally this last half-night's torrent; and it was a strange forgetfulness in some of Mary's patrons to send their children to school that day, for a thought would suffice to convince, that when time had elapsed after all this flooding, for the surcharged rills and rivulets to pour their contents into the larger streams, fearful freshets were to be feared. It was strange, too, that Charles did not dream that the pride of his heart might be in danger. Apathy seemed to have fallen like a mantle upon all—and there were four or five little girls went skipping down the hill to the bridge, a few minutes before the hour of assemblage in the school-room, to drop sticks into the water, as they had been accustomed, and scream with delight as they were borne along, dashing against the stones in their course. But now, when they reached the bridge, a thrill of awe stole through their hearts, and they stood motionless, and almost breathless, with the sticks in their hands that they had gathered higher up the bank, as they gazed on the unusual aspect of the stream. It poured over the dam in a fierce and muddy catarnet, hissing and boiling, and being compressed into a narrower compass, by the jutting rocks on which the bridge rested, it foamed between them, imparting in its giant impetus, a tremble to both the bridge and its foundations. Now and then huge logs came dancing madly over the dam; and striking upon one end on the ledge beneath, leaped up into the air, and plunged in again. One, of more elastic fibre than the rest, struck the bridge in its fall, while the girls were upon it, and shattered the railing; and then their mingled fear and awe found utterance in screams, and they ran to the house afraid to linger longer. Mary, herself unconcerned, took her station by the window in the school room, and could not keep her eyes from the river, so terribly majestic was its flow. Finally she became interested in her duties and half an hour passed—and when again she looked out upon the water, it was verily within a

few feet of the floor of the bridge—and its whole, foaming surface covered with logs and timber brought from above. The mill appeared half immersed in a boiling gulf, and then—in a moment—while she was looking upon it, and terror was paralyzing her heart, it tottered and wavered—and tearing away some of the main supports of the dam as it was upheaved from its foundations, dam, mill and all were dashed against the bridge. Wedged in between the eternal rocks that formed its abutments, it partially closed the natural channel, and the fast increasing waters swelled upwards—ay, poured over the bridge—and swelled and swelled—all in a very minute—until, forcing a way around, on the side by Mary's house—which you know was on the table of land, but a few feet above the level of the bridge—it came roaring on, and dividing a short distance above the house, a part tumbled into the ravine, while a part poured down the slight concavity between the house and the hill-side—the space being about fifteen feet wide. All this, as I say, was the work of a minute—and when Mary found voice to scream "Mother! Mother!" these lone females and children were isolated there in the foaming waters, with none to counsel or to save!

They rushed to the door—but to have attempted to force that furious current had been madness! It seemed death to remain too—for soon the stream was at the very door-sill—and when Mary took in her arms the last of the paralyzed children to convey it up stairs, every foot-fall splashed in the water that now covered the floor! They screamed for help from the upper windows;—how the thunder of the torrent mocked and drowned their feeble voices! Then the hope of life being past away, they kneeled and prayed to Almighty God to have mercy upon their souls!

By this time the stream had so risen as to half fill the lower story of the house, and conceal the bridge entirely, which, protected from the logs by the blockade on its upper side, still maintained its position. But this made the situation of the females and children the more dangerous; for timber, logs and wrecks of buildings sailed furiously by the house on either side, only prevented from bearing it to destruction with its precious contents, by a tree that breasted their onsets and partially diverted their course. But now and then it failed to check some tumbling fragment—which thundered against the dwelling—shivering the glass of the windows, and making every timber shake in the concussion—but making the poor hearts within to shake and shiver more!

By and bye, one tardy villager after another appeared on the bank above, and though not a word they spoke could be heard by Mary and her mother in the fierce roaring, their frantic gestures too truly bespoke their horror, and cast a deeper gloom upon the sufferers. Then Charles appeared. He darted down to the edge of the water—then up again—casting his eyes around in wildness, unknowing what to do! What a sight for his eyes to behold! There knelt Mary by the window, pale as death, with clasped hands and dishevelled hair, looking upon him and he helpless as an infant, in the face of that mighty danger! Yet he shouted to her to hope still, in a voice whose trembling testified to his own despair—and not a sound of which reached her ears. Once or twice, in his very madness he would have sprung into the torrent—but was held forcibly back by the villagers. Brady came too—and his comparative calmness formed a strong contrast to the

wild anxiety which Charles exhibited. He at once declared that nothing could save them; and shook his head at every plan suggested by one and another.

"It is vain—all vain," he cried again. "They cannot be saved!"

"Liar!" cried Charles, with quivering lip and starting tears, "she must—she shall be saved!" He rushed once more to the water's brink—once more would have plunged in, and was again drawn back. Then, wringing his hands in very agony, as a huge log struck the house and crashing through the side, inclined it fearfully, he burst into a frenzied laugh as he exclaimed, "I have it! I have it! follow me! follow me!"

The village was half a mile distant. To that he directed his rapid course, followed by his townsmen, the most regarding him now as a poor maniac—but some, among whom were the scarcely less maddened parents of the exposed children, inspired with sudden hope. Charles paused, breathless, at the tall "Liberty pole" on the green. "Dig it down," he cried, "for heaven's sake, quick! quick! or they are lost!"

What will not men's energies accomplish in an emergency like this! They caught his fire of hope—they sprung to toll—the pole was rooted up in a few moments—horses were chained to it as speedily—and away they went with their burden on the full gallop,—as though the very beasts knew that many precious lives were depending on their speed. Arrived at the bank, the pole was slid down, until Charles' accurate perception of the proper distance arrested it; and then, lifted upon its end, it was directed to the house, and the females being motioned from the window, it was so truly aimed that it struck the sill! Oh, Heaven—what a shout arose! That overtopped the torrent's roar, and filled the ears of the endangered ones with gladness. Quicker than thought Charles divested himself of a portion of his clothing, and hanging from the pole, ascended to the window by the aid of his hands and feet, above the boiling tumult below, fast as a practised sailor climbs the mast.

"Come Mary," said he, "not a moment is to be lost!"

"The children first!" she resolutely said.

He knew her moral resolution. He revered her self-sacrifice in that awful hour; and yielded without a word of argument. Fastening a child to his back with shawls and handkerchiefs, he returned as he had come, and safely deposited his burden. Why need I multiply words? Thus did he restore all those five children safely to the arms of their parents—when not the parents themselves or one other villager dared to brave death as he did, in his aid! But Mary and her mother were in danger still—yes—hideous danger—for the house was assailed now by stroke after stroke, and yielded more and more, and, it was plain, must soon be swept away. Charles was in the room again—

"Now Mary! now Mary!"

"My mother before me!"

He almost shrieked as he obeyed her, for his strength, nerved as it was by the excitement of the crisis, was almost gone. But the face of the girl wore the calmness and elevation of an angel: all the tumult of fear had vanished—the sting of death had passed already away, and he knew as before, that she was not to be shaken. But before he left her, he strained her to his bosom, and kissed her lips, cheek, and forehead, and looked upon her in agony, as he said "farewell!"—for he felt, while the shattered house reeled at every

frequent crash against it, that he should never see her more alive! Then he lashed Mrs Kennedy to his back, and, as he had done with the children, descended with her. But it was slowly—painfully—and when he reached the shore, he laid motionless for a moment, breathing hard in his exhaustion; while the blood covered his lacerated hands and feet. But Mary was not yet saved!—his own Mary! He sprang to the pole again—he entered the chamber—he appeared with her at the window! The house tottered as though suspended on a point! They shouted to encourage him; and he started on this last descent! Once—twice—three times, he hung without motion in his absolute exhaustion! Yet again he started! He approaches the shore! Their hands almost touch him! They have indeed, grasped his feet!—and now, while house, pole, and all go thundering down the abyss, the lovers are drawn to the safe, dry bank!

No pen ere this has chronicled his godlike feat. Was it not worthy of Mary's hand, which Mrs. Kennedy now freely accorded to him? You may well imagine how he strides forward to wealth and honor—a man like that—with such a wife to encourage him!

### THE FORGOTTEN RELIC:

OR THE REMINISCENCE OF A BACHELOR.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I OPENED an old pocket book, that had been packed away for years among college exercises, and mementoes of long forgotten friendships, and found what has stirred up all the deep feelings of my heart, broken open the sealed fountains of my tears, and restored me to the hallowed recollections, the innocence and joyousness, the unsuspicious confidence, and purity of my early childhood. It was a lock of my mother's hair. O! there is no other chamber in my heart so pure, so holy, so exalted, as that in which is cherished the memory of my mother. Nothing unhallowed can enter there. In the storms of life, the gloom of discontent, the hopelessness of disappointment, she issues from that chamber, calm, placid, beautiful, allaying the irritation, and calming the tumult of passion. The very spirit of peace before whom the harsher spirits disappear. This little lock of glossy brown, how potent has it been! How vividly has it brought up the image of my mother. The rich folds of hair so simply yet so tastefully arranged above that white open brow. How shall I describe that brow? The polished temple enshrining a soul before which purity itself might bow. It was broad, high and fair and calmness seemed ever to sit enthroned upon it. Though a woman of trials and many, many sufferings, not a wrinkle, not a line of discontent was printed there. It was borne up, nobly, spiritually, above the storms that might rage around her: the heart might be lacerated, the affections crushed, but that beautiful that subdued spirit, dwelt undimmed in the majesty of its own greatness.

When the proud spirit of man is bowed to adversity, the furrowed cheek, the deeply indented brow, and quenched eye, tell, plainly tell, how the soul was riven by the struggle of contending passions ere it bent to kiss the rod. Not so with the more enduring nature of woman. She humbly bends to the storm, and when the whirlwind has passed, she lifts up her head with a spirit calm and purified, the soul chastened, the affections, that had clung to earth, lightly loosened, hallowing what remains, and all fixed on heaven. The

reckless joyousness of an untouched heart has given place to a shade of melancholy, not deep, but touching the countenance with those beautiful pencillings that make us think of a pure and compassionating spirit.

My mother! let me dwell upon the sound. Does it not sanctify the heart, peeling off the coatings of selfishness, and like water bubbling up from the indurated earth, softening, refreshing it, and making it young again in its early affections and aspirations? O my mother! could I once more lay my head upon thy shoulder, feel thy kind, warm hand upon my head, and thy kiss upon my cheek, and once more a boy, with no more than the harmless derelictions of childhood, make thee my confessor, and feel my conscience unburdened as in those artless days: and hear thy kind, gentle voice, reprove and encourage, and guide my lips in prayer: and see thee bend above my head, fervently craving a blessing for thy wayward child! My mother: sure thou art by me, once more I feel myself a boy.

I owe everything to my mother. I was always in her hands docile as the unweaned child. My father was a stern, proud, passionate man, idolizing my mother, though his undisciplined nature almost crushed her to the earth. Unable to govern himself, he became by turns my playfellow, my tyrant, and finally, a stern and forbidding parent. I could not respect, could not love him. I could have folded my arms and withstood him to the death. It seemed so degrading, so humiliating to be compelled to obey him, to yield to such a man. His own spirit within me rose up in rebellion before him. But my mother, her look of disapprobation, her calm, ineffable dignity, I was awed before, and yielded as to a being of a higher order. Her clear, passionless brow, her gentle eye, and countenance in which tenderness and sorrow were blended, made me feel at once my own unworthiness and errors, and the tears would gush into my eyes. The spirit that would have roused itself to the last struggle of resistance, and endured torture of any kind ere it would have bowed to the stern requisitions of my father, was subdued at once by the composure and gentleness of my mother. It is not the fire, the whirlwind, nor the earthquake, but the still small voice, that commands obedience.

Would that parents would remember this. The feeble child may be overcome with terror, but the strong one will arm himself for the battle. The spirit of the timid may be broken, and a long life of irresolution, and imbecility be the result of a parent's mismanagement; but one of sterner stuff at every act of oppression will arm himself with a corresponding degree of dogged endurance, and unsubdued stubbornness. The lower and sterner feelings of his nature will acquire tenfold bitterness and strength, and he will become proud and vindictive, stern and unyielding. From all this my blessed mother preserved me. I who had thrown back my head and stood firm and resolute before my father, no sooner caught a glimpse of my mother's sweet face than I was subdued. When I was gay and happy, she had always a smile ready; and often, as I grew older and began to watch the emotions of others, have I returned from school light-hearted and joyous, and she would welcome me with her sweet quiet smile; and it would bring the tears to my eyes, for I knew her heart was bleeding within. She died at the age of forty. Heaven could not will a long life of weariness and sorrow to a being of so much good-

ness. The day she yielded up her quiet spirit she said to me "my son this world has many sources of happiness to the good and virtuous; but it has many, many sorrows. Try to bear your soul above the trials of earth. I know you will mourn for me long and bitterly. I wish it were otherwise, I could wish you would consign my ashes to the grave as cheerfully as I yield them, and then go out into the world, with the high purpose of doing good to your species, and exalting and purifying your own soul." Blessed spirit: have I not obeyed in all but sorrowing for thee? Years have passed away. The bright the beautiful, the talented have passed before me. I have drank into my very soul their bewildering beauty, their blandishments and wit. But I am still a bachelor. Shall I ever find one who will realize that high standard of female excellence, which the memory of my mother has raised in my mind? The feminine grace, the kind-hearted frankness, the tenderness and superiority to self, above all, the high souled dignity, the exalted sentiment, the pure intellectuality, and thoroughly disciplined and regulated feelings, which so pre-eminently characterized her?

#### THE DEATH-BED.

BY T. HOOD.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,  
Her breathings soft and low,  
As in her breath the wave of life,  
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—  
So slowly moved about!  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fear our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died;

For when the morn came dim and sad—  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours!

The following graphic account of a grand battle between two armies of ants is highly interesting. The writer is a close observer of nature, and very happy in his delineations. He is, we believe, the same person, who has recently made some valuable improvements in the microscope. The author is a Massachusetts man, and publishes his articles in the Worcester Spy.

Suppose some being, of a race superior to us poor mortals, some angel, or "viewless spirit," wandering through the regions of space, had chanced to hover over the field of Waterloo on the eve of Napoleon's last great battle—suppose, attracted by the myriads of insect beings that darkened the earth below him, their apparent hurry and bustle, their marching and counter-marching in lines, columns, and squares, he had paused, in his flight and witnessed the onset, and the carnage, of that terrible conflict. Suppose, on returning to his native sphere, he should have felt interested enough in the scene he had witnessed to attempt to give an account of it to his equals. Would not the picture, he would be likely to draw, very much resemble this ac-

count of the battle of the ants? Such thoughts have found a record in the poet's fancy, and how can we tell but they may be types of truth?

"Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And showed a Newton, as we show an ape."

#### BATTLE OF ANTS.

MR. EDITOR:—While rambling in the fields, a few days since, I witnessed a scene of particular interest, one which I think goes far to demonstrate that some insects possess reasoning faculties. The incident referred to, was a pitched battle between two near republics of ants, the bone of contention being evidently the possession of a grasshopper, that lay crushed midway between the two hills, which were twenty feet apart.

When first seen, the combatants were clustered around the object of contest, grappling each other with their mandibles, spurning venom, and a hundred other manœuvres incident to a hand fight. Suddenly a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, and the combatants left the field, each party returning to its respective hill, leaving nine of their number outside the works, who immediately mounted each a tall blade of grass, seeming to act as sentries which, in fact, was their office, for, upon one of the hills suddenly poured forth myriads of tiny warriors. They descended from the look-outs, and rushed into the citadel, which in its turn, sent forth a martial throng. One body emerged from its sally ports without any regard to order, till a space of three or four feet had been passed over, when they deployed to the right and left, till they formed an extended front of six feet, their right resting on the bank of a small pool and the left on a rock almost twenty inches high. The opposite party in coming forth, exhibited a finished disposition. From three outlets, they advanced in couples and trios, alternately, each trio moving in a direct line for the centre of their opponents' line, and halting when within three feet, the couplets proceeding on an angle drawn from their hill to the extreme right and left of their foes. The right couplets took up a position on a small knoll about five feet from the enemies' rock, and two in rear of the trios, while the left continued its march till the pool caused a halt. An immediate retrograde movement took place, and the body posted itself in a line, extending from the right of the trios, (and forming an angle with it,) to the bank of the pool. Both parties now remained stationary a few moments; then striking their heads violently on the ground, and raising themselves erect, the trios rushed to the fight, the couplets remaining stationary. The movement of the trios was met by an immediate advance of the right and left of the line, (the centre gallantly maintaining its ground,) as if attempting to gain the trios' rear. This attempt, however, was foiled by the couplets opposing them, and the fight became general. As either party gained the ascendancy, there would be a running, or rather tumbling fight all over the field of battle, which embraced an area of 20 feet square. Occasionally as the tide of battle left one portion of the ground, thousands might be seen writhing in agony from the loss of a limb or antennæ.

After a hard fight of 65 minutes, the trios and couplets were victorious, pursuing the vanquished into their fortress, when rapine seemed to be the order of the day. The nests of their antagonists were torn to pieces, and

their eggs and young borne off triumphantly to the conqueror's fortress.

This battle ground now exhibited a picture, an exact counterpart in miniature, of other fields of glory. But, what interested me most was the operations of the surgeons and their assistants, (now don't smile incredulous;) there was in that army a regular staff of officers in their own peculiar uniforms, and surgeons and their attendants. On the leaves of a large thistle, which was spread on the ground, a body of ants, with greenish forebodies, and red antennæ, were gathered together and evidently conversing, for they would occasionally touch each other on various parts of their body with their antennæ, and when so touched the individual would start off to the field of battle, and running among the stragglers and wounded for a few moments, return; and, in turn, touch some other one who started off on the same errand. A few inches from this body, on a neighboring leaf, were a body of grim, black looking fellows, to whom hundreds of the common soldiers were dragging the wounded and dying; wherever a limb had been severed from the body, or a wound inflicted, the black surgeon would deposit a drop of fluid from its mouth, and then the patient was dragged into the citadel. Night had now nearly set in, and, with reluctance, I was obliged to quit the scene.

We can well say with Huber, "we can comprehend the instinct which at all times causes an animal to build its habitation after a distinct fashion," but a spontaneous combination of faculties seems to take place in these wars. I shall pay a visit to the interior of these republics soon, where I have no doubt I shall find ample food for wonder, which will give me pleasure to communicate, as entomology has been my study.

Yours, &c.

H. M. PAINE.

#### THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE Mammoth Cave or great American Grotto is an immense subterranean Territory in the Southern section of the State of Kentucky. I have heretofore given descriptions of this cave in the *Journal of Commerce*, and this is an addition to those before published. In speaking of this cave I may here remark, that I have myself been much at the cave, and traversed it a number of times. I therefore speak from personal knowledge,—the account which I now give is from the pen of a scientific gentleman of the highest respectability, who has recently been staying some time at the cave—

"The cave has been explored, according to the estimate of the guide, thirteen miles in a direct line, which is the limit to their explorations in a cave or avenue beyond the "Rocky Mountains." How much farther they could have gone I know not. From the mouth of the cave to the river is three miles—from thence by the pass of *el ghor* to Cleveland avenue, four miles. From the ladder, you ascend to get to Cleveland avenue, to Croghan Hall, two miles. The cave to which I allude as a limit to the guide's discoveries, in this quarter, is to the right of Cleveland Avenue (if I am rightly informed) and is half a mile from Croghan Hall—only a part of this distance has been measured, the remaining portion being computed from the time occupied in reaching particular points; and judging according to this rule, I think the distance not much exaggerated. In going to Cleveland avenue, you pass the mouths of a number of caves, one of which is



named Silliman, in honor of the distinguished professor of Geology in Yale College. The ancient mouth of the mammoth cave is a quarter of a mile from the present one, the mouth of Dixon's cave being formerly the mouth of the mammoth cave. Dixon's cave is of vast size. Laborers digging for saltpetre earth at its extremities, have been heard within ten feet of the mouth of the mammoth. The river within the cave rises to the height of from 30 to 40 feet perpendicular. The river within the cave has not been explored, as it is influenced by Green river when the latter is very high; the river within the cave rising occasionally when Green river does not. Mr. Craig of Philadelphia, and Mr. Patten of Louisville, (the discoverers of Cleveland avenue,) ascertained that Stephenson labored under a mistake in supposing the river terminated in a lake. The supposed lake is only an expansion of the river. There are but few varieties of fish in the cave; the catfish is the most abundant, and is, as I remarked in a former communication, *perfectly white and destitute of eyes*. One of the laws of sensation is verified as it respects the fish, viz: that the loss of one sense increases the vigor and acuteness of the others. These fish are regardless of the greatest degree of light; but the least agitation of the water alarms them. A small fish denominated the sunfish, and a species of perch, is found in the river; but principally, and, (if I mistake not) only during the summer months.

One of the rivers, and the third and largest, is called Echo river, from the extraordinary echoes heard on its waters. It is literally deafening. Messrs. Craig and Patten took soundings in the river, and ascertained the average depth to be eight feet. Sulphate of lime is found in the main cave, two miles from its mouth. It is also to be seen in some of the other branches. Glauber salts is also found in that portion of the cave called "*Salts Room*." Epsom salts is found in large quantities in the cave, and in different parts of it. Large piles of it are seen in Cleveland's avenue, and here also you see it beautifully crystalized.

During the month of August, 1811, Messrs. Craig and Patten spent two weeks at the cave, during a greater part of which they were making explorations beyond the river. The most interesting discovery which they made was Cleveland's avenue, named in honor of Professor Cleveland of Bowdoin College. It averages 70 feet in width, and 12 to 15 feet in height, and two miles in length. The ground on which you walk, as well as the sides and ceiling of this avenue are incrustated with every variety of formation, and generally perfectly white. It is truly a beautiful, a gorgeous spectacle. Visitors who have but half a dozen lamps can form but an imperfect idea of this splendid avenue. They see it only in detached parts, and can only admire those singularly handsome formations pendant from the ceiling. It is only when illuminated at different points with Bengal lights, by means of which you have an extensive survey of the entire scene, that you can properly appreciate the splendor of this avenue. When thus illuminated, a spectacle is presented to your view which for brilliancy has perhaps no parallel, and which it is impossible for language to describe.

Since the explorations of Messrs. Craig and Patten, two of the Professors of Bardstown College have visited the cave and made some discoveries in the *translucent* (if I may be allowed the expression) section of the cave. I am told they are exceedingly interesting.

One is a small but beautifully arched avenue leading to what they have called St. Mary's Chapel, a perfectly white room about 20 feet in diameter.

The mammoth cave is about 125 miles from Lexington, 99 from Louisville, and 94 from Nashville. It is 9 miles from the Dipping Springs, 8 miles from Pruitts Knob, 15 miles from the Bear Wallow, and 12 miles from the Horse Well."

I have thus copied from my valued correspondent's letter, and will add that the entrance to this *nether Territory* is among the Knobs and about four hundred yards from Green River. The Knobs are a range of hills which border the extensive country called "the Barrens," a sort of highland prairies, which when I was there in 1813 and 1814 were destitute of timber. Since the country has become thickly settled and the fires prevented from burning over the grass annually, the oak, hickory and chestnut have sprung up in abundance, and it has now become a young timbered country. That this cave has been inhabited at an early period, there is most conclusive evidence, but by a people, probably, who have now no blood running in human veins. I saw and examined a human body in that cave in 1813, and an extensive wardrobe which was deposited with it, and have now an inventory taken on the spot. The body was that of a female, height allowed to be about 5 feet 10 inches. It was found in a sitting position in a short cave, in a hole three feet square in the earth which overlaid its bottom. Over this hole was laid a flat rock. The wrists had a cord tied around them, and were folded over the breasts, the knees were tied up to the wrists. Around the body, were wrapped two half dressed deer skins, shaved, and on these were drawn in white, vines and leaves. Outside of these skins was a sheet near two yards square, and besides at the feet lay a pair of moccasins, and a handsome knapsack well filled. Its contents were as follows: viz. seven head dresses, made of the feathers or quills of rooks and eagles, put together in the way feather fans are made, these being placed on the head, were fastened by the cords tied back of the head, presenting a front of erect feathers, extending from ear to ear—a head dress truly elegant—the jaw of a bear, with a string or cord through it to wear pendant from the neck,—the claws of an eagle in the same style, several fawns' red hoofs strung on a cord like beads to wear round the neck,—about two hundred strings of beads, of seed which grows in the bottom lands of that country, and rather smaller than hemp seed,—two whistles, tied together, about six inches long, made of cane with a joint about one-third the length, with an opening of three-fourths of an inch extending on each side of the joint, in which was a split reed,—two large rattlesnakes' skins, one having on it fourteen rattles,—six needles, some of horn and others of bone; these were smooth, showing they had been much used. The needles were from 5 to 7 inches long, and had heads, some of which were scolloped; others were crooked like a sail needle, and without eyes, a thumb piece of dressed deer skins to wear on the hand.

I presume from an examination of this with the needles that it was used in needle work to protect the hand in the same way that thimbles are now used to protect the finger. A roll of vegetable paints or colors in leaves, and hank of deer's sinews for sewing, like cat-gut, a small parcel of two-corded and three-corded thread resembling seine twine, a reticule in the shape of a horseman's valise, made to open at the top length-

wise, with loops on each side and two cords fastened at one end run through these loops, and faced it up very nicely. It was a handsome pattern, and I thought a very ingenious piece of work. The articles I have here enumerated constituted the entire wardrobe. The sheet, moccasins, knapsack, reticule, cords, thread and twine, were made of wrought bark, and the manner of putting together looked like being wove and knit. The knapsack had a double border worked to the depth of three inches, which gave it addition strength. I do not think that the workmanship of these articles surpassed what I have met with in various Indian tribes, but of the style of the articles everything bore the stamp of peculiarity which I have never met with anywhere.

The body of this female was preserved by the flesh drying to the bones, being placed in a cave where the atmosphere is dry and unchangeable and where the animal decomposition cannot go on. The hair was rather of a reddish cast and not more than a quarter of an inch in length. The teeth were sound and much worn, the features regular and well proportioned. Near the back bone and between the ribs there had been a wound. At the time this body remained at the cave, the cave was owned by Hyman Gratz, Esq. of Philadelphia and Charles Wilkins, Esq. of Lexington, Ky., brother to the late Minister to Russia of that name. Mr. Wilkins presented to a Mr. Ward of Massachusetts, for the use, I believe of the Historical Society of that state, the body and the wardrobe.

How this body remained there, those who read this account of it can indulge as well as I who saw it.

One of the fish without eyes was dissected at the Monmouth Institute, and it was found that no such organ existed in, or belonged to its head.

The equal and unchanging temperature of the cave is a matter of great interest. Hundreds find in its atmosphere great benefit. The Green River is now navigable for steam boats from its mouth to the cave, and the cave can be visited as a tour of pleasure, instead of labor.

I expect shortly to receive a bottle of pure water from the Mammoth Cave. This rich fluid exists there so pure that it is as transparent as air, and having resposed in its basin for ages, all earthly particles which it ever held in suspension were being long since precipitated. I have already made this communication lengthy, otherwise I would give an account of the Bear Willow, Horse Well, Priest's Knob and Dripping Spring, and many other facts in relation to this, one of Nature's wonders, the exploration of which fills the human mind with a singularly sublime sensation of an exhilarating, but not melancholy character; for here, in the bowels of this great terrestrial planet, the enraptured, charmed, and astonished beholder sees the hand of the Mighty Architect in the rich and beautiful decorations of this subterranean palace; for even here in thick darkness, in these silent halls, whose very walls are studded with brilliants, which seem to reflect and re-reflect, with their millions on millions of shining points, the rays of terrestrial light occasionally thrown upon them, and with an expression of gratitude true to nature, to throw back the swift winged rays of light with its full measure of reciprocation although with a noiseless expression of delight—here darkness is seen to be transparent. I have stood within this subterranean mansion holding in my hand the lamp, when every pulsation of my heart which moved the hand produced its mental reflections as well as new and numerous ones

from the shining points where every angle furnishes its own reflections. What a world, but what a people!—here near thirteen miles from the nearest approachable surface of the earth, man cannot avoid retiring to his own self, and there to meet what he seldom notices in the busy throngs of life, an unbounded and boundless field, where reflection and observation at once displace human pride, and where contemplation, admiration and meditation feast the soul, kindle that hope which when illuminated by the celestial light of revelation make man almost forget his past forgetfulness; here the reverberations of the nights thunder never reach the ear nor the shining of their electric fire to the human vision, for here the atmosphere is comparatively pure, needing neither of these nightly agents to purify or change it, or for the earthquake is the purifier of earth, but its shocks are few and far between—and here the warning voice of the thunder could not add an additional warning in a scene which is already supremely sublime, for here man is charmed by the sublimities of nature, here he is drawn in solemn charming silence to himself, and goes with himself on the wings of contemplation and hope, to the anticipation of joys so bright that human vision must be divested of mortality to possess and enjoy them.

E. M.

## MAN

THE ONLY ANIMAL THAT EATS EVERYTHING.

THE following extract is from a notice in the National Intelligencer, of a book for cooking and house-keeping, recently published, with additions and alterations, by J. M. Sanderson of the Franklin House Philadelphia. It exhibits the nice tables of the people of various nations. "Fired with our subject, (says the Reviewer) we might here dilate and show how human superiority is far more apparent in food than in the empty privilege of not going on all fours—a privilege which monkeys dispute and which geese share with us. We might point to our unrestricted license of a stomach fit to consume all things; the Frenchman eats frogs and snails; the Englishman tripe and blood-puddings; the Hollander rancid smearcase; the Tartar horse-steaks; the Abyssinian quivering morsels from the cow he drives before him; the Swiss goats' cheese that employs both hands—the one in feeding himself, the other in holding his nose. The Spaniard feasts upon his olla, whose latter epithet (*podrida*) confesses it to be rotten; the Scotchman upon his dainty of Haggis, that by no means breathes perfumes; the Laplander and the Kamchatkan lick their lips over spoiled seal's fat, and would consider a pound or two of tallow candles a particularly nice dessert; the Chinese makes his favorite soup of swallows' nests, and rejoices in a dish of friensseed rats or puppies, the Esquimaux devours whale blubber until he falls prostrate, when his tender wife comes to his assistance, and stuffs more down his throat with her finger, until he is filled to the tongue; our Indians of the Upper Missouri gorge themselves with the entrails of a newly disembowelled deer, (as they who are curious of the process may read in Lewis & Clarke, who are more particular than we choose to be;) they also butter their food with crushed handfuls of ants. On the further shore, next to China, they also eat dogs; the rats they have got to add. In New York, owls have been lately added to the bills of fare in the most recondite hotels. Among the Hottentots, where the gentlest are the gentlest, and slovens only are not

covered with dirt, the blushing maid, whose lover sighs at her feet, knows not precisely whether his genuine flame is for her or for the stripes which adorn her lower limbs. If she is cruel, he is not only balked of his love, but his dinner, and has no consolation left but to go and eat his grandfather, whom he has pliously fattened for the purpose. Man alone eats everything—is the Omnivorous Animal; and the more he improves himself, the higher the civilization to which he ascends, the more he multiplies his food, by art, conquest and commerce."

## SONG.

BY MRS. NORTON.

When poor in all but truth and love,  
I clasped thee to this beating heart  
And vowed for wealth and fame to rove,  
That we might meet no more to part.  
Years have gone by—long weary years—  
Of toil to win the comfort now,  
Of ardent hopes—of sick'ning fears—  
And Wealth is mine! but where art thou?

Fame's dazzling dream for thy dear sake  
Rose brighter than before to me;  
I clung to all I deem'd could make  
This burning heart more worthy thee!  
Years have gone by—the laurel droops  
In mock'ry o'er my cheerless brow;  
A conquer'd world before me stoops,  
And Fame is mine! but where art thou!

In life's first hours, despoiled and lone,  
I wandered through the busy crowd,  
But now that life's best hopes are gone,  
They greet with smiles and murmurs loud.  
Oh! for thy voice—that happy voice—  
To breathe its joyous welcome now!  
Wealth, Fame, and all that should rejoice,  
To me are vain, for where art thou!

## THE EAST WIND.

THE officers of the little garrison placed in Tynemouth Castle, England, during the time of the last war, had scarcely any amusement but that of shooting rabbits on the neighboring downs, and dining occasionally with an old officer, who resided permanently there as store-keeper. Whenever the old gentlemen accompanied them on their sports, he invited them to dinner, so it became an important point to get him out with them. The old gentleman detested east winds, during the prevalence of which nothing could induce him to leave his sofa. Within sight of that place of repose there was a weather-cock, which he consulted every morning. "Ah, east winds still—humph—no going out to-day." The young officers, tired of this state of things, caused a boy to climb up to the weather-cock, and tilt it with its point to the west. Up rose the old gentleman. "Ah, west wind at last; well, we'll have some sport to-day." The officers were not long in making their appearance, when an excursion on the downs was, of course, agreed upon. "And you'll dine with me, my lads." They bowed assent, and off went the party. The old gentleman never once remarked the east wind during the whole day, although he afterward learned the trick which had been played with the weather-cock, and was for the future more chary of his invitations.

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

We propose hereafter to devote a small portion of the pages of the Rover to brief and off-hand notices of new books and publications that may come athwart our path, or find a resting place upon our table. We beg our readers not to be alarmed at this; we are not going to set up a regular *puffing machine*, nor bore them with long and dry reviews. Our object will be to give information to our readers, of what is going on in the book-making way; and if the little we may from time to time have to say shall have nothing else to recommend it, we intend it shall at least possess the merit of being the expression of honest opinion.

PRESOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.—Harper &amp; Brothers.

This may, without hesitation, be set down as a sterling standard work: an honorable addition to the literature of the country. It is in three handsome volumes, of about five hundred pages each, and illustrated by fine steel plates, at two dollars a volume. The second volume is just out of press, and the third will be published next week. The first volume opens with a fine engraving of Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, and the whole mechanical execution of the book cannot fail at once to attract attention and to elicit applause. It is one of the most beautifully printed works that have appeared for the season.

The name of William H. Prescott, the author of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, would alone be a sufficient guaranty for the high value of the work; but even without such recommendation, it will require but a brief examination to satisfy the reader of its substantial merit. It has been a work of great research, and many years of patient labor. The authorities consulted by Mr. Prescott are numerous, and many of their works very extensive. One single author furnished him with about *sight thousand folio pages in manuscript*, from which to draw materials for the work. That author was the distinguished Spanish scholar, Navarrete. But he is but one of the many, whose voluminous works have been explored, scrutinized and compared by the philosophic mind of Mr. Prescott, and made to contribute their fine old gold to enrich and beautify the graceful structure that has now come from his hand.

We intend to recur to these volumes again; in the meantime, as a specimen of the style, we copy the following little story, commencing on the 160th page, showing that human passions and human actions are much the same in all ages and all nations of the earth. In the golden age of Tezucos, a nation of the same great family with the Aztecs, the Tezucos were governed by a king, of the unpronounceable name of Nezahualcoyotl.

"On one of his journeys, the king was hospitably entertained by a potent vassal, the old lord of Tepechpan, who, to do his sovereign more honor, caused him to be attended at the banquet by a noble maiden, betrothed to himself, and who, after the fashion of the country, had been educated under his own roof. She was of the blood royal of Mexico, and nearly related, moreover, to the Tezucan monarch. The latter, who had all the amorous temperament of the South, was captivated by the grace and personal charms of the youthful Hebe, and conceived a violent passion for her. He did not disclose it to any one, however, but, on his return home, resolved to gratify it, though at the expense of his own honor, by sweeping away the only obstacle which stood in his path.

He accordingly sent an order to the chief of Tepechpan to take command of an expedition set on foot against the Tlascalans. At the same time he instructed two Texcucan chiefs to keep near the person of the old lord, and bring him into the thickest of the fight, where he might lose his life. He assured them, this had been forfeited by a great crime, but that, from regard for his vassal's past services, he was willing to cover up his disgrace by an honorable death.

The veteran, who had long lived in retirement on his estates, saw himself, with astonishment, called so suddenly and needlessly into action, for which so many younger men were better fitted. He suspected the cause, and, in the farewell entertainment to his friends, uttered a presentiment of his sad destiny. His predictions were too soon verified; and a few weeks placed the hand of his virgin bride at her own disposal.

Nezahualcoyotl did not think it prudent to break his passion publicly to the princess, so soon after the death of his victim. He opened a correspondence with her through a female relative, and expressed his deep sympathy for her loss. At the same time, he tendered the best consolation in his power, by an offer of his heart and hand. Her former lover had been too well stricken in years for the maiden to remain long inconsolable. She was not aware of the perfidious plot against his life; and, after a decent time, she was ready to comply with her duty, by placing her hand at the disposal of her royal kinsman.

It was arranged by the king, in order to give a more natural aspect to the affair, and prevent all suspicion of the unworthy part he had acted, that the princess should present herself in his grounds at Tezcotzinco, to witness some public ceremony there. Nezahualcoyotl was standing in a balcony of the palace, when she appeared, and inquired, as if struck with her beauty for the first time, 'who the lovely young creature was, in his gardens.' When his courtiers had acquainted him with her name and rank, he ordered her to be conducted to the palace, that she might receive the attentions due to her station. The interview was soon followed by a public declaration of his passion; and the marriage was celebrated not long after, with great pomp, in the presence of his court, and of his brother monarchs of Mexico and Tlascopan.

This story, which furnishes so obvious a counterpart to that of David and Uriah, is told with great circumstantiality, both by the king's son and grandson, from whose narratives Ixtlixochitl derived it. They stigmatize the action as the basest in their great ancestor's life. It is indeed too base not to leave an indelible stain on any character, however pure in other respects, and exalted.<sup>11</sup>

ALLISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—J. Winchester, New World Press, 30 Ann street.

This is a history of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, by Archibald Alison, and abridged from the last London edition by Edward S. Gould of New York. Alison's History of Europe has a high reputation, and is said to have cost the author more than twenty years of labor. The original work fills ten large volumes, making between eight and nine thousand pages. The abridgement by Mr. Gould is comprised in one volume octavo, of about five hundred pages, and is sold in neat cloth binding at one dollar, thus accomplishing what the editor says in his preface was his design, "to bring within a compass that all

may have leisure to read and means to purchase, a condensed account of that eventful period which Mr. Alison styles the era of Napoleon."

The work of Mr. Gould, so far as we have been able to examine it, appears to have been ably and successfully performed, and must prove very acceptable to the general reader, as well as a valuable text book for schools and higher seminaries of learning. This work is not made up of selections from Mr. Alison but is re-written throughout by the editor, who has transcribed every line with his own hand, and given every paragraph in his own language.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.—Winchester's edition of "The Mysteries of Paris," at the New World Press, is just completed, in ten numbers at twelve and a half cents a number. This exciting work of Eugene Sue has already created such a sensation in the reading community, and been so widely noticed, that anything now to be said about it would be a forty times told tale.

"MATILDA, or the memoirs of a young woman," by Eugene Sue, translated from the French by Henry William Herbert. J. Winchester, 30 Ann street. This work is published in three parts, of about a hundred and forty pages each. Two parts are out, and the third will be ready in a few days. We are very glad to perceive, in the preface to this work, a promise by the translator, that the works he proposes to translate from time to time shall contain nothing offensive to morals or good taste.

Several other works on hand are too late for notice this week.

BURGESS & STRINGER'S CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.—Among the late works issued by these publishers, "The Marquis De Letoriero, or the art of pleasing, a romance of real life, by Eugene Sue," translated from the French by Thomas Pooley, Esq. 58 pages.

"The Capitalist, or Fortune's Frolics: a romance of high life." 48 pages.

"A winter Gift for Ladies," containing instructions in knitting, netting, and crochet work. From the latest London edition, revised and enlarged by an American Lady. 64 pages; 12 1-2 cents.

"Abernothy's Family Physician." First American from the thirteenth London edition. 120 pages; 25 cents.

#### CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.

A LAWYER, at a circuit town in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at an inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest;" but, looking at him with a knowing grin—"wasn't it lucky none of the gentlemen found it?"

IGNORANCE is a mere privation, by which nothing can be produced; it is a vacuity in which soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget.



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Drawn by J. Winkham

Engraved by A. D. W.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE.







# THE ROVER.

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced o'er their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter:  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his couriers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Nixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the housetop the couriers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,  
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow;  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The tuft up of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a round little belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump! a right jolly old elf!  
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

VOL. II.—No. 14.

## THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE TEARING HIS CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

GRANDMAMMA adjusted her spectacles, and looked keenly at the little savage-looking scape-grace:

"I don't think I rightly understand that," she murmured, uttering her words with a ruminating quietude, as if suspecting some new-fangled notion about children.

"I think he is very naughty," said little Eva, and she leaned her head upon grandmamma's shoulder, and the tears swelled one by one from her lids, for the child distils them as naturally and as quietly as a June evening distils dew.

"Very naughty; then here's at him," and Clarence thrust out a long stick of candy in the attitude of attack.

Eva playfully lit off the end, and Clarence drew with his finger two long lines down her cheeks to "make it easy for the tears," he said.

"But who is naughty: tell me little Eva, for I won't read a word to-day, that's poz. I tell ye what it is, Eva, I find enough to do to cry for my own sine, and so I let other people alone. It's a pity ye wasn't a little wicked Eva, just a little, and then naughtiness wouldn't look so unnatural to you. I like a good hearty fellow, that *does* sometimes dash into a scrape, but is man enough to know it to be bad, and then repents in earnest for it."

Eva tucked both little hands under her arm-pits as small girls do of a cold morning, and sidled down upon a bench, for she expected a long speech from the young radical.

"That boy has been treated wrong some way," said Grandmamma, putting aside the spectacles and the Rover at the same time.

"Eva, put that picture so I can see it. I won't read about it, I don't break my word of honor this day, nor any day."

Eva put her arm over the obnoxious reading, and Clarence gave one glance at the picture of distress and fury presented.

Away he burst into one of his energetic philippics, for he is one that never feels by halves, and so all the strongest words in our vocabulary leap from his lips, and then seem insufficient to express his emotion. He gesticulates firmly, and his voice and manner harmonize. Eva is wont to listen in silence to his speeches, as he himself calls them, while he kneels down and takes the pretty preaching of the spiritual Eva as meekly as if he had never burst away from reproof in his life.

"Treated wrong! I know he has. That boy, poor fellow! has fallen into the hands of the Philistines."

Eva drew a little nearer to the side of her cousin, and looked up with a face of credulous inquiry, that made her look a creature who had been carried by mistake to the wrong world, in making up her destiny.

"The Philistines! Clarence, do we have any in the world now?"

"Yes that we do—I mean the New Englanders. Don't you see that is a little, hearty Knickerbocker,

that's been seized by a book-eating people? people who are spreading themselves over the land, devouring thought, building up altars to its worship, and never staying to bless the Giver."

George stopped in the midst of his mock heroic, for he saw Eva construed him literally, and he looked again at the picture. This time I did the same. Sure enough it was the portrait of George Vanderlyn, in the scene so often commented upon with horror by his ally, but well-meaning aunt.

George was no prodigy, nor ideal of a boy. He was generous, affectionate, well-disposed and impulsive. He had a boy's devotion to play, and a boy's aversion to books. After the death of his mother, he had been sent to an aunt's who resided in a pleasant New England village, with its invariable appendages of spired church, white academy with a little belfry at one end, and a snug, wood-colored school-house. Then there was the circulating Library, and the Lyceum, and the "apprentice association," the "mechanic" club, besides "encouragement societies," "improvement" ditto, all going to show that every part of the moral, and intellectual nature of all kinds of people, were well cared for in the place.

George hated humbug in every shape. He hated to be thought better than he was; here he was apt to make himself appear a little more than reality. He would seat himself manfully to the mastery of his lesson, from a sense of duty enjoined; but if incited to study because "other good little boys" did the same, he became nauseated, and flung down the book with contempt.

He used to say he hated "good little boys. A fellow couldn't help going wrong sometimes, but he needn't go twice in the same way. He wouldn't be good because other boys were good, but he would do what was right because he ought to do right."

The ranges of little boys with scanty pantaloons, hands coming a little too far from their jacket sleeves, white collars, and high foreheads, the hair of each brushed from one side to show a large "widower's peak," and all studying away for dear life, had a grotesque aspect to him. It was all very right and proper, but then he didn't see how they could help shooting off a paper ball now and then, or nudging the elbow of the next boy to whisper something funny.

He used to call it "a sort of refreshing, letting a boy feel that he can do such things, that the stuff is in him; when he feels as if his spirit is dying out of him, and he growing a part of the ink-stained desk, and the slate and paper about him."

Great was his amazement to find that the boys "down east" didn't talk about Christmas; that they knew nothing of Santa Claus. However, he was told that Santa Claus would come to him, if he didn't call upon another boy in the village.

George went to bed in the best frame of mind in the world. He repented heartily of all his mischievous pranks, wondering to himself that when he had resolved never to commit any offence twice, he was so ready to fly off in a tangent, and commit another quite as bad. He began to wish he was like other boys about, who seemed to keep so easily to the respectabilities. Who, if they never did anything especially good, and generous, and hearty, never did anything very bad, and always did it with a wry face, as if conscience were holding up a whip, which they feared, and yet

dared to disregard. He couldn't do evil in that way, for it came like a flash, and repentance came after.

Well, George thought these things over, till he grew perplexed and weary, and then he wished his mother was only near, to solve these difficulties for him; and then he wept long over the memory of her sweet teachings, and the pleasant Christmas mornings, when she used to help him unfold the stocking filled by Santa Claus; and then the child dreamed of being restored once more to the severed circle of home.

Early in the morning George rushed down stairs to examine the stocking. It had been taken from the wainscot where he had fastened it as in by-gone days. He looked round aghast. At length he approached the table on which he espied a variety of beautiful stationery, and a pile of books. Mechanically he opened one. His own name appeared therein, "presented by his affectionate aunt, in the hope he will be more dutiful, and studious."

Instantly the leaf disappeared from the cover. Another, and another followed, and poor little George's rage grew in the ratio of indulgence.

"I won't be wheedled into goodness; I won't be cheated into knowledge," he cried, tearing the books in a manner that showed he was in no danger of being deluded in that way.

"Tear away, my fine lad," cried Clarence. "I like your spirit. If a body takes medicine, let him do it honestly, and not humbug himself with a lozenge. Preach or play, one or the other; no sneaking about, and mixing things up."

"But think of the nice books, dear Clarence, and the kind aunt," said little Eva, taking things in detail.

"But think of the cheat about Santa Claus, Eva, and having a reproach written out in a Christmas Gift!" George had lived in the faith of the good patron saint of Knickerbocker children, and it was too much to find his Saintship transformed into a distributor of tracts.

"True, Clarence, you are right," I said, "I never blamed George Vanderlyn much in this matter. Children are half the time taught evil by having it so often forced upon them in the way of reproach and counsel. It is better to trust something to impulsive goodness of nature. Foster the good and the evil will die out."

George felt himself aggrieved. He was too young to respect the pious scruples of his aunt, who beheld a relic of popery in this homage to Saint Nicholas. Suspecting everything not graced with the palpable odor of morality, reverencing intellect as all New Englanders do, she was apt to question the most harmless geniality, and to consider all time as lost, that did not directly or indirectly minister to the growth of knowledge.

Hence she could have no perception of the mysterious visit of Santa Claus, the genial friend of children. The stocking crammed with nuts and candies, and toys and knickknackeries in every shape; the well-dissembled surplize of the household, the merriment, the noise; the universal hurry and goodwill, the cracking of candy and firing of pea-nuts; the squeaking of tin trumpets, and the beating of drums.

"Great, glorious!" cried Clarence, discharging a volley of nuts, kissing Eva, and striking up a march all in a breath. "Santa Claus doesn't come to preach sermons, but to impart happiness. He is a big boy himself, ready for a freak, when it will harm nobody, and a downright lover of fun and geniality;" in confirmation of which faith he gave Eva another kiss, pinching Carlo's ears for the sake of caressing him af-

terward, and in a fever of good will looked out of the window, where, seeing a half frozen girl creeping by, with a dirty basket upon her arm, he raised the window by stealth, and tossed in a handful of coppers, dodging his head so quickly that the child never knew whence they came.

## THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"He that sits above  
In his calm glory, will forgive the love  
His creatures bear each other, e'en if blent  
With a vain worship."—MR. HEMANS.

"About ten years ago," said my friend, Mrs. B—, "my physicians having recommended a long sea-voyage as the most probable cure for an attack of bronchitis, my husband, who was then engaged in mercantile pursuits, fitted up a ship which he was about freight for Calcutta, and resolved to accompany me to India. If I were to relate all my impressions during my absence, I might fill a volume, but I will content myself with narrating a single incident which occurred on our return, and which has impressed itself on my memory too deeply to be effaced by the finger of time. When we arrived at Calcutta, my health was quite restored, and we therefore made but little delay there, as I was anxious to return to my mother, whose advanced age had forbidden her to become my companion. My husband soon disposed of the valuable cargo he had brought out, and a homeward freight having been procured, we prepared to leave Calcutta. The day before the ship was to sail, a gentleman who announced himself as an American missionary, waited upon Mr. B., with a request that a passage might be afforded to his wife and child. As the cabin was not large, and had been appropriated solely to my use, my husband hesitated to reply till I should have been consulted, and therefore requested the gentleman to call at our abode in the afternoon. As soon as I heard of the application, however, I begged that they might be informed of my willingness to accommodate them, and I felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought of having a female companion during our long and tedious voyage.

"Early in the evening of the same day, he called on me with his wife, to express their thanks. I was exceedingly struck with the great contrast that existed between the two. The missionary was a tall, gaunt man, of some fifty years of age, with a countenance as inflexible, as if moulded in iron; his hair was quite white, but thick and wiry, bristling up from his deeply-furrowed forehead as if to contrast still more strongly with his bronzed complexion. His manners were cold and stern, and when I looked on him I was involuntarily reminded of one of the blasted pine trees—"wrecks of a single winter," which sometimes rear their blighted heads amid the bright scenery of our beautiful country. His wife was one of the most delicate women, in appearance, that I have ever seen. Her age seemed not to exceed twenty years; indeed, her diminutive figure and innocent countenance made her seem even younger. Her manner was characterized by timid gentleness, and I soon saw that she looked up to her husband with a feeling of awe, almost approaching to fear. His mode of addressing her was cold, almost rude, and her submissive meekness seemed quite unnoticed, certainly unappreciated. Our interview was not a long one, and when we parted, I

could not help wondering how the surface could ever appear so indurate where the genial warmth of gospel truth had penetrated the roll of the heart.

"The next morning I was early on board the ship, and we only waited the arrival of our new passengers to set sail. They came at length, hurrying with them a pale but bright-eyed child, about four years of age. The missionary silently superintended the little arrangements necessary to their comfort, and, to my watchful eye, seemed anxiously striving to preserve the stoicism which he, perhaps, deemed a duty. He scarcely approached his weeping wife, and seemed as if about to return to the shore without exchanging a syllable with her, when she suddenly sprang forward as if to throw herself on his bosom. Whether her habitual awe overcame her, I know not, but, before she reached his arms, she fell at his feet on the deck. The frame of the strong man shook with suppressed emotion as he bent and raised her to his breast. "God bless you, Ellen," said he, "God bless you, and may He forgive me this bitter regret!" She raised her head and looked at him with a bewildered expression, as if she doubted whether she understood him, but the moment of softness passed away: he loosed his clasp of her slender form, and scarcely touching his lips to her forehead, turned toward his child. A second time I saw an indefinable expression of mingled anguish and remorse pass over his face, as if he reproached himself for the strength of his own affections, but the love of the father overcame him, and bending on one knee beside the child, he buried his face in her bright curls, and wept like an infant. It was a fearful thing to see that iron frame shaken with sobs, and that stern countenance bowed before the weakness of a babe. A few brief moments passed, and ere the spectators of the scene could dash the tear-drops from their eyes, the missionary's boat was cutting the waves toward the shore. He never turned his head toward the ship, and though we could observe the oars-men directing his attention to our waving handkerchiefs, he remained immovable.

"For several days Mrs. Warrender remained in her berth, too ill and too much depressed in spirits to be our companion. But her little girl, delighted with the novelty of her situation was not to be restrained by her mother's illness. She soon crept to my side, and I welcomed her with sufficient warmth to induce her to repeat her visit, so that by the time Mrs. Warrender made her appearance in the cabin, I had already secured a fast friend in the little Lydia. She was a child of very lovely character. Ardent and impetuous in all her feelings, she had the affectionate disposition which always belongs to such a temperament. To harsh reproof, she was unmovably haughty and inflexible, but to kind remonstrance, she was as yielding and submissive as a lamb. Possessed of great intelligence and extreme personal beauty, she soon became a general favorite. Every one in the ship loved her, and it was pleasant to notice the softened voice and merry smile with which the rudest sailor would take her on his knee and tell her a droll story or sing her a nautical ballad. She had a remarkably happy temper; nothing seemed to fret her; life was perpetual summer to her, because her sunshine was the reflection of a pure and happy spirit.

"Mrs. Warrender was, as I soon found, seriously ill. Her cough was very severe, and my own opinion was, that consumption had already marked her for the

grave, I was too much interested in her to remain long a stranger, and her gentle nature soon acknowledged the claims of kindness. She was one of those timid creatures who constantly require a support. She seemed to want some firmer character on which to depend; some one who might draw forth her confidence, and repay it with sympathy. Had she been called to mingle much in society—this very peculiarity might have made her indiscreet, but in her present circumstances, it only added to the graceful tenderness of her manner. It was not long before she confided to me her simple story. Many of the details, however, which enabled me fully to comprehend her history, I learned in after times, from a member of her own family. These I shall combine in one connected sketch, so as to enable you to understand at once that which it cost me many weeks to decipher.

"Ellen Talbot was the daughter of one who was enthusiastically devoted to the missionary cause. He had frequently expressed his regret that his conviction of the importance of the cause had come so late in life that his duties as a husband and father forbade him to take up the Cross and travel into the wastes of Hebraean darkness. From her earliest childhood, Ellen had been accustomed to hear her father avow his determination to educate his sons for missionaries, and his daughters for wives to such heralds of the gospel. She had learned to think that such was her vocation, long before girls usually form plans for futurity, and the romance which belongs in a greater or less degree to the character of every woman, in her, assumed the flattering guise of self-devotedness. Her piety was sincere, her faith undoubting, but she gave herself up to a life of hardship with the same kind of feeling which, in other lands, induces the followers of another creed to sacrifice themselves to the cloister. Hers was not a clear conviction of duty, such as should alone influence the missionary to set himself to his great task. It was a fervid dream of romantic self-devotion; a girl's zeal to make a great sacrifice of personal advantages.

"Far be it from me to rebuke the pious fervor of the missionary. The woman who, strong in the conviction of duty, and relying on the promise that, 'as her day is, so shall her strength be,' abandons the refinements of civilized society and the endearments of home, to traverse the desert in the cause of Christ, is indeed a 'light set on a hill which cannot be hid.' If ever the nations of the earth are to be gathered into one fold—if ever the islands of the far seas are to sing the praises of Redeeming love, it will be through the influence of the weaker no less than the harder sex. The arm of man may wield the lightnings of gospel truth—the tongue of man utter the thunders of gospel eloquence, but it is the hand of woman which must drop the manna of Christian charity over the trackless wilderness of Heathenism. Yet she must not be led forward by the ignis fatuus of a romantic temper—a will o' the wisp, engendered by the vapors of a heated imagination. She must be urged to her high task by a clear sense of duty—Religion must be the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, to guide her steps—she must have fortitude to suffer, as well as energy to act, and above all, her dependence must be not upon the arm of flesh, but upon the God of her fathers, whose work she has undertaken to do."

"Such was not the case with Ellen Talbot. Sincere, but misjudging, her home seemed to her quite too

limited a sphere, and measuring her duties rather by her zeal than her capacities, she forgot that God never placed mortals in a field so narrow that it may not be sown with good seed and give back a rich harvest.

"She was about sixteen when she first met with Mr. Warrender. Her father's well-known piety rendered his house a favorite resort for Christians of all denominations, especially those engaged in missions, and among others, Mr. Warrender came to spend a few weeks with him, previous to departing for India. He was a widower, of perhaps forty-five years of age, cold, stately, even stern in his manner, and ascetic in all his habits. He was well aware of the need of woman's gentle ministry to aid him in his toilsome task, and Ellen's zeal in the cause, her gentleness of deportment, and her extreme youth, which he deemed would enable her to acquire the language of the country with greater facility, were his inducements to select her. Of mere earthly affection he did not dream. His heart, like the lava of Vesuvius, had hardened over the ashes of his early love, and no second city of the affections could ever now arise upon the indurated soil.

"In youth, he had possessed very strong passions, and his whole life had been a struggle between right and wrong. At an early age he had formed an attachment to a lady several years his senior, and this passion soon swallowed up all the rest. Yet, even the sweetest founts of tenderness became, in his bosom, like the bitter waters of Marah. The object of his affection, a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, had sacrificed all her worldly prospects to wed the humble missionary, and in the endeavor to repay her for such love, he gave his heart up to the most idolatrous worship of her. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' was the awful command upon Mount Sinai, and fearfully was the denunciation against idolatry brought home to the unhappy man. After eight years of wedded happiness, and partially successful labors among the western Indians, he one day returned from a visit of duty into the interior of the country, only to find his log cabin a heap of ruins, and to rake from its smouldering ashes the bones of his wife and little ones. A brother missionary had accompanied him on his return, and through his care, Mr. Warrender was brought back to civilized life, but many months elapsed after this dreadful calamity, ere his mind recovered its healthy tone. When he re-appeared to resume his missionary labors, every one noticed the change that had taken place in him. From an ardent, impetuous, affectionate pleader with souls, he had now become cold in manner, rigid in principle, severe in admonition, and apparently, unmoved by the ordinary affections of humanity.

"Such was the husband of the timid, sensitive girl, who had lived but in the atmosphere of kindness, and who was now to wither like a delicate exotic transplanted to a wintry clime. It is strange to observe how different are the results which a vivifying sense of religion produces in different hearts. If I might compare the internal with the external world, I should say it is like a tropical sun, in some places softening the soil and bringing forth fruits and flowers in rich profusion, while in others, it hardens the rock even while it is maturing the rich gems which lie within earth's bosom. Ellen's religion was one of love, her husband's seemed more allied to fear. To her, the enjoyment of God's gifts seemed an acceptable homage to His boun-



ty—to her husband it seemed a species of sacrilege. In her innocent gladness of temper, she looked upon this world as a scene of probation, where earth's pleasures were to be proved no less than its sufferings—while he regarded it a place cursed for the disobedience of man, whose delights were as so many poisonous plants deadly to the soul. The tenderness which he felt growing up in his heart toward his wife and daughter, startled him from his fancied security against earthly enjoyments, and he spent many an hour wrestling with the new temptation which he felt to be assailing him, lest the curse of idolatry should again wither his gourd.

Mr. Warrender had met with all the success which could reasonably have been expected. The field of his labors required careful and diligent culture, while he too often found the tires springing up to choke the good seed. His wife ministered to the bodily necessities of the suffering and destitute, but her courage failed, and the spirit of self-distrust and doubt took possession of her when she sought to enlighten their benighted minds. She was a kind, tender and loving woman, but she lacked the strong intellect, the moral courage, and the firm faith of the missionary. The consciousness that she had overrated her powers—the thought that she was occupying a place which others might fill far more worthily, and the total want of sympathy or support in her husband, all contributed to depress her spirits and undermine her health. All the tenderness of her nature became centred in her child, and when that darling little one began to droop beneath the sultry clime, the mother's terrors overpowered all other feelings. She knew that she had not the faith which supported the high-hearted Mrs. Judson, when, after lying her only child in its solitary grave, she uttered those sublime and thrilling words, 'God grant that the sacrifice may not have been made in vain.' How many a heart has responded to those words when in sorrow and bereavement it pondered over the remembrance of the lovely and the lost.

"While we were yet in the warm latitude, we were becalmed for nearly a week. The sky was like burnished copper, and the sea like molten brass. Not a breeze stirred, not a ripple moved on the face of the waters; all was one breathless calm. We dare not venture on deck during the day, for the rays of the sun were absolutely scorching, and when night came on, the languor and oppression which we suffered, scarcely allowed us to benefit by its freshness. One day, little Lydia, who felt the restraint of confinement to the cabin more than any of us, contrived to slip away from us unperceived. Her mother, who was lying in her berth, exhausted with the intense heat, supposed the child was with me, and I thought she was asleep beside her mother. She was absent perhaps an hour, when the mate entered the cabin bearing her in his arms. She had stole upon deck, and after vainly endeavoring to rouse Cato, the dog, to a game of romp, had lain down beside him and dropped asleep. She had not been long there when she was discovered; but she had slept beneath that burning sun, and her flushed cheek showed its fearful power.

"From that hour the sweet child never held up her head. She had received what the sailors call a sun-stroke. For a long time her mother seemed unable to realize the extent of her danger, though she sat beside her, moistening her parched lips and listening to her incoherent murmuring. But I shall never forget the

moment when she was first made aware of the threatened blow. I shall never forget the look of wild despair—her cry of agony, and the sudden bending of her knee while she uttered a brief but solemn prayer. From that moment she relinquished all hope, and with a countenance calm but ever stained with tears, she bent over the fair creature's couch. 'I will not murmur, but I may surely weep,' she replied, to my attempts at consolation.

"For three days the little girl lay almost insensible; on the evening of the fourth she awoke to perfect consciousness; a prelude, as I knew too well, of coming death. 'Mother, why do you cry?' said she, as she looked up into her face.

"'Because I fear you are going to leave me, darling,' said the mother, suppressing her emotion.

"'I would cry, too, if you were to leave me, mother,' said the child.

"'But, dearest,' said Mrs. Warrender, 'if you leave me you will go to Heaven,' and she said this to discover whether she was aware of her situation.

"'I know it, mother, but I want you to go with me.'

"'Surely you are not afraid to go to that beautiful place, my sweet Lydia.'

"'No, dear mother, not afraid, but I shall want you in Heaven with me,' was the reply of the dying child.

"Mrs. Warrender looked toward me with an expression I shall never forget, then imprinting a kiss upon the fair child's brow, and motioning me to take her place by the bed-side, she rose and left us for a few minutes. When she returned she was calm, but deadly palor had settled upon her face which never again left it. Two hours after the child had uttered those few words so thrilling to a mother's heart, her pure spirit had departed.

"Mrs. Warrender's physical strength was unequal to the fearful struggle of feeling. She was conveyed to bed insensible, and a succession of fainting-fits seemed to threaten the most alarming results. But toward evening she recovered sufficiently to rise, and taking her seat beside the body, never again left it till the last sad offices were performed. The intense heat of the weather rendered it necessary to bury the dead as early as possible on the following morning. Attired in one of her little night-dresses, with a simple cap only half concealing her bright curls, Lydia looked as if she had only laid down to sleep. Never, never did death wear a lovelier aspect. But when we assembled on deck just before sunrise, the beautiful child lay in her coarse shroud, and her sweet face no longer visible to our mournful gaze.

"I will not describe to you the solemnity of a funeral at sea. You have heard its details often before now, and this differed from others only in the peculiar interest which had been excited by the little creature who now lay stiff and cold before us. The mother leaned upon me while my husband read the beautiful service for the dead; her gaze was fixed upon the body as if her eyes could pierce the rude envelope which concealed her treasure from her view. But when the sailors, brushing a tear from their rough cheeks, raised the grating, every heart sunk as the sudden plash of the water struck upon the ear; and the wretched mother, uttering a piercing cry, sunk upon her knees. We bore her to her berth, and she never again quitted it till we arrived at New York. A breeze sprang up about an hour after the child's body had been con-

signed to the pitiless waters, and we were spared the pain of feeling ourselves moored above the grave.

"My whole time was now devoted to the suffering mother. She was evidently sinking fast, and I could not help attributing her resignation to her consciousness of the approach of death. I once spoke to her of it, and her reply was very impressive:—'When I first learned my child's danger, I prayed, that if it were consistent with the will of Providence, she might be spared to me. When I found that God had decreed my darling should be taken from me, I made a solemn contract, in my own heart, that if she were saved from the physical bitterness of death, I would never murmur, however I might weep. She died as gently as a rose falls from its stem, and I dare not fail in my promise to my Maker. He has mercifully given me strength, by affording me the hope of soon rejoining her in Heaven. Her last words are never absent from my thoughts, and I cannot help mingling earthly feelings with my aspirations after a better world. I picture to myself her little hands extended to clasp the mother, who so long delays to meet her, and the hour of death will be to me more welcome than the hour that gave her birth.'

"It was a strange, but beautiful fancy, which thus led the mother to feel that she held communion in thought with her lost darling. It may be, that some will censure this blending of earthly affections with heavenly hopes; but she who has ever wept above the bier of a beloved one, will have charity for this weakness. If there be anything which can make the hope of Heaven dear to the worldly-minded, it is the belief that it is peopled by the heart's lost treasures. The vanity of self-knowledge—the pride of life—the pomps of the world—may all work together to make us indifferent, in the heyday of life, to the vague ideas of a Heaven of bliss, but let the affections be once fastened there, as to the abode of a God of Love, and the home of our dearest objects of tenderness, and it becomes the heaven of our every hope.

"When the ship arrived at New York, Mrs. Warrender was too ill to reach her father's house, which was about two miles distant from the city. She was removed to our house, which had been for several weeks prepared for our reception; and there, surrounded by her family, who had been summoned to her sick bed, she spent the few remaining days of her life. She expressed a wish to be buried in her native village. My mother lies there,' said she, 'and methinks I should like to rest beneath the same sod.' Tears came in her eyes as she spoke, and I knew she was thinking of the moaning waves where her daughter's little form reposed.

"In the little churchyard of N—, is a modest tomb of white marble, bearing the name of 'Ellen Warrender, aged 21 years,' and the moss-pinks, which her own hands planted on her mother's grave, are fast spreading themselves over her own."

#### THE DOMESTIC HEARTH.

The camp may have its fame, the court its glare,  
The theatre its wit, the board its mirth,  
But there's a calm, a quiet heaven, where

Bliss flies for shelter—the DOMESTIC HEARTH!  
If this be comfortless, if this be drear,

It need not hope to find a haunt on earth;  
Elsewhere we may be reckless, gay, careased,  
But here, and only here, we can be blessed!

#### THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE is a tradition, at Rome, that an imaginative French girl died of love for this celebrated statue. The following is supposed to be addressed by her to the object of her affection.

They tell me thou art stone,  
Stern, passionless and chill,  
Dead to the glow of noble thought  
And feeling's holy thrill;  
They deem thee but a marble god,  
The paragon of Art,  
A thing to charm the sage's eye,  
But not to win the heart.

Vain as their own light vows,  
And soulless as their gaze,  
The thought of quenching my deep love,  
By such ignoble praise;  
I know that through thy parted lips  
Language disdains to roll,  
While on them rests so gloriously  
The beamings of the soul.

I dreamed but yesternight,  
That gazing e'en as now,  
Wropt in a wild, admiring joy,  
On that majestic brow,  
That thy strong arm was round me flung,  
And drew me to thy side,  
While that proud lip uncured in love,  
And hailed me as a bride!

And then methought we sped,  
Like thy own arrow, high,  
Through fields of azure, orbs of light,  
Amid the boundless sky;  
Our path seemed walled with precious gems,  
As fell the starry gleams,  
And the floating isles of pearly drops  
Gave back their silver beams.

Sphere-music, too, stole by  
In the perfumed zephyr's play,  
And the hum of worlds boomed solemnly  
Across our trackless way;  
Upon my cheek the wanton breeze  
Thy flowing ringlets flung,  
Like loving tendrils round my neck  
A golden band they clung.

Methought thou didst impart  
The mysteries of earth,  
And whisper lovingly the tale  
Of thy celestial birth;  
O'er Poetry's sublimest heights  
Exultingly we trod,  
Thy words were music—uttering  
The genius of a god!

Proud one, 'twas but a dream!  
For here again thou art,  
Thy marble bosom heeding not  
My passion-stricken heart;  
Oh, turn that radiant look on me,  
And heave a single sigh,  
Grant but a sign, breathe but a tone,  
One word were ecstasy!

Still mute? Then must I yield,  
This fire will scathe my breast,

This weary heart will throb itself  
To an eternal rest;  
Yet still my soul claims fellowship  
With the exalted grace,  
The bright and thrilling earnestness—  
The god-like in thy face!

Thou wilt relent at last,  
And turn thy love-lit eye  
In pity on me, noble one,  
To bless me ere I die:  
And now farewell my vine-clad home,  
Farewell, immortal youth,  
Let me behold thee when love calls  
The martyr to her truth!

# SOCIABILITY OF BIRDS.

Letter of a young lady to the Rev. Mr. Lindsley, of Stratford.

DEAR SIR:—Having often heard that yourself and family were very fond of birds, and something of a very interesting nature concerning them having occurred, directly under my own observation—indeed quite in connection with myself—I thought an account of it might not prove uninteresting to you.

Early in the summer of 1840, as I was one morning reclining on my couch, in the back room, the doors being open, a very small bird came hopping in, and ran about the floor, apparently in quest of something to eat. I happened to have a soda biscuit about me, and instantly threw it some crumbs, which it ran to eat, as if very hungry. In a few minutes it flew out.

Before long it returned, bringing another with it. I fed them both plentifully, and they flew out. In a short time one returned and partook again—after a while the other; so they continued through the day. I did not think of seeing them any more; but I had no sooner taken my accustomed place on my couch the next morning, when in came one of my little visitors, quite tame and quite at home; it ran near me and took a hasty breakfast and ran out. Soon its mate came, and took his in quite as friendly a manner. Thus they continued coming, from ten to thirty times a day, and became so much attached to their hostess, that they would seldom take their meal, ever ready on a clean paper by the door, but would run close to my couch and look up to me, to have me drop it to them at my side, which they would take perfectly unconcerned. They appeared for a time quite afraid of strangers, particularly children, and would look to me as they came in, as if to ask, is it safe? However, they soon lost their fears of them, and would come in when three or four were present. After a few weeks they began to carry away large pieces every time they came, after satisfying their hunger, which convinced me that they had little ones to feed, and I was astonished to see what a little load they would carry, oftentimes three pieces at once, as large as half a large pea. Thus they continued visiting me for months, until sometime in the last of September, just after tea, at the edge of a delightful evening, I heard such a chirping as almost to deafen me. In an instant the little mother appeared, ending along her little ones, which were almost splitting their little throats with their chattering; and soon the father appeared. They ran up the steps into the room, and stopped just at the door, perfectly still, except the mother, who ran to me very hastily, stopped just at my side, looked up in my face, and began to talk, she thought as intelligibly as any one would, con-

versing with me. I never was more astonished. I supposed that she was asking me to protect her little ones. She stood in this manner a few moments, talking as fast as she could, when she ran back to her children, and they all commenced eating their abundant meal, which had been prepared for them. When finished, they flew out and visited me no more. I was then convinced that the mother was expressing her gratitude, instead of asking my protection.

I mourned the loss of my little family, not expecting ever to see them again; when, how was I delighted, as sitting at my bedroom window one Sunday morning, early in the month of the next June, the dear little creature that first made its appearance, came running up the walk directly to the door. Feeling very ill, and the morning being rainy, I could not go to let it in—the family being at church—and was obliged to let it go away, doing so very broken-heartedly, after waiting for some time, without giving it a welcome. I reconciled myself, thinking it would return the next day; but I waited for it, and it did not come, and I had entirely given up the idea of seeing it any more; when, how was I overjoyed one morning, to see it fly into the door, and run directly to my couch! She stopped directly before me, looked up and began to chirper. I answered her little "how d' ye do?" and gave her some breakfast. She ran out, and soon her mate came. They then continued their visits from ten to forty times a day, sometimes together, sometimes alone—would often stay and run about the room, and appeared delighted when I felt able to answer their prattle. On stormy days, not being able to bear the damp air from an open door, they, when finding it closed, would come to the window and flutter, begging to come in.

I would open the door a little space, just enough to admit them, when they would immediately fly upon the scraper and crowd through, evidently delighted, and try to show their gratitude. After taking their meals, totally unconcerned at being shut in, they would amuse themselves awhile, then out again on the scraper, and fly to their nest. Thus they continued their visits to me again for months, quite at home, and for several of the last weeks, carrying away a large mess every visit, which convinced me they had again a little charge to feed; when, one beautiful morning, about ten o'clock, oh! such a chirping all of a sudden! and in a moment, I had five little visitors on the threshold of the door, the young ones fluttering and chirping so as almost to deafen me, but appearing so happy as hardly to know what to do. I threw down a large mess of crumbs, when the parents instantly ran to me and took them to their just fledged children, put it in their mouths, and again, and again, and again, for some minutes; after being sufficiently fed, they all flew out.

Thus they continued to come, at times all together, sometimes one alone, for several days, but generally three or four together, and hardly leaving me alone at all, running about my feet when at the table, and pecking up the mites as they fell, and trying to amuse me. In about two weeks they all came at once, after tea, took an abundant meal, ran about and chattered to me, and ran out. I saw the dear little creatures no more. Had any one told me one half what I had witnessed, I should have thought it exaggeration; but myself was their only hostess, and I can in truth attest, that what I have written gives but little idea of the interest they excited.

Should they return again the coming summer, as they probably will, I shall give you a further history. In the meantime, believe me most respectfully yours,  
Stratford, Feb. 4, 1842. C. C.

The above mentioned bird is the chipping sparrow. (*Frinilla Socialis* of Wilson.) She and her mate have again returned to visit their hostess. If you deem the above worth an insertion, it is at your service. It furnishes good evidence of what kindness and gentleness to the feathered race, at the hands of a young lady, can accomplish.  
J. H. LINDELEY.

## THE EMPIRE OF POETRY.

BY FONTENELLE.

This empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave, melancholy and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops in the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being swifter than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate, we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build near so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amid stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from a dung-hill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near Burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens. I beg that you will notice in the map those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile; but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it, for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found who are capable of conducting strangers. Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers—

everything seems enchanting. But its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid—the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets—of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray him.

The empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the river of Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the mountains of Reveille. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds; those are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and exult, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the terraces of Lower Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking among them. At the end of these terraces are the caverns of Deep Reveille. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enwrapped in their meditations that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet men walking in easy paths, which are termed the paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they could keep undeviatingly in the paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance—it is the palace of Badinge. Scarcely have they entered, when, in the place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the paths of Natural Thoughts, are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment. Besides the river Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another called the river of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another; and as they have a different course, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labor; for these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the river Rhyme which is in the neighborhood of the river Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that is almost an unknown country.

The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burden.

There is in the land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading and twi-



ning into each other. The forest is so ancient, that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest. The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile—it produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighboring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The empire of Poetry is very cold toward the north; and, consequently, this quarter is the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description.

Finally, in that sea which bounds the states of Ponty, there is the island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark colored. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this—that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles; the French term it *L'Archipel des Bagatelles*; and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the *Ægean Sea*. The principal islands are the Madrigal, the Song and the Impromptu. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters.

#### AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Correspondence of the Rochester Democrat.

CAMDEN, Hillsdale Co., (Mich.) Nov. 9.

MR. EDITOR—The following Indian tragedy was related to me by James Fowle, Esq., of this place—it occurred in this vicinity, all the parties being his neighbors. I should like to read it in your paper, as I think it worth a perusal, and that we may depend about as much upon it as if we saw it ourselves:

In the spring of 1837, Nogisqua, an Indian of the Potawatmy tribe, residing in this vicinity, having pawned his gun, and part of his clothing, from time to time, to a man named John N—, for intoxicating drink, the trader proposed to the Indian that if he would sell him a certain cream colored poney belonging to his squaw, and a present from her father, Baw-blah, a chief of their tribe, he would give him up his gun and clothing, and let him have more strong drink from time to time, until the price agreed upon was paid. To this Nogisqua agreed, and privately gave up the poney, which was sent on farther west.

It appeared that his squaw, having some suspicion of what was going on, employed her younger brother to watch the result, and inform her; which it appears he did. Upon the return of the Indian to his camp, partly intoxicated, his squaw highly enraged accused him of selling her poney. She became more and more enraged at his indifference about the affair and at length declared that she would kill him. He handed her his scalping knife and drawing aside his hunting shirt and making his bosom bare, coolly exclaimed, "Kin poo!"—(kill away.) She instantly plunged it to its handle in the Indian's breast; which caused his death in a few minutes.

Her father, the Indian chief, being then absent some

50 or 30 miles east, a runner was despatched to inform him. Soon after, Mr. Fowle saw him pass by his house with a sad countenance for the place of murder.

A heart-rending duty now devolved upon the old chief. His word was to acquit or condemn his agonized daughter, according to Indian usage from time immemorial. Horror reigned in the breast of her father. His daughter was the handsomest squaw of her tribe, and a dailing daughter; and the walls of her relatives, together with his own sympathies, rolled upon the mind of the chief like the rushing of the mighty deep upon the lonely rock in the sweeping storm. The crisis in the chief's mind was at hand. He must judge. No other tribunal was within the Indian code of criminal justice. The performance of this duty required more than Roman firmness. He had nothing to do with the goddess Mercy. The Great Spirit, and the blood of his murdered son-in-law, seemed to say, "Bawblsh, according to the custom of your forefathers for ages past now decide justly."

The chief, like agonized Joseph when he made himself known to his brethren, could contain himself no longer. His integrity as an Indian chief prevailed. He rolled his troubled eye for the last time upon his darling daughter, then upon his kindred, and upon a portion of his tribe that stood before him, and then to the Great Spirit for firmness. The storm of agony in the mind of the chief had passed away, and in deep sorrow he decided that his daughter ought to die by the hand of the nearest kin to the murdered Indian, according to their custom for ages past. The person of the father, chief and judge then withdrew, with nothing but his integrity to console him—which the whole world beside could neither purchase nor bibe.

Upon inquiry it was decided that Jonese, a brother to Nogisqua, then south near Fort Wayne should execute the sentence. Accordingly, a runner was sent for him, and he came without delay. After hearing what was deemed his duty, the cry of a brother's blood from the ground on which he stood, strung every nerve and gave tone to every muscle, for revenge.

There were white persons present at the execution, who relate it as follows. The brother proceeded to the fatal Indian camp; and after sharpening his scalping knife to his liking and performing several ceremonies customary with their tribe since their acquaintance with the Catholic missionaries, he took the victim by her long flowing hair and led her to the front of the camp, and then with his scalping knife he made an incision in her forehead in the form of a cross, bared her bosom and plunged the knife to the handle in her body. A shriek, a rush of blood, and a few dying groans and convulsions, and the fair form of the handsome squaw lay still in death.

From the time of the murder until the execution, the female relatives of the murderer, never left her tent, the time being spent in lamentation over the young squaw. After the execution, both bodies were buried in a sand bank, where they now lie, side by side. The Indians and squaws became reconciled, and all seemed satisfied that no other atonement could have been satisfactory.

Since the events related, the remnant of the tribe has been removed to the great West, together with their chief, whom the strongest inducements the world could present, could not jostle out of the path of justice.

Thus perished, says my informant, the best Indian

and handsomest squaw of their tribe—the victims of the whiskey seller, who is far more guilty than either of the others of a moral wrong. My informant also says that from first to last, there was manifested no desire to escape or evade the fate of the unfortunate young squaw. Yours, &c. E. B.

### SOCIAL PASTIME—GAME OF TWENTY QUESTIONS.

WHATEVER serves to make home cheerful, and draw the social bonds closer, and render domestic pleasures more attractive, can hardly be too highly prized. In this view we devote a passing paragraph to an account of a pleasant, intellectual social and instructive entertainment, called the "Game of Twenty Questions."

When Rush was our Minister at the Court of St. James, he for the first time got an inkling of this game. He dined one day at the house of Mr. Planta, of the Cabinet; there were present, Count Lieven, the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Secretary Canning, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Granville, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. Charles Ellis, M. P., and others. We gain these items from a published, but very narrowly circulated, narrative by the American Ambassador himself. The party dined at ———. Ten o'clock came, and no one seemed disposed to rise from the table. Canning proposed that "Twenty Questions" should be played. The game consists in one party mutually fixing upon some object, which is to be kept *perdue* by them—and in the other finding out what the object is by asking twenty questions about it. The object is not to be too abstract or secret—such as the company would not probably be acquainted with—and the questions are put, not directly as to what the object is, but as to its qualities, attributes and circumstances connected with it. The following is an account of the game played by the personages whose names we have given, from which our readers will gain a better idea than by any description. Mr. Canning and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to interrogate, the American Minister and Lord Granville were to fix upon the object and answers. First Question, by Mr. Canning—Does what you have thought of belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom? Answer—To the vegetable. Q—Is it manufactured or unmanufactured? A—Manufactured. Q—Solid or liquid? A—Solid. (How could it be liquid, said one of the company, silly, unless vegetable soup?) Q—Is it a thing entire in itself, or in part? A—Entire. Q—Is it for public use? A—Yes. Q—Does it exist in England, or out of it? A—In England. Q—Is it single, or are there others of the same kind? A—Single. A—Is it historical, or only existent at present? A—Both. Q—For ornament or use? A—Both. Q—Has it any connection with the person of the king? A—No. Q—Is it carried or does it support itself? A—The former. Q—Does it pass by succession? (Neither Lord Granville nor the Minister being quite certain on this point, the question was not answered; but the very doubt being supposed to throw some light on the case, it was agreed to count the question one.) Q—Was it used at the Coronation? A—Yes. Q—Where, in the Hall or in the Abbey? A—Probably in both, certainly in the Hall. Q—What is its shape? (This question was objected to, as too direct, and was withdrawn.) Fifteen questions were now asked, and the interest had

gone on increasing until each one of the company felt like looking at a race where the horses were neck to neck. The remaining questions were now asked, after a manner similar to those we have given, until the whole twenty were exhausted. Mr. Canning at the conclusion rolled his huge rich eyes about, and was evidently under some doubt whether he had got the thing. By the rule of the game, however, he was now to tell, and if right, was the winner—if not, the loser. "I think," said he, "it must be the *wand of the Lord High Steward*." He was right; this wand was a long white stick, not thicker than your middle finger, and, as such, tallies with all the answers given.

It may be well to say that the questions and answers are not put in the rapid manner above given, but have considerable intervals between some of them, enlivened by the remarks and suggestions of the company, and of those asking the questions. The game at the dinner lasted upwards of an hour. "Twenty Questions" has many advantages as a social game. It can be played by men, women, and children, of all and any classes. Two or three gathered together of an evening, at any quiet place, can take part in it. To such as suppose it very easy or rather childish, we recommend a trial—and they will find it to tax their powers, and to make a strong pull upon the intellect. Sometimes the object thought of may be of an historical character, either living or dead, or an event in the past or present ages of the world.

A New York correspondent of the Portland Transcript gives the *Down-easters* the following graphic

### PEEP AT GOTHAM.

AFTER a flying visit to our great commercial thoroughfare, our American London, where you found yourself unconsciously sticking out your elbows, knitting your brows and walking with an air, was it not a relief, my dear Editor, to find yourself back to your own quiet city, where there is breathing space, where you can walk at your own pace, and pick your teeth, if you choose, with a pen-knife in the street, and no hazard of cutting your own throat by a jostle of the elbow? I know it was, and that you took a long inhalation and said, "I thank God I've got home again!" and then in memory of the temptations that beset your path, the dangers to which you had been exposed by flood and field, you gave madam an extra kiss, and the children a chuck under the chin, inwardly ejaculating, "yes, yes, all is safe now!" Then when you went out into the streets encountering the same faces you have encountered these dozen years, with the same regular, honest, Anglo-Saxon characteristics, all of the same stamp, the pure, unmixed blood of our ancestors, no where else to be found in a like degree unadulterated, did you not rub your hands with delight, and utter something very like a maulson on all foreigners? I know you did, sir, and this little ebullition was altogether natural. In a place where foreigners, excepting as birds of passage, are held in such aversion. Well, all this passed over, and then came the talk about New York—not really to people in the streets, the merchants, professional people and such like, who might be supposed to know the place in an equal degree—no, no, but with a smart boy upon your knee, mamma flattening, and Aunt Jane with her knitting work, and cousin Lucy half whirled round upon the music stool, and now and then touching a note of the piano. Ah!

then, sir, you dwelt upon the wonders of New York—you abused the police, exposed the tricks of the cabman—you told of the sharpers, the pick-pockets, laughed about the hogs, and told how you got laughed at because you had forgotten the currency. The joke was too good to be lost, though had at your own expense. A cab-man carried you from the Astor House to the Carlton, charging you two shillings, at which you gave him twenty-five cents, telling him sternly that was enough, and you didn't know till afterward you had paid his own price.

For three weeks you felt yourself to be a man of consequence—you found yourself every five minutes with New York upon your lips. Everything looked small at home, the warehouses mean, the women too short, and the whole city stupid. It seemed as if the whole week were become a Sabbath. Gradually this excitement wore off, and now, sir, I find you in your old track, going on with the good natured carelessness characteristic of a small city, and sitting by the hour with your feet upon the sofa, picking your teeth, as no New Yorker ever can.

One of the first things that attract the attention of a stranger, on visiting our city, is the universal air of excitement. Men go through the streets with a flushed and bustling air, as if always upon matters of moment. Women step off with a firm and indifferent demeanor, unconscious of observation, their fine eyes (for fine eyes are the order of the day here) looking brilliant and intense, and flashing a dangerous light upon the passer-by. Children look precocious, and make an ado like their seniors. The dogs run hither and thither, scouring down Broadway, as if in pursuit of their owners or fearful of the dog-killers. Cats scramble over courts, and in and out of the basements, as never cats did elsewhere. The hog is the only monopolist, and the only tame animal, retaining his distinctive characteristics in spite of circumstances. He may be seen strutting down Broadway with the gravity of an alderman, at all times preserving a dignified composure. He doesn't run, not he, for cab nor omnibus, but somehow he escapes injury. I begin to regard him as a philosopher, one whom the world cannot spoil, true to himself in spite of fate—neither pampered nor disaffected by a city life. In Boston I hear they have a large hospital—shall I call it?—no, that won't do, large houses, in which their swinehip are lodged, in first, second, or third stories, and live sumptuously. They never go out even for an airing, the delicate creatures never having the "breath of Heaven visit them too roughly." Now the gentry of this kind never even dreamed of such luxury in our good city, but live the robust life of peripatetics.

Really I am at the end of my papers, and hardly into my subject. Never mind, I will say the more next time, and you must take this by way of preface.

Yours, \* \* \*

No one can be healthy and happy without occupation—some regular employment or profession. The life of an idler is always restless and unsatisfactory one, and "killing time" the most laborious of all work.

ANOTHER ascent of Mont Blanc, was recently accomplished—Dr. Ordinaire and a party of 13 having ascended, making 54 persons who have had the temerity to make the perfectly useless experiment.

## CLOSING ACCOUNTS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I placed—it was not ten years since—  
Sweet coo, a heart within thy keeping,  
In which there was no pulse of pain,  
Of poet, or of hero, leaping,  
But it was generous, warm and true,  
True to itself, and true to thee:  
And toward thine own it fondly drew—  
Drew almost in idolatry.

I came to thee when years had fled,  
To learn how well the charge was kept,  
That heart—it was so altered,  
Upon the change I could have wept:  
The buoyant hope, the daring aim,  
The independence, stern and high;  
Split, misfortune could not tame,  
And pride that did the worst defy—

All, all were gone—and in their stead,  
Were bitter and were blasted feelings;  
And thoughts Despair so far had led  
They shuddered at their own revealings.  
Yet I—although Distrust did prey  
Within that heart so wildly then—  
It ate the bitter half away,  
I left the rest with thee again.

Perhaps that heart in worthier case,  
I thought thou wouldst at last restore;  
Perhaps I hoped thou might'st replace  
With thine, the one abused before:  
Perhaps there was—the truth as well  
May out at once—perhaps there was in  
Those matchless eyes so strong a spell  
I could not help it, gentle cousin.

Well, it was thine—thine only still,  
A little worse, perhaps, for wear;  
But firm, despite of every ill  
Which Fate and thou had gathered there  
'Twere bootless to remind thee here  
How long it has continued such,  
Or how its truth, through doubt and fear,  
Inconstancy could never touch.

But, cousin, though thy noontide blaze  
Of beauty is as deeply felt  
By me, as when unto its rays  
In dawning womanhood I knelt;  
Yet, now my youth is long since past,  
And growing cares make manhood gray;  
I think—I think from thee at last,  
That I must take that heart away.

Still, if it grieves thee to restore  
A trust that's held so carelessly,  
Or if, when asking back once more,  
The heart I left in pledge with thee;  
It may, in spite of all I've said,  
By some odd chance with thine be blended;  
Why, cousin, give me that instead,  
And all our business here is ended.

DELICACY.—A very modest young lady in Richmond got exceedingly offended because a clerk in a dry goods store offered to show her some *undressed* linens.

## THE INDIAN TRAIL.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

"The Indians have attacked Mr. Stuart's house, burnt it, and carried his family into captivity!" were the first words of a breathless woodsman, as he rushed into the block-house of a village in the Western part of New York, during one of the early border wars. "Up, up—a dozen men should have been on the trail two days ago."

"God help us!" said one of the group, a bold frank forester, and with a face whiter than ashes he leaned against the wall, gasping for breath. Every eye was turned on him with sympathy, for he and Mr. Stuart's only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, were to be married in a few days.

The bereaved father was universally respected. He was a man of great benevolence of heart, and of some property, and resided on a mill seat he owned, about two miles from the village. His family\* consisted of his eldest daughter and three widowed children. He had been from home, so the runner said, when his house was attacked, nor had the neighbors any intimation of the catastrophe, until the light of the burning tenements awakened the suspicions of a settler, who resided a mile nearer the village than Mr. Stuart, and who, proceeding toward the flames, found the houses and mills in ruins, and recognized the feet of females and children on the trail of the Indians. He hurried instantly to the fort, and it was this individual who stood breathlessly narrating the events which we, in fewer words have detailed.

The alarm spread through the village as fire spreads in a swamp after a drought, and before the speaker had finished his story, the little block-house was filled with eager and sympathizing faces. Several of the inhabitants had brought their rifles, and others now hurried home to arm themselves. The young men of the settlement, gathered to a man around Henry Leper, the betrothed husband of Mary Stuart, and though few words were spoken, the earnest grasp of the hand and the accompanying look, assured him that his friends keenly felt for him, and were ready to follow him to the world's end. The party was about to set forth when a man was seen hurriedly running up the road from the direction of the desolated home.

"It is Mr. Stuart," said one of the oldest of the group. "Stand back and let him come in."

The men parted right and left from the door way, and immediately the father entered: the neighbors bowed respectfully to him as he passed. He scarcely returned their salutations, but advancing directly to his intended son-in-law, the two mutually fell into each other's arms. The spectators not wishing to intrude on the privacy of their grief, turned their faces away with that delicacy which is no where found more frequently than among those who are thought to be merely rude borderers; but they heard sobs and they knew that the heart of the usually collected Mr. Stuart must be fearfully agitated.

"My friends," he said, at length, "this is kind. I see you know my loss, and are ready to march with me. God bless you!" He could say no more, for he was choking with emotion.

"Stay back, father," said young Leper, using for the first time a name which in that moment of desolation, carried sweet comfort to the parent's heart, you cannot bear the fatigues as well as we—death only will prevent us bringing back Mary."

"I know it—I know, my son—but I cannot stay here in suspense. No—I will go with you. I have to-day the strength of a dozen men."

The fathers who were there nodded in assent, and nothing further was said, but immediately the party, as if by one impulse, set forth.

There was no difficulty in finding the trail of the Indians, along which the pursuers advanced with a speed with a speed incredible to those unused to forest life, and the result of long and severe discipline. But rapid as their march was, hour after hour elapsed without any signs of the vicinity of the savages, though evidence that they had passed the route while before, was continually to be met. The sun rose high in the heavens until he stood above the tree tops, then he began slowly to decline, and at length his slant beams could scarcely penetrate the forest; yet there were no appearance of the Indians, and the hearts of the pursuers began to despond. Already the opinion had grown general that a further advance was useless, for the boundaries of the settler's district had long been passed; they were in the very heart of the savages country; and by this time the Indians had probably reached their village. Yet when the older men, who alone would venture to suggest a return, looked at the father or at his intended son-in-law, they could not utter the words which would carry despair to two almost breaking hearts, and so the march was continued. But night drew on, and one of the eldest spoke.

"There seems to be no hope," he said, stopping and resting his rifle on the ground, "and we are far from our families. What would become of the village if attacked in our absence."

This was a question that went to every heart, and by one consent the party stopped, and many, especially of the older ones, took a step or two involuntarily homewards. The father and Leper looked at each other in mute despair.

"You are right Jenkins," the young man said, at length. "It is selfish in us to lead you so far from home on—" and here for an instant choked—"on perhaps, a fruitless errand. Go back—we thank you for having come so far. But as for me, my way lies ahead, even if it lead into the very heart of an Indian village."

"And I will follow you!" "And I!"—"And I!" exclaimed a dozen voices, for daring, in moments like these carries the day against cooler counsels, and the young to a man sprang to Leper's side.

Even the older men were affected by the contagion. They were torn by conflicting emotions, now thinking of their wives and little ones, behind, and now reminded of the suffering captives before. They still fluctuated, when one of the young men exclaimed in a low voice.

"See—there they are!" and as he spoke, he pointed to a thin column of light ascending in twilight above the tree tops from the bottom of the valley lying immediately before them.

"On then—on," said Jenkins, now the first to move ahead; "but still, for the slightest noise will ruin our hopes."

Oh! how the father's heart thrilled at these words. The evident belief of his neighbors in the uselessness of further pursuit had wrung his heart, and, with Leper he had resolved to go unaided, though meantime he watched with intense anxiety the proceedings of the council, for he knew that two men, or even a dozen, would probably be insufficient to rescue the captives.



But when his eyes caught the distant light, hope rushed wildly back over his heart. With the next minute he was foremost in the line of pursuers, apparently the coolest and most cautious of all.

With noiseless tread the borderers proceeded until they were within a few yards of the encamped Indians, glumpas of whom they began to catch through the avenue of trees, as the fire flashed up when a fresh brand was thrown on it. Stealthily creeping forward a few paces further they discerned the captive girl, with her two little brothers and three sisters, bound, and, at the sight, the fear of the father lest some or all of his little ones, unable to keep up in the hasty flight, had been tomahawked, gave way to a thrill of indescribable joy. He and Jenkins were now looked on as leaders of the party. He paused to count the group.

"Twenty-five in all," he said in a low whisper.

"We can take off at least a third with one fire, and then rush in on them," and he looked at Jenkins, who nodded approvingly.

In hurried whispers the plan of attack was regulated, each having an Indian assigned to his rifle. During this brief pause every heart trembled lest the accidental crackling of a twig, or a tone spoken unadvisedly above a whisper, should attract the attention of the savages. Suddenly, before all was arranged, one of them sprang to his feet and looked suspiciously in the direction of the little party. At the same instant another sprang toward the prisoners, and with his eyes fixed on the thicket where the pursuers lay, held his tomahawk above the startled girl, as if to strike, the instant any demonstration of hostility should appear.

The children clung to their sister's side with stifled cries. The moment was critical. The proximity of the pursuers was suspected, and that their discovery would immediately result. To wait until each man had his victim assigned him might prove ruinous, to fire prematurely might be equally so. But Leper forgot every consideration in the peril of Mary, and almost at the instant when the occurrences we have related were taking place, took aim at the savage standing over his betrothed, and fired. The Indian fell dead. Immediately a yell rang through the forest, the savages leaped to their arms, a few dishing toward the thicket, others rushed on the prisoners, and others, and these were the more sagacious, retreating behind trees. But with that whoop a dozen rifles rang on the air, and half a score of the assailed fell to the earth, while the borderers, breaking from their thicket, with uplifted knives and tomahawks, came to the rescue. A wild hand to hand conflict ensued, in which nothing could be seen except the figures of the combatants rolling together among the withered leaves nothing heard but angry shots, and the groans of the wounded and dying. In a few minutes the borderers were victorious.

Leper had been first to enter the field. The instant he fired, flinging down his rifle, he leaped from his hiding place and rushed to Mary's side, thinking only of her safety. It was well he was so prompt. Two stalwart savages dashed at her with swinging tomahawks, but the knife of Leper found the heart of one, and the other fell stunned by the blow from the butt end of the father's rifle, who followed his intended son a step or two behind. A second's delay would have been too late. Fortunately, none of the assailants were killed, though several were seriously wounded. The suddenness of the attack may account for the comparative immunity which they enjoyed.

How shall we describe the gratitude and joy with which the father kissed his rescued children? How shall we tell the rapture with which Leper clasped his affianced bride to his bosom? We feel our incapacity for the task, and drop the veil over emotions too holy for exposure. But many a stout borderer wept at the sight.

#### CONTESTING GIRARD'S WILL.

THE uncertainty of the law has been known to all ages, since it met administration from judges and juries. Our readers are doubtless aware that the foreign heirs of Stephen Girard have never yet been satisfied with the will of the rich old merchant, and that they have invoked the law's uncertainties to see how they should come out in an affair to knock up the entire will. The man of eight millions of dollars made a will, but it does not appear to be the *will* of his heirs, even to the fourteenth Cousin, to be content therewith. And why should they? He gave most of them nothing. To a brother in France, he gave 50,000 dollars, modestly remarking at the time to Mr. Duane as he was drawing the will, "that sum, sir, is enough to ruin my brother. I am not fond of giving men property to make them idle or extravagant. None can be happy without employment—and, generally, it is better that they should work for a living. I always did, even with my great wealth."

These were the views of one of the richest men this country ever produced. His philosophy is indisputably sound. Men must work, or they will generally do evil: and that sagacious philosopher, Stephen Girard, was not to contravert his own philosophy by giving to any, sudden wealth, to lead them, as he feared it would, to profligacy, idleness and dissipation.

But we are not sure that his will was a good one, after all, well purposed, as we fully believe it was. For ourselves, we very much doubt whether the city of Philadelphia has been benefitted by his munificent gifts: because we think they have led to much folly in public expenditures, scheming, show, and city nonsense. Where, oh where is the College for Orphans, which Stephen Girard so munificently provided for? A generation of Orphans\* has already passed away, and no College has yet been finished!—And when it will be finished, who can say?

Stephen Girard was a poor boy. By his own toils he made eight millions of dollars. Will those dollars prove a blessing, as dispensed by his will? That, surely, remains to be seen. At present, suits are pending, at the instigation of his foreign heirs, to demolish his will, and show it null and void. It's a scramble for the dollars; and, as Mr. Girard used to say, men are much more willing to scramble, speculate and dream after wealth, than they are to work, slowly, prudently and unceasingly for it. So we see that the great wealth of a millionaire keeps up a fight for years. Mr. Girard has been 12 years beneath the sods of the valley, but the scrambles about his immense wealth have ceased not—nor will they die upon the ear, in all human probability, so long as 100 thousand dollars of his vast wealth shall remain. Such is the nature of man. Such is the certain result of vast accumulations in a single hand.

We may say here, that the suit at present pending,

\* They cannot be admitted to the College, after arriving at the age of 10.

—The foreign heirs of Stephen Girard vs. The City of Philadelphia—is briefly thus:

In 1835, (says our contemporary of the Baltimore Sun,) an able lawyer of Cecil county, Md., Henry Stump, having studied Girard's will, wrote an opinion that it was null and void by the misdirected trusteeship of the city councils of Philadelphia. So far as the Girard College was concerned, Gen. W. Jones, of Washington, reputed a second lawyer, acquiesced in this opinion. The foreign heirs of Stephen Girard concluded to employ Messrs. Stump and Jones to file a bill upon the equity side of the circuit court of the United States against the trustees, (the corporate authorities of the city of Philadelphia,) to set aside the devise to the college. Judge Baldwin presides in this court, and by him a decree was passed dismissing the complainant's bill; from which the heirs appealed to the supreme court of the United States. Here the case was argued during the last winter by Messrs. Stump and Jones for the heirs, and John Sergeant, Esq., for the city of Philadelphia. The argument was made before seven Judges—Charles J. Taney, and Judges McLean, Thompson, Baldwin, Catron, Wayne and Daniel.

The argument, if we recollect right, was finished in the beginning of February, and the case held under advisement by the court until some time in March. Judge Thompson was obliged to leave the court before the argument was finished, and did not return during the session. The court, in speaking of the case, properly, as we think, avoided saying which of the Judges were for sustaining the will, or for pronouncing it inoperative, but continued the case to the next term, only remarking and suggesting that as there was a division of opinion, and the decision of the court not made up, the court would like to hear the case re-argued.

We now learn that Mr. Webster has been employed by the heirs. We cannot learn that he has given any opinion about the case. The city of Philadelphia has engaged Messrs. Blaney and Meredith to assist Mr. Sergeant at the next argument. And now we are to have another chapter in "the glorious uncertainties of the law."—*Phil. Sat. Cour.*

#### SENTIMENTAL.

"WHAT ARE you muttering about there?" asked a father of a son whom he had spoken harshly to.

"Oh, let him alone," said the mother; "his eyes are full of the heart's rain, (poetic woman!) and his soul is clouded with grief."

"Is it?" inquired the husband; "his muttering, then, is a sort of mental thunder, I suppose."

"Yes," sobbed the wife.

"Well, well," was the reply, "we must expect electricity; so I'll apply the lightning rod."

Thus saying, he took a trim birch stick, and "whaled" him in warm style.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
All but the page prescribed, the present state,  
From brutes what man, from man what angels know;  
Or who could suffer being here below?

A PERSON who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

Now don't call it the Rover Omnibus; call it the Editor's table, or the centre table, or the Rover quarter-deck, or chowder, or hotch potch, or anything but Omnibus; that's rather too plebeian. Every body, you know, gets into an Omnibus, and all sorts and sizes and conditions of folks are mixed up together,

Yes, reader, and for that very reason we shall call it the Omnibus. We are determined that every body, who behaves well and pays his fare, shall have a right to take a seat in it, from Count D'Orsay up to N. P. W. Our tendencies are decidedly republican; we go for the whole people; and if you see the prince and the beggar sitting side by side in our Omnibus, you needn't turn your nose up at it, for it will make no difference; while we continue to drive, we shall turn nobody out, as we said before, that behaves well.

First come, first serve; he that gets in first shall have his choice of seats. And what's more, we pledge ourselves "to go upon the trot." All ready? Gee up.

#### ANOTHER FEATURE.

SINCE we have commenced making innovations upon the character of the ROVER, in both the outer and inner man, there is no knowing where we may stop. We have doffed our sober quaker dress, and put on our holy-day garments, as rich, and fine, and fashionable as any body's folks can wear. Not that we stand much upon dress; our creed is, and always has been, that "looks is nothin', behaviour's all." Still, as the ladies always have a quick eye for the beautiful, we don't know any good reason why we should not once in a while try to gratify them in this particular. Hence we thought we would endeavor to look our best, about these Christmas times; and if we should happen to like the notion of it, perhaps we may continue to wear pretty good clothes hereafter.

The dress we will call innovation number one. The "Rover Book-Table," which we commenced last week, is innovation number two. True, the book-table came first in the order of time. But "the first shall be last, and the last first," and we are not the first in the world to verify the truth of that scripture. But what we intended to speak about, when we sat down, was altogether another feature, a third innovation. And what, kind reader, do you think that is? You can't guess, and will have to give it up; so we'll tell you at once. It is to insert marriages in the Rover!

What, insert marriages in a magazine! who ever heard of such a thing? say you.

We don't care who ever heard of such a thing. We follow nobody's fashions—we make fashions of our own.

But, say you, if I had a magazine, I wouldn't insert marriages in it for love nor money.

Well, then, you are not just like us, for we will insert them, for love, or money, or wedding cake. The one we record to-day is inserted for love; and hereafter, those which are not inserted for love, may find a place in our columns on the following terms, viz: a silver dollar from the groom, or a quarter of a good sized wedding loaf from the bride, we don't care a copper which. Not that we are so very fond of cake ourselves; but the way our children hide it is a caution; a quarter loaf a day wouldn't come amiss.

But we are making too much of a preamble; let us to our serious business.

Married, in New York, on Tuesday evening, December 5th, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, GIOVANNI THOMPSON and MARY OUDEN.

Now don't let the newspaper critics come out upon us and say we have made a blunder, and used *and* for *to*. We hold, that on such occasions the man and woman are both married, and that the man is no more married to the woman than the woman is to the man.

Before taking leave of the subject, we beg permission to wish our friend Thompson and his bride a merry Christmas and happy New Year. And, regretting that circumstances prevented our being present at the interesting ceremony on the 5th, we can do no less than apply to the case the following beautiful lines

BY BRAINARD.

I SAW two clouds at morning,  
Tinged with the rising sun;  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one:  
I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting:  
Calm was their course through banks of green,  
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
Till life's last pulse shall beat;  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
Float on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—  
A purer sky, where all is peace.

OUR NEW DRESS.—If it is excusable at any time for sober-minded people to primp up and put on fine clothes, it must be about these times of the holidays. We have taken advantage of the indulgence which the occasion seems to allow, to rig ourselves out in garments of new style, quality, and fashion. In place of the old drab coat that we have worn a long time, we have now a *choice* of coats, blue, green, pink, yellow, purple, or dove color; so, ladies, pick and choose according to your fancy. And while we are straying abroad in our "coat of many colors," if our wicked brethren *should* sell us into Egypt, we trust, ladies, we shall have your prayers, that we may be brought up out of Egypt again, with blessings for ourselves, and for you, and for our brethren, and our children, and our children's children.

OLE BULL'S CONCERT, at the Broadway Tabernacle on Wednesday, 13th, drew together an audience of about three thousand. It was indeed a great jam. But during the performance of some of his finest touches on the violin, that vast multitude were held in such breathless stillness, that, to apply a now illustration, you might have "heard a pin drop." Ole Bull is a Norwegian, a young man, and probably the most expert violinist in the world.

THE ROVER QUARTERLY.—A very beautiful and very cheap gift book, with this title, may be obtained at the Rover office, containing 13 fine engravings. Price 50 cts.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston Dec. 8, 1843.

### THE THEATRE.

MACREADY, has been here—well everybody knows that! Macready is a great actor—and everybody knows, that to "gild fine gold" is superfluous nonsense! "By'r lady," it will be a hard task if I earn my wages as a correspondent, by relating *news* in regard to notorious men. Shall I attempt to criticize the above named gentleman's acting? I beg to be excused, and will leave that business to those who assert that Macready is a man without genius; who also tell the following story to illustrate what they deem the fact.

Macready is to play William Tell; he is at rehearsal. Miss So-and-So, or Beeswax, if you please, is to personate that precocious youth, Tell jr. Mr. Macready stands at the right hand side of the stage. Miss Beeswax at the left. Mr. M. slowly presents his right hand toward Miss B—, addressing the young lady, at the same time something after this style: "Miss Beeswax, you will observe that my right hand is extended toward you—I now proceed to close the third, fourth, and fifth fingers—now, those three fingers are almost closed, you may perceive, that my forefinger is in motion—observe, and you will see that it bends inward, now, it is quite crooked—now, the point of that finger is just on a level with your eye—now, the point is obscured, the finger is closed, *approach me!*" All this amounts to a mere *bescon*: I suppose, that is on the same principle of the often quoted line.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

This principle is undoubtedly an important one in regard to the actor, because a character, however great, is made up of innumerable points of action, and each one must be exactly delineated, otherwise the personation will be lame and incongruous. What theatre-going person is there, but remembers that he has seen our dramatists murdered in the first degree? Shado of Shakspeare, forgive me; but I have seen the time when I felt desperately like turning the tables on the poor Prince of Denmark, by exclaiming, "Hamlet delights not me; no, nor Ophelia neither." However, let us be satisfied and thankful for what we get, for ere long Shakspeare will be superseded entirely; the good old English comedies have already given place to vulgar imitations of the poor sons of Ethiopia. Prancing steeds, wild buffaloes, shrill claxons, and mighty cataracts, (the later made, with a tub full of natural water,) will soon overthrow tragedy!

What was once thought to be a school for morality, where all the purer feelings of our nature were taught to be regarded as sacred, and where true sentiment and philosophy formed the basis of all theatrical representations, presents now too often, scenes calculated to fill the mind with the most morbid, unnatural conceptions, and divert it from the true appreciation of nature. The question naturally arises, what has brought this state of things? But we have only to look at the placards of the day, to understand at once, that the true cause of the degeneracy of the stage, is that all debasing desire which pervades the great mass for that species of stage representation that administers to the lowest passion of their nature, rather than the mental and spiritual. Thus we find the boards which the world of Shakspeare's imagination was wont to inhabit and grace, groaning under the weight of iron hoofed horses and hoarse throated ranters. Romeo is no longer the

gentle, yet ardent wooer, but a bellowing, outrageous monster. Juliet ceases to be the tender floweret, just bursting into beauty, and, instead, we have the coarse washerwoman with bellows lungs, roaring her tender love from the balcony into the ears of the delighted Montague, who stands in the garden making grimaces at the "inconstant moon."

BOSTON ROVER.

### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

EVERYTHING MADE EASY.—CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.—Time was, when the division of labor was considered as one of the proofs of civilization; as the test of refinement; and accordingly every department of labor had its several branches, the dignity of each proportioned to the difficulties and niceties of the art. The boot-maker looked with contempt upon the shoe-maker, the cutter upon the blacksmith, and the surgeon upon the barber; although originally, pilgrim, knight, and serf were shaved by the same hand; the same anvil forged the shoes of Euclyptus and the sword of the warrior; and the fillet around the barber's pole was symbolic both of the tonsorial art, and that of the phlebotomist.

"Times isn't now as they used to was been."

Labor has diverged into so many ramifications, that we are in danger of not getting anything done at all, from the difficulty of getting so many heads of department to fix themselves at the requisite period upon the particular office to be performed. If you send your linen to the laundress, ten to one it totally disappears in the process of passing through so many hands. It most assuredly will, if there is not enough to make the process of renovation and return a profitable one.

But evils, sooner or later, work their own cure, "and in our mad's eye," we see the work of reform afloat. Everything is being made easy for everybody to do; and the consequence will be, that people will go back to the primitive mode, of each doing everything for himself. True, there will be a great tumult among those who behold the "spoiling of their craft," but it will be in vain that they cry "Great is Diana!" for men are scorching into altar-places, and dipping into mysteries, and trying their hands at all sorts of intemperances.

Verily, when book after book is placed upon our table, "making easy" what was before such a mystery, we are overwhelmed with wonderment. If this be easiness, what amazing hardness must there have been in the difficult! Truly, there is knowledge and wisdom of all sorts and kinds, enough in the world already; if human brains have stood all this, it is downright cruelty for us to add one line more to the subtleties of human thought.

Here we have cheap publications in every form: translations from the French, amazingly suggestive of all sorts of morals "made easy," "Every Lady's Book," which is the Art of Cooking; going into all the varieties of weighing, measuring, and seasoning, item by item, and never again shall we put a tart, a coconut drop, or "Mrs. Madison's Whim," to our lips without a reverent sense of the difficulties of its composition. The tips of the white fingers grew red and weary in the labor, and nothing could make the task agreeable but the hope of seeing them linger "upon lips that we love."

Then comes the "Winter Gift," by which, for a shilling, all the *modus operandi* of "knitting, netting and crochet work," is exemplified; technicalities that, but for this pretty work, would have remained, most especially the "crochet work," forever and forever a terra incognita to our fancy.

Next comes "Abernethy's Family Physician," excellent in itself, no doubt, and excellent in the way of making hypochondriacism, megims, blues, fidgets, and other such desirables, "easy." We never see a "Family Physician" upon the table, without seeing at the same time a fair hostess enveloped in a shawl, her pretty lips drawn down to an angle of endurance, a voice dying away like the "sweet south," and she the very picture of "patience on a monument."

She begins the book; the first description of disease is precisely familiar to symptoms she has long had. The more she reads, the more urgent do they become. She closes the article, lays back her head upon the easy chair, and struggles to resign herself to her fate. One by one do the objects of her affection rise up before her, each growing momentarily dearer to her heart, for "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and the tears gush from between her closed lids, and she feels herself to be a doomed woman.

Her distress increases—to divert in some degree the current of her thoughts, she opens again the book. This time the subject is consumption. She becomes interested. Shades of disease, one after another, are unfolded, sadly, too sadly like her own, and again she is overwhelmed. She is the victim of latent and insidious disease; her days are numbered; there can be no doubt now—symptoms assume every form, but at length settle down upon one predisposed organ. She remembers her great aunt died of consumption. Her grandfather might have done so, only that by high living he went off in apoplexy.

She is now seriously ill, feverish, nervous, and the afflicted family send for the veritable doctor. He feels her pulse, examines her tongue, gives her a composing draught, quietly puts the "Family Physician" in his pocket, and takes his leave, after recommending air, exercise, and nutritious diet.

Thus have we got through with the "easies" for the present week, and thus are we more than ever amazed at the amount of talent, labor, enterprise, industry, knowledge and goodness, existing in this much abused world of ours, where, if things are not bad, it is not for lack of effort to make them so.

MARNADURE WYVIL, or the Maid's Revenge.—A historical romance, by Henry William Herbert, author of the Brothers, Crowell, &c. J. Winchester, New World Press, 30 Ann street.

Mr. Herbert is a popular author, and though we cannot say much of this book from our own knowledge, we have no doubt of its being a very interesting work, and some good judges have pronounced it one of the author's best books. The correctness of the historical incidents may be relied upon, "the author deeming it a species of crime, even in fiction, to falsify the truth of history."

"EVERY LADY'S BOOK."—J. T. Crowen, 633 Broadway. 33 cents.

An instructor in the art of making every variety of plain and fancy cakes, pastry, confectionary, blanc mange, jellies, ice creams, and other useful information for ordinary and holy-day occasions. By a Lady of New York.



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REBECCA & BOIS GUILBERT.







# THE ROVER.

## REBECCA AND DE BOIS GUILBERT.

THE engraving which we had hoped to use in the present number not being ready, we have substituted one illustrating that remarkable and thrilling scene in "Ivanhoe," one of Scott's best novels, where the high-souled Rebecca, in defence of her honor and her religion, prepares to throw herself from the battlements of the castle, and the proud and fierce Templar is abashed and subdued by the exhibition of her sublime moral courage. To those who have read Ivanhoe, any description we could give of the scene must be tame and lifeless, and those who have not, should look nowhere else for the description but in the inimitable work itself, as it came from the master hand of Scott.

## A CORPSE GOING TO A BALL.

BY SEDA SMITH.

THE incident, from which the following ballad is woven, was given in the papers three or four years ago as a fact. It was stated, that a young lady in the country, while riding some distance to a ball on New Year's evening, actually froze to death.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side,  
A wild and lonely spot;  
No dwelling there, for three miles round,  
Except her father's cot;

And yet on many a winter's eve  
Young swains were gather'd there,  
For her father kept a social board,  
And she was very fair.

Her father loved to see her dress'd  
As prim as a city belle,  
For she was all the child he had,  
And he loved his daughter well.

'Tis New Year's eve—the sun is down—  
Why looks her restless eye  
So long from the frosty window forth,  
As the merry sleighs go by?

At the village inn, fifteen miles off,  
Is a merry ball to-night—  
The piercing air is cold as death,  
But her heart is warm and light;  
And brightly beams her laughing eye,  
As a well-known voice she hears;  
And dashing up to the cottage door  
Her Charley's sleigh appears.

"Now daughter dear," her mother cried,  
"This blanket round you fold,  
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,  
"You'll catch your death a-cold."

"O nay, O nay," fair Charlotte said,  
And she laugh'd like a gipsy queen,  
"To ride with blankets muffled up  
"I never could be seen—"

"My silken cloak is quite enough;  
"You know 'tis lined throughout;  
"And then I have a silken shawl  
"To tie my neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves are on,  
She jumps into the sleigh;  
And swift they ride by the mountain side,  
And over the hills away.

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There's life in the sound of the merry bells,

As over the hills they go;

But a creaking wall the runners make,

As they bite the frozen snow.

How long the bleak and lonely way!

How keen the wind does blow!

The stars did never shine so cold—

How creaks the frozen snow!

With muffled faces, silently,

Five cold, long miles they've pass'd,

And Charles, with these few frozen words,

The silence broke at last—

"Such night as this I never saw—

"The reins I scarce can hold!"

And Charlotte, shivering, faintly said,

"I am exceeding cold."

He crack'd his whip, and urged his steed

More swiftly than before,

And now five other dreary miles

In silence are pass'd o'er—

"How fast," said Charles the freezing ice

"Is gathering on my brow!"

But Charlotte said, with feeble tone.

"I'm growing warmer now."

And on they went through the frosty air

And the glittering, cold star-light;

And now at last the village inn

And the ball-room are in sight.

They reach the door, and Charles jumps out,

And holds his hand to her—

Why sits she like a monument,

That hath no power to stir?

He call'd her once—he call'd her twice—

She answer'd not a word;

He ask'd her for her hand again,

But still she never stir'd—

He took her hand in his—O God!

'Twas cold and hard as stone;

He tore the mantle from her face;

'The cold stars on her shone—

Then quickly to the lighted hall

Her voiceless form he bore—

His Charlotte was a stiffen'd corpse,

And word spoke never more!

## "NEW YEAR'S VISITING IN HADES."

BY G. F. HOFFMAN.

"When we seem particularly dull, the reader may rest assured there is always some deep meaning under it."

BRITISH EPIGRAM.

"HAPPY new year to you! Paris, my dear fellow, where do you call next?" cried the dashing Cæsar, reigning up his three-minute trotter in passing the hand-ome Trojan.

"Why, I've just begun on my list," replied the dandy rival of Menelaus, "it's not a long one however. Society in Hades is becoming so mixed, that one really must be particular; and I visit only the old stand-bys."

"Right, right, by all means; I don't go to the new nabobs neither, except that millionaire, Midas, who keeps a capital cook, and has plenty of chateau in his cellar. But who's that old quail in brimstone-colored gaiters, that Mercury's got under his wing to introduce to the infernals?"

"None modern here, I'll be sworn, for they never send us lads of life and spirit from the earth any more."

"No, they are all used up before they get here. An overworked, spavined, broken-down set. But, adios, Amigo." And waving his furred glove to Paris, in the same moment that he touched his spirited nag with the whip, the light sulky of Castor whirled by the more showy stanhope of his friend, and both were out of sight in a moment.

"These are gay youths," observed the stranger to Mercury, as the two paused upon the curb-stone to admire the skill with which Castor, at full speed, wound among a crowd of omnibuses.

"Are they of much consideration among the Infernals?"

"They? No! a couple of extravagant dissipated dogs. Paris affects exclusiveness, because every body cuts him; and that horse-jockey, Castor, has run up such a devil of a bill at every livery stable in town, that he must open one himself, or learn to go on foot. His brother, Pollux, is of the same flash set. Minos held him to bail, the other day, for provoking a boxing match with a Yankee pupil of Fuller's, whom a steamboat explosion or railroad accident had sent quite unexpectedly to Hades."

"You receive a good many American ghosts in that way," observed the stranger.

"Why, yes, confound them," replied Mercury, "human life is of so little value among that queer people, that they keep one always busy. I have only to look in the morning papers for some 'card,' exonerating a railroad company, or a steamboat skipper from 'all blame,' and I am sure to find a troop of Yankee ghosts bargaining with Charon, to work their passage across the Styx. But, here we are, at the house of Pandora, the first woman that was ever made, and of course the head of society here, seeing that the fatal box, which she opened upon earth, has done everything to keep up the population of this place."

"The compliments of the season to you," added Mercury, bowing to the lady, as he introduced his friend upon entering the drawing-room of Pandora; "what a beautiful ottoman!"

"It's one good Penelope embroidered for me. How do you like the barbaric pattern of these slippers? My husband's friend, Tecumseh, sent me a pair of moccasins, and I thought Ulysses would like something of the same kind to wear about the house. Have you read this?" continued she, glancing toward the stranger as she selected a volume, in boards, from among a pile of annuals upon the centre table.

"Ernest Multavers—no, I have not, madam, but I'm told it's very popular in Hades; yet how a genius so resplendent as that of Bulwer can delight in entering for the taste of the Infernals is—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mercury "but here comes Plato, who is more au fait to novel writing than any of us."

"It takes broader shoulders than mine to bear the weight of Mercury's compliments," said Plato, bowing to the company as he filled himself a glass of cherry-bounce, which the shade of a Communipaw negro

presented him while speaking. "You can hardly call me a novel writer, however, if that's what you would imply, because I have tried to write up to my beau ideal of truth. My dream of Atlantis, as cavillers so long called it, has at least been realized beyond the western main, as this gentleman will bear witness."

"I guess you'd think so if you saw our enlightened republic," cried a tall, raw-boned phantom, rushing up with outstretched hands to Pandora, who shrunk aghast as she beheld him kick the maid from his shoes upon one of Chester's best rugs.

"Why, Major Jack Downing, when upon earth did you come down?" exclaimed all with one voice.

"Upon alrith! well, now, do tell—why, that's a real Christian oath, the first I've heard since I was lynched up yonder in our government of laws. I rathier think, though, that I've got on the side of the majority at last, for there's a mighty heap of folks here, and they all seem to be one way of thinking."

"Rightly observed," rejoined the moralizing Plato.

"Death is, indeed, the true asserter of the democracy of numbers; the agrarian measurer of each one's plot of land; the loco-foco of eternity. By-the-way, has any one read De Toqueville?"

Before any one could reply, a throng of visitors rushed, with clamorous greetings, through open doors, and Mercury withdrew, with his grave *protege*, to a window near, where, shaded partly by the damask curtains, he could unobserved, comment upon the company, for the benefit of the stranger.

"That," said he, pointing to a lean, unhappy-looking man, "is Jason, the Argonaut, whose health has been nearly destroyed by worrying anxiety about the delay of the South sea expedition. The gentleman so seriously engaged with the *pate de fois gras*, is Lucullus, whom they had up in the Court of Sessions the other day for violating the statute, by having quail in his larder before the first of October. The grum looking fellow who is taking the tankard of beer from that black fellow—whom you may recognize as the ghost of Simon the walter—is Cacus, or Caucus, who once kept an oyster-cellar under Tammany Hall, but whom the republican habits of the place now admit into good society. Those well-limbed youths, in striped guernseys and blue jackets, are Guyas and Cloanthus, the two crack oarsmen of the Castle Garden boat club. The old fellow in a Roman toga and green corduroys, is Crassus one of the heaviest men in Wall street; and the thin-faced man talking to him, is Evander, who, elated with the success of his operations upon the Palatine, has dipped too largely into Chicago lots, and is now trying to persuade the Parthian jobber to embark with him in a speculation upon pre-emption rights, in the Sac and Fox territory, just ceded to government. The wiry-necked man, in uniform of a militia colonel, is Alexander the Great, who is in high spirits from having been, the other day, presented by his regiment with a pair of silver pitchers, for the military skill he has displayed any where between Union Square and the Battery, during ten years of patriotic service just expired. Aeneas, who is just taking his leave, you know, of course, as the pending action for breach of promise in Judge Irving's court, has, unhappily, made him too notorious. The poney-built fellow, in dark fustian and driving-gloves, is Phaeton, who lost twelve hundred dollars lately by his mare slipping her shoulder on the Third Avenue; since then, he got himself in trouble by taking the reins of one of Brower's om-

nibuses, and trying to run a man, called Homan, off the line. His sisters, the Hellades, were and romps, until the corporation cut down their popular representatives upon earth, to sober their vivacity and get rid of caterpillars. "Ah!" said Mercury, interrupting himself, and glancing out of the window, as a plainly dressed, but rather aristocratic looking man, of about forty, with smooth locks, slightly touched with gray, crossed the pavement to the street door; "there is Archimedes, who just stepped out of his new locomotive, the Pou-ato; he is——"

But here the Babel of talk became so noisy around him, that he could not go on; and motioning to the stranger to continue the study of character for himself, Mercury retired to arrange a bundle of congressional speeches, which had been dismissed to the shades as soon as born.

Adonis, the Pelham of the infernals, was talking with Pandora, and the stranger, in listening to their elegant twaddle, could not fail to be struck with the similarity of subjects in good society all over the world.

"And so," says Pandora, "Cleopatra has really purchased the whole set of three hundred dollar handkerchiefs, for which we were all dying?"

"There's no doubt of it," replied Adonis, "I had it from one of the young Gracchi, who told me that his mother was going to introduce the fact among the notes of her next tract upon political economy. But the town talk is now about poor Thibade, and the splendid dress she wore the other evening at Apasia's soiree."

"Ah! I heard that. She was rehearsing her loves with Pyramus, after the party, through the chinks of a brick wall, when the vibration of their voices shook down the bricks and mortar, to the destruction of her beautiful skirt."

"Such a thing could never have happened, if the infernals built as they do in Philadelphia," mildly interposed a shade, whose fur cap and spectacles set off features strongly resembling those of the sage Franklin.

For the first time the stranger seemed to be moved with sympathy for a kindred spirit amid all that crowd of phantoms, representing every age of the world. Plato, at the same moment, was actuated by a similar impulse and the three embraced together.

"Wiseest of Americans," said the stranger, as he seated himself upon the sofa, and stroked the brimstone-colored garters of a leg, that, if not stout, was comely for a man of sixty; "learned doctor, have you seen the proceedings of the society of Copenhagen upon the Norwegian antiquities of your country? My young friend, Winkle, I learn, lately read before our club a paper upon the subject, transmitted by your distinguished compatriot, Mr. Whenton. It is remarkable, sir, amid the march of mind in the present age—it is pleasant, amid the strides of physical science, to see a host of skirmishers thrown off from the ponderous phalanx, to scour the country over which we have passed, and, while collecting the stragglers that have dropped from our ranks by the way, strike, ever and anon, at some neglected off-post of knowledge, and absorb its resources within the mighty stream that impels us forward. And you," said the benevolent Pickwick, rising with his subject, as he caught the eye of the admiring Plato, "you, ye leaders of the bright hosts of philanthropy—ye lucifers, whose morning have marshaled on our clustering troops of feeble stars—what must your feelings be, ye broad-bosomed

philanthropists, who, with a benevolence that compasses all time, have extended your fostering arms, beyond the age in which you lived, to embrace the kindred spirits of ours—what must your feelings be, to find us, amid all the hurry of the race of knowledge, still pausing to kneel with reverence at those shrines of antiquity which your names have hallowed? The hoary altars of humbug, at which thou, beloved Plato, so loved to minister, are still daily gaining in their votaries; and though the mightiest dreams of the future, in which it was thy delight to dwell, are, by some, exchanged for shadowy visions of the veiled past, yet the Janus image of time-honored humbug is still the idol of the world."

"Well," interrupted Major Jack, "that may be all very slick, though I don't understand half on't; but if you mean to say that everything upon earth is humbug, I wish you could only see our Niagara. That, I take, is, to say the least on't, the one great, eternal, ever-flowing truth of creation. It disappoints nobody—strikes man and boy just the same as being all its cracked up to be; and what's more, strikes the man of sixty afterward, as being just as good as when he was a boy. There's the empire state of New York now, with all that water power——"

"Ought to adopt it as her emblem, and call herself by its resounding name, instead of the pitiful cockney epithet she bears," exclaimed the patriotic shade of Franklin, while the British antiquary and the Athenian philosopher, bowed gravely in approval of the suggestion.

Hector, who, though dressed in flaming Texan regimentals, skulked about the room as if conscious of the bad odour in which he was held, from a supposed connexion with the Chichester gang, bustled forward now, upon hearing the shade of M. de Champlain drop something about Canada affairs; but, just at this moment a great commotion took place in the receiving chamber, and the infernals might be seen crowding together, and raising themselves on tiptoe to look over each other's shoulders, while a whisper of "The Indians, the Indians," ran round the circle.

"By the hoky," shouted Major Jack, "it must be my rebellious countrymen, the Seminoles, for I saw in this morning's paper that General Jessup had sent the hull ternal billing on 'em to the shades."

The remarks called the attention of every one to the door—the opening of the circle was enlarged to make room for the fierce array of warrior spirits. There was a deep pause in the court of the infernals. The portals of the saloon were thrown wide, and the ghosts of the conquered Seminoles entered in the guise of a decrepid negro, an old squaw, and three half-blood children.

The peal of laughter which followed awoke me just in time to hear Betty, the chambermaid, exclaim, as she extended a cup of fragrant coffee through my half-drawn curtain—"A happy New Year to you, sir, and may all your good dreams of last night come true, as I'm sure they will this year."

A YANKEE GENERAL'S BAND OF MUSIC.—A gentleman being in conversation with Gen. Stark, on the eloquence of music—after, some few remarks, the General observed that, the best band of music he ever heard in all his life was a JEW'S HARP—A CAT'S PURRING—and a WOMAN'S spinning on a little wheel.

## GRACE NEVILLE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

SOME winters ago the little village of Ashley had the good fortune to have its curiosity excited by the sudden appearance of a lovely and elegant young woman, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Martin, a respectable farmer in the place. The pleasure of talking over a new comer in a country village, which, much as I love country villages, does, I confess, occasionally labor under a stagnation of topics, must not be lightly estimated. In the present instance the enjoyment was greatly increased by the opportune moment at which it occurred, just before Christmas, so that conjecture was happily aloft in all the parties of that merry time, enlivened the tea-table, and gave zest and animation to the supper. There was, too, a slight shade of mystery, a difficulty in coming at the truth, which made the subject unusually poignant. Talk her over as they might, nobody knew anything certain of the incognita, & her story; nobody could tell who she was, or whence she came. Mrs. Martin, to whom her neighbors were on a sudden most politely attentive in the way of calls and invitations, said nothing more than that Miss Neville was a young lady who had come to lodge at Kibes Farm; and except at church Miss Neville was invisible. Nobody could tell what to make of her.

Her beauty was, however, no questionable matter. All the parish agreed on that point. She was in deep mourning, which set off advantageously a tall and full, yet easy and elastic, figure, in whose carriage the vigor and firmness of youth and health seemed blended with the elegance of education and good company. Youth and health were the principal characteristics of her countenance. There was health in her bright hazel eyes, with their rich dark eyelashes; health in the profusion of her glossy brown hair; health in her pure and brilliant complexion; health in her lips, her white teeth, and the beautiful smile that displayed them; health in her very dimples. Her manners, as well as they could be judged of in passing to and from church, lending one of the little Martins by the hand, and occasionally talking to him, seemed as graceful as her person and as open as her countenance. All the village agreed that she was a lovely creature, and all the village wondered who she could be. It was a most animating puzzle.

There was, however, no mystery in the story of Grace Neville. She was the only child of an officer of rank, who fell in an early stage of the Peninsular war; her mother had survived him but a short time, and the little orphan had been reared in great tenderness and luxury by her maternal uncle, a kind, thoughtless, expensive man, speculating and sanguine, who, after exhausting a good fortune in vain attempts to realize one, sinking money successively in farming, in cotton-spinning, in paper-making, in a silk-mill and a mine, found himself one fair morning actually ruined, and died (such things have happened) of a broken heart, leaving poor Grace, at three-and-twenty, with the habits and education of an heiress, almost totally destitute.

The poor girl found, as usual, plenty of comforters and advisers. Some recommended her to sink the little fortune she possessed in right of her father in a school; some to lay it by for old age, and go out to look at the world through the back windows—as a friend of mine calls going-a-governessing; some hinted at the possibility of matrimony, advising, that at all events so fit a young woman should try her fortune by yielding

about among her friends for a year or two, and favored her with a husband-hunting invitation accordingly. But Grace was too independent and too proud for a governess; too sick of schemes for a school; and the hint matrimonial had effectually prevented her from accepting any, even the most unsuspected, invitation. Besides, she said, and perhaps she thought, that she was weary of the world; so she wrote to Mrs. Martin, once her uncle's housekeeper, now the substantial wife of a substantial farmer, and came down to lodge with her at Ashley.

Poor Grace!—what a change! It was midwinter; snowy, sleety, foggy, wet. Kibes Farm, an old manor-house dilapidated into its present condition, stood with half its windows closed, a huge vine covering its front, and ivy climbing up the sides to the roof—the very image of chilliness and desolation. There was, indeed, one habitable wing, repaired and fitted up as an occasional sporting residence for the landlord; but those apartments were locked; and she lived, like the farmer's family, in the centre of the house, made up of great, low, dark rooms with oaken panels, of long rambling passages, of interminable galleries, and broad gusty staircases, up which you might drive a coach and six. Such was the prospect within doors; and without, mud! mud! nothing but mud! Then the noises; wind in all its varieties, combined with bats, rats, cats, owls, pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens and children, in all varieties also; for, besides the regular inhabitants of the farm-yard, bled and quadruped, Mrs. Martin had within doors sundry coops of poultry, two pet lambs, and four boys from six years old downward, who were in some way or other exercising their voices all day long. Mrs. Martin, too, whilome so soft-spoken and demure, had now found her scolding tongue, and was indeed noted for that accomplishment all over the parish: the maid was saucy, and the farmer smoked.

Poor Grace Neville! what a trial! what a contrast!—She tried to draw; tried to sing; tried to read; tried to work; and, above all, tried to be contented. But nothing would do. The vainest endeavor of all was the last. She was of the social, cheerful temperament to which sympathy is a necessity; and having no one to whom she could say, how pleasant is solitude! began to find solitude the most tiresome thing in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were very good sort of people in their way—scolding and smoking notwithstanding; but their way was so different from hers; and the children, whom she might have found some amusement in spoiling, were so spoiled already as to be utterly unbearable.

The only companionable person about the place was a silphoid urchin, significantly termed "the odd boy," an extra and supplementary domestic, whose department it is to help all the others out of doors and in; to do all that they leave undone; and to bear the blame of everything that goes amiss. The personage in question, Dick Crosby by name, was a parish child, taken from the workhouse. He was, as nearly as could be guessed (for nobody took the trouble to be certain about his age), somewhere bordering on eleven; a long, lean, furnished-looking boy, with a pale complexion, sharp thin features, and sunburnt hair. His dress was usually a hat without a crown; a tattered round frock; stockings that scarcely covered his ankles; and shoes that hung on his feet by the middle like clugs, down at heel, and open at toe. Yet, underneath these rags, and through all his huffings and cuffings from master and



mistress, carter and maid, the boy looked, and was, merry and contented; was even a sort of wag in his way; sturdy and independent in his opinions, and constant in his attachments. He had a pet sheep-dog (for among his numerous avocations he occasionally acted as under-shepherd,) a spectral, ghastly-looking animal, with a huge white head and neck, and a gaunt black body—Mephistopheles might have put himself into such a shape. He had also a pet donkey, the raggedest brute upon the common, of whom he was part owner, and for whose better maintenance he was sometimes accused of such petty larceny as may be comprised in stealing what no other creature would eat—refuse hay, frosty turnips, decayed cabbage-leaves, and thistles from the hedge.

These two faithful followers had long shared Dick Crosby's affections between them; but, from the first day of Miss Neville's residence in Ashley, the dog and the donkey found a rival. She happened to speak to him, and her look, and smile, and voice, won his heart at once and for ever. Never had high-born damsel in the days of chivalry so devoted a page. He was at her command by night or by day; nay, "though she called another, Abra came." He would let nobody else clean her shoes, carry her clogs, or run her errands; was always at hand to open the gates and chase away the cows when she walked; forced upon her his own hoard of nuts; and scoured the country to get her the wintry nosegays which the mildness of the season permitted; sweet-scented coltsfoot, china roses, laurustinus, and stocks.

It was not in Grace's nature to receive such proofs of attachment without paying them in kind. Dick would hardly have been her choice for a pet, but being so honestly and artlessly chosen by him, she soon began to return the compliment, and showered on him marks of her favor and protection; perhaps a little gratified, so mixed are human motives! to find that her patronage was still of consequence at Kibes Farm. Halfpence and sixpences, apples and gingerbread, flowed into Dick's pocket, and his outward man underwent a thorough transformation. He cast his rags, and put on for the first time in his life an entire suit of new clothes. A proud boy was Dick that day. It is recorded that he passed a whole hour in alternate fits of looking in the glass and shouts of laughter. He laughed till he cried for sheer happiness.

I have been thus particular in my account of Dick Crosby, because, in the first place, he was an old acquaintance of mine, a constant and promising attendant at the cricket-ground—his temperament being so mercurial, that even in his busiest days, when he seemed to have work enough upon his hands for ten boys, he would still make time for play; in the second, because I owe to him the great obligation of being known to his fair patroness. He had persuaded her, one dry afternoon, to go with him, and let him show her the dear cricket-ground. I happened to be passing the spot, and neither of us could ever remember exactly how he managed the matter, but the boy introduced us. He was an extraordinary master of ceremonies, to be sure; but the introduction was most effectually performed, and to our mutual surprise and mutual pleasure we found ourselves acquainted. I have always considered it one of the highest compliments ever paid me that Dick Crosby thought me worthy to be known to Miss Neville.

We were friends in five minutes. I found the pro-

mise of her lovely countenance amply redeemed by her character. She was frank, ardent, and sprited, with a cultivated mind and a sweet temper; not to have loved her would have been impossible; and she, besides the natural pleasure of talking to one who could understand and appreciate her, was delighted to come to a house where the mistress did not scold, or the master smoke; where there were neither pigs, children, nor chickens.

As spring advanced and the roads improved, we saw each other almost every day. The country round Ashley has a pretty pastoral character; meadows and copse-places, winding lanes and a winding trout-stream, form its principal features; but their combination is often very pleasing, and the soft skies and mild breezes of April, and the profuse flowriness of hedgerow, wood and field, gave a never-failing charm to our long rural walks. Grace was fond of wild flowers, which her *protege* Dick was assiduous in procuring. He had even sacrificed the vanity of sticking the first bunch of primroses in his Sunday hat to the pleasure of offering them to her. They supplied her with an indoor amusement; she drew well, and copied his field nosegays with taste and delicacy. She had obtained, too, the loan of a piano, and talked stoutly of constant and vigorous practice, and of pursuing a steady course of reading. All young ladies, I believe, make such resolutions, and some few may possibly keep them; Miss Neville did not.

However lively and animated while her spirits were excited by society, it was evident that when alone poor Grace was languid and listless, and given to reverie. She would even fall into long fits of musing in company, start when spoken to, droop her fair head like a snowdrop, and sigh—oh, such sighs! so long, so deep, so frequent, so drawn from the very heart! They might, to be sure, have been accounted for by the great and sad change in her situation, and the death of her indulgent uncle; but these griefs seemed worn over. I had heard such sighs before, and could not help imputing them to a different cause.

My suspicions were increased when I found out accidentally that Dick and his donkey traveled every morning three miles to meet just such another Dick and such another donkey, who acted as letter-carriers to the whole village of Ashley. They would have arrived at Kibes Farm by noon in their natural progress, but Grace could not wait; so Dick and the donkey made a short cut across the country to waylay his namesake of the letter-bag, and fetch disappointment four hours sooner. It was quite clear that whatever epistles might arrive, the one so earnestly desired never came. Then she was so suspiciously fond of moonlight, and nightingales, and tender poetry; and in the choice of her music, she would so repeat over and over one favorite duet, and would so blush if the repetition were remarked! Surely she could not always have sung *La ci darem* by herself. Poor Grace Neville! Love was a worse disease than the solitude of Kibes Farm.

Without pretending to any remarkable absence of curiosity on the one hand, or pleading guilty to the slightest want of interest in my dear young friend on the other, I was chiefly anxious to escape the honor of being her confidant. So sure as you talk of love, you nourish it; and I wanted hers to die away. Time and absence, and cheerful company, and summer amusements would, I doubted not, effect a cure; I even be-

gan to fancy her spirits improving, when one morning, toward the middle of May, she came to me more hurried and agitated than I had ever seen her. The cause, when disclosed, seemed quite inadequate to produce so much emotion. Mrs. Martin had received a letter from her landlord, informing her that he had lent to a friend the apartments fitted up for himself at Kibes Farm, and that his friend would arrive on the succeeding day for a week's angling. "Well, my dear Grace, and what then?" "And this friend is Sir John Gower." "But who is Sir John Gower?" She hesitated a little—"What do you know of him?" "Oh, he is the proudest, sternest, cruellest man! It would kill me to see him: it would break my heart, if my heart be not broken already." And then, in an inexpressible gush of bitter grief, the tale of love which I had so long suspected burst forth. She had been engaged to the only son of this proud and wealthy baronet, with the full consent of all parties; and on the discovery of her uncle's ruined circumstances, the marriage had been most harshly broken off by his commands. She had never heard from Mr. Gower since they were separated by his father's authority; but in the warmth and confidence of her own passionate and trustful love, she found an assurance of the continuance of his. Never was affection more ardent or more despairing. No common man could have awakened such tenderness in such a woman. I soothed her all I could, and implored her to give us the happiness of her company during Sir John's stay at Ashley: and so it was settled. He was expected the next evening, and she agreed to come to us some time in the forenoon.

The morning, however, wore away without bringing Miss Neville. Dinner-time arrived and passed, and still we heard no tidings of her. At last, just as we were about to send to Kibes Farm for intelligence, Dick Crosby arrived on his donkey, with a verbal request that I would go to her there. Of course I complied; and as we proceeded on our way, I walking before, he riding behind, but neither of us much out of our usual pace, thanks to my rapid steps and the grave funeral march of the donkey, I endeavored to extract as much information as I could from my attendant, a person whom I had generally found as communicative as heart could desire.

On this occasion he was most provokingly taciturn. I saw that there was no great calamity to dread, for the boy's whole face was evidently screwed up to conceal a grin, which, in spite of his efforts, broke out every moment in one or other of his features. He was bursting with glee, which, from some unknown cause, he did not choose to impart; and seemed to have put his tongue under a similar restraint to that which I have read of in some fairy tale, where an enchanter threatens a loquacious waiting-maid with striking her dumb if, during a certain interval, she utters more than two words—yes and no. Dick's vocabulary was equally limited. I asked him if Miss Neville was well? "Yes." If he knew what she wanted? "No." If Sir John Gower was arrived? "Yes." If Miss Neville meant to return with me? "No."

At last, unable to contain himself any longer, he burst into a shout something between laughing and singing, and, forcing the astonished donkey into a pace, which in that sober beast might pass for a gallop, rode on before me, followed by the barking sheep-dog, to open the gate; while I, not a little curious, walked

straight through the house to Miss Neville's sitting-room. I paused a moment at the door, as by some strange counteraction of feeling one often does pause when strongly interested, and in that moment I caught the sweet notes of *La ci darem*, sung by a superb manly voice, and accompanied by Grace's piano; and instantly the truth flashed upon me, that the old Sir John Gower was gathered to his fathers, and that this was the heir and lover come to woo and to wed. No wonder that Grace forgot her dinner engagement! No wonder that Dick Crosby grinned!

I was not mistaken. As soon as decorum would allow, Sir John carried off his beautiful bride, attended by her faithful adherent, the proudest and happiest of all odd boys! And the wedding was splendid enough to give a fresh impulse to village curiosity, and a new and lasting theme to the gossips of Ashley, who first or last could never comprehend Grace Neville.

## ARE WE NOT EXILES HERE?

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ARE we not exiles here?

Come there not o'er us memories of a clime  
More genial and more dear  
Than this of time?

When deep, vague wishes press  
Upon the soul and prompt it to aspire,  
A mystic loneliness,  
And wild desire;

When our long baffled zeal  
Turns back, in mockery, on the weary heart,  
Till at the sad appeal,  
Dismayed we start;

And like the deluge dove,  
Outflown upon the world's cold sea we lie,  
And all our dreams of love  
In anguish die.

Nature no more endears—  
Her blissest strains seem only breathed afar,  
Nor mount nor flower cheers,  
Nor smiling star.

Familiar things grow strange,  
Fond hopes, like tendrils shooting to the air,  
Through friendless beings range  
To meet despair.

And nursed by secret tears,  
Rich but frail visions in the heart have birth,  
Till this fair world appears  
A homeless earth!

Then must we summon back  
Blest guides who long ago have met the strife,  
And left a radiant track  
To mark their life.

Then must we look around  
On heroes' deeds—the landmarks of the brave,  
And hear their cheers resound  
From off the wave.

Then must we turn from show,  
Pleasure and fame, the phantom race of care,  
And let our spirits flow  
In earnest prayer.

## THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base, but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously toward it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid, that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were traveling, rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountain passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning—flash followed flash—above, around, beneath—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, while one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither, immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds—monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches—the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From everything I saw I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in this cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it before the Indians came back, when was suddenly heard such a singular growling or howling at the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our darling and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about on their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover by groping, whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color; strong claws were upon their feet, and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in astonishment: "Good heavens! we are in the den of a ——" He was interrupted by a fear-

ful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately toward us, calling out: "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession, and he called us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which, fortunately, lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength, for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding toward the spot, and stooping, in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its flightful roaring, too, penetrated the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank now teased from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with its powerful claws, and then to push it with its head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase its wrath. He uttered a tremendous heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes—the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barreled gun, and Lincoln his pistols—the former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew their triggers the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed to be aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but, upon feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself at his former place. The powder in both places was wet, they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, while Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and, at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the cannister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewn over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the greatest possible consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals that are shut up along with us, or to open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for a moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lin-

coln raved and swore, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning, and the tiger who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backward and forward before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs—he had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to observe them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale—the songs of the birds were again heard in the neighboring forest—and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance, and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly toward the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton, "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed everything of the horrible that we had yet heard, and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes fell quickly upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched beside his cubs, and he rose and joined her roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition, but Wharton shook his head. "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight, till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for to our surprise, we saw both of our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left; he was unwilling to lose his double-barreled gun, and stopped to take it up. The rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roar of tigers, though at a distance, and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the stream had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our pace on his account.

We had proceeded thus for a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed toward one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indian alone. Deep in the hollow below, rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself passed over the chasm in safety, but Wharton was still in the middle of the wavering bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they desisted us, they bounded toward us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the side of the gulf, and we were clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to



step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed toward the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance, and she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her did not in the least dismay her companion. He followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously toward the tiger, and stuck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude: he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well had it ended thus—but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice—extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it to rise no more!

### EARS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

We regret these pretty appendages to a woman's head are out of fashion. We cordially confess to a liking for them. To us an ear is in itself an object of beauty. Its delicate circumvolutions, the wax-like texture, the nicety of finish, the bordering, like a fold of alabaster; the elaborate care as to the setting up, the niching, as it were, of this exquisite piece of art, were to us a part of the study of the beautiful.

The ear imparted a look of "thorough breeding," or otherwise, to an elegant contour; it had a sentiment to our eyes, disregarded as this unpretending accessory to loveliness too often is. It claims nothing in itself, and yet imparts a world of grace to the side of a fine head, nestling away, as it does, amid locks that perchance, are

"Brown in the shadow and gold in the sun."

Often and often have we sat watching the play of the curls about one of these gems, when the view of the

face has been denied us; watching the gradual softening of the rich shell-like hue of the cheek into the down of the neck, and the blue-whiteness about the ear. Then there was the gentle curve of the hair, sweeping carefully round so as to leave a clear setting therefor. Often as we have thus watched an unconscious beauty, and built up a theory of loveliness, based upon the perfection of this pretty organ; investing its owner with the numberless attributes of feminine grace, just in proportion as it was small, nicely adapted to the head, and exquisite in its construction; and then as she turned her face, and amazement at our artistic admiration called the ready blood to her cheek, and we have seen the rose-tint steal over this vital pearl, we have felt that the last charm had been imparted; and amid the numberless graces of a graceful head, have been half tempted to become a worshipper of an ear—yes, of an ear, in spite of the curling of red lips, the flashing of bright eyes, and even although many a fair one might "turn up her pretty nose" in contempt.

Commend us to an ear. No wonder Pauline trembled when it was uttered. She knew its importance to a finished contour; and that when her own shapely shoulders were crowned with a head worthy the Medicean Venus, these all-important organs were not in harmony in her own case. Alas! they were a trifle too large; well enough upon a less exquisite head, but not in keeping upon her own; French ears, like a plain ivory flap, but to which the beautiful acroll-like fold, or "hemmed edge," as the ladies would say, had been denied.

No wonder that the attendant of King Midas found it impossible to contain himself, with the secret of the monarch's asinine members weighing like an incubus upon his sense of the beautiful. Daily as he arranged the masses of royal hair, and adjusted the coronal so as best to conceal the deformity, he became impressed with the immense importance of these organs in setting up a comely countenance. In this way the perfection of these organs, even in ordinary conformations, grew upon his fancy.

He became a student of ears. Ears were the great subject with him. He theorised; he grew nervous; the subject increased in magnitude. It was a terrible secret. There were no magazines in those days for ridding brains of pent-up fancies. In this dilemma the youth dug a hole in the earth, and whispered therein: "Midas has asses ears upon his head;" and ever since, the stirring of the winds amid the reeds of the vicinity, has caused them to repeat the words; thus forever bearing testimony, not only to the antiquity, but to the general beauty of conformation in these organs.

Legislators have acted from a recognition of the general voice in favor of ears, and accordingly have made the loss of these members the penalty for certain offences supposed to have a mysterious relationship therewith.

We have seen a dog, the ears of which some mischievous boy had partially abstracted, and the whole character and appearance of the creature has undergone an immediate change. An honest face has assumed something of the sinister; a benevolent one become sullen, even "dogged" in its aspect. Cato was no longer Cato. He contracted a way of looking with a half human inquiry into one's face, as much as to say: "You see how I am changed!" Poor thing! In drinking out of a pail he would start at his own shadow, or he would cry: "Am I myself?—am I Dromio!"

But the subject is one of melancholy suggestiveness. When a good has departed, we learn to estimate its value.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

"The have been" are embalm'd in the heart's warmest affections. "The Lost" is of more worth than the ninety and nine that went not astray.

It was long before we learned the real cause of this modern sense of discomfort. We had been accustomed to ears. They were somehow associated with heads. We had never reasoned about it; people should reason about everything in this world; it is the only way of arriving at defined ideas. Here was our error. A leaning in favor of ears in the fitting up of the human head, was an instinct, an intuition, not a deduction of reason. Yet these intuitions are so pleasing, associate themselves so with the affections, that we are apt to give them a preference.

Well, we looked at fine heads and looked away again, with a vague feeling of bereavement. We had a confused image of incompleteness, of an apple-like innovation upon contour. At length, thinking to whisper a trifle in a lady's ear, behold! these appendages were minus. We looked again, there was a continuous sweep of the glossy hair from the forehead to the back of the neck, passing directly over the "illum fult" of our imagination.

We have become accustomed to the freaks of fashion; we have often admired—have smiled at its vagaries, and been amused at its whimsicalities. Indeed, a stoical hardihood was fast growing upon us; we were getting resigned to the worst; but *we were unprepared for this*; "Et tu Brute," and we fold our robe in silence.

#### DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

LAST summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, traveling like the Lion and Jackal. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the looks of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particulars orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"My dear Sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, "good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable,

and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased. "And I hope," said he, "you have bespoke a pudding." "Sir, you will have your favorite pudding," replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton; Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, "My dear Doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!" "The Doctor tittered. After a short grace Boswell said:

"I suppose I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to? The Doctor replied:

"My dear Bozy I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to day.

"O dear! this is a great disappointment," said Bozy.

"Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding."

Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton."

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished the pudding! The table was cleared, and Boswell said:

"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy?"

The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—the Doctor laughed.

"You little, filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"

"I could't, sir, said the boy.

"No! why could'nt you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

"The Doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor:

"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you

breathe. And such," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."—*Angelo's Reminiscence.*

GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

THE great Peter Cornelle, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *spea*k correctly that language of which he was such a master. When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say, "*I am not the less Peter Cornelle!*" Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker, who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket! or as that judicious moralist Nicole, one of the Port Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit, "He conquers me in the drawing room but surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with The-mistocles, when asked to play on a lute—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence among strangers, but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he labored at some future Spectator!

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent parson in a tie-wig." It is no shame for Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville: he has only to blush when he calls down those of Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontain, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontain, to be a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whet stone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Yaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made. Dryden says of himself,—"*My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees.*"—*Curiosities of Literature.*

HOLY-DAY SCENES.—BY WALTER SCOTT

Heave on more wood! the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still,  
Each age has deem'd the new-born year  
Fit time for festival and cheer.

And well our Christian sires of old,  
Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honor to the holy night:  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:  
That only night in all the year,  
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donn'd the kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dress'd with holy green;  
Forth to the wood did merry men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then open'd wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doff'd her pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose;  
The lord, undergating, share  
The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,  
And gen'ral voice, the happy night,  
That on the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimnies wide,  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving man;  
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,  
How, when, and where, the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge surloin reek'd; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,  
At such high time, her savory goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists, may in their, mumming, see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutt'd cheeks the vizors made;  
But oh! what maskers, richly, dight,  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

### "THE GHOST CHILD."

WHITTIER, the poet, writes in the *Democratic Review*, the following romantic, tragic, but pathetic little tale.

There are those yet living in this very neighborhood who remember, and relate with awe which half a century has not abated, the story of Ruth Blaye, and the Ghost Child! Ruth was a young woman of lively temperament and great personal beauty. While engaged as a teacher of a school in the little town of Southampton, N. H., (whose hills roughen the horizon with their showy outlines within view of my window at this very moment, she was invited to spend the evening with one of her young associates. Several persons were present of both sexes. The sun was just setting, and poured its soft light into the apartment. Suddenly, in the midst of the unwonted gaiety, the young school mistress uttered a frightful shriek, and was gazing with a countenance of intensest horror at the open window, and pointing with her right outstretched arm to an object which drew at once the attention of her companions. In the strong light of sunset, lay upon the sill of the casement, a dead infant—visible to all for a single moment, and vanishing before the gazers could command words to express their amazement. The wretched Ruth was the first to break silence. "It is mine—my Child!" she shrieked; "he has come for me!"—She gradually became more tranquil, but no effort availed to draw from her the terrible secret which was evidently connected with the apparition. She was soon after arrested, and brought to trial for the crime of child murder, found guilty, and executed at Portsmouth, N. H. I do not vouch for the truth of this story in all respects. I tell the story as it was told to me.

The Boston Evening Gazette, adds the interesting item that Ruth was hanged on Friday, December 30th, 1768, on a ridge of land now included in the proprietor's burying-ground, in Portsmouth, and buried in the hollow now occupied by the artificial pond. Sheriff Pack-er was the executioner; and the tradition runs, that the death-warrant, as usual, provided for the execution between the hours of — and —; but the sheriff, in great haste to dine, declared he would not wait, and so turned the poor girl off, long before the latter hour arrived!—and, in one half hour from her death, thus indecently hastened, a reprieve or pardon arrived, before her allotted time was out, but it was too late!

### AMUSING CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

THE late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer by what he desired to have said. Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man, by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replied the lady, "he is continually drunk, and I desire that he might be turned off." "Aye," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and

as you say, a trifle should not part us." John, however, one evening as he was driving from Kingston, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home, she began to rattle at the Earl. "Here," says she, is that beast of a John, so drunk that he can hardly stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks." "Aye," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas, I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," said my lady, "that he is drunk and overturned me."—"Aye," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him coolly in these words; "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy however, but to submit; for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters, than lose his place. My lord sent formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, he was extremely glad that the fever had left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well, John," says he, "I hope this is about over." "Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," says my lord, "you are right, nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you should not complain; and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now." "God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need." "So do I too," says his lordship, "but as long as you do your duty toward me, never fear, I shall do mine toward you."

### INVASION OF THE TYROL.

THE bravery and patriotism of the inhabitants of mountainous regions, are well known. These qualities were perhaps never more strikingly displayed, than by the Tyrolese during the invasion of Austria, in 1809, by Bonaparte. Lefebvre entered the Tyrol with a large army, when the following striking scene occurred, which was related by an officer who escaped the destruction which was the lot of so many of his comrades.

We had penetrated to Innspruck without great resistance; and although much was everywhere talked of about the Tyrolese, stationed on and around the Brenner, yet we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels had been dispersed by a short cannonade; and we were already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed



by a small corps, which continued falling back, after a smart resistance. Among others, I perceived a man, full eighty years of age, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death among our ranks at every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind, to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud: "Hurrah!" killed the first man, seized the second by the collar, and, with the ejaculation, "In the name of God!" precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

Marching onward, we heard a sound from the summit of a high rock, "Stephen, shall I chop it off yet?" to which a loud "No!" replied from the opposite side. This was reported to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance; but at the same time he prudently withdrew from the center to the rear. The van, consisting of four thousand Bavarians, had just clambered up a deep ravine, when we again heard hallooed over our heads: "In the name of the most holy Trinity!" Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed: "In the name of the most holy Trinity, cut all loose above!" Ere a minute had elapsed, were thousands of my comrades in arms crushed, buried and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones and trees, hurled down upon us from the top of the mountains. All of us were petrified. Every one had fled as he could; but at that moment a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them, boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, and killed or wounded a great many of us.

It was not till we had left these fatal mountains six leagues behind us that we were re-assembled by the Duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared, headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from their chief, they gave a general fire, flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets with only their clenched fists. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, pushed us down, pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands, and, like enraged lions, killed all—French, Bavarians and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter! By doing so, I, with 300 men, was spared, and set at liberty.

When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and poured forth the thanks of their hearts to Heaven, in the open air—a scene so awful, so solemn, that it will never fade from my remembrance. I could not but join in their devotion, and never in my life, I suppose, did I pray more fervently.

#### MEASURING FOR A SUPPER.

A TALL, raw-boned, broad-back fellow, of no very prepossessing appearance, stopped a while ago at one of the Hotels in Boston, and asked for supper. Schaffer, the famous dancing master, who, we are told, is one of the greatest wags in the country, being present, Boniface dipped him the wink to assume *pro tem*. the duties of landlord. Schaffer, putting on such an air of importance as became the master of the house, told the stranger he could have supper, and desired to know what he would choose. "Sauzages," replied the other. "Very well, sir," said the temporary landlord, stepping up to him, "I'll take your measure, if you please." "My measure!" ejaculated the stranger, and

began to draw back. "Yes, sir," continued the wag, "we always take the measure of people before we get them a meal of victuals." "What! measure a man for a meal of victuals, the same as you would for a coat or a pair of trowsers? By jingo! that beats me, I tell ye." Then surveying his stout frame with a rueful expression of countenance, he concluded not to take supper, but content himself with a couple of crackers and a glass of cider. "O, very well, sir," said the lover of fun; and the man having despatched the crackers, and sent the cider after them, asked if he could have a bed. "I'll see, presently," said the counterfeited landlord, and casting his eye busily over a slate that hung in the bar, he resumed, "Yes, sir, we can accommodate you—we have one bed that has but eleven in it." "Eleven in it!" said the fellow, his eyes glaring with astonishment. "Yes, sir," replied the merciless wag. "What! eleven in one bed, and more to be stowed in yet? By hoky! I should like to know how they sleep in Bostown." "Well, you will soon have an opportunity of trying it. Here Thomas, light this gentlemen to bed, in No. 1340." "Stop, stop, Mister! I say, landlord, I should like to know first how we are to lie, so many in a bed?" "O, there's no difficulty at all, sir; we pile them up in layers, four lengthwise, and then four crosswise, and then the same number lengthwise again, and so on till we get the bed full." "Is that the way you fix 'em? then by the holy spoons!" (making toward the door) "you don't catch me to stay in Bostown this night—I know!"

#### A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of Time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

As this is what we call our New Year's number, we take the occasion to present to our patrons and readers generally, the compliments of the season, wishing them, one and all, "health, peace and competence."

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Editors are expected to say something especially appropriate, and especially witty and original, when the new year comes round; to preach a sort of homily, reminding their readers of the unsatisfactoriness of all sublunary things, quote all is "vanity and vexation of spirit;" talk of the sorrows and the rejoicings of the twelve months that are past; recommend the smoothing of life's asperities, and the cultivation of its genialities; they are to give a summary of events, bring the world square round, all the accounts duly made up, brought over in day book and ledger; settle all up and take a fresh start. Clergymen are expected to do the same, they must have a sermon for the occasion, and though the world has stood some thousands of years, and preaching in some shape or other, coeval with its creation, yet must they bring out of their treasury things new, and the old made over so as to be as good as new.

Considering that an editor's profession is comparatively new, private secretary of majesty, knight, or gentleman, transformed into one for the people, as the editor in fact is, the clergy have the hardest duty to perform. We contend that all this is burdensome and unreasonable. It is getting people into an indolent temper, a habitude of aimless and miscellaneous let-go-thinking art of life, expecting, as a matter of course, that at the end of the year, the clergyman, or the editor, will collect all the threads of life that have been dropped and scattered here and there, and present them in a nice smooth skein, leaving them nothing to do but sit lazily in their arm-chair, and doze as it is being wound off, or nod assent in the cushioned church.

People must learn to do a little more of their own thinking, their public functionaries are entitled to a holy-day as well as their neighbors; and as to the church, people must learn that they cannot be religious by proxy. We would not give much for the yearly sacrifice, nor the seventh day offering, unless each be sanctified by the morning and the evening oblation.

We were looking round for a subject—something upon which a suitable new year's paragraph might be based; it is folly to hope for anything new; everything has been said upon every possible subject, and we are becoming quietists. We are learning to wait; for it must be that new truth will be revealed, and till the time come let us meekly repose in the good abiding with us.

There is one thing, however, that may or may not have struck the minds of our readers, and that is the many, very many Ruths that are gleaming in the harvest of literature. If the lords of the harvest are growing selfish or surly in the matter, be it remembered, that if the spirit of Boaz existed at all, not a solitary sheaf would be left for them to gather into the granary.

Look at the host of our lady writers. Think for the last year, the amount of sentiment they have suggested, the fancies they have amused, the affections they have kindled, the imaginations they have elevated, the hearts ennobled! We take a random cover of a Magazine and read off the names as they appear: S. J. Hale, Lydia H. Sigourney, Amelia B. Welby, C. Lee Hentz,

Caroline Gilman, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Mary E. Hewett, Frances S. Osgood, Ann S. Stevens, Catharine M. Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Emma C. Embury, Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Now all these have become expounders of woman's heart. Through all their writings, and women cannot help it, their feminine idiosyncracies peep forth, and we see the woman as well as the author. This is as it should be. It would be a poor, or at best an equivocal compliment, to say that either is masculine in the attributes of her mind. If we detect a gleaming of qualms verging upon the same, presently the flutter of a scarf, and a womanly grace come in to redeem it.

These, that we have named, are surrounded by others, so many, and so promising, that we dare not attempt an enumeration. It might be interesting to trace the causes that have brought all these from their retirement, but it is a sealed book. Genius must find expression, and those who have a mission to perform in life, are often urged to it by many and bitter griefs. There are the holy things of the heart upon which we dare not intrude.

In reading over our list, and recollecting what they have written, knowing too, the private history of most of them, it is gratifying to behold so much of talent combined with so much, that to common observers is of so much more importance, the real practical of life: the thrift and holiness of "much serving" with the garlands scattered by the way-side.

It is not surprising, that those who are accustomed to behold women as the mere domestic drudge, the "chroniclers of small beer" as it were in the pettiness of her avocations, should feel astounded at the view of one, who nobly and systematically fills all the several relations of life, leaving none of these things undone, and yet fills another world with the ideals of a truthful and earnest and never exhausted sense of the beautiful; who, like the lark, nestles nearest and most contentedly in her low built nest, because she can there rise highest toward heaven.

Half of this is uttered by way of preface to our lady correspondence. Often do we receive communications from juvenile and feminine hands, indicating talent, fancy and affectionateness of heart. Dear ladies, these are the very things to embellish and elevate a home; sacred and beautiful these, the garlands, that should hang about the altar of the Penates; do not desecrate them by having them crushed, it may be, by the way-side. Wait. Remember if called upon to go forth, the voice will be so powerful that you will be compelled to obey.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE. Much has been done and said of late on this subject, in different parts of the country; many public meetings have been held, and petitions with almost innumerable names forwarded to Congress, praying the attention of our law-makers to this important matter. But will Congress do anything about it? Will they pay any attention to the strong wishes of the people, so clearly expressed? Or will they be so engrossed in electioneering, and carving out offices for themselves and friends, so busy with their dithes of mint, annis, and cummin, as to forget the weightier matters of the law? We hope not; but at the same time we confess that our fears in the case are stronger than our hopes.

More than forty years ago that sagacious statesman, Thomas Jefferson, recommended to Congress to dis-

pense with the postage on newspapers. But forty years have gone by, and nothing yet has been done. With the example of England before us, where the experiment has been successfully tried, it seems strange that our Congress should hesitate or delay to confer this benefit on the people. In England a letter can be sent to any part of the country for a penny, and yet so great is the consequent increase in the number of letters sent, that there is scarcely any falling off in the revenue of the post-office department.

If our letter postage in this country were reduced, say to three and five cents, and the postage on newspapers and magazines so modified as to take off at least half the present tax, the people would undoubtedly receive immense benefit, and the revenue probably no injury.

As suits and prosecutions for libels and other offences have been somewhat rife of late, perhaps the hint contained in the following quaint lines may have a salutary effect. They were written many years ago by Thomas Green Fessenden, who was for some years conductor of the *New England Farmer* at Boston. He died, if we recollect right, some three or four years ago. He was a grave and sedate man, but much of his poetry was full of keen wit and cutting satire.

#### THE ADVANTAGE OF GOING TO LAW.

An upper and a lower mill  
Fell out about the water;  
To war they went, that is to law,  
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,  
And hotly they contended;  
When fees grew slack, the war they waged,  
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,  
Were settled without pother—  
One lawyer took the upper mill,  
The lower mill the other.

#### TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

"The man in the moon came down at noon,  
To hear the word of knowledge;  
He went to the south and burnt his mouth,  
A eating cold pen-porridge"

BUT the tables are turned now; things are not as they used to be in the good old golden age of "mother goose." It isn't the man in the moon that comes down now to spy out the secrets of our land, to ransack our libraries, and go to our lectures, "to hear the word of knowledge." "The war is carried into Africa" now-a-days; for our folks are returning the calls of the gentleman in the moon, and the curiosities, and the learning, and the general history of that bright little affair of a planet will doubtless soon be made known to us.

It strikes us that our government should be on the alert to secure any advantages that may accrue in a commercial point of view, before John Bull steps in to cut and carve matters to suit himself. Why not appoint one of these skillful *clairvoyants* minister plenipotentiary to open negotiations with his majesty of the moon? As for news, periodicals, and cheap literature, we have no fears but matters of that sort will be attended to; for we will wager a trifle that before the Spring opens, Beach, of the Sun, will have an *express* running both ways.

Mr. Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," has undertaken the subject of the Lunar language, and he is certainly the best man in the country for that department. We wait impatiently for further developments on this interesting subject; and in the mean time we give the following extract of a letter from Mr. Burritt to Rev. La Roy Sutherland:

"A few months ago I received a communication from a gentleman residing in a remote part of the state, to this effect. He had sent a lad, in the *clairvoyant* state to the moon, where he had made many discoveries with regard to the inhabitants, &c. Having found his way into a building resembling a school-house, he detected a book, which, upon opening, he was unable to read. At the request of the magnetiser, he copied off twenty-eight well formed characters, as different from each other as the letters of our alphabet. These were forwarded to me to compare with the characters employed in the Oriental languages. A few weeks afterward I received another letter from the gentleman, containing the results of another tour of discovery to the moon. The lad saw things more definitely this time; and took drawings of a monument and a metallic horn. Upon the monument was an inscription, written in the very characters which the boy found in the book.

"I have just written to the gentleman, requesting him to begin a new series of experiments upon the moon, simultaneously with Mr. Shepherd and send the result to me. I would therefore propose that you do the same with your subject, and publish the three series together, should there be a striking correspondence. The course I have proposed to Mr. S. and the other gentlemen, was to take their subjects to the north-east side of the moon, let them proceed through to the south west side; and then from the west to the south-east; from north to south; and from east to west; describing what they saw, as would be natural to a traveler journeying through a new country. When each of the three subjects has been through in the above order, it might be of great interest to compare their notes on the moon."

#### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston Dec. 15, 1843.

##### PUGILISM; JOHN SHERIDAN, &c.

THE pulse of this metropolis is not much excited at present. Now and then a dose of Millerism, a political pill, or a few drops of indignation syrup are administered, that generally act as an emetic, leaving the community, after the nausea, in quite a healthy state.

There is not much going on in the city that is particularly unique. Great men, with a few noble exceptions, rate below par.

Mr. Editor—somewhere or other I've seen a picture, (conceived and executed in the finest style, and full of the genius of the renowned artist, whose works are always chaste and classical,) wherein Major Downing was represented as practicing the "*art pugilistic*," upon somebody, who seemed desirous of making a similar assault upon somebody else. This reminds me to tell you a little something about an accomplished master of the *fencing art* that we have now in Boston; and if Major Downing should happen to be sojourning anywhere "in your parts," in these days, I would thank

you to relate to him the anecdote, which you will find before you get through my scroll.

Pugilism is a beautiful science; this may appear paradoxical; but no one in Boston can mistake my meaning, when I say that *such* pugilism or sparring as is taught by the gentleman, John Sheridan, is perfectly beautiful, and, of course, in the highest degree scientific. There is nothing of the bravado, or prize-fighter, about Mr. Sheridan. In the street, in the drawing-room, or in his gymnasium, he is alike the gentleman; among his most intimate acquaintances, he never uses familiarity as a license to overstep the bounds of etiquette; yet he is a warm friend, and an amusing companion. I've heard him recite passages of poetry with a feeling of tenderness and passion, that never failed to excite that sympathy in the hearers which is the sure test of the fitness of the elocution to the sense. And yet there is a vein of humor in the man altogether irresistible.

The other day, some gentlemen conducted into Sheridan's gymnasium, an overgrown Southerner, measuring six feet six inches in height, or over, and weighing something over two hundred pounds. These gentlemen were anxious to see some sport; that is, they were desirous of seeing the Professor get "considerable of a thumping." They told Mr. Sheridan that the man was entirely "green," had practiced a *little* sparring, but nothing to *hurt*; that he wanted to see how a regular pugilist went to work, &c.

"I say, stranger!" exclaimed the tall gentleman, after walking very indifferently about the room for some time, "I say *stranger*, how long *have* you been in this *business*?"

"Oh," said the Professor, "I'm comparatively young in the art."

"I do a little in this way, myself, I do," said the tall stranger, very coolly picking up a pair of gloves, and putting them on. "I do a little of this *business* in my *way*—only in my *way*, you know," continued he, glancing at the same time a very significant wink at the gentleman who had conducted him there. "Jist in my *way*," he repeated, turning very smilingly to Mr. Sheridan. "Wouldn't you like to have a slice in my way?"

"I have no objection to trying *your way*," said the Professor, taking a pair of gloves, and stepping into the middle of the room.

"Oh, artin, artin," exclaimed the tall man, squaring off at an alarming rate. The couple moved around the room several times, and at last the big man began to make preparations to do a little "*business*" in his *way*. He drew back his right arm, in order to collect all its force; then taking fair aim at the Professor's face, he—what?—clasped his arms just across the lowest button on his waistcoat, sat quietly down on the floor, and gave vent to a groan that quite terrified the gentlemen who had got him into a scrape. They began to expostulate with Mr. Sheridan upon the impropriety of interrupting a gentleman's digestion after that manner, and told him that such a thing was exceedingly *wicked*, to say nothing of its being *morally* wrong, &c., &c. To which Mr. Sheridan replied, by quietly asking the tall gentleman if he would like to try a little more in his "*way*?" The stranger, still sitting on the floor, holding his dinner, looked up into the Professor's face very sorrowfully, and exclaimed, "Oh!" Yours, &c.,

BOSTON ROVER.

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

COLUMBIAN LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—Published by Israel Post, 3 Asbur House. Edited by John Inman.

This is a new Monthly of the usual form, size and price. The mechanical execution of the work is of the first order, and the cover makes a showy appearance. It has three good plates, besides the plate of fashions, and is filled with articles from a very respectable list of contributors. It also contains two pages of music. We will refer to the literary contents of the Columbian again.

Mr. Post is well acquainted with the *road that magazines have to travel*, having been a long time the principal agent for Godey and Graham in this city, and Mr. Inman is a talented and efficient editor. If anybody can get a new monthly under way in these times of competition, and showers of cheap literature, we do not see why they cannot do it.

FROM BURGESS & STRINGER, we have this week, "The little Robinson of Paris, or Industry's triumph," a tale of truth translated from the French of Madame Eugénie Foa, by Lucy London. 150 pages; 25 cts.

Curtis on the preservation of sight, the use, abuse and choice of spectacles, reading glasses &c., being practical observations for common use. By John H. Curtis, oculist and aurist to her Majesty. 48 pages; 12 1-2 cts.

The Lady's self-instructor in millinery mantua-making and all branches of plain sewing, with particular directions for cutting out dresses. By an American Lady. Illustrated with 14 engravings, 48 pages; 12 1-2 cts.

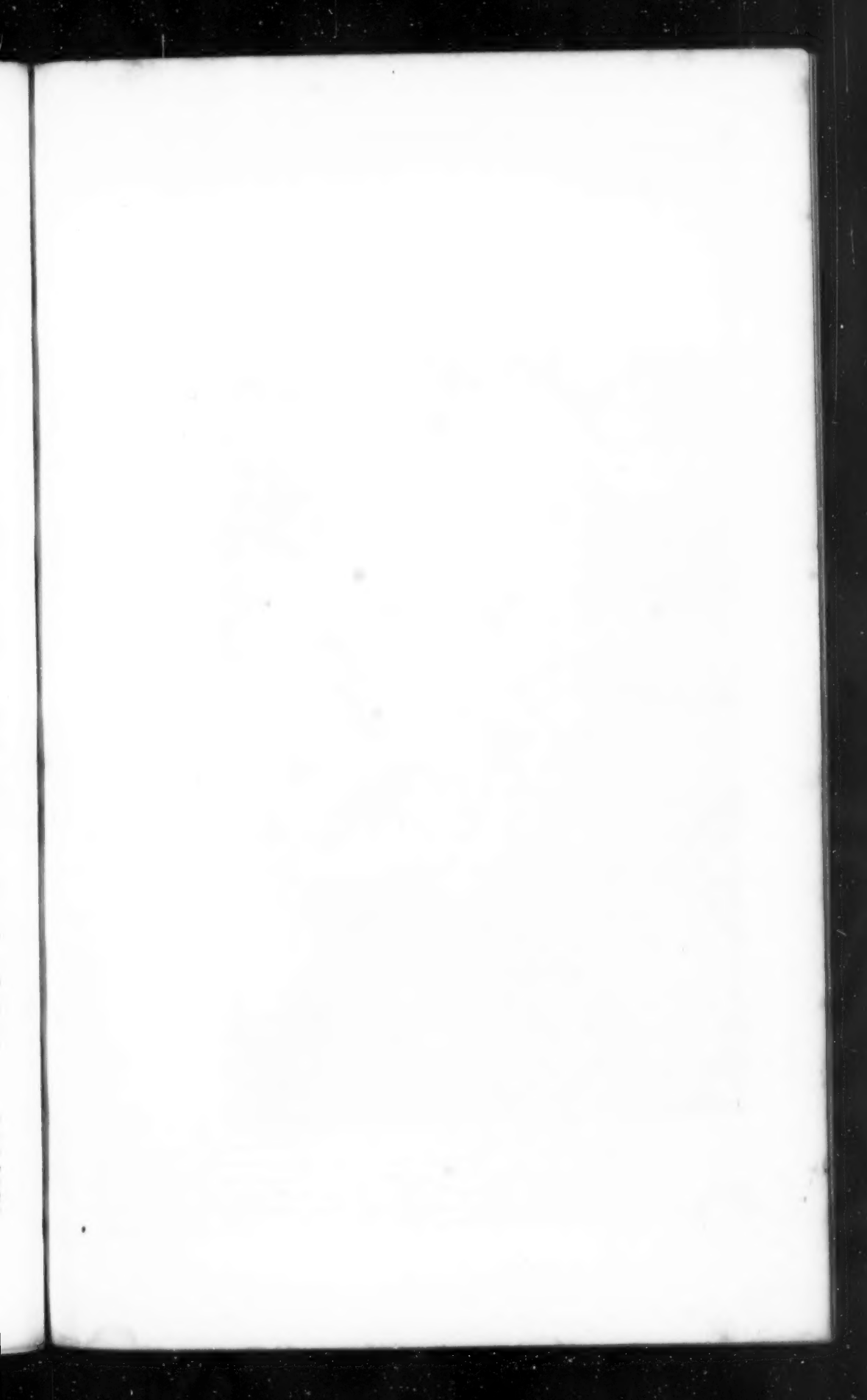
## DICK'S ENGRAVING OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

A. L. DICK, the distinguished artist of this city, has just completed and published a large and splendid engraving of the magnificent monument now being erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. The monument is about two-thirds completed, is to be 185 feet in height, and in form and finish will rank among the most beautiful monuments in the world. The engraving, which is twenty by twenty-six inches, is an exact copy of the plan of the monument, relieved in the back, on the right and left, by views of the old town in the distance, Assembly Hall, Castle Parade, Duke of York's monument, and Castle built by Edwin in 626, the Royal Exchange, St. Giles' Cathedral, &c. The whole forms a very rich and beautiful picture; and will add to the high reputation which the artist has already acquired.

We might add, in passing, that the Scott monument is very similar to the plan proposed for the Washington monument to be erected in New York, which is intended to be raised to the height of about four hundred feet, and if completed according to the design, will probably be the most magnificent monument in the world.

NEW MUSIC.—Published by C. C. Christman, 404 Pearl street. "The good old tree," a sweet song, composed by Charles F. Heuberer; but who wrote the words? The author's name ought to be attached to them, for they are tender and beautiful. "Sweet Walts," composed for the piano by C. F. Hebestreid. "Fondly on thee I look delighted," a ballad dedicated to Miss M. Taylor, by C. F. Bristow. "The young Flutist, a collection of the most admired operas, by Toulou."







Engraved by J. H. Russell

*The Alligator & Great Elephant.*

# THE ROVER.

## THE ALLIGATOR AND DEAD ELEPHANT.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE engraving in this week's ROVER is one of those remarkable East India scenes given the *Oriental Annual* in 1834. It is from an original drawing, by the celebrated artist, William Daniell, and is of course true to nature and to life. The scene is very picturesque and striking. The plate, which we use, is the original one engraved in London expressly for the *Oriental Annual*, and, we need not add, is a very beautiful work of art. The best illustration we can give with the plate, is to copy from the *Annual* itself the description of the scene written by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, one of the party who witnessed it. His narrative is as follows:

"We had taken our guns and sauntered into the jungle, accompanied by several armed natives, in order to try if we could not furnish our table with some of the excellent wild fowl with which the woods and marshes abound. We had not proceeded far before we entered a large open space in the forest, in the centre of which was a sheet of water of considerable extent, filled, as we could perceive, with alligators of enormous size. The lake, although penetrating far into the jungle, was rather narrow, but extremely deep. From its banks, on either side, a great number of large forest-trees, which were distinctly reflected in its dark and placid bosom, cast their broad shadows upon its waters; while the sun, darting its vivid rays through the close foliage that nearly intercepted them, threw here and there small masses of golden light, which gave a solemn but relieved interest to the natural gloom of the picture. Near the head of the lake was the carcass of a dead elephant, upon which a large alligator was making his meal, while others of less magnitude were eagerly awaiting his departure that they might succeed him, when he should have received his sufficiency, and likewise enjoy the luxury of a feast. The natural solitariness and asperity of the spot, the immobility and murkiness of the lake, the extreme denseness of the foliage, together with the almost cavernous gloom which such a concurrence of causes produced, were seen in awful contrast with the several varieties of living objects that met the sight upon entering this sequestered glade. There was indeed a stirring activity in the very haunt of solitude; and what is strange, the feeling of intense solitariness was only the more strongly awakened by the presence of this activity, as the mind instantly felt that it could only be witnessed far from the abodes of men. The mental associations excited by the scene before us, were anything but pleasing, as we here read in one of Nature's most melancholy pages, the sad lesson of animal selfishness and ferocity. How does the former run through all the countless gradations of human feeling! In the rational creature it is the master-spring of motives, intents, and actions, and exerts as strongly as in the irrational; in the latter, it is only the more obvious, because it is the less disguised. These reflections passed rapidly through my thoughts as I gazed upon the living things which swarmed in and about the dark lake on whose banks the elephant had breathed his last. Various beasts and birds of prey—jackals, adjutants, vultures, kites, and reptiles of different kinds, were

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seen collecting from all quarters, waiting their turn to share in the casualty of a full banquet.

"During the time that the large alligator,

'At once the king and savage of the waste,'

was busy at his work of hungry devastation on the colossal body of the elephant, a native attendant was desired to advance and fire, in order that we might see what would be the effect of the explosion among the ravenous visitors to this gloomy valley. This he immediately did. The ball glanced from the alligator's body as if it had been cased in adamant, when a scene of confusion ensued which defies description. The whole valley seemed at once to start into life. The rush of the monster thus suddenly scared from its prey—the splashing of those which were floating on the surface of the lake in expectation of a speedy meal, as they plunged beneath its still waters—the yelling of the jackals, and the screaming of the vultures, made altogether such a din, that we were glad to escape from the frightful uproar. We had the curiosity to revisit the spot after our day's sport, on our return to our tents, when we found the large body of the elephant entirely consumed, with nothing but the skeleton remaining. The bones were picked as clean as if they had been under the hands of a most skillful surgeon, and prepared by him for some national museum. This operation had been completed by the black ants, which swarm upon a carcass after it has been relinquished by the more voracious beasts of prey, and leave the fleshless frame as white as if it had been polished by the efforts of human ingenuity."

## CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY GESSA SMITH.

As Mr. Seth Woodsam was mowing one morning in his lower haying field, and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun, Mr. Woodsam looked up toward his house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, running up toward him with her utmost speed. As she came up, he perceived she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough left to speak.

"Oh, father," she faintly articulated, "mother is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she shall die before you get there."

Mr. Woodsam was a man of sober, sound mind, and calm nerves; but he had what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obediah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing this unusual movement of his father, dropped his fork, and ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost at the same time.

Mr. Woodsam hastened to the bed-side, and took his wife's hand. "My dear Sally," said he, "what is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Woodsam, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't think you would need

to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you was dying. What is the matter? How do you feel?"

"Oh, I shan't live till night," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; "I am going fast."

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump on to the horse, and ride over after Doctor Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he can come. "Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse, and come right away over, while you go and catch his."

Obediah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes time was mounted upon Old Gray, and galloping with full speed toward Doctor Fairfield's.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, "how do you feel? What makes you think you are dying?" And he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"Oh, Samuel," for she generally called him by his Christian name, when under the influence of tender emotions, "Oh, Samuel, I feel dreadfully. I have pains darting through my head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy, and can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. And besides, I feel as though I was dying. I am sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children?" And she sobbed heavily and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had no appearance of a dying person; but still her earnest and positive declarations, that she should not live throughout the day sent a chill through his veins, and a sinking to his heart, which no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do anything to relieve his wife, except to try to soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the Doctor arrived. The half hour which elapsed, from the time Obediah started, till the doctor came, seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bed-side to the door, to look and see if the doctor was any where near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many minutes longer.

At length Doctor Fairfield rode up to the door, on Mr. Woodsum's Old Gray, and with saddle-bags in hand, hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her, and told her although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

"Oh, Doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs. Woodsum; "don't you see I am dying? I can't possibly live till night; I am sinking very fast, Doctor. I shall never see the sun rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops its beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I must see my children once more; do let 'em come in and bid me farewell." Here she was so overwhelmed with sobs and tears as to prevent her saying more.

The Doctor, perceiving it was in vain to talk or try to reason with her, assured her that as long as there was life there was hope, and told her he would give her some medicine that he did not doubt would help her. He accordingly administered the drugs usually approved by the faculty in such cases, and telling her he would call and see her again in a day or two, he left the room. As he went out, Mr. Woodsum followed him, and desired to know in private his real opinion of the case. The Doctor assured him he did not consider it at all alarming. It was an ordinary case of hypochondria, and with suitable treatment the patient would undoubtedly soon be better.

"This is a case," continued the Doctor, "in which the mind needs to be administered to as much as the body. Divert her attention as much as possible to cheerful objects; let her be surrounded by agreeable company; give her a light, but generous and nutritive diet; and as soon as may be, get her to take gentle exercise in the open air, by riding on horseback, or running about the fields and gathering fruits and flowers in company with lively and cheerful companions. Follow these directions, and continue to administer the medicines I have ordered, and I think Mrs. Woodsum will soon enjoy good health again."

Mr. Woodsum felt much relieved after hearing the Doctor's opinion and prescriptions, and bade the kind physician good morning with a tolerably cheerful countenance. Most assiduously did he follow the Doctor's directions, and in a few days he had the happiness to see his beloved wife again enjoying comfortable health, and pursuing her domestic duties with cheerfulness.

But, alas! his sunshine of hope was destined soon to be obscured again by clouds of sorrow and disappointment. It was not long before some change in the weather, and changes in her habits of living, and neglect of proper exercise in the open air, brought on a return of Mrs. Woodsum's gloom, and despondency, in all their terrific power. Again she was sighing and weeping on the bed, and again Mr. Woodsum was hastily summoned from the field, and leaving his plough in mid furrow, ran with breathless anxiety to the house, where the same scenes were again witnessed which we have already described. Not only once or twice, but repeatedly week after week, and month after month, these alarms were given, and followed by similar results. Every relapse seemed to be more severe than the last, and on each occasion Mrs. Woodsum was more positive than ever that she was on her death bed, and that there was no longer any help for her.

On one of these occasions, so strong was her impression that her dissolution was near, and so anxious did she appear to make every preparation for death, and with such solemn earnestness did she attend to certain details preparatory to her leaving her family, for ever, that Mr. Woodsum almost lost the hope that usually attended him through these scenes, and felt, more than ever before, that what he had so often feared, was indeed about to become a painful and awful reality. Most tenderly did Mrs. Woodsum touch upon the subject of her separation from her husband and children.

"Our poor children—what will become of them when I am gone? And you, dear Samuel, how can I bear the thought of leaving you? I could feel reconciled to dying, if it was not for the thoughts of leaving you and the children. They will have nobody to take care of them, as a mother would, poor things; and then



you will be so lonesome—it breaks my heart to think of it."

Here, her feelings overpowered her, and she was unable to proceed any farther. Mr. Woodsum was for some time too much affected to make any reply. At last, summoning all his fortitude, and as much calmness as he could, he told her if it was the will of Providence that she should be separated from them, he hoped her last hours would not be pained with anxious solicitude about the future welfare of the family. It was true, the world would be a dreary place to him when she was gone; but he should keep the children with him, and with the blessing of heaven he thought he should be able to make them comfortable and happy.

"Well, there's one thing, dear Samuel," said Mrs. Woodsum, "that I feel it my duty to speak to you about." And she pressed his hand in hers, and looked most solemnly and earnestly in his face. "You know, my dear," she continued, "how sad and desolate a family of children always is, when deprived of a mother. They may have a kind father, and kind friends, but nobody can supply the place of a mother. I feel as if it would be your duty—and I could not die in peace if I didn't speak of it—I feel, dear Samuel, as if it would be your duty as soon after I am gone as would appear decent, to marry some good and kind woman, and bring her into the family to be the mother of our poor children, and to make your home happy. Promise me that you will do this, and I think it will relieve me of some of the distress I feel at the thought of dying."

This remark was, to Mr. Woodsum, most unexpected and most painful. It threw an anguish into his heart, such as he had never experienced till that moment. It forced upon his contemplation a thought that never before occurred to him. The idea of being bereaved of the wife of his bosom, whom he had loved and cherished for fifteen years with the ardent attachment of a fond husband, had overwhelmed him with all the bitterness of woe; but the thought of transferring that attachment to another object, brought with it a double desolation. His associations before had all clothed his love for his wife with a feeling of immortality. She might be removed from him to another world, but he had not felt as though that would dissolve the holy bond that united them. His love would soon follow her to those eternal realms of bliss, and rest upon her like a mantle for ever. But this new and startling idea, of love for another, came to him, as comes to the wicked the idea of annihilation of the soul—an idea, compared with which, no degree of misery imaginable, is half so terrible. A cloud of intense darkness seemed for a moment to overshadow him, his heart sank within him, and his whole frame trembled with agitation. It was some minutes before he could find power to speak. And when he did, it was only to beseech his wife, in a calm and solemn tone, not to allude to so distressing a subject again, a subject which he could not think of nor speak of, without suffering more than a thousand deaths.

The strong mental anguish of Mr. Woodsum seemed to have the effect to divert his wife's attention from her own sufferings, and by turning her emotions into a new channel, gave her system an opportunity to rally. She gradually grew better as she had done in like cases before, and even before night was able to sit up, and became quite composed and cheerful.

But her malady was only suspended, not cured; and again and again it returned upon her, and again and

again her friends were summoned to witness her last sickness and take their last farewell. And on these occasions, she had so often slightly and delicately hinted to Mr. Woodsum the propriety of his marrying a second wife, that even he could at last listen to the suggestion with a degree of indifference which he had once thought he could never feel.

At last, the sober saddening days of autumn came on. Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his "fall work," which had been several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him "break up" an old mowing field. He was exceedingly desirous not to be interrupted for his neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charges to take good care of their mother, and so that nothing disturbed her through the day. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plough, and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock, in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadful sick" and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still, the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his good stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately toward the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house, and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her dear children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her beloved husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of extreme sickness or approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best; and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now, don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"We'll I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs.

Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you've had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty."

"Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. Everything depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodman; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But, have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one, that I have thought for some time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression, a little more of earth than Heaven, returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You hav'n't named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but my dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates me too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never could die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But, I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear—I have thought if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy."

An earthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat; walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation—"what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that, nor I won't. Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother to my children! No, that's what she never shall. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest. Susan," she continued, turning to one of the girls, "make up more fire under that dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterward visited by the terrible affliction of hypochondria.

A GRAVE old man told his son, that if he did not grow less dissipated, he would shorten his days. "Then, dad," said the boy, "I shall lengthen my nights."

## TO A BABE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

PRECIOUS baby, rest thee here,  
Nestle thus about my heart:  
Child, devoid of guilt and fear,  
What a mystery thou art!

'Tis a pleasure, little one,  
On thy sinless brow to look;  
Life to do, and nothing done—  
Nothing written in thy book!

Link art thou 'twixt me and heaven;  
Blessed ministry is thine;  
Unto thee a power is given  
To renew this heart of mine—  
Childhood's fearless love renew—  
Childhood's truth and holy trust;  
And of youth bring back the dew,  
Lift the spirit from the dust.

Mothers may not know on earth,  
Half the deep and holy spell  
Wrought by infant tears and mirth,  
Meanings strange that few may tell.  
Deeper grows the mother's eye  
With its look of love and prayer—  
Holiest duty, promptings high  
Mingle with maternal care.

Careless thou as blossoms wild  
Growing in the light of heaven;  
Thou, a meek and trusting child,  
Faith like theirs to thee is given:  
And for thee I will not fear  
In the perils that await—  
Thought and will, the prayer, the tear  
Arm thee strong for any fate.

With a great deal of pleasure we commend to our fair readers, and to all our readers, the following beautiful sketch by Kotzebue. The moral is finely drawn out, and it will do the heart good to read it.

## THE TWO SISTERS.—A SKETCH.

BY KOTZEBUE.

In a large city in Germany dwelt two sisters—Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in the glass—that was natural; she soon took pains in dressing—that was pardonable; she endeavored to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought nothing more was necessary—that was foolish. True, she played well upon the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes after Hackert, and embroidered flowers from Nature. But she only played the harpsichord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes for exhibition, and embroidered flowers for sofas and screens. At home, time passed tediously, although her old weak mother was continually praising her beauty. This old truth could only give pleasure by coming from new lips; hence Jeannette was continually seeking new society. Ladies always practiced a certain economy in the praise of other ladies; but gentlemen, on the contrary, are generally very lavish of praise; and therefore Jeannette was fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner; but no one praised the poor girl, simply because no one noticed her, for the small-pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar, and sung agreeably, but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw, no one knew of her talent: for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed; and it only required a second look from any one to cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only upon work-bags for aunts and grandmothers. She appeared best at home—in company the consciousness of her homeliness gave her an air of constraint; but affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house each one by turns, week about. Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved, also, at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord, and the little time which was left her to arrange her head-dress for her evening parties. The good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs. The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face which pleased everybody. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject, and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice, saw Jeannette, and both became extremely enamored. Both were of a good family, brave, noble, and both very rich. Jeannette was delighted with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future.

"If both should be in earnest," said she to her daughter, "which would you prefer?"

"I don't know myself," answered Jeannette, "they both please me, but I like the richest one the best. Then I would take care of you, mother, in your old age, and I would have my sister to manage my house for me."

The doting parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection.

In the meantime both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favor, and both were equally kind to the homely Pauline, because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette was really in embarrassment, which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball, at which she was queen, and she thought on that evening she was in a fair way to love Edward. Maurice gave a sleigh-ride, and she flew along the street in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

"If I were in your place," said Pauline one day, "I should take Edward."

"Why?—Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge he is handsomer."

"He is generous, too," said the mother.

"But he is fickle," replied Pauline.

"Our aunt has told me a good many things about him."

"Our aunt," answered Jeannette snappishly, "is an old aunt."

"Edward, on the other hand," continued Pauline, "is more steady; and I think I have often remarked, that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice."

"Pshaw!" said Jeannette, tossing her head, while she stuck a flower in her hair before the glass; "they both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them. Meanwhile, what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass very pleasantly, and finally accident will decide."

Pauline was silent. Both suitors continued their attentions without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room, he found Pauline in tears, and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears and the laughter.

"I am a child," said Pauline, blushing, and left the chamber.

"A child indeed," said Jeannette, laughing after her; "you would never guess what she was crying for."

"If it is not improper to ask—"

"Oh, not at all. You have probably sometimes seen the old blind dog that used to lie on the sofa? He was mine, and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little; at last I thought the old blind animal was good for nothing, and only did mischief; so I sent him to a huntsman and had him shot."

"And was that the cause of your sister's weeping?"

"That was it. One would think we were living in the times of old Romance."

Edward was silent, and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her less homely. Yet when the fascinating Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a sultana, for the carnival that was approaching, when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived; the illness of her mother increased; the looks of the physician, although he said nothing, made Pauline determine not to go the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

"Where is your sister?" asked Edward.

"My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company." He was pleased at that; but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph of being admired in the highest degree. Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed around her; wherever she went, she heard the voice of flattery.

Toward midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off his mask; it was her mother's physician. Miss

said he, "I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill."

"Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, "I must go home this moment."

"By all means," said Edward, "let us go."

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette looked round embarrassed; Edward offered his services to look for her servant. She was just on the point of requesting him to do so, when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her, "I cannot dance any longer; my mother's sick." "O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille," said a young rich Englishman, "a few minutes can make no difference." She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance. The person next him joggled him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette; his neighbor reminded him again—Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced the figure with her, and the quadrille was finished without any thing more being said. She would then have gone, but she was so heated that she would have taken cold, by going into the air. After walking up and down an adjoining room for some time, she went home, and Edward accompanied her. As they went up the steps they saw fire in the kitchen, where Pauline was preparing something for her mother. Her countenance, reddened by the glow of the fire, appeared handsome this time, to Edward.

"It is well you have come," said Pauline to her sister, "Mother has been very sick, and I have frequently had to leave her alone."

Edward felt himself in a singular frame of mind. On this very evening Jeannette had dropt some hints, which gave him hopes of gaining the victory over his rival. His delight on that account, however had been very much moderated since the last quadrille. A film fell from his eyes. He was able for the first time to look upon her beauty without a violent wish to possess her. He would probably have renounced her immediately, if vanity had not whispered that she loved him; that she would have immediately left the hall, if she had not been dancing with him; and that it was he who made her forget her duty for a moment. His feelings could not withstand the flattering thought of being beloved by so beautiful a girl, and all that reason could win from him was a determination to put her supposed affection for him to the proof.

He waited until her mother recovered, and then went one day with an air of trouble in his countenance to Jeannette, and informed her that his estate in Subia had been ravaged by the enemy, and that it would take at least a year's rent to put it in its former condition. "But," added he tenderly, "if Jeannette only loves me, my income will be sufficient to protect us from want." She was visibly shocked, and changed color as he began his relation, and her endeavors to conceal her confusion did not escape him. An anxious pause ensued. She soon recovered her composure, laid her hand upon his in a friendly way, and said, "my good friend, I will not deceive you. I am a spoilt child, and cannot do without a great many things. We are neither of us romancers. We know that the hottest love will grow cold in a cottage. That I am well inclined toward you, I will not deny, but we must act reasonably—remain my friend." This declaration was a thrust in the heart to Edward; but it was a beneficial

operation. He soon after repeated the story in presence of Pauline. She did not look up from her embroidery, but he remarked that her eyes were moist. "What gives me the most pain for the misfortune," continued he, "is the poverty of my mother—my good mother. If I should devote the whole of my income to her, it will not be sufficient to provide her the luxuries to which she has been accustomed; and you know that poverty always depends upon the different wants of mankind." Pauline raised her head and looked at him kindly. She said nothing, but her countenance spoke. The needle trembled in her hand. She thought herself and continued her embroidery. After a pause she asked, as if merely to renew the conversation, "Where does your mother reside?" Edward answered at Stuttgart, where, in reality, she was in the highest circle of society. Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation and advantages of Stuttgart, and nothing more was said of Edward's misfortune.

For the purpose of confirming what he had said of his losses, he limited his expenditures and sold his fine horses. He continued to visit the sisters, and the calmness of his feelings permitted him to see a thousand little things, that had formerly escaped him. None of his observations were of a kind to rekindle his former love; on the other hand, Pauline daily appeared more amiable to him, and her homeliness less striking. As he now conversed more with her than with Jeannette, she felt more confidence toward him, her bashfulness was conquered, and she unfolded her heart. What conduced very much to this, was the modest supposition, that Edward could have no thought of a marriage with her; that removed her embarrassment, and she showed her pure, unrestrained sisterly affection.

Jeannette, on the other hand, did not receive much pleasure from his visits, which were especially disagreeable when Maurice was present. To him she now confined her whole coquetry, and soon drew the net so tightly over him, that he besought her pressingly every day to make him the most enviable of mortals, at the altar. She still took airs upon herself and teased him a while, and at last jestingly gave her consent. The lover was delighted excessively, and the most expensive preparations were commenced for the nuptials.

Meanwhile Edward remained very calm. He was no longer in love, but it appeared to him at times as if he loved Pauline. His wish to see her, if he had not seen her for a day or two; the quickness with which time passed in her company; the unwillingness with which he separated from her—all these things often made him think "what if I should offer Pauline my hand?" A surprising occurrence suddenly decided for him.

He received a letter from his mother containing a bill of exchange upon Stuttgart for one hundred dollars, signed by one of the principal bankers of the place in which Edward resided. "I cannot comprehend," she wrote in her letter, "why it should have been sent to me. It was sent in an anonymous letter, in which I am besought, in a few lines, not to despise the gift of a good heart." A flame blazed in Edward's breast. He trembled—his eyes sparkled. He hurried to the banker. "Did you draw this bill of exchange?" "Yes." "For whom?" "I have been paid the value." "By whom?" "I cannot say." "But the bill of exchange was sent to my mother." "I know



nothing of that; it is no business of mine." "I beg of you to tell me the person." "I cannot." "You will probably cause the happiness of my life." The banker looked at him with surprise. "Will you tell me the truth," said Edward, "if I name the person?" "Yes," "Miss Pauline Weston." "You have guessed it."

Edward hurried out. In two minutes he was at Pauline's feet, and asked her hand. She was confused—she could not answer—she sighed. He put his arm around her—"Am I disagreeable to you?" "Oh no. I have long loved you; but how could I hope!" The first raptures of love flowed through two noble hearts. Pauline could not comprehend how Edward had taken such a sudden, violent resolution. She often asked the reason—he smiled but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were fixed for the same day, on which Jeannette was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline made disposition for strict frugality in her future domestic affairs; her white, plain bridal dress contrasted powerfully with the silver lace of her sister. Edward pressed her to his heart and smiled. "To-morrow," said he, "I will inform my mother of the choice I have made, you must also add a letter." Pauline promised it, not without some embarrassment, and Edward smiled again. On the next day she handed him the letter, but showed him at the same time her finger bound up, which had compelled her to get her sister to write the letter. Edward kissed her finger, cast a look of love upon her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eye. She blushed and thought something was not right; but he said "very well," and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward came early in the morning and laid a valuable necklace in his bride's lap. Pauline was astonished, but Jeannette was more so, for the necklace was more valuable than her own. "I have been practising usury," said Edward, jestingly. "A little sum advanced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has doubled itself a thousand fold." "By a noble lady?" said Pauline. "The necklace is very fine," continued Edward "but what adorns it most, and will make me the happiest of men, is concealed in this paper." She opened it confusedly. It was the wedding-ring folded in the bill of exchange. Pauline recognized it at the first glance, and cast down her eyes blushing. Edward fell at her feet. She sunk down. "To deceive me so!" whispered she.

When all was explained, Pauline's mother embraced her, while Jeannette tossed her pretty head. She endeavored to conceal her vexation; but her marriage day was the commencement of her matrimonial ill humor.

Several years passed: Edward found to his astonishment that he had been blind, that his wife was really handsome; and his domestic happiness increased every day. Domestic happiness never made its home with Jeannette. Pauline was surrounded with blooming children. The sisters seldom saw each other: for Pauline lived only for her husband and children—Jeannette only for the great world. Here she found sufficient amends for the only, true happiness of marriage, as long as her beauty daily attracted new admirers, and as long as her husband's riches afforded the means of expensive luxuries. But alas! her charms began to vanish—she grew sickly—the affection of her husband became deadened—his coffers were emptied—poverty introduced discord. They avoided one another

—Madam run in debt—Monsieur gambled away her jewels. They began with complaining, and ended with reproaches. At length one morning Maurice rode away without taking leave, and was never heard of afterward.

Poor and helpless, Jeannette was forced to seek an asylum with her sister. She was kindly received and treated with the most tender forbearance; but her conscience was not at ease; a violent cough enfeebled her frame, and in her twenty-eighth year, no trace of her former beauty remained. Her mind was soured and embittered, so that she was rendered unfit for any domestic joys. The servants of the family trembled before her. If the nurse wished to hush the infant she had only to say "Aunt is coming." The larger children, when at play, if they heard her cough at a distance, slipped into one corner, and whispered to one another "Aunt is coming."

### HORRIBLE ADVENTURE.

At the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R——, paymaster general of the Neapolitan forces, was travelling through Calabria for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him, to prepare his quarters at the town of——, expecting to arrive there by night fall; but the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, found that he was at a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old romantic building on the road side, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout muscular figure with a swarthy countenance almost wholly shrouded in a mass of bushy whiskers and mustachios. The traveler was received with civility; and, after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted up a crazy old staircase to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying the appearance of the place, and finding no lock on his door, he fixed a chair against it; and, after priming his pistols put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed before he heard a noise below, and of persons entering the house; and sometime afterward was alarmed by the sound of a man's footstep on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevice of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, and with extreme caution removed the chair and entered the apartment. The Chevalier then saw his host, with a lamp in one hand and a knife in the other, approaching the bed on tiptoe. The Chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed cloths, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of his bed, he held the light to the Chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but contrived nevertheless, to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host. The man soon turned from him, and after hanging the lamp on the bed post went to the other end of the room and brought to the bed side a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in his hand. At the very moment that the Chevalier was about to start up from the bed and shoot him, the man, in a hurried manner, cut several

slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveler. The host then passed the light before his eyes again and left the room in the same cautious way in which he had entered it, and, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below, who were, of course, not very sorry to perceive that he had saved his bacon.

## DEATH AND THE WORLD.

BY MISS JEWELL.

I CALL the World a gay good world,  
Of its smiles and bounties free;  
But death, alas! is the king of this world,  
And it holds a grave for me.

The World hath gold—it is bright and red;  
It hath love, and the love is sweet;  
And praise, like the song of a lovely lute;—  
But all those with Death must meet.

Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love  
He will bury beneath dark mould;  
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,  
Written on marble cold!

THE following little article, we are informed, comes from a lady of wealth and fashion in or near Boston, and the story of Uncle Clement is said to be a true one, and to have been related at the fire-side of the lady in the manner described.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME;

AND UNCLE CLEMENT'S STORY.

THE weather is cold and uncomfortable out of doors, and as I sit here by my cheerful fireside, many reminiscences of the past come over me. I seem to fancy myself back again among that dear circle, where many of my happiest days were passed. Memory brings before me the house—that pleasant house—where I was born, and familiar objects are clustering around. At the foot of the hill, the little farm house, almost overshadowed by the large graceful elm-tree; the range of hills in the distance, on one side seeming to shelter our quiet little village from the rough winds, on the other side, the broad expanse of water—our own beautiful bay, dotted with islands, and enlivened by many a white sail. All these scenes come back vividly to my memory, and it is with delight that I recall to mind everything connected with that happy home.

Since my childhood, many things there have been changed; but all has been done with a view to improvement, and directed by a most refined taste. The kind friend under whose superintendence those various improvements were made, and whom I shall call Uncle Clement, was one of the most delightful companions I have ever known. Always in the best spirits himself, it seemed to be his first wish to make every one cheerful around him, and a visit from him was hailed by us all with the greatest joy. In the summer, Uncle Clement did not afford us much of his time, for he was constantly overseeing the farm and garden, and giving directions for the transplanting of trees, and seeing that the young radishes and lettuce were thriving in their hot-beds; but the winter was the time to enjoy fully a visit from him. When the snow and hail were doing their worst out of doors, and the wind whistling through

the window frames, (for be it remembered our house was, by no means, one of modern comfort and convenience,) then gathered around our blazing hearth, we would listen for hours to Uncle Clement, as he related the adventures of his youth, varied occasionally by a game of chess, or checkers, in both of which he excelled. It was on one of these evenings, when the storm raged with peculiar violence out of doors, and everything wore an air of comfort within, that my father, having ordered some cannel coal to be thrown upon the fire, and the sofa to be drawn up to the cheerful blaze, said to Uncle Clement, "now my good friend, I must beg of you to favor us with a story, for you see, the children are all impatient for it, and your little pet, Bessie, has taken her accustomed place on your knee, and looks as curious as any of the elder ones. Even Carlos seems to join his entreaties with theirs, for you see he has roused himself for a moment from his deep sleep, and is gazing at you as if in expectation."

"Oh, yes, do tell us a story!" we all began with one voice; and Uncle Clement, as soon as the tumult was a little hushed, said: "You know I am always ready to contribute as much as I can to your amusement, but I must not be too prodigal of my stories, otherwise I shall soon exhaust my store. However, there is one singular incident, which just now occurs to me, and if you like, I will relate it to you."

"Oh! do so, good Uncle Clement!" we all exclaimed, and drawing our little chairs still closer to him, he thus began:

"You have probably heard me speak of my friend, Mr. Annesley. Many years ago, while making a visit at his house, in England, he related to me the following adventure. Having had occasion to collect some rents in a distant and unfrequented part of the city of London, he said to his wife: 'Sarah, if you have a mind to take a walk, put on your bonnet and shawl, for I am going a considerable distance, and should like the pleasure of your company.'

"'With all my heart,' she replied, 'I feel quite in the mood for a walk, and should like nothing better.' It was a fine day in autumn, and the air very exhilarating, so that they walked on for some distance, without feeling the least fatigue.

"'I think, my dear,' said Mr. Annesley, 'as we have reached a part of the town not particularly agreeable for ladies, you had better walk about for half an hour or so, while I run down the next street. I will transact my business as soon as possible, and return to you.' Mrs. Annesley having wandered several times up and down the square, returned to the head of the street where her husband had left her.

"A young and somewhat pretty woman was sitting on a door step, with a child in her arms, and Mrs. Annesley, feeling a particular interest in little children, made some inquiries about it: 'You seem fatigued with holding this heavy boy,' said she to the woman, 'let me relieve you of your charming little burden,' and taking the child from her arms, she seated herself on the step, and began caressing the really beautiful infant. She woman seemed uneasy, and wished to take her seat again, but Mrs. Annesley said: 'I feel so much fatigued with my walk, that it is quite pleasant to rest here a short time, and the child seems contented with me. These little ones soon discover who are fond of them.' The woman stood apparently watching for some person, when a man, turning hastily the corner of the street, rushed past Mrs. Annesley, throwing a

heavy purse into her lap, passed on, running with great speed. Mrs. Annesley, thinking this very mysterious, hastily slipped the purse into her pocket. 'When my husband comes,' said she to herself, 'we will see what is the meaning of this.'

"It was already more than half an hour, and she was beginning to be somewhat anxious, when Mr. Annesley ran up the street, and with a face pale as ashes, approached his wife. 'My dearest Sarah,' said he, 'you are doubtless alarmed at my appearance, but you will cease to wonder, when I tell you that, in all probability, I am a ruined man. My purse has been stolen from me, and it is very doubtful if I ever recover it.'

"'Calm yourself, my dear husband,' said Mrs. Annesley; 'Providence has ever kindly watched over us, and I am sure will not forsake us now. Do you know this purse?' said she, taking it from her pocket.

"'Merciful heaven! it is my own. But how, my dearest Sarah, did you come in possession of it?' Mrs. Annesley related her adventure with the woman, and it seemed evident that this person had been stationed on the door-step with her child, in order to receive any stolen goods from her accomplice.

"'So, my dear children,' said Uncle Clement, in finishing his story, 'you see from this incident that all things are overruled for our good, and how kindly a gracious Providence stepped in to save from ruin an honest man and his family, and to frustrate the wicked designs of the guilty.'"  
E. B. A.

#### WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

THOUGHTS OR IDEAS IMPERISHABLE.

THE following remarkable case is related in the biography of Coleridge.

"A case occurred in a catholic town in Germany, a year or two before my arrival at Göttingen and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read or write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighborhood, she became possessed; as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and, by his statement, many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connexion with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small proportion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been an harmless, simple creature, but she was laboring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learnt, that the patient had been charitably taken by an old protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him

some years, even till the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's who had lived with him as a house-keeper and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that, after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay.

Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made, concerning the pastor's habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared, that it had been the old man's custom for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and read to himself, with a loud voice, out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added that he was a learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authentic case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist, for an indefinite time, in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus; this fact, and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind, contribute to make it even probable, that all thoughts are, in themselves imperishable; and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, *the body celestial*, instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act or a single thought, should be lost."

#### WHALING.

THE man at the mast head upon the look-out, having discovered whales, vociferates with all his might: "There she blows!" The captain immediately exclaims: "Where away?" and "How far off?" and being answered as to their being to windward, to leeward, right ahead or astern, he now goes aloft himself to determine that they are sperm whale, and which way bound. We will now suppose that they are three points off the larboard bow, distant about three miles, and heading along the same course as the ship. Now the captain cries: "Keep her off two points;" which being done, his next order is: "Steady—steady she goes." "The weather braces a small pull." "Loose top-gallant sails, there, bear-a-hand." Scarcely a hand is to be found on deck, after these orders are executed, except the helmsman; all are eagerly jumping aloft to catch a sight of the whales, previous to their going down—and hope and fear are alternately expressed in the faces of all as the fish are seen to glide through the

water rapidly, and in a straight course, or occasionally to play upon the surface—to *lob-tail* it, is the technical term. The ship *nearing* the whales, the next order is: "See the lines in the boat!" "Swing the cranes!" The after oarsman now fills his boat keg with water, puts some bread under the stern sheets, and sees that a bucket is in the boat. We will suppose the whales are now *sounding*, and the captain having run down with the ship as near as he thinks advisable, orders the main-top-sails to be backed; all hands are now straining their optics to discover the whales when they first blow. They are at length seen some distance from the ship. "Stand by the boats, there," cries the captain, and each man knowing his station, is sure to be found always at his respective boat, eager for the chase. "Lower away," the boats are precipitated into the water, and the crews are at their oars in a twinkling. After pushing from the ship, it takes some two or three minutes for the harpooner to adjust his craft, he then seats him on his thwart, and takes his oar; now the officer who *heads* the boat, cries: "Line your oars, boys—pull ahead—(a lapse of two or three minutes)—pull ahead, I tell you, why don't ye?—long and strong, head boat, I say. (An interval of about fifty seconds.) Every man do his best; lay back, I tell ye, (*fiercely*)—why, don't let that boat pass ye; spring, I tell ye, (*authoritatively*)—there they be—round and round with 'em—for God's sake, pull ahead, (*entreatingly*)—lapse of a few seconds.) Everything—everything I've got in my chest I'll give you—do spring, boys—let's go on first; now, then, back to the thwarts, give her the touch, I tell ye, (*encouragingly*)—five seas off, spring! three oar side best—pull all, every soul of you, (*boisterously*)—I'll give you all my tobacco—everything I've got—look at her—oh! what a hump—slow as night; don't you look round, (*passionately*) she don't blow—she only whiffs it out—at the end pull, and we'll be on, this rising. She's an eighty barrel whale; there she *mills*; she's heading to leeward—a large fellow, separate from the school, (*shout*)—why the harry don't you pull?—now do, boys, wont you? (*soothingly*.) I tell you we are jam on to her!—one minute more! Oh, boys! if you want to see your sweethearts—if you want to see Nantucket, pull ahead, blast ye! that whale will shorten our passage six months. I tell you we gain fast—now's the time—mills still heading to the leeward; lap on to her in a moment; harpooner stand—all my tobacco—all my clothes—pull! Oh, what a whale! (*softly*) hove my soul out, harpooner—harpooner, one minute more—half a minute more; all my tobacco. We are in her wake, (*whispers*), make no noise with your oars, stand up, harpooner—pull the rest, give it her solid. \* \* \* Stern—stern, I tell you, (*loudly*)—stern all—stern like the devil—stern and get clear of the whale. Harpooner, come aft—wet the line—we are fast—now haul me on—stern, I tell ye—lay to the leeward of the whale; that's a good one, (*straightens his lance*) lay the head of the boat off; I've boned my lance, d—n her; give me a chance—do haul me on, will ye? there's the flag; stern, I tell ye—lie—give us a set upon her—thick as tar, there she clotters—stern she's roing in her flurry; stern all; there, she's fin up—pass the spade forward; let's haul up to her, get harness on, and tow her along side."

Hold thou this precept: life being but a span,  
Bear no ill will toward thy fellow man.

#### CURING A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

A GENTLEMAN who had for a long time fancied himself dying of a liver complaint, was advised by Dr. Crawford, of Baltimore, to make an excursion into the State of Ohio. After traveling about three months he returned home apparently in good health; but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother, who had actually died of a schirous liver, he immediately staggered, and falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended, and on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, immediately exclaimed, "O yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place." He called for a carving knife, and whetting it as a butcher would to open a calf, he stepped up to him, and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so horribly frightened, that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with a speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted, and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he for more than twenty years afterward, any symptoms of this disease.

#### ANECDOTE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, indignant at the unjust preference, which the pretended connoisseurs of his time gave to the works of the ancient sculptors, piqued, beside, at what they had said of himself, that the most inferior of the ancient statues was a hundred times more beautiful than anything he had wrought or ever could make, imagined a sure method of confounding them. He wrought in secret a Cupid of marble, in which he put forth all his art and all his genius. When this charming statute was finished, he broke off an arm; and, after having given to the body of the statute, by the application of certain reddish tints, the venerable color of the antique statues, he buried it, during the night, where they were soon to lay the foundations of an edifice. The time came, and the workmen discovered the Cupid. The curious multitude ran to admire. "They had never seen anything so beautiful. It is a *chef d'œuvre* of Phidias," said some. "It is the work of Polycletes," said others. "How far are we," cried all, "from being able to produce anything resembling it at the present day! What a misfortune that it wants an arm!" "I have the arm, gentlemen," said Michael Angelo, having listened to their stupid exaggerations. They cast on him looks of incredulous pty. What was their surprize when they saw the entirely new arm join perfectly to the shoulder of the statue? They were obliged to feel, that they possessed a Phidias and a Polycletes, capable of contending the palm of merit with the ancients; and if the onivous prejudice was not destroyed, it was at least allenced.

A YOUNG lady going into a barrack room at fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread upon the point of his sword; on which she exclaimed: "I think, sir, you have got the *staff of life* upon the point of death."



## CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

SHE lived in the town of Caen, Normandy, in the hottest period of the revolution, when Marat, the infamous friend of Robespierre, was on the pinnacle of power. This man, a native of Geneva, was originally of low origin, having been a hawk of toys about the streets of Paris. He afterward became the editor of a Revolutionary Journal; and at length by dint of talent and finesse, was appointed a deputy to the French convention. Here he distinguished himself by that sort of eloquence which takes among the vulgar, and still more by the ferocious nature of his propositions, which made him noted for cruelty, even in the sanguinary assembly. His deeds it were in vain to relate. They realized all that fiction has told us in its wildest tales, and more than realized the barbarities attributed by history to Antioches and the worst of the Roman emperors. Suffice it to say, they aroused the spirit of Charlotte Corday; and with a perfect conviction of the consequences of such an attempt, she formed the vast design of ridding her country of one whom she considered its bitterest foe.

For this purpose she came to Paris, and on the morning of the 12th of July, 1793, wrote to Marat, informing him that she had matters of the deepest importance to communicate, and requesting an immediate audience. To this no answer was returned; and she again addressed a note in the following words: "Have you read my letter? If you have received it, I rest on your politeness. It is enough that I am unfortunate to claim your attention."

This was on the 18th of the month, and on the evening of the same day she was admitted into his presence. He had just stepped out of the bath and was only half clothed when Charlotte was announced. She would retire an instant till he had finished his toilet, but he ordered her straightway to enter his apartment.

"What do you wish with me?" were his first words, as he cast his lascivious eyes on the beautiful girl, who stood undauntedly before him. "I demand justice," was her reply. "I came to plead the cause of the unfortunate deputies who have taken refuge at Caen." She held a scroll in her hand; it professed to be their petition, and Marat took it from her and glanced it over. It was never known how this petition came into Charlotte's possession. It has been alleged that one of the unhappy deputies was her lover, and that he entrusted it to her hands for the purpose of being delivered to the tyrant. It has also been conjectured, that if he had granted its prayer, and extended mercy to those persecuted men, she might for the time have waved her fatal purpose. Another and a more probable opinion is, that it was framed by herself, to serve as an excuse for intruding upon Marat, and enabling her the more easily to carry her designs into execution. Be that as it may, it produced no effect on the savage heart. He read it with a sneer. "Young woman," said he, "you have come on an useless errand. The fate of these men is sealed. I have already given orders for their apprehension. Their death will soon follow."—"Villain!" cried Charlotte; and drawing a poignard from her bosom, she plunged it into the heart of the monster. He reeled backward and fell upon a couch. His only words were—"Traitor, you have murdered me—seize her, seize her!" She gave him but one look of disdain and horror, and dashed down the bloody weapon, strode with fearless grandeur out of the room.

She went home leisurely, nor made the least attempt to escape. Her mind had been made up as to the result of the dreadful tragedy she had just acted. Meanwhile, the report that Marat was killed spread like wild fire over Paris. A sort of dreadful anxiety pervaded this vast metropolis. Vice trembled at the loss of its most terrific minister, while all the nobler and more heroic passions were wrought into ecstasy at the reported destruction of one of the most execrable wretches that ever disgraced humanity.

Charlotte was apprehended, but she exhibited no sign of fear; and when told that death would assuredly follow the deed she had committed, she heard it with the utmost sovereign contempt. On being brought before the tribunal, and questioned as to her motives for killing Marat, she showed the same unshaken firmness. She defended the deed on the grounds of justice and necessity. Marat though not tried and condemned by an official tribunal, was already looked upon by his country as a criminal already deserving of death. She only did that which the laws ought to have done, and which future time would applaud her for doing. "I slew him," continued she, "because he was the oppressor of my country; I slew him that France might have rest from his cruelties; I slew him to save the lives of thousands, that would have perished by his decrees; and my sole regret is that I did not sooner rid the earth of such a monster."

She heard the sentence of death passed upon her with an unconcern which would have done honor even to stoicism itself. For a short time she conversed with her counsel and some of her friends, and rising up walked quietly to the prison. During the interval between her condemnation and death, she wrote three letters. Two of them to her friend Barbaroux, relating her adventures from the time of her quitting Caen. The third to her father was couched in the most solemn and affectionate strain, and concluded with the celebrated line of Corneille:

"'Tis crime which brings disgrace, and not the scaffold."

The front of the Tuilleries was the place selected for the execution. A multitude of people had assembled to witness the ceremony; among others were crowds of barbarous women who drew together for the purpose of insulting her last moments. However when she came forth from prison, she appeared so lovely and interesting, that their base purpose was instantly laid aside, and not a voice was raised against her. She was elegantly dressed, and appeared smiling on the scaffold. Her dark and beautiful locks waving gracefully over her shoulders.

When the executioner removed the handkerchief from her neck and bosom, she blushed deeply; and when her head was held up after death, it was observed that the face still retained this mark of offended modesty. A deep feeling was produced among the spectators, all accustomed as they were to such scenes; and when the axe descended there was a shudder which showed that the death of this young heroine excited admiration and pity more than anything else. By an emotion of general respect, almost all the men uncovered themselves; those of her own sex who came to revile her, stood mute and abashed. Many of both sexes were observed to weep, and when the crowd separated, it was with a melancholy which proved even at this dreadful period that the kinder feelings were not unsusceptible of emotion.

One of the first acts of the French after the death of Marat, was to give him a sumptuous funeral. For this purpose, a vast sum of money was raised by public subscription, and his body followed by crowds of political adorers, was carried to the Pantheon. There it lay in state for many days. The coffin was allowed to remain open, and the body of the regicide was exposed to the view of countless multitudes who thronged to see it. It was at this time the hottest season of the year and the face of the corps having become black by the process of decay, it was white-washed, the better to preserve it in a condition to be seen, till the day of interment arrived. He was at last buried in a place allotted for sages and heroes, regarded by his friends a martyr for Liberty, and by all the good men as one of the worst characters who have appeared in modern times.

But mark the changes of human opinion! This man, who was interred so sumptuously—this man, whose reputation stood so high, was denied a grave. His superb coffin was torn from the vault in which it had been placed, and broken in pieces; while his carcass, dragged from it by the mob, was thrown like carrion into one of the public sewers which runs into the Seine.

#### THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimers,  
When all in hungry trim,  
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup  
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

Said he, "upon this dainty cod  
How bravely I shall sup!"—  
When, whiter than a table cloth,  
A ghost came rising up!

"O, father dear, O, mother dear,  
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—  
You know when some one went to sea—  
Don't cry—but I am him.

You hope some day with fond embrace,  
To greet your absent Jack;  
But, oh, I am come here to say  
I'm never coming back!

From Alexandria we set sail.  
With corn, and oil, and figs;  
But steering too much Sow', we struck  
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

The ship we pump'd till we could see  
Old England from the tops;  
When down she went with all our hands,  
Right in the channel's chops!

Just give a look in Norey's chart,  
The very place it tells:  
I think it says twelve fathoms deep,  
Clay bottom, mixed with shells.

Well, there we are till 'hands aloft,'  
We have at last a sail,  
The pug I had for brother Jim,  
Kate's parrot, too, and all.

But oh! my spirit cannot rest  
In Davy Jones's sod,  
'Till I appeared to you and said—  
Don't sup on that ere cod!

You live on land; and little think  
What passes in the sea;  
Last Sunday week, at 2 P. M.,  
That cod was picking me.

Those oysters, too, that look so plump,  
And seem so nicely done,  
They put my corpse in many shells,  
Instead of only one.

O, do not eat those oysters then,  
And do not touch the shrimps;  
When I was in my briny grave  
They suck'd my blood like lins!

Don't eat what brutes would never eat,  
The brutes I used to pat;  
They'll know the smell they used to smell—  
Just try the dog and cat!"

The spirit fled—they wept his fate,  
And cried, alack, alack,  
At last up started brother Jim—  
Let's try if Jack was Jack!

They called the dog, they called the cat,  
And little kitten too;  
And down they put the cod and sauce,  
To see what brute could do.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,  
Puss never stood at crimps,  
And munched the cod—and little Kit  
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

The thing was odd, and minus cod  
And sauce they stood like posts:  
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,  
Put no belief in ghosts!

#### THE RATTLESNAKE.

To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well authenticated series of facts which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago:

A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he walked to view his ripening corn fields, that the pain felt was thought by him, to be the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home he felt on a sudden, violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain and died in a few hours.

Twelve months after this, the eldest son who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church some distance. On his going to bed that night while drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours afterward he was awakened by violent pains: complained of a general giddiness, and expired before any succor could be applied with success; and the cause of his illness was also a mystery.

In the course of time, his effects were sold and a second brother, through filial affection bought the boots, and if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them on he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister, being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by

her husband on the like occasion. The youth suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother had died before him.

These repeated and singular deaths, being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased, to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of the complaint, were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of the rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief.

To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours, from the poisonous effects it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans that arrows dipped in rattlesnake venom, would carry death for ages after.—*Audubon's notes on the Rattlesnake.*

#### PROBABILITY OF THE EXTINCTION OF EGYPT.

If we return to the valley of the Nile of Egypt, we shall see at this moment the very process going on by which the lower part of the Niger, or the Nile of Bour-nou, has been choked up and obliterated by the invasion of the great Sahara, under the name of Deserts of Bilmah and Libya. Thus has been rubbed out from the face of the earth, a river which had once its cities, its engines, its warriors, its works of art, and its inundations, like the classic Nile; but which so existed in days of which we have scarcely a record. In the same way shall perish the Nile of Egypt and its valley; its pyramids, its temples, and its cities!—the Delta shall become a plain of quicksands—a second Syria and the Nile shall cease to exist from its lower cataract downwards; for this is about the measure or height of the giant principle of destruction treading on the Egyptian valley, and which is advancing from the Libyan Desert, backed by other deserts whose names and number we do not even know, but which we have endeavored to class under the ill-defined denomination of Sahara—advancing, I repeat, to the annihilation of Egypt and her glories, with the silence, but the certainty, too, of all-devouring time! There is something quite appalling in the bare contemplation of this inexorable onward march of wholesale death to kingdoms, to mighty rivers, and to nations! the more so, when we reflect that the destruction must, from its nature, be not only complete, but ETERNAL!—*Sir R. Donk's Dissertation on the Course of the Niger.*

The following humorous argument was advanced by a canal stockholder, for the purpose of putting down railways:

"He saw what would be the effect of it that it would set the whole world a galloping—twenty miles an hour, sir!—why, you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work—every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweet-heart. Grave plodding citizens, will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Various people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their

conception will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance—"only a hundred miles off!"—Tut, nonsense. I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan!" "Pray, sir, will you dine with me to-day, at my little box on the Alleghany?"—"Why, indeed, I don't know I shall be in town until 12—well I shall be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre."

An then, sir there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour, and chaldrons of coal, and even lead and whiskey, and such like sober traveling—whisking away like a sort of sky rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If a couple of gentlemen have an affair of honor, it is only to steal off to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying for debt! A set of bailiffs, mounted on bomb shells, would not overtake an absconded debtor—only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirligig. Give me the old, solemn, straight-forward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog or trot journeys—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden; it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop skip and jump whimsies for me."

The following spirited and excellent ballad is not only one of the best ever written by the author, but must ever rank among the best ever produced in this country.

#### THE OLD WORLD.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

There was once a world and a brave old world,  
Away in the ancient time,  
When the men were brave and the women fair,  
And the world was in its prime;  
And the priest he had his book,  
And the scholar had his gown,  
And the old knight stout, he walked about  
With his broadsword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,  
In the days long past and gone.  
And the sun it shone, and the rain it rained,  
And the world went merrily on.  
The shepherd kept his sheep,  
And the milkmaid milked the kine,  
And the serving-man was a sturdy loon  
In cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world,  
There were jolly times and free,  
And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,  
All under the greenwood tree.  
The sexton chimed his sweet sweet bells,  
And the huntsman blew his horn,  
And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,  
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world  
Made hall and cottage shine;  
The squire he sat in his oaken chair,  
And quaffed the good red wine;  
The lovely village maiden,  
She was the village queen,  
And, by the mass, tript through the grass  
To the May-pole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world,  
And banners flaunted wide,  
The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,  
And the page rode by his side.  
And plumes and pennons tossing bright  
Dash'd through the wild melee,  
And he who prest amid them best  
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,  
They ruled with wondrous sway;  
But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,  
As the strongest is to-day.  
The baron bold he kept his hold,  
Her bower his bright ladye,  
But the forester kept the good greenwood,  
All under the forest tree.

Oh, how they laugh'd in the brave old world,  
And flung grim care away!  
And when they were tired of working  
They held it time to play.  
The bookman was a reverend wight,  
With a studious face so pale,  
And the curfew bell, with its sullen swell,  
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on, in the brave old world,  
Those merry days and free;  
The king drank wine and the clown drank ale,  
Each man in his degree.  
And some ruled well and some ruled ill,  
And thus passed on the time,  
With jolly ways in those brave old days  
When the world was in its prime.

#### YANKEE TRICK FOR AN ENGLISH ONE.

A LITTLE before the commencement of the late war between the United States and great Britain, two Yankees on a trading trip, crossed over to Montreal and put up at a public house, where a British recruiting officer was stationed. The Yankees, for convenience in that inclement season of the year, had hoods to their top coats, resembling those worn by women on their cloaks. Shortly after their arrival the officer, who had a wishful eye on them, watched his opportunity, and dropped a guinea into the hood of one of their coats, as bounty money, and unobserved by him; but which was fortunately seen by his companion, who, without being noticed, communicated the secret to him. Presently after, the one who had the guinea, called for their bill, and on receiving it, put up his hand and deliberately took out the guinea; and with apparent surprise exclaimed, "I have been robbed; for I had two guineas in the hood of my coat when I came into the house, and now I have but one. To which his companion replied, "I saw that gentleman (pointing to the officer) just now put his hand into the hood of your coat." Upon which he immediately challenged him for a thief, in presence of all his companions. His Britannic Majesty's officer, finding the situation in which he was placed, having two Yankees to deal with, one to charge and the other as evidence to prove the fact, after a few flourishes, proposed a compromise, and actually paid him twenty guineas on the spot to get rid of so troublesome a bargain.

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

(Boston Correspondence of the Rover.)

Boston, December 27, 1843.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

By R. H. Collyer, M. D., (1) Professor of everything in general, and some things in particular.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath," and here is one of them. Dr. R. H. Collyer, the renowned magnetizer! Who has not heard of him? Reader, did you ever penetrate the sanctum of this renowned man? If you did, you will remember to have seen a small cadaverous looking individual, with immensely black whiskers, contracted eyebrows, and a very liberal quantity of under lip, in a large arm-chair, now changing his legs from the left arm of the chair to the right, now crossing them on the table, or slipping as far down in his seat as possible, and with an herculean effort, hang them by the heels on the mantel-piece; all this time spluttering vehemently, talking around some point in mesmerism, but never at it. And this is the man who has written a book on American manners (?)! Well, so be it. Every man has his admirers, every man is an oracle in his own way; and if the humbug of the very smallest order, is not patronised, he clies to you the case of Mahomet, whose wife and servant, for a long time, alone believed him to be a prophet; but at last a whole nation became convinced of his divine nature! Ay, surely, and a whole nation has been most egregiously humbugged for the last six hundred years! But to return to this book of Collyer's. (?) It is quite well written, and got up in English style. A few extracts will serve to show up the character of the modest Doctor:

"I often dropped in at the other Courts of Session, in particular during the administration of my particular friend, Judge N——."

"I had the honor of an acquaintance with Dr. Spurzheim."

"In no city that I have ever visited, have I known the spirit of inquiry so strongly manifested, as in the people of Boston."—"In less than an hour after I had recorded my name on 'mine host's' book, (at the Tremont!) I heard the suppressed whispering around, 'that's him!' 'What's his name?' 'Why, Doctor Collyer, the great magnetizer, from New York.' 'Sho! you don't say that's Doctor Collyer? Well, I've heard tell a great deal about him.' 'I guess he's going to lecture in Boston.' 'Yes, that's Collyer,' &c. And I frequently heard, while walking through the streets, some one say to another, 'There goes Doctor Collyer, the great magnetizer.'"

"I became acquainted with Mr. Quincy."

"My particular friend, Mr. Elliot, deserves to have his name written in marble," &c.

"As soon as my friend, Dr. Gouraud," &c.

"During my stay there, (Rhode Island,) I was introduced to the valiant Governor Dorr."

"I proceeded forthwith to New York, in company with my friend, F. A. Tallmadge, Recorder of New York."

The Doctor speaks very encouragingly of our aristocracy, both in intellect and money, and seems to think that they will be entitled to rise in the estimation of all Europe, after he has commended them. This is generous, exceedingly so, considering the eminent situation held by Robert H. Collyer, M. D., &c., &c.,



who lays claim to an *intimate* acquaintance with the first men in the country. We have no doubt that the Doctor made some *grate* acquaintances while incarcerated in the Leveret street prison, of Boston, for libelling one of the citizens. But let's change the subject.

Almost every day brings forth some new "*notion*" in the way of literature. A new style of weekly periodical has lately made its appearance in our city. A paper called the "*PUNCH*, or the *Yankee Charivari*," edited and published by Justine Jones, is destined to make some sport in these parts. The *Punch* is first cousin to that hump-backed, witty, sarcastic, satiric little chap, that tickles the ribs of John Bull so confidently. Brother Jonathan has been growing decidedly saturnine, but a few *Punches* into his "ribless sides of plenty," will extend his ample cheeks, and make him look once more as though he harbors a thought above the well-filled pockets. *Punch* is a great wag, and will have his joke. This is the way that he pokes his little fat thumb into the "*Progress of the Fine Arts*."

"We are pleased to notice a manifest desire, on the part of our citizens, to cultivate a taste for Painting, and thus to promote the condition of indigent Artists. Several of our merchants, with a praiseworthy liberality, have ordered new signs, to be put in place of the old ones. The beautiful transparencies which are exhibited nightly at the oyster windows, speak volumes in favor of the munificence of their respective proprietors. A new coat of white paint, it is expected, will soon be put on the outside of one of our churches. The matter is really talked of. So much for the Art of Painting.

The Sculptors, also, are destined to see better days. An equestrian statue of Peter the Great, and a bust of Napoleon, were purchased by a millionaire in State Street, and the liberal sum of fifty cents a piece was paid for them. A basket of fruit, of the finest of plaster-paris, was taken by a patron of the Arts, residing in Beacon street. One-and-sixpence was paid for it." So much for *Punch*. Success to him.

I was looking into an album the other day—you, sir, an album! You needn't stare. I know that such things don't always pay for the trouble; but this instance I will convince you to be an exception; for in the said album I found the following lines; and it struck me that they were about as rich a little package of gems as you could take on board your craft; therefore I—no matter, so long as you have them.

"My Brother—ere thy lips could speak,  
Thy merry laugh was wild and free,  
And when the tear-drop wet thy cheek,  
It told a tale of grief to me.

"When first thy tiny feet did stray  
Around our childhood's cheerful home,  
I mingled in thy childish play,  
And dreamed o'er happy days to come.

"Those dreams of golden light are fled,  
With all the hopes that they could give,  
The earliest flowers of life are dead,  
Yet memory bids their spirits live.

"But though our way be rough and stern,  
And adverse storms around us sweep,  
Still upward may our footsteps turn,  
Where angels dry the eyes that weep.

CHARLES H. BRAINARD."

The author of the above is one of the most enterprising young men in our city. He first established the well known and successful publication office and literary depot in Court street, known as "*Brainard & Co's*," but has since withdrawn from that, and now attends exclusively to publishing. He has put forth several of the best translations of the best French novels of the day. Speaking of French novels; perhaps—nay, I am quite certain—that one, if not the best, of translators of the French language, is F. A. Durivage, Boston. This gentleman was for a long time editor of the *Daily Times*, of this city; but is now an officer in the Custom House. The *Times* is now very ably edited by Mr. Weeks, a gentleman of taste, talents and refinement.

Mr. Durivage was a fertile contributor to the *New England Magazine*, and the *American Monthly*; all who have read those periodicals, must remember, with pleasure, the brilliant contributions of this gentleman.

Wishing the *Rover* a safe voyage over the ocean of '44, believe me Captain, yours truly,

BOSTON ROVER.

To those at a distance, who have made inquiries about the *Rover Quarterly*, we would state, that it contains the weekly numbers of the *Rover* for a quarter of a year, thirteen numbers, and thirteen steel engravings, the whole in a beautifully embellished paper cover. It makes a handsome volume for the table or library without further binding, and can be sent by mail, or in private packages, without injury. The postage on the *Quarterly*, under a hundred miles, is twenty cents, over a hundred miles, thirty-three cents. A few *Quarterlies* from the commencement of the work can still be obtained of the publishers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are well aware of the difficulty alluded to by "J. H.," and are happy to inform him that arrangements are in progress for its gradual removal. We trust that ere long his wishes will be complied with in a satisfactory manner.

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

### HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

The first number of this great and truly splendid work is out, and fully meets the high expectations raised by the previous announcement of the great outlay of capital and artistic talent employed in getting it up. It will unquestionably obtain the largest sale of any heavy work yet published in this country. Being sold at twenty-five cents a number, and a year or two in publishing, it will enable vast multitudes, by their little savings, to supply themselves with copies, who might find it difficult to raise ten or twelve dollars at once to purchase the work complete.

In the present general deluge of cheap literature, and all sorts of literature, good, bad, and indifferent, it is truly gratifying to see this honor done to the *book of books*; to see it placed before the world in so attractive a form. We cannot but regard it as conferring a great moral benefit upon the community, for it will doubtless allure thousands, and we believe many thousands, to become familiar with the bible, who would otherwise remain comparatively ignorant of its contents. We will speak more particularly of the plan and execution of this great work hereafter.

**PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.**—Harper & Brothers.

WE noticed the first volume of this work two or three weeks ago; since then the second and third volumes have appeared, and the work is now complete. It consists of three octavos of nearly five hundred pages each, at two dollars a volume. We have no fear of speaking too highly of this work. So far as paper and typography are concerned, it is the book of the season; and as a historical work it must unquestionably hold a high standard value. Mr. Prescott's already acquired reputation as a historian is a guaranty for that. Besides some finely executed maps, showing the march of the Spaniards through the country at the time of the conquest, each volume is embellished with a fine steel engraving, as a frontispiece.

The engraving in the first volume is a portrait of Cortes from a painting in the possession of the author, which is a copy of one taken but a few years before the warrior's death, on his last visit to Spain. The second volume opens with a portrait of Montezuma, a fine looking fellow, whose countenance, in the language of Mr. Prescott, "wears a tinge of soft, and not unpleasant melancholy, quite in harmony with the fortunes of the unhappy monarch."

The engraving in the third volume is another portrait of Cortes, taken at an earlier period of his life.

In our notice of the first of these volumes we copied an interesting story related of Nezahualcoyotl, king of Tezcuco. We find in the third volume a translation of a little poem by this same king, written probably before he came to the throne. It is an interesting proof, among others, of the degree of refinement to which the ancient Mexicans had arrived before the conquest. We copy a couple of stanzas from the middle of this poem, which is on "the mutability of life."

Wise Oy-oy-otzin, prudent king,  
Unrival'd prince, and great,  
Enjoy the fragrant flowers that spring  
Around thy kingly state;  
A day will come, which shall destroy  
Thy present bliss, thy present joy;  
Thy moon diminished rise;  
And as thy pride and strength are quench'd,  
From thy adherents shall be wrenched  
All that they love or prize.  
The birds of thy ancestral nest,  
The princes of thy line,  
The mighty of thy race shall see  
The bitter ills of poverty—  
And then shall memory recall  
Thy envied greatness, and on all  
Thy brilliant triumphs dwell;  
And as they think on by-gone years,  
Compared with present shame, their tears  
Shall to an ocean swell.

**MEXICO AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.** By BRADIS MAYER.—New York: J. Winchester, New World Press. London and Paris: Wiley & Putnam.

The author and publisher are deserving great credit for the matter and manner of getting up this book. It is no catch-penny affair; but a solid work, full of valuable information, highly embellished, handsomely bound, and exceedingly attractive. It contains about a hundred engravings on wood, most of them very beautifully executed, and many of them in the highest style to which the art in this country has arrived. About thirty of these engravings are printed on plate paper, which being interspersed through the volume,

give it a very rich appearance. The engravings are by Butler, from drawings by the author. The volume is a royal octavo, of about four hundred pages, on good paper, well printed, in the best of muslin binding, richly gilt, and sold at two dollars and fifty cents.

Mr. Mayer was Secretary of the United States, Legation to Mexico, in 1841 and 1842. He appears to have had the best opportunities for collecting interesting and important information with regard to that country and its inhabitants, past and present, and most successfully, it appears to us, has he accomplished the task of giving that information to his countrymen in an attractive and enduring form.

The subject of American antiquities is one of vast and increasing interest; and modestly as Mr. Mayer speaks in the following extract from his preface, of his own services in throwing light upon this subject, we cannot doubt that his labors will be appreciated and rewarded.

"I venture to express the belief," says Mr. Mayer, "that when the minds of many individuals are enticed to apply themselves to the subject of American Antiquities, we may, even if no conclusive history be the result, at least preserve many memorials of those red races that are now vanishing like the leaves of their native forests. As for myself, I have been as it were but a gatherer of pebbles. Some of them are carved, and I give them to you to examine. We must all unite and lay our offerings on the pile, no matter how humble. Time will build the monument."

"It is in this spirit that I submit my accounts of Mexican Antiquities, and taking the place of a laboring quarrier who is willing to unearth the stones, I leave it to the wiser architect to put each in its place and decipher its legends and its sculpture."

**THE WORKS OF CORNELIUS MATHEWS.**—Harper & Brothers.

HERE we have, in a single volume of 370 pages closely printed, "the various works of Cornelius Mathews, embracing the Motley Book, Behemoth, the Politicians, Poems on man in the Republic, Wakondah, Puffer Hopkins, Miscellanies, selections from Arcturus, and International copyright." The opinions expressed, of the writings of this author, have been very various, some very up, and some very down. For ourselves, we must confess that we have not yet perused enough of them to be able to no's understandingly either way. We are inclined to think however from a glance here and there, that although it may be rather hard work to go the poetry, there may nevertheless be considerable good picking among the prose.

Stay—we have just taken another glance, and got nibbling at a story that interested us. When we get time to take another peep, if we like it as well to the end, we will copy it into the *Review*, for it was short; and then our readers shall have a taste of pie as well as ourselves.

**IRELAND.** Harper & Brothers.

Ireland, Dublin, the Shannon, Limerick, Cork, the Kilkenny Races, the Round Towers, the Lakes of Killarney, the county of Wicklow, O'Connell and the Repeal Association, Belfast and the Giant's Causeway. By J. G. Kohl. 116 octavo pages; price 12 1-2 cents.

**THE JAWEL, A Holy day Gift for Boys and Girls.** Edited by Emma F. Allston.—New York: J. Winchester, 50 Ann St.

This is a beautiful little book for youth, filling 160 pages of excellent stories and poems, with ten very fine wood engravings.

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THE SLEIGH RIDE.

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# THE ROVER.

## THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

"Her bonnet and her gloves are on,  
She jumps into the sleigh,  
And swift they ride by the mountain side,  
And over the hills away."

Ours readers, we are sure, cannot fail to be pleased with the beautiful picture of the sleigh-ride which we present them this week. It is finely engraved, and full of life and spirit. It is copied from a London engraving, representing a sleigh-ride in the neighborhood of Paris, France; for they do have snow enough in France once in a few years to afford them sleighing for a few hours. The scene represented in the engraving is said to be a true picture of a ride by one of the most fashionable high bloods of Europe. We should like to see that fellow undertake to trot by the side of Sam Slick Esq., the clockmaker, or try to go ahead of uncle Joshua's gray mare of Downingville. Perhaps we may be able to give our readers a picture of one of those Yankee concerns, by way of contrast with this Parisian style of sleigh-riding.

## SONG.—THE YACHTER.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

My bark is my coursor so gallant and brave;  
Like a steed of the prairie she bounds o'er the wave,  
And the breast of the billow as onward I roam  
Swelling proudly to meet her is flecked by her foam.

Like the winds which the canvas exultingly fill,  
I float as I list, and I rove as I will;  
The breeze cannot baffle, for with it I veer,  
Or with sheet taughen'd home, in the wind's eye I steer.

O'er the pages of story the student may pore,  
The trumpet the soldier may charm to the war,  
In the forest the hunter his heaven may see,  
But the bounding blue water and shallop for me.

With no haven before me—beneath me my home—  
All heaven around me wherever I roam,  
I am free—I am free as the shrill piping gale,  
That whistles its music as onward I sail.

## MARGARET HAINES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"And she must lay her conscious head,  
A husband's trusting heart beside."

BYRON.

THE scene of our story opens in one of the many beautiful harbors of Maine, and being the birth-place of our principal character, it will be proper to give a more explicit description of the locality than we otherwise should.

Upon each side of the harbor appears a cape, stretching out into the sea, and protecting it from the heavy swell of the ocean—a small green Island, covered with low trees, which add much to its picturesque appearance, rises in front, leaving a channel on either hand sufficiently deep for the largest vessels. Few harbors are more safe, beautiful or commodious than this, or would seem more to indicate the location for a great commercial city; and probably the want of a suffi-

ciently rich and well-cultivated back country has been the only barrier to its prosperity. Notwithstanding its great natural advantages the harbor of Townsend presents nothing but an insignificant village, of perhaps twenty houses, to the innumerable vessels that yearly enter its noble anchorage, as a retreat from the terrible storms that sweep along our iron-bound coast.

At the commencement of our story it was less than even at present. A group of low, ill-built houses might be seen, to each of which was attached a small patch of ground lily cultivated, containing a few potatoes, beets and onions, and a corner devoted to herbs, supposed to possess great medical virtues. Occasionally a lupin, four o'clock, or even lady's delight might be seen struggling to the light, showing that these beautiful creations, that seem to shadow forth woman's destiny, even here assert their influence over her taste and affections, though under circumstances least calculated to call them forth.

We must enter the smallest of these houses, though by far the neatest and most tasteful in its appearance; for a few morning-glories have been placed in a box under the window, and the half-closed blossoms, and abundant leaves, are clustering in rich luxuriance around the lattice. There are many other articles, such as one would hardly expect to find in a dwelling of so extremely humble an exterior; all showing the busy taste of woman, that will always make the "desert blossom as the rose."

About the year 17— might be seen at almost all times when the weather was fine, a beautiful child, with large black eyes, and a profusion of dark hair, curling over her shoulders, gathering smooth shells, and rounded pebbles, along the shore of the fine harbor of Townsend. It was Margaret Haines, the orphan grandchild of a respectable widow, somewhat advanced in life, who occupied the neat little dwelling we have described. Mrs. Haines had been a woman of great vigor of character, and strong original mental capacity; but age and sorrow for the loss of her husband and three sons, all of whom perished at sea, in following the hazardous career of the sailor, had impaired her powers; and being thus bereaved of all other natural objects of attachment, she concentrated her affections upon Margaret, the sole relic of her children. This deep attachment for her grandchild became, in some degree, elevated by the blending of a deep and ardent piety, that grew more fervent as the light of life waxed dim in the socket. Still Margaret was left almost entirely to the guidance of her own will.

She was never weary of wandering about the sea-girt rocks, of watching the snowy gull poised upon the crested wave, the active hawk diving for his prey, and the proud, but treacherous eagle, from his lonely crag, watching the sports of his victims in the still air beneath him. Her naturally vigorous and enthusiastic character imbibed new strength from the circumstances of the locality in which her lot was cast, and strange and exalted emotions swelled the breast of the lone child, in her daily intercourse with the majesty of nature. The romantic stories, too, with which her aged parent nightly beguiled her ear, exerted their influence upon her character, and gave the coloring to her desti-

ny; based as these stories too often were upon the workings of dark and fearful passions, the power of wealth and beauty, and the omnipotence of love.

She related legends of "father-land," of high-born and beautiful ladies, of gallant knights, of border chivalry, and the fascinations and splendor of aristocratic life. Margaret listened to these stories, and loathed almost in childhood her lowly lot. As she grew older her little glass told all too faithfully the story of her beauty, and the rude expressions of admiration that daily fell from the lips of the sailors, as they passed her on the sea shore, served more deeply to impress it upon her mind. One told her she moved as proudly as a ship under full sail—another likened her neck to the white breast of the sea-gull, and another pronounced her arm as round as a mackerel. However rude the comparison, a tribute to her beauty was always intended, and always understood. Thus Margaret soon grew too proud for vanity—and expected homage as a matter of course.

Nature had given her a form that could never look vulgar in the coarsest garments, but with an intuitive taste, she arranged them to an appearance of elegance. The gifts of the fishermen and sailors also served to augment her toilet till it became the envy of all her companions; all, but the gentle Hannah, afterward the wife of young McKenny, whose humble and better constituted mind had early learned to detect the errors of her friend, and with all her lowliness of spirit, yet with the confidence of a virtuous mind, she had sometimes even dared to reprove them. Notwithstanding this she was the best beloved of all Margaret's associates.

Many a rare and splendid shell found its way to the rough mantel of her grandmother, and her little room was always neatly, and even tastefully arranged. Thus a passion for dress and a consciousness of beauty became strong characteristics of Margaret. She acquired a disinclination for the feminine employments that usually engrossed the attention of her companions. Whatever passed through the small fingers of Margaret was perfect in its kind, yet she seldom made any such exertion, and her grandmother, from excessive tenderness, rarely exacted it.

She would shake out her abundant hair, and twine the long soft curls over her fingers, parting it over her noble brow, and let it fall in long wreaths below her waist, confined only at the back of her head by a clasp of silver. When her toilet was completed, she would seat herself on a low stool at the feet of the aged matron, and turn her brilliant eyes to the dim orbits of the dame, her arm resting upon her knee, and her splendid figure exhibiting a languor of repose, that the proudest belle might have envied. Then would she listen to the tale of some chivalrous knight, or haughty lord, who were willing to renounce land and title to win the love of some lowly lady, gifted with transcendent beauty; and Margaret would inwardly sigh, that none such were likely to woo her from her lowliness and obscurity. Though scarcely a youth in the vicinity had been refused a curi from the hand of the beautiful Margaret, yet none had ever dared to aspire to the love, or crave the hand of the proud girl. She treated all with a haughty courtesy that could not be misunderstood. Thus passed away the first sixteen years of her life with nothing to disturb its monotony, except the workings of her own powerful imagination.

"I think there will be a storm," said the old lady,

looking from the window, where Margaret stood watching the vessels as they successively doubled the capes, and curved gracefully across the harbor, to cast anchor under the lee of the shore, "the scud is flying thickly from the north-east, and the dark tumbling waves are becoming white with foam."

An exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of Margaret, and the old lady hastily adjusted her spectacles, and turned her head in that direction. The object of their attention was a light built schooner, with raking masts, and taper spars, that looked altogether too slender to support the press of canvas under which she was moving gallantly before the wind, her painted waist gracefully cutting the water, and her pointed prow heaving up a mass of foam before her, or, as the sailors technically called it, "carrying a white bone in her mouth!"

She rounded the cape in gallant trim, and moving safely, but somewhat recklessly among the vessels that had already come to anchorage, approached the shore nearer than any had hitherto done, and coming round with a graceful sweep, cast anchor within a stone's throw of the cottage of Margaret.

The use of the spy-glass has created almost a new sense to the sailor; and it is probable the commander might have reconnoitered the pair of handsome eyes, that were surveying his vessel with so much curiosity. Be that as it may, a boat soon pulled for the shore, and a young man, in demi-nautical costume, was seen approaching the dwelling. His dress was of the favorite hue of the sailor—blue; buttoned snug to the throat, with a standing military collar, and the front laced with black braid. A slight, but not ungraceful swing, and that peculiar air of assurance, that usually distinguishes his class, added to an erect and extremely well-proportioned figure of about the medium height, and a countenance of perhaps twenty-five years, set off by a pair of penetrating black eyes, and whiskers somewhat profuse of the same color, made up a personage not likely to pass unnoticed.

All this Margaret observed as he approached the dwelling, so that when his knock became audible, she hesitated to obey the summons. But recollecting the infirmities of her relative she opened the door.

Whether the appearance of Margaret was altogether superior to what he anticipated, or whether he had no specified object in view, is left to conjecture; certain it is, that after his first courtly bow, he hesitated, stammered, and his confusion, perhaps, becoming contagious, the cheek and neck of the proud girl glowed crimson as she asked in a low tone if he would enter. The stranger obeyed, uttering something about a long voyage, and want of fresh provision. The sympathies of the old lady were instantly enlisted—she had always loved a sailor, partly from the peculiar circumstances of her life, but more from the loss of her three brave sons. Then the winning smile, and noble bearing of the stranger recalled the recollections of her youth, and restored the channels of almost obliterated memories. We need not say they had their effect on the imagination of Margaret.

The twilight darkened, and yet the stranger lingered—the simple meal was spread upon the table, and he stayed to partake it. Margaret had never looked more beautiful—her usually cold, haughty demeanor had given place to an evident desire to please—she became animated, though slightly embarrassed as she encountered the admiring looks of the stranger.

During a pause in the conversation, the long deep roar of the ocean, like the battling of a far off host, came in solemn grandeur on the ear. Margaret as if awed at the majesty of the sound, raised her head, and said—

"Hark! do you not hear the sound of the great deep, the voice of many waters? How sublime! how grand is that mysterious chiming of the far-off billows, lifting themselves in their strength as if in contempt at the puny fabrics of man's ambition!"

It is doubtful whether the stranger noted what she said, but he did see the glowing cheek, the animated eye; and the look Margaret encountered on bending her eye to his, fixed her destiny for ever.

The heavy drops of rain began to patter upon the window, and the wall of the wind as it swept by in fitful gusts, warned the stranger it was time to regain his bark ere the fury of the elements and darkness of the night should render it difficult to do so. But we must not stop for details.

The vessel of Raymond Barton remained in the harbor long after the storm had passed away, long after all others had departed. The dark, swarthy-looking sailors seemed to avoid all intercourse with the people on shore, and were constantly seen lounging idly about the rigging, smoking their segars, listless and inactive.

In the meanwhile the handsome stranger with Margaret by his side, was seen wandering about the picturesque shore, or sailing among the gem-like islands that rose from the breast of the ocean. At length strange surmises began to be whispered round; the craft was pronounced a most suspicious looking affair—the stern looking sailors were decided to be exactly fit for dark and bloody deeds; some even began to talk of the propriety of procuring a search warrant.

Then, too, Margaret's wardrobe was replenished with some articles altogether too magnificent to be found on board a common merchantman.

How much the jealousy of the young men of the village, who might naturally be supposed to feel some degree of resentment at beholding the uncommon favor with which the stranger was treated by the despotic girl, had to do with the reports now current, it is impossible to determine. Certain it is, she had more than once since the appearance of Raymond refused a curl from her head, of which she had formerly been so lavish, and this, too, when the supplicants were bound on a long voyage, and might never return.

Nothing could equal the indignation of Margaret on learning these reports. Yielding to the impulse of her excited feelings, she mentioned them to Raymond. It could not escape her penetration, though she scarcely noticed it at the time, that a shade of anxiety crossed his brow, which was instantly dispelled by an expression of determined daring that accorded better with the general expression of his countenance.

"The dastardly wretches!" he exclaimed, "why don't they come manfully and tell me what they think, and they should search my vessel from binnacle to hold. But I defy their malice, and will lie here till my vessel rots in the harbor, sooner than yield to their suspicions!"

This was too much in accordance with Margaret's own character to fail in its effect; what was her surprise then on looking from her window the next morning, to behold the waters sleeping tranquilly in the early light, and not a solitary mast or sail any where visible on the broad horizon. Whatever were her feel-

ings, she had too much pride, too much native self-control to give them utterance.

If her grand-parent even observed the growing paleness of her cheek, or even divined the cause, she never uttered aught concerning it. Indeed, her own growing infirmities made such unwearied demands upon the poor girl's time and strength, that they alone seemed sufficient to account for her altered appearance. Margaret was little likely to complain of any circumstance that secured her from the prying eyes of her companions. She had no right to expect their sympathy, nor did she desire it. She chose to suffer proudly alone.

At length the sufferings of the aged drew to a close. Poor Margaret wept in solitude over the only earthly friend, who had invariably loved her and all the peculiarities of her character. In the excess of her sorrow she scarcely heeded the lapse of time that brought about the period when she should receive an answer to a letter, dictated by her aged parent, in which she desired an opulent relative to receive the friendless orphan into her family. Alas! Margaret had few accomplishments to recommend her, and the letter rather desired her friends to discharge this obligation to the fatherless on the score of christian duty, more than any merits the poor girl might be supposed to possess.

The response was couched in words as cold as it is possible for language to assume. Even Margaret with all her ambition was shocked at the necessity of incurring so ungracious an obligation. We must pass over the particulars of her departure—all but Hannah, the affectionate, faithful Hannah, pronounced her a cold, heartless girl to leave the home of her childhood with so little regret. Perhaps, as Margaret was constituted she had enjoyed less than her companions supposed—and the circumstances of the last few months had cast a gloom over her whole existence. None knew that the disappearance of Raymond was unexpected to herself. She pronounced his name to no one, not even to Hannah; but the cruel reports respecting him worked like barbed arrows into her very being. It was averred that loud and violent words were heard from the schooner the night of her departure, and some declared they had heard the clashing of arms. Every day as the memories and imaginations of the relatives became more excited, the stories became more marvellous.

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We must change the scene now to a splendid saloon in one of the most fashionable streets of New York. At one end of the room was a group of young people collected around a tall, radiant looking girl, who had just risen from the piano. It was Margaret Haines, dressed in some degree conformably to the prevailing mode, but still modified by her own exquisite taste.

At the other end sat an elderly lady and gentleman, who seemed to regard Margaret with uncommon interest.

"Who would have thought," said the lady, "when our poor old aunt desired us to receive her grandchild into our family, we should have received so transcendently beautiful a creature. She will create a tremendous sensation when we bring her out. Why, when she wrote me, I pictured to myself a long, awkward girl, with red hair, and a freckled face, that we couldn't make any thing out of."

"I told you," said her husband drily, "that her mother was very beautiful."

"Aye," returned the other complacently, "beautiful for a fisherman's wife, but that you know is very different, and not to be compared with the cultivated beauty of our cities."

A slight look of incredulity passed over the countenance of the gentleman, but he remained silent.

Whether Margaret retained her recollections of the stranger of Townsend harbor, subsequent events must determine. Certain it is, her wonderful beauty had acquired a more elevated cast, now that suffering had called new and deeper attributes of the mind into activity. The book of knowledge, too, was now opened to her in unstinted measure, and the naturally powerful and unexhausted mind of Margaret seemed to grasp intuitively what others acquired by laborious study. She became absorbed in her studies, and had her relative been less ambitious, less eager to launch her upon the whirlpool of fashion, Margaret Haines might have been a being to be loved and worshipped like some far off radiant star in the heavens, instead of becoming as she did, like a meteor, dazzling, indeed, but to go down in the darkness of everlasting night.

We must not dwell upon particulars—we must not tell of the "tremendous sensation" Margaret did create in the circles of fashion; we must not tell of the suitors that aspired to her hand, nor the wealth that was laid at her feet. It is doubtful whether Margaret would have ever blended her destiny with that of another, but for the solicitations of her friends. Often, after the excitement and triumphs of an evening, the proud beauty might be seen in the seclusion of her chamber, with drooping figure, and a countenance indicative of the deepest anguish, her eyes fixed upon a simple ring, that circled her finger. It had been the gift of Raymond. If left to herself Margaret would have felt the utter cruelty of giving her hand at the altar, while her heart remained filled with the image of another. But Ambition was undermining the remains of principle, and Fashion was steadily moulding her to her own standard of selfishness and hypocrisy.

A splendid packet was on the eve of departure for Europe. A crowd of passengers of both sexes were collected upon the deck, watching with absorbed interest the setting sun and the light wind as it gently curled the wave that was about to waft them from the strand. A plain but elegant carriage drove upon the wharf, and a gentleman, apparently an invalid, handed a lady on board. She was closely veiled, but the step, the air, at once betrayed the superb beauty of New York. As she entered the cabin she was observed to start, attempt, ineffectually, to retreat, and then faint in the arms of her companion. It was Margaret, the wife of Mr. Canning—pale as marble, and apparently suffering from some horrible emotion. A general whisper was circulating at the strangeness of the incident.

"Try to compose yourself, Margaret," whispered her husband, tenderly, "you are attracting a great deal of observation."

She started, and opening her eyes she seemed for an instant transfixed by those of a dark-looking stranger, who had been attracted to the spot. Margaret's cheek was observed to assume an even more ashy paleness, but summoning that self-control, that always so re-

markably distinguished her, she presented her hand to her husband, and retired to her apartment.

Many were the conjectures as to the cause of the incident; but as the feeble state of her husband's health demanded all her attention, and she seldom appeared in the room appointed for the general intercourse of the passengers, the wonder soon died away.

When the weather was fine she occasionally promenaded the deck, closely veiled, supporting the feeble steps of her husband who failed with alarming rapidity. At these times she studiously avoided all intercourse with others, and rarely raised her eyes, except to look out upon the glorious expanse of waters. Her devotion to her husband now became as much a theme of admiration as her beauty, and every heart sympathized with the being so beautiful in person and lovely in character—all were ready to weep with her in the trial that so soon awaited her.

Alas! they could not see the heart. Were that laid bare in the human bosom, for every eye to behold, how many should we turn from with loathing and disgust whom we now regard with reverence or admiration.

Mr. Canning was a man splendidly endowed by nature, with a heart, too, of the most delicate sensibilities, and the warmest attachments. That he was first attracted to Margaret by her external beauty we need not deny, but his admiration ripened into the most ardent affection by what he supposed the graces of her mind and heart. A few months intercourse with his wife convinced him that she had deceived him in one cruel particular—that her heart had never been his own, notwithstanding her marriage vow. The murmured words of her slumbers convinced him that the idolized being, who rested upon his bosom, cherished a rival in her heart. Of her integrity, her delicacy and propriety he could not doubt, but why had she concealed any circumstance so intimately concerning her peace from him!

There was the error of Margaret, and most bitterly did she deplore it; she dreaded a moment's solitude with her husband, for then she felt as if his penetrating eye might fathom the secret of her thoughts. It is probable he might have too often suspected the current of her thoughts for his own quietude. Yet he never upbraided her, never even sought a confidence she seemed so anxiously to avoid. But the conviction that another occupied the heart of her who had promised at the altar to love but only him, was more than even his spirit, strong and exalted as it was, could support. He felt, and felt truly, it was a cruel hypocrisy; she had made the marriage vow an impious mockery. Margaret saw his saddened smile and sinking health, and felt that her secret was read by the one from whom, of all others, she would wish to conceal it.

There had been a clam of many days—the sails hung idly upon the mast—the creaking of spars, and rattling of shrouds had ceased, and the huge fabric lay motionless upon the waters, scarcely raising in the long swell, more than the breast of a babe in its quiet sleeping. Mr. Canning was evidently approaching the last bourne. He appeared to be sleeping, and Margaret, abandoning her usual selfish reflections, gave herself up to true heart-felt sorrow for the loss she was about to sustain. Her attendant, whom she had sent upon deck for the fresher air, returned, and silently placed a billet in her hand.

Margaret glanced at the incoherent scroll and turned deadly pale—it read:



MARGARET—Grant me one interview if you have any compassion upon the being who has always adored you. Believe me when I say, I can explain all.

RAYMOND.

She compressed her lips, and tore it piece by piece—then turning to the pale face of her husband, beheld his eyes sadly fixed upon her.

"Margaret, it is as I suspected; you have never loved me, and the object of your attachment is now on board."

Margaret grasped with horror—her husband tenderly stretched out his arms, and she concealed her tears and agony upon his bosom.

"Do not try to explain, Margaret, I can read all—your pride, your ambition—but let that pass—you have tried to promote my happiness, and that, at least, is a virtue—but it was a cruel, cruel sin, my own wife, to conceal that horrible truth from me. May God Almighty forgive you as"—his voice ceased but with a strong effort he closed—"as entirely as I forgive you."

Margaret raised herself from his bosom, and he, whom she had so much wronged, the noble, the generous Canning, lay a corpse before her.

"That horrible dream is accomplished," she cried with the fixed look of despair—my hypocrisy has sent one of the noblest of hearts down to the grave—I am the murderer of my husband—though guiltless in the eyes of man, before thy searching eye, O God! I feel that I am a vile, guilty murderer."

The remains of Canning were consigned to the deep; and for one brief period Margaret's better feelings seemed likely to prevail. She shed tears of sincere, remorseful sorrow for him whose noble affections she had so ill requited. Bitterly did she feel that he, who was most worthy of her love, was forever removed from it. True he had forgiven her—that was in accordance with the greatness of his character—but a withering conviction pressed upon her, that her sin in the eyes of Jehovah was never to be pardoned. She had made a mockery of one of his holiest of sacraments; she had crushed one of the noblest hearts he had ever created. Her tears were those of remorse rather than repentance. As the workings of her mind assumed a darker and more hopeless hue, the image of Raymond began to intrude itself into her reflections, and she dwelt more frequently upon traits more nearly assimilated to her own, than upon the manliness and virtues of Canning, whose image began even now to grow indistinct and visionary. At this crisis, as if to add the last grain that should preponderate to her ruin, came a letter from Raymond.

It was filled with the most extravagant protestations of attachment, there was a lame attempt to account for the suddenness of his departure from the harbor of —, and ended by urgently begging an interview, as they were now approaching the shores of Europe and might never meet again.

The pride of Margaret served to retard, though it did not prevent her fall. She shrank from open intercourse with one, who seemed to have been a stranger to all, though she saw with pleasure his elegance of demeanor had installed him a general favorite. Unwilling, however, to abandon all hopes of a future meeting, she thought proper to address him in writing. As the letter is characteristic, and explains some things to which we have only referred, we shall give nearly the whole.

"That your Star has ruled my destiny, I dare not say for good, I will not deny. That I once loved you,

and you urge the fact strongly in your letter before me, I will not attempt to conceal—but that I should continue to do so, notwithstanding your treachery, must be imputed to the weakness of our natures—we cannot cease to love though it may have become our duty to do so—we do not always love those we ought to love, and, alas! we too often fix our affections upon those least worthy of them. Think not, sir, to gain aught from this confession—I am no longer a child—no more to be duped; no, I can glory in feeling that to you, at least, I have been faithful, though treacherous to others—and more, I feel a strange gratification in knowing that, however lasting may have been an emotion, it is still to be conquered—to be torn up root and branch.

"You speak of my agitation on entering the vessel—a part you construe properly, but a part was the result of circumstances, now become too dreadful to be lightly touched upon.

"Years ago, but after our first interview, I had a strange, horrible dream, that I could never forget. It was graven on my memory as with a pen of iron. Thrice did I awake, and thrice was that dreadful vision presented before me. I might and ought to have been warned by it—but it is now too late!

"Methought I was in a sumptuous cabin, every article of which was painted upon my memory—that a noble looking man, my husband, was turning a last look of expiring, but patient agony, upon me—you were by my side—and I had murdered him from love to you.

"When I entered this vessel everything recalled that dreadful dream. All was the same—all has been accomplished—you are here—I have seen my husband expire, and his last look recalled with fearful distinctness the expression I saw in my dream, the same look of sorrowful forgiveness—and I—I feel in my heart am a murderer. I never told Canning the state of my heart, but he more than suspected it—he loved me almost to idolatry, and it was a withering reflection to know it was not returned. I had miscalculated my powers of concealment, and of endurance.

"Neath the splendid robes of the bridegroom I might have seen his funeral shroud. In pronouncing the marriage vow I sealed his fate, and my own doom was pronounced. For I went there, in the presence of the majesty on high, with a falsehood upon my lips.

"Leave me to my fate, and the reflections that may, perhaps, prove salutary."

Here is a lapse of a few years—Margaret and Raymond had met, and their destinies were united. They had traveled through the principal cities of Europe, staying long in the gayest and most fashionable. Everywhere had the voice of adulation reached the ear of Margaret, till she became intoxicated with the voice of flattery and the whirl of pleasure. She more than suspected that he, whom she now dared to call husband, did not travel merely for the gratification of taste—his correspondence seemed to be extensive, and he secretly held intercourse with those whom she rarely if ever met in public. Did he in fact belong to that desperate class of men whom the youth of her native place more than suspected? and was he now opening a more extensive communication with men of a like character abroad, for the sake of greater facility in carrying on their depredations by means of foreign correspondence!

Margaret shuddered at the thought—but she reck-

lessly closed her eyes to the conviction, till it was too palpably forced upon her.

She was again upon the waters. It was a noble barque, of almost fairy construction; so perfect was it in every part—so calculated for speed and safety. Raymond had said it was built expressly for the pleasure of his beautiful bride.

The vessel was standing onward under a fresh breeze, the alert and well disciplined sailors active at their duty, and the clear notes of a pair of birds singing among the branches of some rare exotics, that decorated the cabin of Margaret, were almost as merry as in their native groves. Margaret, habited in a robe of crimson velvet, turned back from the snowy chest, and confined at the waist by a girdle, sparkling with diamonds, was reading, reclined at length upon the sofa. She flung the book aside, and presenting a jeweled finger, called a bird to alight upon it. Both came, and one perched upon her shoulder. As their full notes ceased, she became aware of loud, stern voices, apparently in high altercation upon the deck, where she knew her husband and the officers were engaged at their wine beneath an awning.

"I say," said a harsh voice, you've done nothing since your connection with her—we shall be clean run out."

Another, whom she knew to be the ferocious Michael Cox, said: "Here have two craft, laden with gold, gone by, but my lady's nerves musn't be shocked at the clashing of steel and the sight of blood."

Then the loud, stern voice of her husband demanded silence; he spoke in a suppressed voice, and she could not distinguish a syllable. The reply of Hopkins, second in command, reached her with horrible distinctness.

"You'd better be rid of her, Raymond; she is far too nice for a pirate's wife—make her walk the plank—many as fine a woman has done it before her."

Margaret stayed for no more—her determination was taken. Opening a cabinet she seized a pistol, and proceeded to the deck. For one brief moment she stood eyeing the fierce group before her, who were instantly silent at her approach; her high brow, pale with determined courage, her cheek flushed, and her eye kindling with the spirit of daring intrepidity that glowed in her bosom. Her eye quailed not, her hand shook not at the perils that surrounded her, for her nature was strong for the trial.

Raising the pistol, with her finger upon the lock, her lip curling with bitter scorn: "Where is the dastard that dares to speak of my destruction? Let him but name it again, and this shall be his answer,"—and the ball whizzed over the head of Hopkins.

A shout of approbation escaped from the lips of the crew.

"She is worthy to be a pirate's wife—she shall preside in our councils." Margaret waved her hand in token of silence.

"Talk of my walking the plank? I scorn the wretch that dare attempt it; he little knows the nerve there is in a woman's arm. You dare not, no, you dare not pollute me with a touch of your finger. Woman, as I am, there is not one among ye that can match my courage, aye, or my vengeance either, if ye dare provoke it. I preside at your councils—never; I despise your craven blood-thirsty employment. But I will not live in the way of your booty," she added, with proud scorn.

"Raymond," she continued, her voice sinking to a gentler tone, "I know that what you order will be obeyed. As your wife I ask you to return to port, put me on shore, and I will find my way home, aye, to the home of my childhood," and the proud lip quivered with her woman's weakness.

A murmur arose.

"She will betray us," cried one more daring than the rest.

Raymond sprang to his feet, and a pistol flashed in the light; Margaret, with silent majesty, waved her hand, and then placing it upon her heart, she looked solemnly upward, "Never! so help me God!"

"We believe her!" shouted they on all sides.

"Will you do as I desire?" said Margaret, with a firm but saddened tone.

Raymond gave a few hurried commands to his crew, and then followed the haughty steps of his wife to her apartment. No sooner had she reached her room than the revulsion of feeling became tremendous. A fearful gulf seemed to yawn at her feet, and she fainted.

But it is time we should bring the story of a being whose moral attributes were so vacillating, to a close. We must return to the harbor of Townsend.

In the cottage we have before described, which had become the dwelling of Hannah, the former friend of Margaret Haines, lay a female of perhaps thirty, who had certainly once been possessed of remarkable beauty, and which appeared to have been marred, less by the operation of time, than the indulgence of strong passions. Indeed, as she lay stretched in the attitude of an invalid, one might say:

"Thou canst not minister to a mind diseased,"

for it was evident that it was less physical than mental suffering that agitated the lady. Her rich robes and delicate complexion contrasted strongly with the homeliness of everything about her. She was reclining on a low bed, covered with a blue and white "liverlid," as it was here called—made of cotton and wool, the blue being thrown up so as to represent a true-lover's-knot, among the young girls, who usually weave these counterpanes. The coarse, but snow white tow and linen sheet was turned down, and the folds of the ironing were plainly visible on these, as well as on the pillow cases of the same texture. Rich shawls and costly garments were suspended about the apartment, and the fingers of the lady were covered with jewels. It was Margaret, returned to the home of her early days.

A deep groan escaped the lips of the sufferer, and she turned her head from the light—her attendant was instantly at her side, though a better observer would have perceived it less the expression of physical than mental suffering.

"Will you have anything, ma'am? Where is your pain now?"

"Everywhere," responded the invalid, petulantly.

"Aye, aye, I know what that is," said the other, sinking heavily into her seat: "at the time I had the 'cute rumatic, I was just so; for five weeks it was—"

"Can't you stop that creature's prating?" said Margaret, to her old friend Hannah, who now entered the room; but poor Betsey had got fairly started on this all fruitless subject, and she went on in spite of the interruption. The invalid groaned with the excess of vexation.

"Aye, aye, that was the way with me—groan, groan, and I felt as if it was a deadly sin for me, a Christian woman, to make such ado; but I could not help it—"

"Don't, Betsey, now," said the young woman mildly, "Margaret would like to rest."

"Rest! I shouldn't think such groanings, and startings and snappings seemed much like it. She's in an awful state of mind, Hannah McKenney, and it is your duty, and my duty, to warn her faithfully, that her blood be not found on the skirts of our garments. Look at the trappings and gewgaws, the gold and the silver, the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the handbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings; the rings, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the whimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and fine linen, the hoods and the veils—as set forth in the prophecy of Isaiah, and say, is not a curse denounced against these things? And how did she come by them, Hannah McKenney?—how did she come by them? I am no believer in ghosts and dealings with the spirit of darkness, but a Christian woman, with my hand upon the bible—but why——"

"Don't, Betsey," said Hannah entreatingly, "Margaret can't bear this now—wait till she is better."

"No, Hannah McKenney," cried the old woman, rising from her chair, "I must speak, or the very stones will cry out against her; how do you or I know but this sickness is unto death? and can we warm the stiffened corpse? You would cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, but I must lift up my voice, I must cry aloud, and spare not; perchance this backsliding daughter may hear and repent, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon her, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon her. But I say if these things came as they ought to come, why was it that last night, just before the crowing of the cock, when I sat with my bible in my lap, engaged as a Christian woman ought to be engaged—why was it, I say, that strange creepings of the flesh passed over me? I felt my gray hair rise, as it were, upon my head, and these dim eyes saw mysterious shadows upon the wall, aye, and moving about the room—strange voices seemed to come up from the sea, and the long, deep, heavy roar thereof bore other sounds than the chafing of its own waters! Shrieks and wallings fell upon my ear—I heard the clashing of arms and the rattling of shrouds, when the vessels in the Harbor were anchored at too great a distance for a sound from them to be borne to mortal ear."

"Peace your raving!" cried Margaret, unable longer to restrain herself, and eyeing both with a look of scorn, for Hannah, imbibing the superstitions of the highly wrought imagination of poor Betsey, had sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Are you, Hannah, such a weak fool as to heed the ravings of that miserable maniac?"

"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness," said Betsey, dropping the tone of enthusiasm she had before assumed, and speaking in a calm and solemn air—"I say, Margaret, that strange rumors respecting you have reached us years ago, and now that you have come among us, it may be to die, I warn you to repent, and confess your sins before it be too late." Then tying a handkerchief over her gray locks she left the dwelling.

Margaret grew more composed after the departure of Betsey, her countenance assumed a gentle and even playful expression, and her voice a silvery tone.

"The old scarecrow fairly frightened you, Hannah. I had thought you were made of sterner stuff. Had

you seen as much of the world as I have, you would scarcely turn pale at the ravings of a crazy old dolt, like poor Betsey."

"We have never thought Betsey crazy; she is one of the kindest of natures, except that she will talk a great deal about her own aches, but then she is one of the most devout Christians in our parish, and our minister——"

"Hush your nonsense, Hannah," said the other playfully, "that minister of yours seems to be an oracle; I should like to see him, only, I suppose, he would feel bound to warn me much in the style of old Betsey."

"Would you like to see him?" said Hannah eagerly. "He is not at all like Betsey, but so humble, so meek and prayerful. I wish you would see him. It might help to cure you of your stern, proud ways. O, Margaret, when I see you so proud, and decked as you are, I can scarcely believe you are the same girl that used to wander with me around the white beach and rocky shores, your little bare feet twinkling in the light, and your curly hair dancing in the sunshine. O, Margaret, you are strangely altered."

A pang seemed to contract the face of Margaret, and she turned her head from her companion.

"Do you not sometimes wish you had staid at home, Margaret, and been content to live and die here?"

"Live and die here!" said the other, scornfully, her black eyes and rich complexion eloquent with emotion, "no, never! I have been in the glittering ball-room, among the wealthy and beautiful, and hundreds have bowed to what they were pleased to call the supremacy of my beauty. I have moved with a proud step in the halls of nobles and palaces of kings, and the murmur of admiration has followed me on every side. I have trod the deck of as gallant a ship as ever sailed the ocean, and the eye of the most reckless and daring has quailed beneath my glance. I have held men entranced at the splendor of what they termed beauty, and awed by the power of mind. No, no; I was never made to lead this mushroom life, and I only wonder what fantasy it could have been that brought me back here."

While she uttered this with flashing eye, and in a deep, rich tone of voice, Hannah shrank back awed by her terrible beauty. Strange and fearful thoughts crowded upon her mind, to which she dared not give utterance in the presence of the strange, radiant being before her.

"Margaret, had you spent your life here, you might not have found so many to call you beautiful, and O, Margaret, it is a sad, dangerous thing, but might you not have been more happy, more innocent?" Then dropping her voice to a sweet, thind tone, she continued—"May not what you call a fantasy that prompted you to return, have been, after all, the strivings of the spirit with you, urging you back to virtue, to innocence, and to God? Margaret, slight not the sacred voice—let me entreat you to forget your pride, your vanity, and listen only to the still, small voice of the spirit, saying, 'Return unto me, oh, backsliding daughter, and I will have mercy upon thee.'"

"Really, Hannah," said Margaret, "I couldn't have believed you could preach so well. You have listened to that oracle of yours, to some purpose."

Shocked at this heartless piece of sarcasm, Hannah burst into tears.

"I can pardon you, Margaret," she said, in a low voice, "but I tremble for you."

Margaret was moved. "It is so long, Hannah, since I have had a spirit like yours to deal with, that I hardly know how to treat it. But, seriously, Hannah, I know that you are right—my soul tells me so. But who is it makes our destiny? I never appointed mine, and why should I be accountable for it? Deeper and stronger feelings were given me than to you, Hannah, and if they have led me astray, I am not the aggressor, but the victim."

"Oh, no, no," said Hannah, earnestly, "you are all wrong. Margaret I feel it, but, but I cannot reason with you. Much has been given you, and much may justly be required. O! Margaret go back with me—do you not see a placid looking matron bending over a bare-footed child, with curly hair, whose eyes are closed, and hands clasped? and do you not hear the murmur of those lips imploring the blessing of God upon its young head, asking for virtue, holiness, and that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

"You will drive me mad, Hannah—the prayer was never answered, and why should it not have been? I was guiltless then —"

"But as you grow in years, Margaret, you forgot to watch as well as pray—and your beauty has been a snare to you; and oh! Margaret, I fear at last you forgot to pray when Raymond —"

Margaret recoiled as if from the sting of a serpent. "No more, Hannah," she said sternly, "I have already borne too much from you."

A dead silence ensued, and Hannah sat listlessly, parting the soft hair from the forehead of one of her children, who had entered the room, and Margaret had turned to the window, apparently agitated by deep and painful emotions.

Little more is necessary to be said. Margaret lived many years, and at length died as she had lived—a proud, imperious woman, seeking sympathy with no one. She seemed chained to the spot of her nativity by some undefined hope—perhaps that of seeing Raymond once more; perhaps he might have promised to return—for she spent the greater part of her time in watching the vessels as they entered and left the harbor, and would often rise ere the dawn of day to scan those that might have come to anchor at night. But whatever might have been her expectations, she died without their ever having been realized.

## THE REIGN OF TERROR.

### A MOST EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

ONE of the most surprising narratives we have any where met with is contained in the history of a scene of the "Reign of Terror," from a recent work entitled the *Journal of a Nobleman*.

"Two men, by the name of Roux, father and son, at Toulon, were condemned to death after the evacuation of that place by the English, on pretence of having betrayed the interests of France. They were, with 900 others, ordered to be shot at a place called 'Le Champ de Bataille.' Without being made to undergo any form of trial, without even having had an opportunity of being heard in explanation of their conduct, they were torn from the bosom of their family, and taken to the place of execution. When all the intended victims were placed in a heap in the middle of

the plain, several field-pieces loaded with grape-shot were brought up close to them, as well as a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, which were to charge those whom the cannon had not wholly destroyed, and finish them. The two Roux had been separated from each other. The son, fearing lest the first discharge of cannon should not dispatch him with sufficient speed, placed himself as much forward as he possibly could. He was so close to the battery that when the guns went off the power of the explosion knocked him down. That instinct which impels mankind to the preservation of life made him feign that he was dead when the cavalry was ordered to charge. A dragoon gave him a sabre cut, which made a large though not dangerous wound on his back. The infantry came after, and one of the soldiers perceiving that young Roux had not ceased to breathe, gave him a violent blow on the head with the butt-end of his musket, which so completely stunned him, that he lay for several hours senseless on the ground. The slain having been left on the *Champ de Bataille* to be removed the next morning for interment, were soon stripped of their garments by the liberated prisoners of the *bagnio*, and all left nearly naked. During the night young Roux gradually recovered the use of his senses. It was with the utmost difficulty that he recalled to mind what had occurred.

"The horrors of the day presented themselves at last fully to his mind. He rose to quit if possible this scene of death, and it was then he perceived he was naked and covered with blood. He sought to find some garments among the dead by whom he was surrounded, and in his efforts to take off from the body of one of the unfortunate men some clothes which had escaped the pillage, he found that life was not extinct in him. The desire of saving a fellow creature prompted every means that could bring timely relief, and they were not used in vain. The joy and surprise of both may be easily conceived when they discovered that they were father and son. They alone had escaped the carnage! It was with difficulty they could procure sufficient clothing from among the surrounding victims of this act of unheard-of atrocity in order to withdraw from the horrid scene. Fortunately for them, no sentinel had been stationed to watch over this field of butchery, and the Roux returned without any obstacle to their house. It was with the utmost difficulty they obtained access to it. At that time of night the afflicted family did not suppose that they were roused for any other purpose than that of furnishing new victims to the blood-thirsty agents of anarchy and destruction. No words could express the sensations of the wife and children on beholding again those whose supposed destruction had plunged them into grief and despair. The wounds were immediately dressed, and before daylight they retired to their country house, situated a few leagues in the interior of Provence where they remained concealed until the 'Reign of Terror' was no more, and the cannibals of the south had ceased to have their day. They then returned to Toulon, to the amazement of their friends and acquaintances, many of whom could not, for a long time, persuade themselves that they were not the ghosts of the two men who had been included in the massacre of the *Champ de Bataille*. These two men to this day, live esteemed and respected by their fellow citizens, by whom the particulars of their most fortunate escape are not forgotten."



## THE MODERN HERO.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

THE lance is rusting on the wall,  
No laurel crowns are wove,  
And every knightly strain is hushed  
In castle, camp and grove.

No manly breast now fronts the spear,  
No strong arm waves the brand,  
To vindicate the rightful cause,  
Or stay oppression's hand.

The minstrel's pilgrimage has ceased,  
Chivalric days are o'er,  
And fiery steeds bear noblemen  
To Palestine no more.

What battle-field with courage now  
Shall ardent minds inspire?  
Upon what shrine can youth devote  
Its wild yet hallowed fire?

Must the bold heart ignobly pine  
Far from heroic strife,  
And win no trophies to adorn  
This cold and fleeting life?

Is there no guerdon for the brave?  
No warfare for the free?  
No wrong for valor or redress?  
For men no victory?

Shall high and earnest purpose die,  
And souls of might grow tame?  
Glory no more be warmed to life  
By Love's ennobling flame?

Forbid it every pulse that leaps  
At beauty's kindling smile,  
Forbid it all the glowing dreams  
That youthful hearts beguile!

By the clear spell that morning weaves,  
By noontide's stirring glare,  
By the vast sea, the mighty woods,  
And midnight's solemn air;

By Nature's deep and constant tones,  
Tears that are born of song,  
And thrills that eloquence awakes  
In every human throng;

By childhood's hopefulness serene,  
And woman's cherished name,  
Let not heroic spirits yield  
Their heritage of fame!

It may no more be won in arms,  
And knighthood's loyal toil,  
Nor flourish, like Marengo's grain,  
Upon a blood-stained soil.

It will not live in warrior's tales,  
Or lay of troubadour,  
Nor shall the scarf of lady-love  
Become its emblem more.

But in the quietude of thought,  
The soul's divine retreat,  
Does Valor now her garlands twine,  
And rear her proudest seat.

They who most bravely can endure,  
Most earnestly pursue,  
Amid Opinion's tyrant bands  
Unto themselves be true!

Rejoice in Beauty more than gain,  
Guard well the dreams of youth,  
And with devoted firmness live  
Crusaders for the truth!

The freedom of the mind maintain,  
Its sacredness revere,  
And cling to Honor's open path,  
As planets to their sphere;

Who own no gage but that of Faith,  
And with undaunted brow,  
Turn from the worshippers of gold—  
These are the heroes now!

In lonely watchfulness they stand  
Upon Time's hoary steep,  
And Glory's flickering beacon-lights  
For coming ages keep.

Thus bravely live heroic men,  
A consecrated band;  
Life is to them a battle-field,  
Their hearts a Holy Land.

"WHEN the graces of form to the features impart  
The sweetness that lives with an innocent heart."

The following tale, by Mrs. Child, is most exquisitely told, and the moral is of the highest and best character. Such a sketch cannot fail to make a salutary impression upon the heart of every reader.

## THE PALACE OF BEAUTY.

## A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. CHILD.

IN ancient times two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and the other dwarfish, dark-colored and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose, because she was handsome, and everybody praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black, when anybody asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it on the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it; but she did not scold, or strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighborhood disliked Marion—and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scotch used to be a very superstitious people; and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided, was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty; where the queen of the Fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.\* Marion often asked questions about this story; but

\* There was a superstition that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the Fairies.

Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird, or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim: "Oh, how much that looks like fairy land!" But when asked what she knew about fairy land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may not I bathe in the Immortal Fountain?"

One summer's noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with the sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rain-bow roof, the bright reflection of which rested on chrysalis walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rain-bow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught upon one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star, composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point, and thus she sung:

The Fairy Queen  
Hath rarely seen  
Creature of earthly mould,  
Within her door,  
On pearly floor  
Inlaid with with shining gold.  
Mortal, all thou seest is fair  
Quick thy purposes declare!

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined in the chorus—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said:

"Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?"

The queen smiled. "I will grant your request," said she, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I propose."

Marion eagerly promised that she would.

"The Immortal Fountain," replied the queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands. None can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now; for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden, watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed, was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been.

The sight made her angry; and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression, when she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence.

The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honey-comb and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells, which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucullo, and the lantern-fly stood at her side, to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal finger.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the queen's attendants vanished, singing as they went:

The Fairy Queen  
Hath rarely seen  
Creature of earthly mould,  
Within her door,  
On pearly floor,  
Inlaid with shining gold.

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the queen.

"I have," replied the maiden.

"Then follow me."

Marion did as she was directed, and away they went over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently, they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies, clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep, and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant, and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

"Here," the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no further until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month, do by your sister in all respects as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marion."

Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could not help speaking; but when Rose asked her for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along. When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket-mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed.

"I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is so good and amiable."

"So do I," said a dozen voices.

Marion blushed deeply, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

At the end of the month, she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands and flew away. They traveled on—the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled; and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was staid by a troop of fairies in rain-bow robes, and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form, they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen.

"Here we must pause," said the queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass."

"Why not?" asked the impatient Marion.

"Because those must be very pure, who pass the rain-bow fairies," replied the queen.

"Am I not very pure?" said the maiden; "all the folks in the castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the queen, "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought, as well as in action. Return home—for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of three months, she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when she saw her; but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away, as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim; and she burst into tears. "I knew said the queen," that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill; and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged: you have been several years indulging in wrong feelings; and you must not wonder that it takes many months to drive them away."

Marion was very sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart, she read her bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled, and touched her playfully with the wand, then led her away to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright, as she approached them, and they lowered their wands, and sung as they flew away:

Mortal, pass on,  
Till the goal is won—  
For such I ween  
Is the will of the queen—  
Pass on! pass on!

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear and liquid, came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks—a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray

falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the immortal fountain! Its amber colored waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sun-beams on the waters.

"Oh let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard its brink! Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the queen. "Go home—for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the immortal fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing,

Thou hast scaled the mountain,  
Go bathe in the fountain,  
Rise fair to the sight  
As an angel of light;  
Go bath in the fountain!

Marion was about to plunge in; but the queen touched her, saying, "Look in the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself and saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the immortal fountain," said she turning in surprise to the queen. "True," replied the queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she; "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairy-land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "how handsome Marion has grown. The ugly scowl has departed from her face; and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.—A writer who seems to have paid great attention to statistics, among a number of computations, states that this earth is inhabited by one thousand millions of men, or thereabouts, and that thirty-three years makes a generation; and that, therefore, in thirty-three years, die 1,000,000,000. Thus the number who die on earth, amount each year to 30,000,000; each day to 82,000; each hour to 3,400; each minute to 60; and each second to 1.

### THE SONG OF THE AMERICAN PRIVATEERSMAN.

BY WILLIAM CHIDDM.

**DURING** the war of the Revolution, the Americans were enabled to equip but a few national vessels, but the patriotism of citizens, by sending forth great numbers of armed privateers, in a measure supplied the deficiency. They were manned chiefly by young men, ardent in their country's cause, and fearless of the enemy.

Above our heads, we view unfurled,  
The ensign of the free,  
And we will leave our land to gain  
Wild laurels on the sea.  
By daring hearts the bark is manned,  
We fear no tyrant's chain,  
But boldly meet our country's foes,  
Upon the boundless main:  
For Freedom calls the brave to arms,  
And whose the coward hand  
That dare not wield the sword, to save  
His struggling father-land?

We heard amid our peaceful vales,  
The haughty Briton's boast,  
That we were slaves and born to yield  
To their triumphant host;  
But Liberty, has found a home  
Upon our lofty hills,  
And with her august presence  
Each manly bosom thrills,  
And whispers from her eagle-nest,  
On every wandering gale,  
That Freedom's self will aid our cause,  
And strike the foeman pale.

Our kinsmen armed for deadly strife,  
Engage upon the plain,  
While we, the starry ensign raise,  
To conquer on the main.  
The God of battles be with them,  
His mighty arm will guide,  
His wisdom teach the weak, to smite  
The smiter in his pride.  
Then give that banner to the breeze,  
Its folds shall rule the sea,  
In triumph waving o'er the world,  
The ensign of the free.

And tell us not our little band  
That ensign raise in vain,  
To aid our struggling father-land,  
And break oppression's chain;  
That countless Britons boldly come  
To make us bow the knee,  
And mighty fleets in triumph bear  
Their flag on every sea;  
We know how fierce the strife will be  
Upon the ocean wave,  
Yet we will sail, for death can strike  
No terror to the brave.

We firmly trust some stronger arm  
Will guide us in that hour,  
When hearts resolved on victory,  
Shall meet the tyrant's power,  
That Heaven will smile upon our cause,  
And grant her powerful aid  
To wrest the sceptre from the hand

That would our rights invade.  
And we shall win a glorious prize,  
None nobler can we claim,  
The freedom of our native land,  
The wreath of deathless fame.

### A CONNECTICUT STORY.

**THE** following is related as a fact, having actually happened some years since in the state of Connecticut.

A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to the sheepfold of his neighbor, (a wealthy farmer,) for relief. The neighbor, having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any until one of the finest in the flock, very large and fat, was missing, and counting his sheep he found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock there was a ram with which, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep.

"Well, Mr. Ram," said the nocturnal visitant, "I have come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?"

Upon which he replied himself, as in the person of the ram: "Yes, I have sheep to sell."

By this time the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his neighbors.

"What will you take for that fat wether?" says the purchaser.

"Four dollars," says Mr. Ram.

"That is a very high price," says the man; "but as you are so good to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him. Well, Mr. Ram," continues the honest sheep buyer, "let us see how many sheep I have bought of you."

"If I am not mistaken," says Mr. Ram, "this makes the fifth."

He then went on to cast up the amount of the whole; and after giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him good night, lead the wether home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole.

A few nights afterward, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, and tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote, in large letters: *I have come after my pay.* Under this line he footed up the whole amount of the five sheep exactly as his neighbor had done as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near his door, and then went home.

When the neighbor arose in the morning, he was not a little surprized to find a sheep tied at his door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment, when he found it was the old ram with which he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of the five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram.

Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the bag, and tearing the paper



from his horns, set the ram at liberty, which immediately ran home, jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand, to the no small gratification of the owner.

### THE "ENORMOUS CONDOR."

A PLEASANT writer thus ingeniously ridicules the story told in Sir E. Temple's "Travels in Peru," in which the bird, called the condor, is described as being able to carry off a live rhinoceros!

"How easy for some writer, who was less voracious, and more fanciful than the traveler, to make a Sinbad story about such a roc of a condor, a rhinoceros and a hero, and locate it in some lovely valley of the land of Manco Capac! It must be a perilous land, that Peru, full of hair-breadth escapes and romantic jeopardy; earthquakes under foot, mines of gold and jewels in the mountains, nondescript beasts on every hill, llamas, pacos, alcos, vignonias; and tigers and lions in the woods—over all comes sailing a condor, as big as any of the gigantic things which inhabit the earth or the ocean! He pounces on a gentle pair, quietly dodging along on a mule, snatches up the lady in one talon and the gentleman and the mule in the other; he would fain dash the lady to the ground, but the gentleman magnanimously holds fast of her floating drapery; he then lifts his right talon with a jerk, to pitch down mule and man, and 'grind his bones to make his bread.' But with admirable dexterity and presence of mind, the gentleman has already slung the halter of the mule around the condor's hind toe, and expertly hooks the middle toe-nail of the bird under the saddle-girth.

"My dear," he says to the lady, 'the mule is worse off than we; you have only to hold fast, and the condor will stop at last to take breath, when I trust in Providence to throttle him; so keep your spirits.' After which, how natural to foresee that the condor, anticipating a struggle, and feeling himself a prisoner, will instinctively alight on some broad surface, some vast shelf of rock, some lofty but spacious crag! As he flies, indignant at his bonds, he kills the mule with one stroke of his enormous beak, and then satiates his revenge by tearing the hide of his victim. Slowly and majestically he sinks down through the air; breathless with terror, the lady and gentleman who are hanging below the mule, await the favorable minute; just as their feet brush the ground, they let go, and run for their lives to find a little cranny to creep into—what a scamper! Does not your hair, my good reader, stand on end, to think that their peril may be your own, should you ever venture to Peru? Think, before you risk it—how would you face the glare of the monster's eye? The Lammerger of Gelerstein is but a finch in comparison; the North American bald eagle is a mere pigeon-hawk beside him. Next, we shall hear that the dragons of king Arthur's day have taken shelter in Peru, and rattle their scaly folds and brandish their barbed tongues among the deserted tomb-caverns of the Incas, like so many alligators in a reed-bayou.

There—one story is about as good as another. The condor as it really exists, is not of the eagle species, but of the vulture rather; and the largest kind, called by the natives *moromora*, never exceeds fifteen feet from the extremity of one wing to the other; whereas the one described by Sir E. Temple was *forty feet* across the wings! and its quills *eight inches* in circumference!

### AN ALABAMA COURT SCENE.

"JUDGE, the fellers are all here now; let's open court!" said a man in a calico suit, (shirt, pantaloons and jacket,) as the door was thrown open, and some twelve or thirteen promiscuous looking persons were marshaled into the old barn.

It was about noon-day, and all the morning had been ornamentally obscured by a soaking shower. The complainant, defendant, witnesses, and all in any way connected with the case, had traveled seven miles to find this only spot in a large region where justice was assumed to be under legal distribution. Into the county court room they came, all soaking wet, and nearly every man with the stump of a bad smelling segar in his month. Two or three were very drunk, and lay right down on benches, and boxes about the place to go to sleep. One man had thought enough to kindle a fire, gathering such material as was at hand, and around this the rest of the party gathered to get themselves patially dry. It was a September day, and though not very cold, a dry jacket was more comfortable than a wet one.

"Who opens the case?" said the Judge, as he turned over an empty box made to carry dry goods, and lying useless in a corner of the place.

A fellow standing before the fire turned round and said "why Judge, if you meant that dry-goods case, it is open already!"

Then there was a laugh, and as the Judge sat down, another man asked him if he was going to keep the prisoners' box all to himself.

The deputy constable then said "he'd be d—d if the court shouldn't be kept in order," ordering, at the same time, Bill Bruce to give him a segar.

The counsel for the plaintiff next came forward and was commencing an eloquent address, when the Judge stopped him in a familiar way, expressing an urgent and immediate desire for a chew of tobacco.

"I doesn't chew, Judge," said the attorney.

"I know you *doos*," replied the Judge.

The defendant then stepped forward, and politely supplied the Judge with tobacco.

After this the trial went on, and an accompaniment of most ludicrous incidents prevailed. One of the witnesses when he was wanted, was so sound asleep on a bench, that the two lawyers and the constable, with their united efforts couldn't wake him. When at last aroused, he told the whole court to go to h—ll, and lay down to go to sleep again.

An old sow rooted the door open, and came grunting into court, surrounded by her brood of squealing pigs.

"Drive her out!" was the instantaneous decision of the court.

"Have mercy on the widow and the fatherless!" exclaimed a hiccupping drunken fellow on a bench.

"Judge," said the counsel for the defendant, "your time I know is precious, as must be the case with so able and valued a member of society. This case is perfectly clear, and I know your learning and lucid intellect has pierced through it at the first glance. For me to argue, would be not only a waste of my own time, but an insult to your penetration. Much might be said, but nothing is needed. Before any other Judge I would lay down the rules of law, but here I know they have been deeply studied and wisely understood. I look around me and behold an humble house of logs, yet I see before me the spirit of truth, the unpurchaseable distributor of law, and the old tenement rises be-

for my mental vision proud and beautiful as a majestic temple of Justice. Judge, I have a bottle of prime old Mononghela in my pocket; for the respect I bear your character, allow me to make you a present of it."

"Verdict for the defendant," said the Judge.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### THE SEXTON'S FRIGHT.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

WHEN the evening chimes had told  
That the lovely day had fled,  
And the stars, like angel's eyes,  
On the flowers their soft light shed;

Where the winds in whispers low,  
With a dry and rustling sound,  
In the church yard's solemn pale  
Rolled the leaves along the ground,

Came the heavy tramp of men;  
Dark and gloomy were they all,  
And with slow and measured tread  
In their arms they bore a pall.

Stood the sexton by the grave,  
Leaning on his iron spade,  
Like a statue all unmoved,  
As the coffin by him laid.

Not a sound the stillness broke,  
Save the hooting of the owl,  
As returning through the gate  
Passed the monks in cloak and cowl.

Grasped the sexton then his spade,  
Heaved the earth with grating sound,  
Flashed the fire from the rocks,  
As he cleared the little mound.

From behind a marble tomb,  
Rose a form in robes of white,  
On its head a hollow skull;  
Through the eyelids gleamed a light.

Stood the sexton all aghast,  
As he saw the spectre stand,  
Stretching out his bony arm,  
And beckoning with his hand.

Suddenly the old man fled,  
Leaving spade and hat behind;  
On he flew, his long gray locks  
Streaming out upon the wind.

Morning broke upon the tombs,  
Where the sexton helpless lay,  
But to him no morning came,  
For his reason passed away.

Thus the tale to me was told,  
By a lovely village maid,  
Of yon sexton, gray and old,  
Sitting with his broken spade.

### W I T.

WHEN Judge Peters was Speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet, and fell down. The house burst into laughter, while the Judge, with the utmost gravity, cried: "Order, order, gentlemen; do you not see

that a member has the floor?"—which is the usual way of requiring silence when any one rises to speak.

At the beginning of our revolutionary war, the Judge was elected captain of a volunteer company of infantry. When he called at the paymaster's to settle his first six months' accounts, that officer remarked to him that they were very large, and added: "Pray, captain, how many men do you command?" "Not one," replied the Judge. "How," exclaimed the paymaster, "such heavy accounts as these, and not command one man!" "No," replied the Judge, "but I am commanded by ninety."

When Lafayette was in America, he told us at the Judge's house, that he and the Judge made their grand entrance into Philadelphia in a barouche and four. The dust kicked up by the volunteer troopers annoyed them much. "Ah," said the Judge, "most of those horsemen are lawyers, and they are always throwing dust in my eyes."

On another occasion the Judge was standing by Lafayette, when a young military orator, in addressing the General, said: "Sir, although we were not born to partake of your revolutionary hardships, yet we mean, should our country be attacked, to tread in the shoes of our brave forefathers." "No, no," cried the Judge, "that you can never do, because your forefathers fought barefooted."

On some occasion, a very fat man and a very slim man stood at the entrance of a door in which the Judge wished to pass. He stopped a moment for them to make way, but perceiving they were not inclined to move, and being urged by the master of the house to come in, he pushed on between them, exclaiming: "Here I am, then, through thick and thin."

A lawyer, engaged in a cause before the Judge, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say anything more. Upon this, the Judge called out to the teasing lawyer: "I think, sir, you must have done with that witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

### WITCHCRAFT AND ITS BELIEVERS.

WHEN Lord Chief Justice Holt was on the Oxford Circuit, a woman was put on her trial for witchcraft; having done many injuries to her neighbors, their houses, goods, and cattle, by means of having in her possession a ball of black worsted, which she had received from a person, who told her that it had certain properties. The poor old woman did not deny the possession of the said ball, but said she had never done any one harm with it, but on the contrary good; and that they only envied her having such an important thing in her possession. "Well," said the Judge, "you seem to admit having used the ball as a charm; now, will you tell how long you have had it, and from whom you had it?" The poor woman answered, that she kept a small public house near to Oxford, about forty years ago; and one day, a party of young men belonging to the University came to her house, and ate and drank what they liked to call for, but had no money among them wherewith to pay for what they devoured; and that one of the young men gave her in lieu of it, the said ball, which he assured her would do wonders for her, as it possessed surprising powers: and the youth looked so grave and wise, that she believed him; and she had no occasion to repent of it, for it had

really done a great deal of good to her and others. "Well, my good woman," said his lordship, "did the young man say any thing about unwinding the ball?" "O yes, my lord, he told me, that if I should do so, the charm would be gone; and here it is (producing it) in the same state I had it forty years ago." The Judge having requested her to hand it up to him for his inspection, he thus addressed the Jury:

"Gentlemen, I believe it is known to some of you that I was educated at the University of Oxford; and it is now about forty years ago; like some of my companions, I joined in youthful frolics, which riper judgment taught me were wrong. On one occasion about that period, I recollect of going to the house, which it appears this woman then kept; neither I nor any of my companions having any money, I thought of this expedient in order to satisfy her claim upon us. I produced a ball of black worsted, and having written a few Hebrew characters on a slip of paper, I put it inside, telling her that in that consisted a charm that would do wonders for her and others; seeing she believed in the deception, we quietly took our departure, but not before I had enjoined her never to undo the said ball. Now, gentlemen, in order to prove to your minds the folly of those who believe in and persecute such deluded and silly creatures as this woman, now arraigned as a *witch*, I will undo this ball before your eyes, and I have no doubt will find the characters I wrote on a slip of paper forty years ago." The Judge soon unwound the ball, and produced the identical paper, with the Hebrew characters; which so convinced the Jury of the folly and absurdity of the then general belief, that the woman was immediately pronounced not guilty and discharged.

NOTE.—We believe this was the *last* trial for witchcraft, although the statute still remained a disgrace to the statute book for many years afterwards, even until a few years back; when it was finally repealed, at the hour of between twelve and one in the morning, which caused my Lord Castlereagh to make the remark, that "the House was giving the quietus to the old witches' act, at the *witching* time of night!"—*Sydney Anecdotes*.

#### PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA IN THE GULPH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

CAPTAIN BONYCASTLE, R. N. while coming up the gulph on the 7th September, 1826, observed this phenomenon under the following interesting circumstances. At two o'clock A. M. the mate whose watch it was on the deck, suddenly aroused the captain in great alarm, from an unusual appearance on the lee bow. The night was star light, but suddenly the sky became overcast in the direction of the high land, of Cornwallis county, and a rapid, instantaneous, and immensely brilliant light, resembling the Aurora Borealis, shot out of the hitherto gloomy and dark sea on the lee bow, and was so vivid that it lighted every thing distinctly, even to the mast head. The mate having alarmed the master, put the helm down, took in sail, and called all hands up. The light now spread over the whole sea between the two shores; and the waves, which before had been tranquil, now began to be agitated. Captain B. describes the scene, as that of a blazing sheet of awful and most brilliant light. A long and vivid line of light, superior in brightness to the parts of the sea not immediately near the vessel, showed us the base of the high, frowning, and dark

land abreast of us; the sky became lowering and intensely obscure. The oldest sailors on board had never seen anything of the kind to compare with it, except the captain, who said that he had observed something of the kind in the trades. Long tortuous lines of light in a contrary direction to the sea, showed us immense numbers of very large fish darting about as if in consternation at the scene. The spirit-sail yard and mizen boom were lighted by the reflection as though gas lights had been burning immediately under them; and until just before day break, at four o'clock, the most minute objects in a watch were distinctly visible. Day broke very slowly, and the sun rose of a fiery and threatening aspect. Rain followed.

Capt B. caused a bucket of this fiery water to be drawn up; it was one mass of light when stirred by the hand, and not in sparkles, as usual, but in actual coruscations. A portion of this water kept in an open jug preserved its luminosity for seven nights. On the third night the scintillations in the sea re-appeared, and were rendered beautifully visible by throwing a line overboard and towing it along astern of the vessel. On this evening the sun went down very singularly, exhibiting in its descent a double sun; and when, only a few degrees above the horizon, its spherical figure changed into that of a long cylinder which reached the horizon. In the night the sea became nearly as luminous as before. On the fifth night the luminous appearance nearly ceased. Capt. B. is willing to attribute the above effect to living animalculæ; but suggests the idea that it depends upon some compound of phosphorus suddenly evolved and dispersed over the surface of the sea. In such a compound he conceives the phosphorus or phosphoric acid to be afforded by exuvie, or secretions of fish, and the other constituents to be in some way connected with those abundant oceanic salts, the muriate of soda, and sulphate of magnesia.—*Silliman's Journal*.

THE following is as old as the hills, but the point it contains will strike many with force, in these hard times.

"Two young men, of the more respectable class of mechanics, commenced the sail-making business at Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each caught a roll and were carrying it off, when Girard remarked—

'Had you not better get a dray?'

'No; it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves.'

'Tell your friend he needn't endorse your note—I'll take it without.'

IGNORANCE OF DANGER.—A child of one of the crew of the British ship *Peacock*, during the action with the U. S. vessel *Hornet*, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not the least terrified with the destruction and death all around him, he persisted till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying "Now I've caught you!"

WHEN Rabelais was on his death bed a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear Gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

OLD FATHER TIME.—The reader will see a striking and original touch of the power *imaginative* by looking at our Boston correspondence in this number.

## IT WAS ORIGINAL, AFTER ALL.

A FEW weeks ago we published in the ROVER a piece of poetry signed "Ella," at the same time expressing some doubt as to its being original. One cause of our doubt, was, that we thought some portions of the article too good to be likely to come from an anonymous or unknown writer. The expression of our doubt has brought our fair correspondent down upon us with her own proper name. In her note to us she says,

"The muse is near, and I would fain  
Resume my timid pen again;  
But what it writes, tell ROVERS all,  
Is something quite original."

The following stanzas are from the same pen, and though two or three of the lines seem to need a little *finishing*, they are on the whole very pretty.

## LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY MRS. H. L. PERKINS.

'Twas like the spring with budding hopes  
And showers from above,  
(That glads the heart when winter flies)  
When first we learned to love.

Then everything that bloomed around,  
A brighter coloring took;  
The trees, the op'ning buds and flowers,  
The little murmuring brook;

The dewy grass, the laughing breeze  
That danced so gaily by,  
The birds that carol sweetest songs,  
The earth, the air, the sky;

All seemed to speak a language dear  
To each quick throbbing heart;  
And *Love* became a *treasure* then,  
With which 'twere hard to part.

Oh I may it (like the summer skies)  
Be ever calm and bright,  
Without a cloud to intervene  
To rob us of the light.

As gently as the falling dews  
On budding flowerets rest,  
So may sweet Hope still gild our path,  
And make our portion blest.

If chilling sorrow e'er should dim  
The hopes of early youth,  
Let one bright *Star* yet guide us on—  
The *Star of Love and Truth*.

New York, January, 1844.

THE DAGUERRETYPE is daily developing new beauties, and is applied to various new and unexpected objects; immense improvements are also made in taking likenesses with this machine, which is superseding all other modes. The Boston Transcript says:—"Mr. Osborn of South Boston, a practical chemist, called upon us on Saturday last, and, modestly requesting to make

us a present, placed in our hands a neat morocco miniature case, upon opening which, there laid spread out before us the Transcript for Dec. 19—the outside towards us, and the whole array of advertisements looking "as neat and cunning as possible." The *Daguerreotype* had done the deed, and our bantling diurnal was reduced from the reputed "seven by nine" to the actual *inch by inch and a half!* The heading, capital letters, and pictorial figures were clear to the naked eye; and by the aid of a twelve power microscope the canny letter press may be read with ease. Altogether, it is the most beautiful specimen of the art that we have ever seen—wholly free from the slightest blur even upon the smallest letter.

(Boston Correspondence of the Rover.)

Boston, January, 1844.

## A VERY SLIGHT SKETCH OF OBLIVION.

A FEW days ago we bade adieu to the old year, who, by the way, behaved very handsomely in making his exit; but did he not violate the laws by starting off for the dominions of the Past on the sabbath? However, it wasn't a bad idea with the old gentleman to wait for the end of the seventh day, and hitch it on to the train, in order to encumber the young year with one load less of drowsy sermons for Oblivion. But the old year has emigrated, leaving some of his affairs in rather a precarious situation, thereby throwing a vast deal of perplexity upon his juvenile successor. Well, notwithstanding all this, to his credit be it said, that he has not actually disgraced his office; and will, I am inclined to think, wear as green laurels as any of his illustrious predecessors down in that shadowy country. How jovial those half a dozen thousand old gentlemen must be about the time that another is added to their number. I can imagine them seated at a festive board, in a long, dusky hall, (a gothic hall agrees pretty well with the idea,) draining their cups, while a row of white beards wag, like the breaking of the foam far along the stormy beach. There sits, a mile or two above, at the head of the table, the oldest of the old, the much venerated year One; his long beard and hair reaching to his feet, form the only covering to his person. His next thousand neighbors take great delight in telling him horrid tales of the depravity of man since he ruled on earth. Happily for the antiquated gentleman's nerves, he is not within hearing of the stories related by those more modern gentlemen; but as they are stowed down at the table in regular rotation, with brass labels on their breasts, and not allowed to change seats, the "old un" seldom hears about any of the modern revolutions. The story of Noah and the flood was the very latest incident in the history of the world, that had been retailed to the old gentleman; he looked obliquely down the table toward the gentleman in whose reign the event had taken place, and murmured something about getting wet and taking cold, and thought no more about it.

This would be an excellent region for the magnetizers to explore; a friend of mine has promised to try it. I will give you the earliest information in regard to discoveries. Yours,  
BOSTON ROVER.

Our plate this week is a beautiful picture. We have some original and striking subjects in the hands of engravers, nearly ready.



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Duty #116

*The Spying Soldier*  
(Robert R. R. R. R.)







# THE ROVER.

## THE DYING SOLDIER.

Wax of a warrior passed away!

That soon shall lack a name!

Though flushed with pride but yesterday,  
And dreams of future fame!

Strip of thy garments, who shall guess

Thy rank, thy lineage, or race?

If haughty chieftain holding away,

Or lowlier, destin'd to obey!

The light of thy fix'd eye is set,

And thou art dying now,

But Passion's traces linger yet

And lower upon thy brow;

Expression has not yet wax'd weak,

Thy freezing lips yet seem to speak,

And clenched and cold, thy stiffen'd hand,

Now feebly bears the battle brand.

Tho' from that head, late towering high,

The waving plume is torn,

And low in dust thou soon shalt lie,

Dishonor'd and forlorn!

Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide

The graven characters of pride,

That on the lip and brow reveal,

The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore

The son she ne'er shall see?

Or maiden, on some distant shore,

To break her heart for thee?—

Perchance to roam a maniac there,

With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,

And through the weary night to wait

Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain

The evening fire shall trim,

And gazing on the darkening main

Shall often call on him

Who hears her not—who cannot hear—

Oh! deaf for ever is the ear

That once in listening rapture hung

Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is wo!—

Ne'er may remembrance tell

Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,

And hope to sigh farewell,—

The heart, bereaving of its stay,

Quenching the beam that cheers her way

Along the waste of life—till she

Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

## THE DYING SOLDIER;

OR THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE advance of Napoleon, with his grand army, upon Moscow, the voluntary abandonment and conflagration of that splendid city, by its inhabitants, the retreat of the French, and their unparalleled sufferings, present a picture of awful grandeur and romantic interest, scarcely exceeded in the whole history of the world. To see an army of five hundred thousand men wasted

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away in a single campaign, mown down by thousands in the battle field, freezing by thousands and thousands in the bitter cold of a northern winter, starving by thousands along the road-side, and perishing by thousands in the rivers they had to cross, till but a mere handful of famished stragglers remain to tell the tale, is most painfully sublime.

To accompany our engraving of the "Dying Soldier," we copy a few passages from Alison's History of Europe, and have no doubt the reader, after perusing them, will turn to the engraving and dwell upon it with renewed interest.

"The day after the battle of Borodino, the Russians retired by the great road toward Moscow. The magnitude of his loss, rendered Kutusoff unwilling to risk the remainder of the army in another general action with the French, who were constantly receiving reinforcements; but no signs of confusion marked his route; and the subsequent retreat was conducted with such perfect order, that when the French troops reached the point where the roads to Moscow and Kaluga separate, they were for some time uncertain, as they had previously been at Witepsk, which of the two the Russians had followed. Kutusoff reached a position half a league in front of Moscow, on the 13th of September, and held a council of war to deliberate the question of abandoning the town to its fate. Kutusoff and Barclay eventually insisted on a retreat, assigning as a reason, that it was indispensable to preserve the army entire until the new levies could be incorporated into its ranks, and averring that the abandonment of the metropolis, 'would lead the enemy into a snare, where his destruction would be inevitable.' These prophetic words determined the council, and orders were given for the troops to retire in the direction of Kolomna. On the morning of the 14th, therefore, the army continued its retreat, and in silent despondency defiled through the streets of the sacred city.

"Nothing could exceed the consternation of the inhabitants of Moscow, when they found themselves deserted by their defenders. They had been led to believe, from the government reports, that the French were entirely defeated at Borodino, and that Napoleon's advance to Moscow was impossible; they, therefore, had not thought of preparations for quitting the city. Nevertheless, when their departure thus became unavoidable, they made exertions equal to the emergency, and in a short time, no less than three hundred thousand people left their homes.

"At eleven o'clock, on the 14th, the advanced guard of the French army, from an eminence on their route, descried the minarets of the metropolis; the domes of more than two hundred churches, and the roofs of a thousand palaces glittered in the rays of the sun, and the leading squadrons, struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, halted to exclaim, 'Moscow! Moscow!' and the cry, repeated from rank to rank, reached the emperor's guard. The soldiers then broke their array, and rushed tumultuously forward, while Napoleon in the midst of them, gazed impatiently on the scene. His first words were, 'Here is that famous city at last!' but he immediately added, 'It is full time!'

"The entry of the French troops into the town, however, dispelled many of their illusions. Moscow

was deserted. Its long streets and splendid palaces echoed nothing but the clangor of the invader's march; the dwelling places of three hundred thousand people were as silent as a wilderness. Napoleon in vain waited until evening for a deputation from the magistrates, or from the chief nobility. No one came forward to deprecate his hostility, and the mournful truth finally forced itself upon him, that Moscow, as if struck by enchantment, was bereft of its inhabitants. He nevertheless advanced, and the troops took possession of the town, while he established his head-quarters at the ancient palace of the Csars.

"But a terrible catastrophe was at hand. At midnight, on the 25th, a bright light illuminated the northern and western parts of the city; and the sentinels at the Kremlin, soon discovered that the splendid edifices in that vicinity were on fire. The wind changed repeatedly during the night, but to whatever quarter it veered, the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were perpetually breaking out, and Moscow was soon one sea of flame. Napoleon clung with great tenacity to the Kremlin, but the approaching and surrounding fire at last forced him to abandon it, and with some difficulty he made his escape to the country palace of Petrowsky. The conflagration continued for thirty-six hours, and laid nine-tenths of the city in ashes."

After the destruction of Moscow, Napoleon remained amid the ruins, and in the vicinity, two or three weeks, in the expectation that the government at St. Petersburg would grant him favorable terms of peace. But the autocrat delayed to return an answer to his proposals, undoubtedly in the belief that the tremendous power of the climate would soon fight the great battle for him, and give him the victory. The main Russian army, in the mean time, and for the same reasons, remained quiet, and with the exception of slight skirmishing parties, gave the French no trouble. But on the 13th of October a fall of snow aroused Napoleon to a sense of his danger, and he began in earnest to make preparations for retreat.

The moment the French army began their retrograde movement, the Russians were upon them from every direction, and a series of disastrous engagements ensued. At last, on the 24th, Napoleon found that his retreat was cut off by so powerful a force that it was necessary to fall back upon another road, and pursue another direction. On this occasion the emperor's agitation was so great, it was said his attendants dared not approach him. He went into the little cottage which constituted his head-quarters, and sent for three of his generals. When they came, Napoleon was sitting by a table, with a map of the country before him, and after some few remarks, he became meditative, and resting his cheeks on his hands, and his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on the map and remained nearly an hour in moody silence. The three generals, respecting his mental suffering, remained silent the whole time. At last the emperor suddenly started up and dismissed them without making known his intentions. But the fatal retreat was resolved upon, and early in the morning of the 26th the men silently and mournfully commenced their march.

"The weather, though cold and frosty at night, had hitherto been bright and clear during the day; but on the 6th of November the Russian winter set in with unwonted severity. Cold fogs at first rose from the surface of the ground, and obscured the face of the sun; a few flakes of snow floated in the air; and gra-

dually the light of day declined, and a thick, murky gloom overspread the firmament. The wind rose and blew with frightful violence, howling through the forest or sweeping over the plains with relentless fury; the snow soon covered the earth, and numbers of the troops, in struggling forward, fell into hollows or ditches which were concealed by the treacherous surface, and perished miserably before the eyes of their comrades; others were swallowed up in the moving masses of snow which, like the sands of the desert, accompanied the fatal blast. The soldiers were accustomed to death in its ordinary forms, but there was something that appalled the stoutest hearts in the uniformity of this boundless wilderness, which, like a vast winding-sheet, seemed ready to envelope the whole army. Exhausted with fatigue or transfixed with cold, they sank by thousands on the road, while clouds of ravens and troops of dogs that had followed the army from Moscow, screeched and howled along the march, and often fastened on the victims before life was extinct. The only objects visible above the snow were the tall pines, which, with their gigantic stems and funeral foliage, cast a darker horror over the scene, and seemed to rise up like frowning and gloomy monuments to mark the grave of the expiring host. As night approached, the sufferings of the soldiers increased: they sought in vain for the shelter of a rock, the cover of a friendly habitation, or the warmth of a cheerful fire; and although at intervals, a blaze might be seen in the bivouac, it flashed with a sickly light, and served but to prepare a miserable meal of rye, mixed with snow-water and horse flesh, for the starving multitude."

After giving the details of various battles and disasters of the retreating army, Alison winds up the sad story as follows:

"Wittgenstein was more successful. By his first charge he drove Victor to a retreat, and as the only avenue of escape lay across the two bridges over the Beresina, those conveyances were immediately thronged with a confused mass of fugitives, who trampled each other in their flight, and blockaded the passage by the madness of their efforts. As the Russian corps successively gained ground, their batteries formed a vast semi-circle, which played incessantly on the bridges, and augmented to desperation the terror of the multitude who were struggling to cross over. In the midst of this confusion, the artillery bridge broke down, and the crowds upon it, being pressed forward by those in the rear, were precipitated into the water and drowned. Infantry, cavalry and artillery now rushed upon the other bridge, and dashed with their horses and gun-carriages through the mass of people, crushing some beneath the wheels and horses' feet, like victims before the car of Juggernaut, and pushing others over the sides of the bridge.

"In these moments of agony, all varieties of character were exhibited—selfishness with its baseness, cowardice with its meanness, and heroism with its power and generosity. Soldiers seized infants from expiring mothers, and vowed to adopt them as their own; officers harnessed themselves to sledges, to extricate their wounded companions; privates threw themselves on the snow beside their dying officers, and strove, at the risk of incurring captivity or death, to solace their last moments. In the midst of this terrific scene, Victor, who had nobly sustained the arduous duty of covering the retreat during the whole day, arrived with the rear-

guard at the entrance of the bridge. His troops, with stern severity, opened a passage for themselves through the helpless multitude who thronged the bridge and the shore adjoining it, whom despair and misery had at length rendered incapable of exertion, and who now could neither be persuaded nor forced to cross to the opposite bank. These horrors continued throughout the night, and when the morning dawned, Victor saw the Russian advanced guard approaching; the destruction of the bridge, therefore, became indispensable, to the safety of the French army, and orders were given to burn it. A frightful cry arose from the host on the eastern shore of the river, who were too late awakened to the realities of their situation: numbers rushed on the burning bridge, and, to avoid the flames, jumped into the water, while the greater proportion wandered in helpless misery along the river, and beheld their last hopes expire with the receding columns of their countrymen.

This dreadful passage of the Beresina completed the ruin of the Grand Army, which lost during its continuance, twenty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen thousand men in prisoners, and twelve thousand in slain. The corps of Victor Oudinot were reduced to the deplorable state of the troops that came from Moscow, and the whole army, having lost all appearance of military order, marched in a confused mass along the road to Wilna, harrassed at each step by the Cossacks, who cut off every straggler and made constant attacks on the rear-guard. In the midst of the general ruin, a number of officers organized themselves into a guard, called the Sacred Squadron, for the Emperor's protection. The gentlemen who composed it discharged with heroic fidelity the task assigned to them, and executed without murmuring all the duties of common soldiers; but the severity of the cold soon destroyed their horses, and they, as well as the Emperor, were again compelled to pursue their route on foot through the snow. At night, their bivouac was formed in the middle of the still unbroken squares of the Old Guard, who sat around the watch-fires on their haversacks, with their elbows on their knees, their heads resting on their hands, and crowding close together, strove by assuming this posture to repress the pangs of hunger and gain additional warmth.

On the 5th of December, Napoleon arrived at Smorgoni. He there collected his marshals around him, dictated a bulletin which fully developed the horrors and disasters of the retreat, explained his reasons for immediately returning to Paris—which were connected with a conspiracy soon to be related—and after bidding them all an affectionate farewell, set out in a sledge at ten o'clock in the evening for the French capital, accompanied by Caulincourt and Lobau, leaving the command of the army to Murat.

The departure of the Emperor increased the disorganization of the troops. The officers ceased to obey their generals, the generals disregarded the marshals, and the marshals set at defiance the authority of Murat. The private soldiers, relieved from the duty of protecting their Emperor, forgot everything but the instinct of self-preservation. The colonels hid the eagles in their haversacks or buried them in the ground; the inferior officers dispersed themselves to look after their own safety; and indeed nothing was thought of but the urgent pangs of hunger and the terrible severity of the cold. If a soldier dropped, his comrades instantly fell on him, and, before life was extinct, tore

from him his cloak, his money, and the bread he carried in his bosom; when he died, some one of them would sit on his body for the sake of the temporary warmth it afforded; and when it became cold, he, too, would often drop beside his companion to rise no more. The watch-fires at night were surrounded by exhausted men, who crowded like spectres about the blazing piles; and, in the morning, the melancholy bivouacs were marked by circles of bodies as lifeless as the ashes at their feet.

Nevertheless, the fatal retreat continued to Wilna; and although between Smorgoni and that city no less than twenty thousand men in straggling detachments had joined the army, scarcely forty thousand in all reached its gates. Here, the troops found an abundance of food; but they had scarcely begun to refresh themselves from the immense magazines that the city contained, when the roar of the Russian cannon compelled them to renew their flight. They rushed out of the gates on the evening of December 10, and at the foot of the first hill beyond the town abandoned the remainder of their cannon and wagons, including the equipage of Napoleon and the treasure-chest of the army. The Russians immediately took possession of Wilna, and found within its walls, in addition to a large amount of magazines and military stores, fourteen thousand soldiers and two hundred and fifty officers, who preferred surrendering as prisoners of war to continuing their march.

On the 12th December the army arrived at Konwo, on the Niemen, and on the 13th, they passed over the river. As the covering force in the rear, under the command of Ney, defiled across the bridge, it was seen that the remnant of the Imperial Guard consisted of but three hundred men. Before quitting Konwo, Ney seized a musket, and made a final stand with the few men he could rally around him. He maintained his post for several hours against the whole Russian advanced guard: when the retreat of all the men who would march was secured, he slowly retired; and he was the last man of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.

The first halting place on the German side of the Niemen was Gumbinnen; and General Mathieu Dumas had just entered the house of a French physician in that town, when a man followed him wrapped in a large cloak, having a long beard, his visage blackened by gunpowder, his whiskers half burned by fire, but his eyes sparkling with undecayed lustre. "At last, then, here I am," said the stranger: "what! General Dumas, do you not know me? I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Konwo; I have thrown into the Niemen the last gun we possessed; and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forests."

The scattered French troops continued to retreat through the Polish territories, still hunted down by the Russians and Cossacks. They made a brief stand at Konningsberg, and, hastening thence with an additional loss of ten thousand men, they finally reached Dantzic in the latter part of January, 1813, when the Russians gave over the pursuit. The losses of the French in this disastrous campaign may be thus estimated:

Slain in battle, 125,000; Died of cold and famine, 132,000; Prisoners, Soldiers, 190,000; Prisoners, Officers, 3,000; Prisoners, Generals, 42.—Total 450,048."

## "MOCHA DICK," OF THE PACIFIC.

BY J. N. REYNOLDS.

THIS renowned monster, who had come off victorious in a hundred fights with his pursuers, was an old bull whale, of prodigious size and strength. From the effect of age, or more probably from a freak of nature, as exhibited in the case of the Ethiopian Albino, a singular consequence had resulted—he was *white as wool*! Instead of projecting his spout obliquely forward, and puffing with a short, convulsive effort, accompanied by a snorting noise, as usual with his species, he flung the water from his nose in a lofty, perpendicular, expanded volume, at regular and somewhat distant intervals; its expulsion produced a continuous roar, like that of vapor struggling from the safety valve of a powerful steam engine. Viewed from a distance, the practised eye of the sailor only could decide, that the moving mass, which constituted this enormous animal, was not a white cloud sailing along the horizon. On the sperm whale, barnacles are rarely discovered; but upon the head of this *lusus nature*, they had clustered, until it became absolutely rugged with the shells. In short, regard him as you would, he was a most extraordinary fish; or, in the vernacular of Nantucket, "a genuine old sog," of the first water.

Opinions differ as to the time of his discovery. It is settled, however, that previous to the year 1810, he had been seen and attacked near the Island of Mocha. Numerous boats are known to have been shattered by his immense flukes, or ground to pieces in the crush of his powerful jaws; and, on one occasion, it is said that he came off victorious from a conflict with the crews of three English whalers, striking fiercely at the last of the retreating boats, at the moment it was rising from the water, in its hoist up to the ship's davits. It must not be supposed, however, that through all this desperate warfare, our leviathan passed scathless. A back scathed with iron, and from fifty to a hundred yards of line trailing in his wake, sufficiently attested, that though unconquered, he had not proved invulnerable. From the period of Dick's first appearance, his celebrity continued to increase, until his name seemed naturally to mingle with the salutations which whalemen were in the habit of exchanging, in their encounters upon the broad Pacific; the customary interrogatories almost always closing with, "Any news from Mocha Dick?" Indeed, nearly every whaling captain who rounded Cape Horn, if he possessed any professional ambition, or valued himself on his skill in subduing the monarch of the seas, would lay his vessel along the coast, in the hope of having an opportunity to try the muscle of his doughty champion, who was never known to shun his assailants. It was remarked, nevertheless, that the old fellow seemed particularly careful as to the portion of his body which he exposed to the approach of the boat-steerer; generally presenting, by some well-timed manœuvre, his back to the harpooner; and dexterously evading every attempt to plant an iron under his fin, or a spade on his "small." Though naturally fierce, it was not customary with Dick, while unmolested, to betray a malicious disposition. On the contrary, he would sometimes pass quietly round a vessel, and occasionally swim lazily and harmlessly among the boats, when armed with full craft, for the destruction of his race. But this forbearance gained him little credit, for if no other cause of accusation remained to them, his foes would swear they saw a lurking devilry in the long, careless sweep

of his flukes. Be this as it may, nothing is more certain, than that all indifference vanished with the first prick of the harpoon; while cutting the line, and a hasty retreat to their vessel, were frequently the only means of escape from destruction, left to his discomfited assailers.

"We were now standing in upon the coast of Chili," said the mate of the whale ship, who told me the story, "before a gentle breeze from the south, that bore us along almost imperceptibly. It was a quiet and beautiful evening, and the sea glanced and glistened in the level rays of the descending sun, with a surface of waving gold. The western sky was flooded with amber light, in the midst of which, like so many islands, floated immense clouds, of every conceivable brilliant dye; while far to the north-east, looming darkly against a paler heaven, rose the conical peak of Mocha. The men were busily employed in sharpening their harpoons, spades, and lances, for the expected fight. The look-out at the mast-head, with cheek on his shoulder, was dreaming of the "dangers he had passed," instead of keeping watch for those which were to come; while the captain paced the quarter-deck with long and hasty stride, scanning the ocean in every direction, with a keen, expectant eye. All at once, he stopped, fixed his gaze intently for an instant on some object to leeward, that seemed to attract it, and then, in no very conciliating tone, hailed mast-head:

"Both ports shut?" he exclaimed, looking aloft, and pointing backward, where a long white bushy spout was rising, about a mile off the larboard bow, against the glowing horizon. "Both ports shut?" I say you loaden-eyed lubber! Nice lazy son of a sea-cook you are, for a look-out! Come down, sir!"

"There she blows!—sperm whale—old sog, sir," said the man, in a deprecatory tone, as he descended from his nest in the air. It was at once seen that the creature was companionless; but as a lone whale is generally an old bull, and of unusual size and ferocity, more than ordinary sport was anticipated, while unquestionably more than ordinary honor was to be won from its successful issue.

"The second mate and I were ordered to make ready for pursuit; and now commenced a scene of emulation and excitement, of which the most vivid description would convey but an imperfect outline, unless you have been a spectator or an actor on a similar occasion. Line-tubs, water-kegs, and wafe-poles, were thrown hurriedly into the boats; the irons were placed in the racks, and the necessary evolutions of the ship gone through, with a quickness almost magical; and this too, amidst what to a landsman would have seemed inextricable confusion, with perfect regularity and precision; the commands of the officers being all but forestalled by the enthusiastic eagerness of the men. In a short time, we were as near the object of our chase, as it was considered prudent to approach.

"Back the main-top-s'l!" shouted the captain. "There she blows! there she blows!—there she blows!"—cried the look-out, who had taken the place of his sleepy shipmate, raising the pitch of his voice with each announcement, until it amounted to a downright yell. "Right ahead, sir!—spout as long an 's thick as the main-yard!"

"Stand by to lower!" exclaimed the captain; "all hands! cook, steward, cooper—every d—d one of ye, stand by to lower!"

"An instantaneous rush from all quarters of the



vessel answered this appeal, and every man was at his station, almost before the last word had passed the lips of the skipper.

"Lower away!"—and in a moment the keels splashed in the water. "Follow down the crews; jump in my boys; ship the crotch; line your oars; now pull as if the d—l was in your wake!" were the successive orders, as the men slipped down the ship's side, took their places in the boats, and began to give way.

"The second mate had a little the advantage of me in starting. The stern of his boat grating against the bows of mine, at the instant I grasped my steering-oar, and gave the word to shove off. One sweep of my arm, and we sprang foaming in his track. Now came the tug of war. To become a first-rate oarsman, you must understand, requires a natural gift. My crew were not wanting in the proper qualification; every mother's son of them pulled as if he had been born with an oar in his hand; and as they stretched every sinew for the glory of dashing the first iron it did my heart good to see the boys spring. At every stroke, the tough blades bent like willow wands, and quivered like tempered steel in the warm sunlight, as they sprang forward from the tension of the retreating wave. At the distance of half a mile, and directly before us, lay the object of our emulation and ambition, heaving his huge bulk in unwieldy gambols, as though totally unconscious of our approach.

"There he blows! An old bull, by Jupiter! Eighty barrels, boys, waiting to be towed along side! Long and quick—shoot ahead! Now she feels it; waist-boat never could beat us; now she feels the touch!—now she walks through it! Again—now! Such were the broken exclamations and adjurations with which I cheered my rowers to their toil, as, with renewed vigor, I piled my long steering-oar. In another moment, we were along side our competitor. The shivering blades flashed forward and backward, like sparks of light. The waters boiled under our prow, and the trenched waves closed, hissing and whirling, in our wake, as we swept, I might almost say were *lifted*, onward in our arrowy course.

"We were coming down upon our fish, and could hear the roar of his spouting above the rush of the sea, when my boat began to take the lead.

"Now, my fine fellows," I exclaimed, in triumph, "now we'll show them our stern—only spring! Stand ready, harpooner, but don't dart, till I give the word."

"Carry me on, and his name's Dennis!" cried the boat-steerer, in a confident tone. We were perhaps a hundred feet in advance of the waist-boat, and within fifty of the whale, about an inch of whose hump only was to be seen above the water, when, heaving slowly into view a pair of flukes some eighteen feet in width, he went down. The men lay on their oars. "There he blows, again!" cried the tub-oarsman, as a lofty, perpendicular spout sprang into the air, a few furlongs away on the larboard side. Presuming from his previous movement, that the old fellow had been 'galloped' by other boats, and might probably be jealous of our purpose, I was about ordering the men to pull away as softly and silently as possible, when we received fearful intimation that he had no intention of balking our inclination, or even yielding us the honor of the first attack. Leaping the sea with his enormous tail, until he threw about him a cloud of surf and spray, he came down, at full speed, 'jaws on,' with the determination,

apparently, of doing battle in earnest. As he drew near, with his long curved back looming occasionally above the surface of the billows, we perceived that it was *white as the surf around him*; and the men stared aghast at each other, as they uttered in a suppressed tone, the terrible name of 'MOCHA DICK!'

"Mocha Dick or the d—l," said I, 'this boat never sheers off from any thing that wears the shape of a whale. Pull easy; just give her way enough to steer.' As the creature approached he somewhat abated his frenzied speed, and, at the distance of a cable's length, changed his course to a sharp angle with our own.

"Here he comes!" I exclaimed. 'Stand up harpooner! Don't be hasty—don't be flurried. Hold your iron higher—firmer. Now!' I shouted, as I brought our bows within a boat's length of the immense mass which was wallowing heavily by. 'Now—give it to him solid!'

"But the leviathan plunged on, unharmed. The young harpooner, though ordinarily as fearless as a lion, had imbibed a sort of superstitious dread of Mocha Dick, from the exaggerated stories of that prodigy, which he had heard from his comrades. He regarded him, as he had heard him described in many a tough yarn during the middle watch, rather as some ferocious fiend of the deep, than a regular-built, legitimate whale! Judge then of his trepidation, on beholding a creature, answering the wildest dreams of his fancy, and sufficiently formidable without any superadded terrors, bearing down on him with thrashing flukes and distended jaws! He stood erect, it cannot be denied. He planted his foot—he grasped the coil—he poised his weapon. But his knee shook, and his shewy arm wavered. The shaft was hurled, but with unsteady aim. It just grazed the back of the monster, glanced off, and darted into the sea beyond. A second, still more abortive, fell short of the mark. The giant animal swept on for a few rods, and then, as if in contempt of our fruitless and childish attempt to injure him, flapped a storm of spray in our faces with his broad tail, and dashed far down into the depths of the ocean, leaving our little skiff among the waters where he sank, to spin and duck in the whirlpool.

"Never shall I forget the choking sensation of disappointment which came over me at that moment. My glance fell on the harpooner. 'Clumsy lubber!' I vociferated, in a voice hoarse with passion: 'you a whalerman! You are only fit to spear eels! Cowardly spawn! Curse me, if you are not afraid of a whale!'

"The poor fellow, mortified at his failure, was slowly and thoughtfully hauling in his iron. No sooner had he heard me stigmatize him as 'afraid of a whale,' than he bounded upon his thwart, as if bitten by a serpent. He stood before me for a moment, with a glowing cheek and flashing eye; then dropping the iron he had just drawn in, without uttering a word, he turned half round, and sprang head-foremost into the sea. The tub-oarsman, who was re-coiling the line in the after part of the boat, saw his design just in season to grasp him by the heel, as he made his spring. But he was not to be dragged on board without a struggle. Having now become more calm, I endeavored to soothe his wounded pride by kind and flattering words; for I knew him to be a noble-hearted fellow, and was truly sorry that my hasty reproaches should have touched so fine a spirit so deeply.

"Night being now at hand, the captain's signal was

\* A whale's name is 'Dennis,' when he spouts blood.

set for our return to the vessel; and we were soon assembled on her deck, discussing the mischances of the day, and speculating on the prospect of better luck on the morrow.

"We were at breakfast next morning, when the watch at the foretop-gallant head sung out merrily, 'There she breaches!' In an instant every one was on his feet. 'Where away?' cried the skipper, rushing from the cabin, and upsetting in his course the steward, who was returning from the cabin with a replenished biggin of hot coffee. 'Not loud but deep' were the grumbings and groans of that functionary, as he rubbed his scalded shins, and danced about in agony; but had they been far louder, they would have been drowned in the tumult of vociferation which answered the announcement from the mast-head.

"Where away?" repeated the captain, as he gained the deck.

"Three points off the leeward bow."

"How far?"

"About a league, Sir; heads the same as we do. There she blows!" added the man, as he came slowly down the shrouds, with his eyes fixed intently upon the spouting herd.

"Keep her off two points! Steady!—steady, as she goes!"

"Steady it is, Sir," answered the helmsman.

"Weather braces, a small pull. Loose to 'gallant-sails! Bear a hand, my boys! Who knows but we may tickle their ribs at this rising?"

"The captain had gone aloft, and was giving these orders from the main-to-'gallant cross-trees. 'There she top-tails! there she blows!' added he, as, after taking a long look at the sporting shoal, he glided down the back stay. 'Sperm whale, and a thundering big school of 'em!' was his reply to the rapid and eager inquiries of the men. 'See the lines in the boats,' he continued; 'get in the craft; swing the cranes!'

"By this time the fish had gone down, and every eye was strained to catch the first intimation of their reappearance.

"There she spouts!" screamed a young greenhorn in the main chains, 'close by; a mighty big whale, Sir!'

"We'll know that better at the trying out, my son," said the third mate drily.

"Lower away, all hands!" And in a twinkling, and together, the starboard, larboard, and waist-boats struck the water. Each officer leaped into his own; the crews arranged themselves at their respective stations; the boat-steerers began to adjust their 'craft'; and we left the ship's side in company; the captain, in laconic phrase, bidding us to 'get up and get fast,' as quickly as possible.

"Away we dashed, in the direction of our prey, who were frolicking, if such a term can be applied to their unwieldy motions, on the surface of the waves. Occasionally, a huge, shapeless body would flounce out of its proper element, and fall back with a heavy splash; the effort forming about as ludicrous a caricature of agility, as would the attempt of some over-fed alderman to execute the Highland fling.

"We were within a hundred feet of the herd, when, as if from a common impulse, or upon some preconceived signal, they all suddenly disappeared. 'Follow me!' I shouted, waving my hand to the men in the other boats; 'I see their track under water; they swim fast, but we'll be among them when they rise. Lay back,'

I continued, addressing myself to my own crew, 'back to the thwarts! Spring hard! We'll be in the thick of 'em when they come up; only pull!'

"And they did pull, manfully. After rowing for about a mile, I ordered them to 'lie.' The oars were peaked, and we rose to look out for the first 'noddle-head' that should break water. It was at this time a dead calm. Not a single cloud was passing over the deep blue of the heavens, to vary their boundless transparency, or shadow for a moment the gleaming ocean which they spanned. Within a short distance lay our noble ship, with her idle canvas hanging in drooping festoons from her yards; while she seemed resting on her inverted image, which, distinct and beautiful as its original, was glassed in the smooth expanse beneath. No sound disturbed the general silence, save our own heavy breathings, the low gurgle of the water against the side of the boat, or the noise of flapping wings, as the albatross wheeled sleepily along through the stagnant atmosphere. We had remained quiet for about five minutes, when some dark object was desisted ahead, moving on the surface of the sea. It proved to be a small 'calf,' playing in the sunshine.

"Pull up and strike it," said I, to the third mate; 'It may bring up the old one—perhaps the whole school.'

"And so it did, with a vengeance! The sucker was transperced, after a short pursuit; but hardly had it made its first agonized plunge, when an enormous cow-whale rose close beside her wounded offspring. Her first endeavor was to take it under her fin, in order to bear it away; and nothing could be more striking than the maternal tenderness she manifested in her exertions to accomplish this object. But the poor thing was dying, and while she vainly tried to induce it to accompany her, it rolled over, and floated dead at her side. Perceiving it to be beyond the reach of her caresses, she turned to wreak her vengeance on its slayers, and made directly for the boat, crashing her vast jaws the while, in a paroxysm of rage. Ordering his boat-steerer ast, the mate sprang forward, cut the line loose from the calf, and then snatched from the crotch the remaining iron, which he plunged with his gathered strength into the body of the mother, as the boat sheered off to avoid her onset. I saw that the work was well done, but had no time to mark the issue; for at that instant, a whale 'breached' at the distance of about a mile from us, on the starboard quarter. The glimpse I caught of the animal in his descent, convinced me that I once more beheld my old acquaintance Mocha Dick. That falling mass was white as a snow-drift!

"One might have supposed the recognition mutual, for no sooner was his vast square head lifted from the sea, than he charged down upon us, scattering the billows into spray as he advanced, and leaving a wake of foam a rod in width from the violent lashing of his flukes.

"He's making for the bloody water!" cried the men, as he cleft his way toward the very spot where the calf had been killed. 'Here, harpooner, steer the boat, and let me dart!' I exclaimed, as I leaped into the bows. 'May the 'Goneys' eat me, if he dodges us this time though he were Beelzebub himself. Pull for the red water!'

"As I spoke, the fury of the animal seemed suddenly to die away. He paused in his career, and lay passive on the waves, with his arching back thrown up

like the ridge of a mountain. "The old sog's lying to!" I cried, exultingly. "Spring, boys! spring now, and we have him! All my clothes, tobacco, every thing I've got, shall be yours, only lay me 'longside that whale before another boat comes up! My *grimky*! what a hump! Only look at the irons in his back! No! don't look—pull! Now, boys, if you care about seeing your sweethearts and wives in old Nantuck!—if you love Yankee-land—if you love me—pull ahead, won't ye? Now then, to the thwarts! Lay back, my boys! I feel ye, my hearties! Give her the touch! Only five seas off! Not five seas off! One minute—half a minute more! Softly—no noise! Softly with your oars! That will do—"

"And as the words were uttered, I raised the harpoon above my head, took a rapid but no less certain aim, and sent it, hissing, deep into his thick white side!

"Stern all! for your lives!" I shouted; for at the instant the steel quivered in his body, the wounded leviathan plunged his head beneath the surface, and whirling around with great velocity, smote the sea violently, with fin and fluke, in a convulsion of rage and pain.

"Our little boat flew dancing back from the seething vortex around him, just in season to escape being overwhelmed or crushed. He now started to run. For a short time, the line rasped, smoking, through the chocks. A few turns round the loggerhead now secured it; and with oars a-peak, and bows tilted to the sea, we went leaping onward in the wake of the tethered monster. Vain were all his struggles to break from our hold. The strands were too strong, the barbed iron too deeply fleshed, to give way. So that whether he essayed to dive or breach, or dash madly forward, the frantic creature still felt that he was held in check. At one moment, in impotent rage, he reared his immense blunt head, covered with barnacles, high above the surge; while his jaws fell together with a crash that almost made me shiver; then the upper outline of his vast form was dimly seen, gliding amidst showers of sparkling spray; while streaks of crimson on the white surf that boiled in his track, told that the shaft had been driven home.

"By this time, the whole 'school' was about us; and spouts from a hundred spiracles, with a roar that almost deafened us, were raining on every side; while in the midst of a vast surface of chafing sea, might be seen the black shapes of the rampant herd, tossing and plunging, like a legion of maddened demons. The second and third mates were in the very centre of this appalling commotion.

"At length, Dick began to lessen his impetuous speed. 'Now, my boys,' cried I, 'haul me on; wet the line, you second oarsman, as it comes in. Haul away, ship-mates!—Leeward side—*leeward*! I tell you! Don't you know how to approach a whale?'

"The boat brought fairly up upon his broadside as I spoke, and I gave him the lance just under the shoulder blade. At this moment, just as the boat's head was laid off; and I was straightening for a second lunge, my lance, which I had "boned" in the first, a piercing cry from the boat-steerer drew my attention quickly aft, and I saw the waist-boat, or more properly a fragment of it, falling through the air, and underneath, the dusky forms of the struggling crew, grasping at the oars, or clinging to portions of the wreck; while a pair of flukes, descending in the midst of the

confusion accounted for the catastrophe. The boat had been struck and shattered by a whale!

"Good heaven!" I exclaimed, with impatience, and in a tone which I fear showed me rather mortified at the interruption, than touched with proper feeling for the sufferers; 'good heavens!—hadn't they sense enough to keep out of the red water! And I must lose this glorious prize, through their infernal stupidity!' This was the first outbreak of my selfishness.

"But we must not see them drown, boys," I added, upon the instant; 'cut the line!' The order had barely passed my lips, when I caught sight of the captain, who had seen the accident from the quarter-deck, bearing down with oar and sail to the rescue.

"Hold on!" I thundered, just as the knife's edge touched the line; 'for the glory of old Nantuck, hold on! The captain will pick them up, and Mocha Dick will be ours, after all!'

"This affair occurred in half the interval I have occupied in the relation. In the mean time, with the exception of a slight shudder, which once or twice shook his ponderous frame, Dick lay perfectly quiet upon the water. But suddenly, as though goaded into exertion by some fiercer pang, he started from his lethargy with apparently augmented power. Making a leap toward the boat, he darted perpendicularly downward, hurling the after oarsman, who was helmsman at the time, ten feet over the quarter, as he struck the long steering-oar in his descent. The unfortunate seaman fell, with his head forward, just upon the flukes of the whale, as he vanished, and was drawn down by suction of the closing waters, as if he had been a feather. After being carried to a great depth, as we inferred from the time he remained below the surface, he came up, panting and exhausted, and was dragged on board, amidst the hearty congratulations of his comrades.

"By this time two hundred fathoms of line had been carried spinning through the chocks, with an impetus that gave back in steam the water cast upon it. Still the gigantic creature bored his way downward, with undiminished speed. Coil after coil went over, and was swallowed up. There remained but three flakes in the tub!

"Cut!" I shouted; 'cut quick, or he'll take us down!' But as I spoke, the hissing line flew with trebled velocity through the smoking wood, jerking the knife he was in the act of applying to the heated strands out of the hand of the boat-steerer. The boat rose on end, and her bows were buried in an instant; a hurried ejaculation, at once shriek and prayer, rose to the lips of the bravest, when, unexpected mercy! the whizzing cord lost its tension, and our light bark, half filled with water, fell heavily back on her keel. A tear was in every eye, and I believe every heart bounded with gratitude, at this unlooked-for deliverance.

"Overpowered by his wounds, and exhausted by his exertions and the enormous pressure of the water above him, the immense creature was compelled to turn once more upward, for a fresh supply of air. And upward he came, indeed; shooting twenty feet of his gigantic length above the waves, by the impulse of his ascent. He was not disposed to be idle. Hardly had we succeeded in baling out our swamping boat, when he again darted away, as it seemed to me with renewed energy. For a quarter of a mile, we parted the opposing waters as though they had offered no more resistance than air. Our game then abruptly brought to, and lay as if paralyzed, his massy frame quivering and twitching, as if

under the influence of galvanism. I gave the word to haul on; and seizing a boat-spade, as we came near him, drove it twice into his small; no doubt partially disabling him by the vigor and certainty of the blows. Wheeling furiously around, he answered this salutation, by making a desperate dash at the boat's quarter. We were so near him, that to escape the shock of his onset, by any practical manœuvre, was out of the question. But at the critical moment, when we expected to be crushed by the collision, his powers seemed to give way. The fatal lance had reached the seat of life. His strength failed him in mid career, and sinking quietly beneath our keel, grazing it as he wallowed along, he rose again a few rods from us, on the side opposite that where he went down.

"Lay around, my boys, and let us set on him!" I cried, for I saw his spirit was broken at last. But the lance and spade were needless now. The work was done. The dying animal was struggling in a whirlpool of bloody foam, and the ocean far around was tinted with crimson. "Stern all!" I shouted as he commenced running impetuously in a circle, beating the water alternately with his head and flukes, and emitting his teeth ferociously into their sockets, with a crashing sound, in the strong spasms of dissolution. "Stern all! or we shall be stove!"

"As I gave the command, a stream of black, clotted gore rose in a thick spout above the expiring brute, and fell in a shower around, bedewing, or rather drenching us, with a spray of blood.

"*There's the flag!*" I exclaimed; "there! thick as tar! Stern! every soul of ye! He's going in his flurry!" And the monster, under the convulsive influence of his final paroxysm, flung his huge tail into the air, and then, for the space of a minute, thrashed the water on either side of him with quick and powerful blows; the sound of the concussion resembling that of the rapid discharge of artillery. He then turned slowly and heavily on his side, and lay a dead mass upon the sea through which he had so long ranged a conqueror.

"He's fin up at last!" I screamed, at the very top of my voice. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" And snatching off my cap, I sent it spinning aloft, jumping at the same time from thwart to thwart, like a madman.

"We now drew alongside our floating spoil; and I seriously question if the brave commodore who first, and so nobly, broke the charm of British invincibility, by the capture of the *Guerriere*, felt a warmer rush of delight, as he beheld our national flag waving over the British ensign, in assurance of his victory, than I did, as I leaped upon the quarter-deck of Dick's back, planted my wafle-pole in the midst, and saw the little canvas flag, that tells so important and satisfactory a tale to the whalers, fluttering above my hard-earned prize.

"The captain and second mate, each of whom had been fortunate enough to kill his fish, soon after pulled up, and congratulated me on my capture. From them I learned the particulars of the third mate's disaster. He had fastened, and his fish was sounding, when another whale suddenly rose, almost directly beneath the boat, and with a single blow of his small, absolutely cut it in twain, flinging the bows, and those who occupied that portion of the frail fabric, far into the air. Rendered insensible, or immediately killed by the shock, two of the crew sank without a struggle, while a third, unable in his confusion to disengage himself

from the flakes of the-towline, with which he had become entangled, was, together with the fragment to which the warp was attached, borne down by the harpooned whale, and was seen no more! The rest, some of them severely bruised, were saved from drowning by the timely assistance of the captain.

"To get the harness on Dick, was the work of an instant; and as the ship, taking every advantage of a light breeze which had sprung up within the last hour, had stood after us, and was now but a few rods distant, we were soon under her stern. The other fish, both of which were heavy fellows, lay floating near; and the tackle being affixed to one of them without delay, all hands were soon busily engaged in cutting in. Mocha Dick was the longest whale I ever looked upon. He measured more than seventy feet from his noddle to the tips of his flukes; and yielded one hundred barrels of clear oil, with a proportionate quantity of "head-matter." It may emphatically be said, that "the scars of his old wounds were near his new," for not less than twenty harpoons did we draw from his back; the rusted mementos of many a desperate encounter."

## MUSIC AND REVERIE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

It is not so much what a musician does, as what he suggests, that is the best evidence of his power. If he has genius he will touch chords in the human soul, scarcely to be defined it may be, yet which to the listener are of marvelous power, calling up all the tender, the deep and sublime emotions of the heart.

A young girl, by no means sensitive, while listening to the performances of Ole Bull, fell into a reverie of which the following is the substance. How the sturdy Norwegian can answer to his conscience for suggesting anything so oriental and luxurious we do not know.

### THE TALISMANIC SONG.

As the exquisite sounds fell upon my ear, my imagination instantly transported me to the beautiful vale of Cashmere, where I beheld a dark-eyed maiden, kneeling in a bower of roses, and singing her hymn to Allah. Her dark luxuriant hair fell upon her stainless neck, and the light wind stole softly through her bower, that it might move back the ringlets from her brow, and exhibit the pure transparency of her temples. Never had Allah listened to a voice more soft; never had he witnessed a form more fair, or a mind more pure. With her dark full eye turned to one bright star, and her coral lips parted, she seemed in her innocence and beauty a fit candidate for that paradise, from which Allah had excluded most of her sex; and young Azim as he gently parted the clustering roses, that he might gaze upon the vision of youth and beauty, the soft sweet tones of whose voice had attracted his ear, almost feared she was one of those maidens of purity and superior charms destined to become the Houries of Paradise, to whom it would be death to receive an earthly lover. Azim was the young Sultan of the throne of Turkey, and when he wooed the humble maiden for his bride was not likely to meet with a rejection. With tears and blushes Izah bade adieu to the humble home of her parents, and turned again and again to take a last look at the bower of roses. The mother of Izah felt all the desolation of her widowhood, when her daughter bade her farewell, and when she pressed her to her bosom in a last embrace, she



thus addressed her. "Promise me, my daughter, that thou wilt never in the days of thy glory, while the smiles of Azim are ever beaming upon thee, and there is no sorrow to blight the blossoms of thy happiness, promise that thou wilt never sing the song that won the heart of Azim." Izah made the desired promise, and departed with her princely lover. Years passed away, and Izah was still the favorite of the Sultan. Her beauty, the guileless purity of her heart, and the entire devotion with which she returned the love of Azim, made him, who was to all besides, haughty, and unyielding, a gentle and delighted slave to the charms of Izah. Her maidens might sing and dance for his amusement, but it was the sweet gentle voice of Izah alone, that could disarm his spirit of wrath and make him forget the cares of government. When the season of roses returned, Izah prepared a chaplet for her dark hair, and collected the choicest fruits in her bower for Azim, for then, in the time of her favorite flowers, she thought his smiles were always the sweetest. Izah saw with delight the return of her much-loved season, for she thought of late the smile of the Sultan had been averted, and she hoped the return of the anniversary of their loves, would bind him as fondly as ever to her heart. Her bower was prepared with the greatest care; again and again she touched her lute, that its notes should yield nought but harmony, and even she herself thought the chaplet in her hair was never more gracefully arranged. At length the Sultan appeared; but his countenance was sad, and an expression of sorrow, of anger, and of tenderness, alternately governed his manly features. Izah with a trembling hand touched her lute; how thrillingly sweet were the tones of her voice—the Sultan approached her, but his face was clouded and angry; he spoke of treachery and dishonor, and Izah with a chill of horror saw him depart. The lute dropped from her hand, and she sank upon the sofa. An attendant had unobserved placed the fatal omen of death, the black robe, beneath her, and an envious Georgian beauty was raising it to her shoulders. "Treachery and dishonor!"—the words sounded new and strange to the ears of Izah; for in the innocence of her heart she had never dreamt of such sins. Suddenly the last injunction of her mother, "Never in the days of thy glory sing the song that won the heart of Azim," rushed upon her mind; she started from her seat, threw the black robe from her, and seeing that the Sultan still lingered near, she commenced singing her simple beautiful song to Allah. This first sorrow of her young heart, had lent a tenderness and pathos to her voice almost unknown to it before. Her eye glanced to one fair star in the firmament, and though a tear trembled there, it was bright with the feeling of hope. The Sultan started; he was no longer the proud suspicious despot, but the enraptured Azim peering through the bower of roses. That song had restored him to the humble garden where he first saw the beautiful maiden singing at the same quiet hour her simple song to Allah. He turned to ward her; her position, her looks, all but that tear, were the same. And there was that same hallowed air of purity about her, that first won his heart. The attendants saw the change in the countenance of the Sultan, and they silently removed the black robe. Azim again clasped her to his bosom, and blessed the song that could thus restore him to the period of their first loves.

A cheerful heart doth good like a medicine.

## THE LIFE-PRESERVING COFFIN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

[At the late fair of the American Institute, held at Niblo's Garden in New York, there was exhibited an article called a "Life-preserving coffin," invented by Mr. Isenbrant, of Baltimore. An editor of one of the papers, who, from the singularity of the object, was led to examine it, describes it as being "luxuriously made, softly stuffed, with an elevation for the head, like a satin pillow, and the lining of delicate white silk. In order to guard against the occurrence of a burial before life is extinct, the inventor has arranged springs and levers on its inside, whereby its inmate, by the least motion of either head or hand, will instantly cause the coffin lid to fly open. The inventor also advises families who may feel disposed to make use of his life-preserving coffins, to have their tombs or vaults constructed with a lock upon the door, that will open either from the inside or outside, and to have a key to the lock left within the tomb. He would also have the tomb provided with a bell that would be rung by its inmates."]

They laid her in the coffin,  
When the breath of life had fled,  
And a soft and satin pillow  
Was placed beneath her head;

And round her form was folded  
A robe of silken white,  
And the lid was closed and fastened,  
Shutting out the cheerful light.

But near those lifeless fingers  
Is placed a little spring,  
That with the slightest motion  
The lid will open fling.

So to the tomb the mourners  
Have borne her form away,  
And back to their cheerless dwelling  
Have gone to weep and pray.

There safe will be her resting,  
For the door is bolted tight;  
None shall disturb the sleeper  
Through her long and silent night.

The door is barred and bolted,  
But the lock hath so been planned,  
That a key within turns only  
By that dead sleeper's hand.

And in her silent dwelling,  
A bell, of solemn tone,  
Is hung where none can move it,  
Save her dead hand alone.

To her long home they've borne her,  
In her silken winding sheet,  
And many a stricken mourner,  
Hath gone about the street.

And now the still night cometh—  
The moon is over head,  
And in their homes the living  
Sleep soundly as the dead.

But there's one lonely watcher,  
O'er whom sleep hath no power;  
She looks from out the window,  
Long past the midnight hour.

It is the weeping mother;  
Her eyes are on the tomb,  
And her heart is with that daughter,  
Cut down in maiden bloom.

Why starts that mother wildly?  
Why is her cheek so red?  
Why from that window farther  
Still leaneth out her head?

She turneth to her chamber,  
And crieth out for joy;  
She calleth to her husband,  
And to her darling boy—

"Arise, arise, O husband!  
The dear, lost child is found;  
The solemn bell is ringing;  
I hear the heavenly sound."

Then forth into the graveyard  
Full quickly they have sped;  
And that strong door is opened,  
Where sleeps the lovely dead.

And there they saw their daughter,  
As the moonbeams on her fell,  
In her narrow coffin sitting,  
Ringling that solemn bell.

#### THE UNYIELDING JUROR.

THE story which I am about to relate, transpired about a quarter of a century ago, in the vicinity where I then resided, and shall give it to the reader exactly as it occurred, without attempting to embellish it to suit the fancy of novel readers.

The subject of the story was one of twelve jurors, who were called upon to decide an important case, upon which the feelings of the community were unusually excited, and almost every one had their mind previously made up as to how it ought to be decided. In the month of July, a little girl in the town of S—, in this State, was sent by her mother to carry her father's dinner, who was felling trees about half a mile distant; and was never seen afterward. Of course the news spread quickly far and wide, and almost every person for many miles round, went to search for the lost child. And though diligent search was made far and near, in the woods and in the rivers, no trace of the child or any of her clothes could be found. This led to different conjectures in regard to what could have become of her, and some thought she must have been stolen and carried off. It was soon reported, that about the time this child was missing, or soon after, a man was traveling with a little girl of about the same age in another part of the state. It was decided by the neighbors that the father of the lost child must go to the town of H—, where the child was left for a short time, and see if it was his. After traveling some seventy or eighty miles, he arrived at the house where the child was left, stopped a few minutes, was satisfied the child was not his, and returned home. But the neighbors were not to be convinced so easily. They sent and had the child brought to the town of S—, in order to be satisfied, for it might be that the father would not know his own child, after a space of two or three months.

The father of the child followed weeping like Phatlet after his wife, when King David sent and took her from him, but this was no proof that the child was

really his own. On the arrival of the child there was a general rush to see it, and the excitement was tremendous. The question now was whether it was, or was not the lost child. I was told at the time, by credible people who were present, that the child appeared to be perfectly at home, that she told what play things belonged to her, and what belonged to her brother; that she went up chamber to a box, and among other things that belonged to her, took out a doll and told who gave it to her; that she went into the garden and picked out such flowers as had been called hers before she was carried off, and also such as had belonged to her brother, and many other things without making a single mistake, although not prompted in the least. All this made it appear so conclusive to the minds of the people that it could be no other than the lost child, that among the hundred who flocked to see her there was but one or two who doubted it.

There was a session of the Supreme Court in the county at the time or immediately after, and the father of the child was arrested upon the charge of man-stealing, and brought to trial.

The excitement all over the county was equal to the Miller excitement. The trial of the man-stealer was the topic of conversation with every one. The trial lasted several days, and every one returning from court had some question to answer every moment about the trial. Every one was satisfied that the prisoner was guilty, but the fear was that by some crook of the law he would get clear. And if he *should not* be convicted, would the child be torn from its dear mother and given to the prisoner?

All the circumstances related above, were sworn to in court.

The mother of the lost child testified that she believed the child to be hers, that she had the same affection for that one she had for the rest of her children. It was proved also that the prisoner had been seen in that vicinity the day before the child was missing, and that he then had no child with him.

On the other hand it was proved that the prisoner was in Waltham, Massachusetts, at the time the child was lost, that he had the child with him. The witness was asked by the judge how he knew this to be the same child? He replied that the prisoner and the child then in court, stopped at his house a day or two, that he talked of taking the child to live with him in his family, and of course took particular notice of it. The judge evidently doubted the story, as it conflicted with the other testimony, and he sternly repeated the question, "how do you *know* this to be the same child?" "By the sense of *seeing*, your honor," was the prompt reply.

When the jury retired they could not agree upon a verdict. Eleven were for convicting the prisoner, but one was so obstinate that he would not be convinced, conclusive as the evidence appeared to his fellows. This brought down upon his head the censure of all concerned, except the poor prisoner and one or two officers of the court. "The man-stealer must be kept at the expense of the state until twelve honest men can be found to decide impartially," was every where the cry. However, the unyielding juror was suffered to return peaceably to his home without being molested, much as the feelings of the community were excited against him. It was not long before a re-action began to be felt. The unyielding juror was more fortunate than most men who have the honesty and independence

to dissent from the opinions of the multitude. The obloquy and odium which he had called down upon his head by doing what he believed to be his duty, soon began to subside, and "the sober second thoughts of the people" began to place things in a different light.

It began to be whispered round that it was not so certain that this was the same child after all.

It was said that this child was a very active, intelligent child, while the lost one was quite the reverse, as was also the other children of the family.

It was hinted also that instead of being so well acquainted with the affairs of the house when brought to S—, there was some pains taken to prompt her. The jailor ventured to let the prisoner out of jail to do chores about the house, and when asked if he was not afraid he would give him the slip, replied, "you cannot drive him away without his child." Finally the suit was dropped, the court became satisfied that the child belonged to the prisoner, and ordered the jailor to discharge him. So the unyielding juror had the satisfaction of having, by a faithful discharge of duty, saved an innocent man from being convicted of a crime which must have been followed with a very severe punishment.—*Skowhegan (Me.) Clarion.*

#### THE BEWILDERING VALLEY.

THE following graphic and remarkable description of traveling over the *sandy deserts of Arabia*, is a translation from the French of Alexander Dumas, by a lady of New York.

"We were in one of the most fearfully renowned wadies of the peninsula. It is called 'The Bewildering Valley,' on account of its moving sands, the perpetual changes of which, at the caprice of the wind, render it impossible even for a practised guide to be certain of his route while traversing it. We were surrounded by hills of sand; and the wind, as it swept their summits, became freighted with clouds of dust, floated around our heads, passed down our throats, and stifled us like the air of a crucible.

"At length, the hour arrived for our first halt. Our Arabs pitched our tent, and we looked for a brief respite; but the wind carried the tent away at once. A second attempt was made to fasten it, without success; the sand had no consistency beneath the surface, and the stakes could not be secured in it; and if they could, the cords were not strong enough to hold the canvas against the gale. We were forced, therefore, to follow the example of the Arabs, and seek shelter in the shadows of our dromedaries.

"I had just lain myself down by the side of my beast, when Abdallah came to say that it was impossible to light a fire for his cooking. This news was not so bad as the poor devil thought it might be: we had no inclination to eat, but a glass of pure, fresh water would have been worth a kingdom. The water we obtained at the Fountains of Moses was originally brackish; and this, joined to the smell of the skins, and the intolerable heat, rendered it unfit to drink.

"The sun continued to ascend, and now reached the zenith of its height and its intensity. Our camels no longer afforded a shade. I retreated to a distance from mine, unwilling to endure his wild-beast odor, when I could gain no corresponding advantage by suffering its offensiveness, and wrapped myself in Bechara's mantle. In ten minutes, the side I exposed to the sun was sufficiently baked, and I turned the other, presuming that

when well done, I should cease to suffer. During our two hours' halt, I did nothing but turn and twist in agony. I was enveloped in my covering, and could not see my companions; and I had not energy enough to inquire after them. All I know is that, muffled in Bechara's mantle, I was, to all intents and purpose, a crab stewing in its shell.

"A change, at last, came over our torments; the time arrived for continuing our journey. We mounted our dromedaries like listless and unwilling criminals, indifferent as to the route we were to pursue. We were certain that it must be *forward* in some direction, and that was all. I merely asked if we should have fresh water that evening; and Abdallah, who was near me, replied that the spot of our intended halt was near a well.

"The sleeplessness of the past night, my abstinence from food, and the state of fusion I had been in for some time, combined, now, to produce an irresistible drowsiness. I at first opposed to it the idea of danger; a fall of fifteen feet, although on the sand, had no attraction in it. But the fear of this mischance soon grew indistinct. A hallucination took possession of me. My eyes were closed; yet I saw the sun, the sand, and the dusty air, only they were changed in color, and took strange and variable hues. I then imagined myself in a vessel rocked by the surges of the ocean. Suddenly, I dreamed that I had fallen from my dromedary, which, however, continued its course. I tried to call out to my companions, but my voice failed, and the caravan went on. I strove to pursue, but could not keep my feet in the sandy waves; they overwhelmed and nearly drowned me. I endeavored to swim, but I had forgotten the necessary motions. Over this vision of frenzy, came recollections of my childhood, that for twenty years had been buried in oblivion. I heard the murmur of a pleasant brook gliding through my father's garden. I threw myself under the shade of a chestnut-tree, planted on the day of my birth. How I could simultaneously and interchangeably experience these conflicting visions, I have no power to imagine: the one fictitious, that of water and shade: the other real, that of thirsting, parching, suffocating. But I was so bewildered that I did not know which of the two was a dream. Presently, a violent blow in my breast or back awakened me; it was a thump from my saddle, that warned me I had, in truth nearly lost my equilibrium. I opened my eyes with a start of terror: the garden, the brook, the tree, and the shade had vanished: but the sun, the wind, the sand, the desert, in short, remained.

"Hours passed in this manner, but I took no note of the time. At length all motion ceased: and, arousing myself once more from my drowsiness, I saw that the caravan had stopped. The whole of the Arabs were grouped around Toualeb; we three remained just where our camels had pleased to halt. I made a sign to Mohammed: he came to me, and I inquired why the Arabs stopped and looked about them so irresolutely. I found from his answer that 'The Bewildering Valley,' maintained its reputation, and our men had lost their way."

A rustic in this state, in paying his evening address to a cousin past the volatile age of thirty, said, "dear Poll, you have stolen my liver." "Poh! Mr. Huntly—don't you mean your heart?" "Ah, true!—I knew it was some of my inwards."

## A WOLF ENCOUNTER.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE hunter, Holt, of whom I have before spoken, has had some strange encounters with wild animals among those lonely desiles which I have attempted to describe: and John Cheney had, some time since, a fight with a wolf, which is almost as well worthy of commemoration as the doughty feat of old Putnam.

It was in winter: the snows were some four or five feet deep upon a level; and the hunter, upon whom a change of seasons seems to produce but little effect, could only pursue his game upon snow-shoes; an ingenious contrivance for walking upon the surface, which, though much used in our northern counties, is still only manufactured in perfection by the Indians, who drive quite a trade in them along the Canada border. Wandering far from the settlements, and making his bed at nightfall in a deep snow-bank, Cheney rose one morning to examine his traps, near which he will sometimes lie encamped for weeks in complete solitude; when, hovering round one of them, he discovered a famished wolf, who, unappalled by the presence of the hunter, retired only a few steps, and then, turning round, stood watching his movements.

"I ought, by rights," quoth John, "to have waited for my dogs, who could not have been far off; but the creature looked so snuzy, standing there, that, though I had not a bullet to spare, I couldn't help letting into him with my rifle." He missed his aim, the animal giving a spring as he was in the act of firing, and then turning instantly upon him before he could reload his piece. So effective was the unexpected attack of the wolf, that his forepaws were upon Cheney's snow-shoes before he could rally for the fight. The forester became entangled in the deep drift, and sank upon his back, keeping the wolf only at bay by striking at him with his clubbed rifle. The stock was broken to pieces in a few moments; and it would have fared ill with the stark woodsman, if the wolf, instead of making at his enemy's throat when he had him thus at disadvantage, had not, with blind fury, seized the barrel of the gun in his jaws. Still the fight was unequal, as John, half buried in the snow, could make use of but one of his hands. He shouted to his dogs; but one of them only, a young, untrained hound, made his appearance; emerging from a thicket, he caught sight of his master lying apparently at the mercy of the ravenous beast, uttered a yell of fear, and fled, howling to the woods again. "Had I had one shot left," said Cheney, "I would have given it to that dog, instead of despatching the wolf with it." In the exasperation of the moment, John might have extended his contempt to the whole canine race, if a stauncher friend had not opportunely interposed to vindicate their character for courage and fidelity.

All this had passed in a moment: the wolf was still grinding the iron gun-barrel in his teeth; he had even once wrenched it from the hand of the hunter, when dashing like a thunder-bolt between the combatants, the other hound sprang over his master's body, and seized the wolf by the throat. "There was no let go about that dog when he once took hold. If the barrel was red-hot, the wolf couldn't have dropped it quicker; and it would have done you good, I tell ye, to see that old dog drag the creature's head down in the snow, while I, jist at my leisure, drove the iron into his skull. One good, fair blow, though, with the heavy rifle-bar-

rel, on the back of the head, finished him. The fellow gave a kind o' quiver, stretched out his hind legs, and then he was done for. I had the rifle stocked afterward, but she would never shoot straight after that fight; so I got me this pistol, which, being light and handy, enables me more conveniently to carry an axe upon my long tramps, and make myself comfortable in the woods."

Many a deer has John since killed with that pistol. It is curious to see him draw it from the left pocket of his gray shooting-jacket, and bring down a partridge. I have myself witnessed several of his successful shots with this unpretending shooting-iron, and once saw him knock the feathers from a wild duck at eighty or a hundred yards.—*Wild Scenes.*

## A VISION IN PAN'S-DELL.

I HAVE seen Pan!—Within a sheltered hollow,  
Where fir trees laced their branches overhead,  
As if to hide the spot from fierce Apollo,

To which of yore his vanquished rival fled:  
Some dubious marks of goat-like hoofs espying

Along the margin of the tangled glade,  
I followed on their track, till deftly prying

Amid the thickest covert of the shade,

I saw great Pan!

Beside a gliding stream the God was seated,  
In the dull umbrage of o'erhanging trees,  
From whose sear boughs the yellow leaflets fled,  
In whirling eddies on the autumn breeze.

A sweetly solemn air his pipe was playing,

A mournful requiem for the dying year,

He said—"The winds are cold, the woods decaying,

I may not, must not, longer linger here."

I have heard Pan.

"Oh for the satyr's hut, the sprightly sallies  
Of Shepherd mirth, the wine-jar's purple rill,  
The sunburnt revels in green Tempe's valleys,  
And the wild dances on the Argive hill,  
Where oaten reeds piped out their simple measures,  
While from my nook I watched the merry clan,  
Till one with lips impair'd with dewy treasures  
Would steal away, to talk an hour with Pan.

Pan—goatfooted Pan!"

The song was hushed, and sad and heavy hearted,  
Upon my ears its lingering music fell,

As with a start the clattering hoofs departed,  
Their lessening echoes ringing down the dell.

But yet methought a deeper gloom denoted

The bower from which a sylvan god had fled;

The falling leaves in thicker currents floated,

And darkly waved the fir boughs overhead.

I had seen Pan.

And what indeed is Pan?—an Emanation

From the bright thought and glowing hearts of yore,

Taught by the spell of Fancy's young creation

On high devotion's eagle-wings to soar.

Then, when the ripened ear gave up its treasure,

And the full vintage heaped the wine-press o'er,

Their hearts, oppressed with thankfulness and pleasure,

Exclaimed—"The gods reward our toils—adore

The mighty Pan."

Pan is a mythus of the woods and mountain;

The pinetoppled valleys and the olive shades,



The warm spring rains, the showers from sparkling  
fountains  
Singing sweet music in the Cretan glades,  
The tinkling sheep-bell—oxen meekly lowing,  
The pipe low breathing by the willowed streams,  
The whispering groves, the rannel's silvery flowings,  
Leaped into Godhead in the Grecian's dreams!  
They had seen Pan!



To my old friend, Seba Smith, editor of the *ROVER*, 162 Nassau street, New York.

DOWNINGVILLE, away down east, in the State of Maine,  
January 1, 1844.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Where have you been this half a dozen years, and what have you been a doing all this time, that you didn't let me hear from you? I didn't think you would serve me so, after our long and intimate acquaintance, and warm friendship, if I may be allowed to say it; at any rate, it was warm on my part, for next to General Jackson, I must say that I never met with no person, in all my public life, that I formed so strong a liking for as I did for you. Therefore you may well suppose I felt uneasy, and a little wamble-cropt, when year after year come and went, and I didn't hear nothin from you. The last I heard of you, they said you was up in the woods near Moosehead lake, looking after timber lots, and I've had my fears ever since that you had got swamped somehow or other, or else was lost in the woods, or drowned, or the bears had eat you up.

Well, after I've wished you a happy new year, and the like of that, I'll tell you how I happened to get track of you again. Ye see, I went over to Uncle Joshua's this afternoon to have a chat with em a little while, being it was new year's day, for I always make it a pint to begin the year well, and then I get through with it the best way I can. Well, I sot there talking with aunt Keziah and cousin Nabby, and once in a while, feeling a little humorsome, I tried to give cousin Nabby a sly kiss, being it was new year's day, you know. But, my gosh! I might as well try to kiss a streak of lightning, she was off so quick. That gal is quick as a steel trap yet, old as she is, and you know she might almost be called a middle aged woman in the General's time. By the time I got within a foot of her, and begun to get the right sort of pucker to my lips, she was off like a shot to the other side of the room, and says she, "Come, Jack, none of your sky-

larkin; leave that to young folks; you and I are getting a little too old for children's play." Aunt Keziah sot lookin right into the fire, minding her knitting, and lookin as sober as if she was listening to one of parson Jones's longest sermons.

All at once, in comes uncle Joshua from the post-office, with his hands full of reading stuff of one kind and another, papers, pamphlets, magazines, and what not—for the old gentleman is as great a reader as ever, and you know, years ago, he always would be reading everything he could lay his hands on, especially if it had any republican doctrine in it. Well, the old gentleman put on his spectacles and sot down to go to reading. The first thing he took up was a little magazine.

"Hullo!" says uncle Joshua, "what have we got here? This is a new consarn; I haint seen this afore."

And then he begun to read—"THE ROVER, a weekly magazine of tales, poetry and engravings, original and selected; edited by Seba Smith." When he got so far, he jumped up out of his chair like a boy, and lookin over his spectacles at me, says he, "There, Jack, your old friend, of the Portland Courier, is alive, after all, and here he is, turned editor agin."

You may depend, we all flocked round him quick enough. Aunt Keziah dropt her knittin work, and run and looked over uncle Joshua's shoulder, and cousin Nabby run and clenched right hold of the magazine, but uncle Joshua held on to it, and declared he'd have the first reading of it. So at last when we begun to get a little pacified, he begun to read, and we soon found out all about it, that it was really a weekly magazine, and that you had got to be an editor in the thunderin great big city of New York. I don't think I ever felt happier but twice in my life; once was when uncle Joshua received his apointment as postmaster of Downingville, and the other was when the news come in, that the General was elected a second time. It seemed to put the fire right into me. My thumb and finger fairly itched to get hold of a quill, and says I to uncle Joshua, "If I live, I'll write to my old friend Seba Smith before I sleep."

When uncle Joshua opened the *ROVER* and looked at the engraving, "Hullo!" says he, "here's the exact plecter of Nabby, with a pall on her head; how upon airth could they get her plecter away there to New York?" And then he looked a little further, and said, "Oh no, they call it Effie Deane." And then he read your poetry about Effie Deane, and before he got through, the tears were dropping down over Nabby's cheeks like a shower of rain; and aunt Keziah turned her head away and put her apron up to her eyes three or four times.

Finally, after we got through with reading and examining, and talking the matter over, I started for home, determined to write you a good long letter before I slept. As I was going out, cousin Nabby followed me to the door, and asked me to give her best love to you. And then she kind of hesitated, and said she didn't know as it was hardly proper. At last she brightened up all at once, and says she, "Yes, Jack, he used to be so kind to you, and did so much to help you get an office, and to raise the credit of our family; yes, Jack, hit or miss, give him my best love." So here I am, sitting down by my little fire and writing to you as fast as I can scratch, jest as I used to when I was at Washington along with the General, and you was editor of the Portland Courier. You can't think

how natural it seems, to be writing to you again. But how things is changed since them times. The world don't hardly seem to be the same side up that it used to be then. It makes me almost cry sometimes to see how things is goin backward ever since the Ginerl left em. He used to keep everything straight and patriotic-like. The good old Ginerl used to cut matters right down square, and keep everything ship-shape. Do you believe, if he held the reins now, that any of the states would dare to refuse to pay their debts? No, he'd make em shell over the last dollar about the quickest. Don't you remember how he worked South Carolina's old iron up, when she kicked in the traces? I mean that nullification business. The Ginerl always said I give him a good lift in that matter, both by my pen and sword; but I never took any pride to myself about it. But I have ten thousand things to talk to you about, and can't get a hundredth part into this letter.

I write to the Ginerl once in awhile, and the Ginerl writes to me once in awhile, but I've got my letter so near filled up, that I can't give you much idea of our correspondence till I write to you again. One thing I'll jest mention, that he said in his last letter to me. He says Congress better be in better business than to be disputing and wasting so much time about paying that fine back to him. He says the Judge that put the fine on to him was a spunky fellow, and did jest right; and if he hadn't a done it, he would have cut his ears off. He says, moreover, if they vote to pay it back to him, he never will touch a cent of it.

Speaking about cutting off ears, reminds me of what the Ginerl used to say to me when I lived with him at Washington, and when a man in New York, I believe they said his name was Davis, used to be writing letters and putting my name to em. The Ginerl used to get so mad about them counterfeit letters, that every time he got hold of one he would rare right up, and then says he to me, "Now, Major, if you don't go to New York and cut that feller's ears off, by the eternal I'll take away your commission."

Then I used to talk round the Ginerl and get him cooled down again. "Why," says I, "Ginerl, them letters never 'll hurt me. The counterfeit is too plain; they halnt got the silver ring; people wont take em for mine." But though I didn't trouble myself much about this Mr. Davis putting my name to his letters in them days, being so much occupied as I was in helping the Ginerl carry on the government, yet I've hearn things about him since, which if they are true, shows he can do meaner things than that. I've hearn that he goes round among folks, and tries to get into notice, and into good society, by calling himself me; that he goes to Saratoga and other places where the big bugs get together, and calls himself me; that he goes to great dinners such as they had in New York when the great Mr. Box was over here from England, and gets the whole company to look at him by calling himself me. Now I wonder if all this is true. I've hearn so, and I've seen it in some of the papers. Whether it is all true or not, somehow or other all these things have had such an effect upon my mind that I never can hear of this Mr. Davis without thinking of ears.

How does my old friend Major Noah do? He always used to be on our side in the Ginerl's time. Clever soul, that Major. I'd give as much for one of his smiles any time as I would for a good piece of pie

arter dinner. Tell him to stick to the republican ground, and he'll always come out right.

Give my respects to Col. Webb. Tell him I am sorry he got into that scrape last year, and met with that accident; though the Ginerl says in his letter to me that he thinks all the better of him for it. He says it shows the grit was in him, notwithstanding Duff Green always said it wasn't.

Likewise remember me to Jonathan Slick. According to my notion he writes near about as well as his cousin Sam, the clock maker of Slickville. But Sam's first work was his best.

How is cheap literature in New York now? I've a notion of diving into it a little; for I've got kind of tired of farming again, and think it would be a sort of business that might suit me. I like a business that is brisk and goes quick. I wish you would jest ask the Harpers, or some of them great book chaps, what they would give me for a good four-by-six-er, or a first rate seven-by-nine-er. I've got two or three dozen of works that I've been cooking up, at odd jobs, evenings and so on, and I should like now to bring em out while the tide serves. But I spose in order to make money on em, I ought to look after my literary reputation a little more than I have done heretofore. For, you know, my literary reputation has hung at rather loose ends, in consequence of that Mr. Davis calling himself me, and some other folks, too, writing once in awhile letters in my name. So that the papers have made a great many mistakes about it, sometimes saying Davis was me, but they wasn't so much to blame for that as I know on, for I spose they thought Mr. Davis ought to know who he was. And then sometimes they've said John Neal was me; but John, like an honest Yankee, always denied it point blank. And sometimes they've said you was me; but I've always been greatly obleeged to you for putting the matter right, and telling folks that I was myself and nobody else. And if any body undertakes to call me in question hereafter, I wish you would tell em so to their face and stand it out.

But it's time for me to wind up, for uncle Joshua has sent over to know if I've got my letter ready, and says he's going to close the mail. I dont see but uncle Joshua is as smart as he was ten years ago. His hair has turned pretty gray, but otherwise he hasn't altered scarcely a bit. He steps as spry as a boy, never allows any body to open the mail but himself, and sorts all the letters. He has had that office a great while, you know; it was one of the Ginerl's first appointments. And I guess he'll keep it as long as he is able to walk about; for he's always on the right side, and you never can catch him a hair off the true republican track any more than you can catch a weazle asleep. He walked by the side of the Ginerl on that track, and kept shoulder to shoulder with him. And then he walked with Mr. Van Buren on the same track and never flagged a hair. And then, you know, he always kept up with old Tip, and Tyler, too, without turning to the right or left. And let who will come in next time, you needn't have no fears of uncle Joshua; he'll stick to the true republican ground, and be right side up.

Cousin Nabby has jest come in, and says aunt Keziah and uncle Joshua and all of em sends their best respects to you. So I must bid you good night, and remain. Your old and faithful friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

## OUR OLD FRIEND MAJOR DOWNING.

WE were not a little gratified the other day, when on receiving our budget from the post-office we found a letter from this distinguished hero of General Jackson's time, who still lives in honorable retirement at Downingville in the State of Maine. We confess ourselves in fault at not keeping up a regular correspondence with him a few years past; but the ups and downs in life often carry friends on widely different voyages, and make them apparently forgetful of each other, when their hearts remain as warm as ever. The Major has lost nothing of our high regard for him, and as he has got into the writing mood again we hope to have many pleasant chats with him; and as it is always our wish to have the readers of the ROVER fare as well as ourselves, we intend to pass the letters over for their edification and amusement.

The portrait of the Major, which we give in connection with his first letter, was taken some ten or twelve years ago, when he first entered into public life. It is a very good likeness, though perhaps it may be considered a *little* flattered. Doubtless, too, by this time some grains of allowance should be made for the effect of time's changes, though we can hardly imagine that the Major could ever grow old; and in returning his new year's greetings, we heartily say to him, "Major, may you live a thousand years, and may your shadow never be less."

## "THIS IS A HORSE."

DEAR reader; although the plate we present you this week, is not marked upon the face of it, "engraved expressly for the Rover," as the fashion of the day is, yet such is actually the fact, and we are ready to make our bible oath to the truth of it, and to corroborate it by clouds of witnesses besides. Our aim is to get up the best and most interesting magazine we can possibly make for the money we receive for it. In pursuance of this object, when original articles, or an original plate, will best serve our purpose, we shall use them. But when a selected article, or a picture that somebody in the world may have seen before, will best serve our purpose, we shall use that; knowing full well that what is best for our readers is best for us. We have noticed one or two papers, which probably have not been in the habit of examining the Rover, consider it principally a republication. The fact is, we claim to be as *original* as other folks, and always give preference to original articles, unless we have selections that are *better*. We usually give a half a dozen or more original articles a week, although they are not marked original.

## HARVEY'S PAINTINGS.

WE were surprised upon visiting the exhibition room of this really clever artist the other day to see so few there. As one who has made American scenery and American phases of atmosphere a subject of exact and patient study he is deserving of the highest public appreciation; and more than this, his paintings are beautiful specimens of landscape, which he proposes hereafter to have published with suitable letter-press, thus making a truthful and valuable addition to the artistic wealth and literature of the country.

Mr. Harvey's atmospheric paintings are in fact an

agreeable drama, with a perfect scenic accompaniment, in which the unities are preserved, so far as they have anything to do with time. Some of his forest scenes are inimitable.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Alexander V. Blake, 77 Fulton street, has published a very beautiful edition of this admirable book of all times and all countries. It is superbly bound, and embellished with numerous wood engravings of great finish and beauty, and a fine steel plate frontispiece.

(Boston Correspondence.)

"Gentility is is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion."  
ETIQUETTE.

COUNT D'ORSAY! Who has not heard of the Count? Who has not read "Etiquette?" Reader, have you observed a small, thin, yellow-complexioned pamphlet, very neatly printed, and all that sort of thing; and only twenty-five cents per copy? But, most of all, have you read it? Let us look a minute at the "counterfeit presentment" of the distinguished author. I should like to hear Lady Blessington's opinion in regard to the likeness; in fact, there is no one better qualified to judge of its correctness than her Ladyship, not even excepting her daughter, the Count's discarded *better* half. Alas! many a young lady has found the air of a foreign country to be far less cold and foreign than the airs of an estranged lord! Reader, you will find that the more a man caresses *himself*, the less he caresses his *wife*. A fop is nothing more than a tailor's sign, endowed with locomotion; he is a thing modeled by human hands, incapable of receiving any lasting impression, other than the tailor and the barber impart. He values the applause of his *valet de chambre*, above the opinions of all the sensible world beside; and if he can prove an exception to the old saying, and be considered in the eyes of his servant a *hero*, he at once looks upon creation with contempt, imagines himself the cleverest man living, and is amazed as he gazes in the glass, to think that people still continue to be born, when *man has arrived at such perfection!*

The Count is an amazingly fierce looking individual, (if we may judge from the stiff ideal of a Parisian *exquisite* that is intended to adorn this little book, called "Etiquette,") and looks dreadfully as though he had swallowed something to keep him in an upright position. However, it may be wrong to consider a man by what we see and hear of him *merely* in print. The Count *may* be a very handsome nan—say, very *pretty*; but this picture puts me in mind of those beautiful wax gentlemen that frequently ornament a hair-dresser's show-case—looking all the time as though their great load of beauty was actually too much for one mortal, and seeming to say, "It's an exceedingly painful thing to be so much handsomer than other people—'tis, 'pon my honor!" But come, let us lay this little piece of tissue paper modestly over the Count, and take a view of the title page. "Manners make the man," certainly cannot mean such a man as is represented in the picture, else the expression is a paradox, for the tailors heretofore have had all the credit of making that uncertain class. "Waltzing is the art of a gentleman, and never yet was taught or understood by a dancing-master." That is, every man born to half a million of pounds, comes into the world a natural waltzer; but the man who comes into the world under less auspicious

clouds circumstances, and devotes a lifetime to the study of the art, can't know anything about it as a matter of course, because he wasn't born a waltzer; that is, he wasn't born to the inheritance of half a million of pounds. By the way, the Count (?) undertakes, in the space of eleven pages and a half of this book called "Etiquette," to explain and teach waltzing, yet still the art "was never yet taught or understood by a master." Rather an *argumentum ad hominem*.

The Count considers smoking a very vulgar habit, and exclaims that "All songs that you may see written in praise of smoking, in magazines or newspapers, or hear sung upon the stage, are puffs, paid for by the proprietors of cigar divans and tobacco shops, to make their trade popular; therefore never believe nor be deluded by them." This is a death-blow to Sprague—poor Sprague!

Dear reader, the following is a mere puff! Pray heaven you may not be deluded by it.

TO MY BEGAR.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors spite;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner passed?  
I would reply with reason strong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day—  
The odor of whose virtues lives  
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,  
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,  
Then tumbled to decay.

Awhile, like thee, earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fame around,  
And then, like thee, to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly roll'd,  
And time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early we behold  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is passed;  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—  
A little moving heap,  
That soon, like thee, to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

Is this, then, nothing more than a mere puff? But let us look once more.

"Eat *peas* with a spoon; and *curry* also. *Tarts* and puddings are to be eaten with a *spoon*;" or in other words, never be caught indulging in that excessively vulgar habit of eating *soup* with a *fork*.

However, let it be understood, and truly, that there is no better guide extant, to the uninitiated, than this same book called "Etiquette." And let me say to you, reader, that however much you may feel indebted to the work in question, for smoothing your way into polite society, you owe nothing to Fashion's lord and master, Count D'Orsay. Mr. Day, a miniature painter, formerly of England, now residing in Boston, is the author of said book. He is a very short man with a very bald head—eccentric withal; and about fifty-five or sixty years of age; and believe me, the author of "Etiquette" is as unlike D'Orsay, as the pretty Count is unlike a *sensible thinking* man.

BOSTON ROVER.

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

THE LOWELL OFFERING, for January.

A Monthly Magazine of 32 pages, for one dollar a year. Written, edited, and published by female operatives employed in the mills at Lowell, Massachusetts. Curtis & Farley, editors. All the young men in the country who have a spare dollar, or a thimble full of galantry, ought to subscribe for the Lowell Offering. Cause, why? "Kate in search of a husband" is in it every month; and besides, they ought to be polite to the ladies.

THE PARLOR MAGAZINE, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's weekly Gazette. New York: J. L. Kingley, 42 Ann street. 8 pages quarto; price 6 1-4 cents.

This work is neatly got up, and the first number contains a fine outline engraving of Retzsch's game of life.

## BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

"As the vine, which had long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattering boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that women, who is the mere dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself in the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

FLATTERY.—Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, in the following way: they have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the first moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we can bear the light of the sun when reflected by the moon.



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J. M. Wright

J. H. R. R.

"CONTENTED W' LITTLE AND CANTER W' MARR."  
*Burns*  
 (OR HEE & HEE SPINNING WHEEL.)

# THE ROVER.

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

BY ROBERT BURNS.  
WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Oh leeze me on my spinning wheel,  
Oh leeze me on my rock and reel;  
Frae tap to toe that cleeds me bien,  
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!  
I'll set me down and sing and spin,  
While laigh descends the slimmer sin,  
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,  
Oh leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
And meet below my theekit cot;  
The scented birk and hawthorn white  
Across the pool their arms unite,  
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
And little fishes' caller set:  
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,  
While blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty niks the cushats wall,  
And echo cons the dolefu' tale;  
The lintwhites in the hazel braes  
Delighted, rival lither's lays:  
The craik among the claver hay,  
The pultrich whirr'n o'er the ley,  
The swallow jinkin round my shiel  
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
Aboon distress, below envy,  
Oh wha wad leave this humble state,  
For a' the pride of a' the great?  
Amid their flaring, idle toys,  
Amid their cumbrous, dunsome joys,  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

THE story of the office seeking poet in the last half of the following article, is very rich.

## A CHAPTER FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CONGRESS AT VIENNA.

BY THE COUNT A. DE LA GARDE.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE ROVER, BY FAY ROBINSON.]

Wishing only to transcribe my own recollections, I restrict myself to the narrow limits of a journal, and shall think my highest ambition accomplished, if, in these hasty sketches of an important epoch, my readers recognize any resemblance to the persons whom I wish to recall to them.

Among the most celebrated female leaders of Austrian society, shone the beautiful Countess Laura von Fuchs, of whom the numerous strangers at Vienna, during the congress, have preserved the warmest recollection. Graceful and intellectual, this lady was the purest personification of the cultivation of her country, and to be admitted into her *coterie* was at that time esteemed the highest of all honors. In 1808 and 1812 I received from her, as all the Frenchmen did who were then in Vienna, the kindest attention. Among her intimate associates were distinguished the Countess of Platen—  
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burg, her sister, the wife of the then reigning count of that name, and Madame Edmond Perigord, niece of Tallierand, and the Duchesses of Sagan and Exerenza, all of them princesses of the house of Courland, and known universally by the *soubriquet* of "the three graces;" the Canoness Kinski, a member of one of the most illustrious families of Hungary, and among the celebrated personages of the day; the Duke of Dalberg, one of the French Plenipotentiaries; Marshal Wolmoden, the three Counts Pohlen, Philip, prince of Hesse-Hamberg, Paul Esterhazy, afterwards so celebrated as Austrian minister at Saint James; Eugene Beauharnois; the Russian general, DeWitt; M. de Gontz, Secretary of the congress, and confidant of Metternich; General Nasitz, the accomplished and refined journalist; Varhagen Von Ense; the poet Carpani, Doctor Koreff and the Baron Ompteda, formerly minister of Westphalia and Vienna, but whom the ruler of that kingdom had compelled to be present as a spectator only, at this grand diplomatic Sanhedrim.

Delightful, indeed, were our reunions at her house. The heat of political discussion never interrupted their harmony. The countess imposed on all of her visitors the pleasant chains of mutual friendship. They unanimously proclaimed her their queen, and she wore the dignity with a species of serious sport. I found her surrounded by her family, now beautiful and grown, and by the friends I had left with her four years before. Fortune, in spite of the exciting events of the last four years, had deprived her of none of them, but they had all become generals, ambassadors, or high functionaries. Among them I loved most the Prince of Hesse-Hamburg, then far removed from his present exalted rank. A similarity of age, taste and ideas attracted us together. I loved the exaltedness of his sentiments, his nobleness of character, and the sincerity for which he was so famed. Like many of the princes of sovereign German houses, he owed his celebrity to himself alone. Having entered the service at the age of fifteen, he was taken prisoner by the French army during the early wars of the Revolution, carried to Paris and imprisoned in the Luxembourg. Recognized as a nephew of the king of Prussia, he heard uttered ever near him demands for his death. A crowd of furious women, raising their hands to their necks, recalled constantly to his mind the horrible instrument of punishment so prodigally used at that period. The firmness of his answers, his youth and beauty were his preservers. Sometime afterward, being exchanged, he returned to his military career, and earned on the field of battle each of his grades, and, at the time of which I write, was among the most esteemed generals of the Austrian army.

Afterward, a field marshal, he was sent to aid the emperor of Russia in his campaign against the Turks in 1828, and now reigning landgrave of Hesse-Hamberg, is respected and adored by his subjects, whose happiness constitutes his chief study.

Our first tribute was due to this exalted personage, possessed of so many titles to our esteem. The happiness of mankind would be too great, if in the small measure of life allowed him, he beheld many such characters.

Madame Von Fuchs asked me one day if I had ever

met with George Sinclair, a young Englishman, whom an adventure with Napoleon had made a very lion of in Vienna.

A few days before the battle of Jena, George Sinclair, while traveling in Austria, was stopped by the *claireurs* of the French army, and conducted to the head quarters as a spy.

"Where are you from, and whither do you go?" said the emperor to him, in a tone which seemed to him the presage of death.

Sinclair spoke French perfectly.

"I come," said he, from the university of Jena. I am on my way to Vienna, where I expect to find letters from my father, Sir John Sinclair."

"Sir John! he who has written so much upon agriculture?"

"Yes, Sir."

The emperor entered into conversation with Duroc, and then spoke again to Sinclair with more mildness. Though but eighteen years of age, the prisoner had amassed much historical and geographical information. For two hours he astonished Napoleon, who gave orders to Duroc to escort him to the advance guard, and suffer him to proceed on his journey, a favor of which he had entertained no hope, and which was the more flattering to his vanity as he owed it entirely to his own merit.

Since our separation I had never met Sinclair, but had heard that, after traveling in Italy, he had entered parliament, and adopted the opinions of his friend, Sir Francis Burdett, and that he had, moreover, become celebrated as an orator and a distinguished member of the opposition.

Two very different matters divided public attention. The future destiny of the kingdom of Saxony, and a tournament, which had been spoken of from the first meeting of the congress, and which was to be celebrated in the imperial court-yard.

Saxony engrossed a portion of conversation; some few remarks were made on the propriety of giving it as indemnity to Prussia, but all the minutæ of the tournament were described. It was proposed to make it one of the most brilliant of the spectacles given by the court. All the printed and engraved descriptions of similar scenes of the age of Louis XIV. were examined, and it was proposed to eclipse them all in magnificence.

The Countess Edmond de Perigord, one of the twenty-four ladies who were to preside over it, told us that the toilets prepared for this festival, would surpass in luxury and richness all the traditions of the court of the *Grand Monarque*.

"I think, indeed, we shall have all the pearls and diamonds of Hungary, Austria, and Bohemia. Scarcely a relation or friend of one of these ladies has not opened her jewel-case, and ornaments that have not been worn for an hundred years, will glitter on the brow or robe of one of us."

"As for the knights," said the young count of Woyna, "if their predecessors surpassed us in richness of costume, all competition with us in horses is out of the question. They will passage and dance minuets as gracefully as gentlemen of the old court did."

And then we chatted away about the colors of the different quadrilles, and the supposed dress of the champions; and spoke of the various devices by which the ladies wished to express their sentiments. The good king of Saxony and his states were totally

forgotten. Who could at that time think of such a trifle? After I left the countess, I met, on the graben, the General Count DeWitt, and happy was I to do so, for his presence carried me back to the happy days I had passed in the Ukraine, with the Countess Potoka, on her magnificent estate of Tulczim.

Only son of the first marriage of his father, the General Count DeWitt, with the celebrated and beautiful Sophie, and grandson of the grand-pensionary of Holland, the career of the count was brilliant, as it was rapid.

A soldier from his childhood, and colonel at the age of sixteen, and commander at eighteen of the empress's cuirassiers, one of the most beautiful regiments of Europe, he had served with the greatest distinction in the campaigns of the last three years. In six weeks from his mother's estates he had raised and equipped, at his own expense, four regiments of cossacks, whose services he offered to the emperor, made a lieutenant-general, and charged by Alexander with the organization of the military colonies. He appeared as chief of the army of reserve, in the campaign of 1828, against the Turks, which was terminated by the peace of Varna. He died at an age so young, that his friends and family could with difficulty bear the deprivation of his society.

Count DeWitt had married the Princess Josephine Lubomirska, one of the most celebrated beauties of Europe, whose portraiture may be expressed by grace, wit and accomplishment, personified and united.

At Madame Von Fuchs' the good old custom of suppers, which our fathers were so devoted to, and which their children so regret, was kept up. At one of these reunions chance placed me not far from the Count DeWitt.

That morning I had received a strange visit. Just as I was making my toilet, I was told that a Frenchman wished to speak to me. He was introduced—a good-looking young fellow handed me a letter, saying, "It is from M. Rey, an advocate, with whom you once dined at the house of M. Bondy, prefect of Lyons."

I invited my countryman to sit down, and after the phrases of compliment, opened M. Rey's letter. It was to request that I would use my interest at Vienna to procure for M. Cast some employment. "Judging from the date of this letter, sir," said I, "some time has passed since you left Lyons."

"Yes, sir, having before me the whole world from which to choose a home, I have traveled slowly hither on foot."

"You have certainly another recommendation?"

"No other, I assure you."

"You are a man of courage to travel three hundred leagues on foot with a single letter, written by a person whom I have seen but once, and without being sure that you would find me here. You should succeed, but I can give you but little encouragement. Had you come to ask a kingdom or province from the congress, you would probably be listened to; but a place for a Frenchman in the Austrian dominions is very difficult to obtain. Nevertheless, I will do all in my power for you. What till now has been your occupation?"

"I have served in the royal guard."

"What kind of place do you desire?"

"I care not what. I would like to be a secretary, or to fill any place you please, civil or military."

"You are not difficult to please."



I could not but smile as I said this, at the assurance of the young Frenchman, and at that quick wit which appears to be a characteristic of our nation. Becoming each moment more interested in my young compatriot, I asked him to allow me to think of his affairs for a few days, and bade him adieu, with an impression that his long and painful journey had been in vain.

At supper we spoke of sudden impulses, of the influence they had upon our fortunes, of the brilliant success which was often to be traced to them. Some one spoke of the good fortune of General Jetterborn, who within four months became, from major, a general-in-chief; and of many others of whom we thought.

"Gentlemen, I can tell you of an adventure, which except that as yet it has led to nothing, equals anything in hardship you have heard of."

They bade me tell it, and I described the visit of my young compatriot, his objects and his mode of traveling; spoke of his single letter, of the change which brought him to Vienna at the moment of my own arrival. The Count DeWitt listened with attention.

"The courage of your friend interests me. Since he has served in the royal guard, he knows certainly how to ride. Send him to me, and I will employ him."

I thanked the count, and said to some other person, "Thus has fortune enabled my countryman in one day to ascend the rounds of the ladder. We must confess that if a letter of introduction is often addressed by chance, it sometimes falls at the gate of fortune."

"Yes," said the young Count of Saint-Morsan, "a letter of introduction sometimes ensures one's fortune. Shall I illustrate this by a striking example?"

"A young poet of Paris, named Du Bois," said he, "poor both in mind and body, had exhausted all the inspiration of which he was possessed, in singing the praises of the dominant powers; but had, as yet, obtained from them not the slightest mark of favor. His last effort was an ode addressed to the Princess Pauline, the favorite sister of the Emperor Napoleon. In his poetical madness, not keeping before his eyes the fate of Racine on the presentation to Louis XIV. of his *mémoire sur le malheur des peuples*, he had intermingled, with praise of Pauline, advice to the god of war, and a philanthropic dream of a general peace. The greatest effects may not unfrequently be traced to the slightest causes. One of the princess's ladies was by chance a relation of the poet. She took advantage of a favorable moment to present the ode to her highness, who, struck with the recurrence of the rhymes *Pauline* and *divine* often enough in the poem, promised her protection to the author of so perfect a bijou.

"Where is he?" said she.

"There in the antichamber," said the *dame d'antour*.

"Show him in," said the princess; and the poet was introduced into Pauline's perfumed boudoir, and *tête à tête* with his future providence.

"What can I do for you?" said the gratified princess.

"Give me, madame, a recommendation for any post in any department you please."

"Will one to Fouché suit you? He yesterday complained that I asked him for nothing. I will, if you choose, test his sincerity."

"The poet replied, that it would make him the happiest of men. The pretty Italian sat down immediately, and feeling one of those fits of inspiration come over her, when eloquent phrases flow involuntarily from the pen, wrote to his lordship of Otranto in terms

of the highest praise of M. Du Bois, whom she called a most superior man, fit for anything, and in whose success she felt great interest.

"One hour afterward, the protege was at the door of the dispenser of favors; but being both unknown and unrecommended to the ushers, we may well imagine that he remained unnoticed in the antichamber, and left his billet in rather careless hands. It was thrown, with many others, into a sack, which received those of each day, and whose contents usually passed, not into the hands of Fouché, but into the stove of the antichamber. It chanced, however, when Fouché returned that evening from the ministerial council, that with many others, this note was brought him. He detected at once the impression of the seal of the imperial house. He opened it at once, read the whole of it, and ordered four gens d'armes to be ready to accompany his carriage at nine on the morrow. At his hotel every one supposed that he intended to visit Saint Cloud to communicate some most important discoveries, and not a little were the servants surprised when his excellency ordered his coachman to drive to an obscure street in the *Quartier des Halles*. It was there that our poet was established in a room in the sixth story.

"There was neither porter nor runners in the street in which his dwelling was; and the high and mighty Prince of Tarentum was forced to drive to a baker's shop in the neighborhood to inquire where M. Du Bois, an author, lived. 'There,' said Madame, the baker's wife, 'lives a very poor devil in the garret of this house. I do not know whether he is an author or not, but he owes for two weeks' lodging.'

"And leaving the shop at once, with all the strength of her voice, she called M. Du Bois. The poet looked out of his window, and seeing a coach and the gens d'armes in the street, was sure that the boldness of his allusions to a general peace had been badly received by *Jupiter Tonans*, and that he was about to atone for his offence in the *Bleuetre*. Consulting, in his anxiety, his fear alone, he thought of nothing but concealment, and ensconced himself under his bed. Fouché, getting no answer, determined to climb up the stairway. A courtier finds difficulty in nothing, when he wishes to prove his zeal or power. Only the facetious genius of Beaumarchais or Lesage, or the comic talent of Potier could give any idea of the originality of the scene, when Fouché discovered the protege of Pauline beneath the worm-eaten bedstead. I will cut the story short. He spoke to him in encouraging tones; drew him out from his improvised cell, and in the morning negligé of a poet, placed him beside him in his coach, carried him to his splendid hotel, and invited him to breakfast.

"What post do you wish, M. Du Bois?" said his excellency to the famished poet, taking advantage of the interval between a dish of *coquelettes à la soubise*, which had been devoured, and a salmi of partridges about to be similarly treated. "What can I do for you?"

"Anything that you please my lord. I shall be grateful for any kindness."

"Well, then; have you any objections to visit the island of Elba? There I can make you commissary-general of police."

"I would go to the end of the world, if your highness wished it," answered the poet, who fancied the events of the last hour a dream.

"To-morrow I shall sign your commission. When

you arrive at Porto Feorajo, you will find instructions awaiting you; receive, in the meantime, this on account of your salary.' And he placed in his hand a rouleau of gold.

"It did not require much time to pack up the poet's baggage, which might have been contained in a segar-case. Du Bois took a place in the diligence, and started for his post, scarcely awakened, like Sancho, for his island. He soon arrived at it.

"Now it happened, that just then there were two competitors for the survey of the iron mines of Elba, which are of great value. The new comer seemed to be of much consideration at Paris, charged with important duties in the administration of the island. Both of the aspirants were most attentive, and anxious to secure his interest. One of them offered him a share in the enterprize, should he be fortunate enough to obtain the post he sought for. The new functionary, who saw himself borne on by the wheels of fortune, took good care not to refuse his protection. He promised everything and wrote everything. By chance his associate was fortunate, and attributed to him the credit of his success. The son of Apollo, who knew nothing of any mines but those of mount Parnassus, sold out his interest for three hundred thousand francs, and had, moreover, the good sense to invest this sum in government securities, and thus ensure himself against all risk of the mutability of fortune.

"The first time that Fouche met Pauline at the Tuilleries, after her absence at the waters of Bagneres, he said:

"I trust your highness is pleased with the provision I made for your protege?"

"What protege, M. le Duke? I do not understand."

"But, Madame—M. Du Bois."

"Du Bois? I do not remember any one by that name."

"Does not your highness recollect a letter written me three months since, most earnestly recommending to my notice M. Du Bois, an author, in whose welfare your highness took great interest?"

"Ah, yes," said the princess smiling; "I know now—a poor poet, kinsman of one of my ladies, who addressed to me an ode. What have you done for him? Is he a clerk in one of your offices?"

"Though the minister was piqued that he had thus made a dupe of himself, he took good care not to mention the post of importance to which he had appointed M. Du Bois; but his kind friends heard of the affair, and made it generally known. Even the emperor was amused, and jested about it to his minister, who, as every one knows, had no idea of a good joke.

"The recall of M. Du Bois was as hasty as his appointment had been. Our hero was deposed from his situation, like Sancho from his government, and became again what he had been. But the three hundred thousand francs had been paid down, and rents purchased with them, and he was able, on his return to Paris, quietly to worship the muses, and had no difficulty in finding parasites to applaud his verses, and partake of the excellent dinners, for which the mines of the island of Elba enabled him to pay with liberality."

Though the fortune of my protege was not as rapid as that of M. Du Bois, it was brilliant enough for him to have reason to thank his stars that he had ever undertaken the journey to Vienna. He pleased the

Count DeWitt, who made him his secretary. After having been to thank me for the interest I had taken in him, he went to the theatre Leopoldstadt, and was arrested by the police, which toward strangers is very severe. He defended himself, was beat down, half strangled, and thrown into prison. Carried on the next day before a magistrate, he claimed the protection of his new patron, the Count DeWitt, an attache of the Emperor of Russia, and at the request of the general was released. As he had no passport, if he had met with this accident one day sooner, he would, as a vagabond, have been put beyond the Austrian frontier.

The Abbe Chalenton, who was the tutor of M. M. de Polignac, says that my protege followed the Count DeWitt to Russia, and at Tulezim married a lady with a dowry of a rental of two thousand Dutch ducats, and that on this occasion the abbe led to the altar the bride. M. my protege afterward returned to Lyons in much better trim than when he left it.

Thus you see that he, thanks to his courage, received a share of the benefits of the congress of Vienna.

Who after this will deny the influence of fortune on our fate, or the use of letters of recommendation?

## THE TWO HEADS.

I AM the second son of a gentleman of ancient descent but moderate fortune, in one of the northern states of Germany. My father, a man of high and honorable feeling, resolved that as his means would not allow him to provide adequately for all his four sons, the younger ones should endeavor to carve out fortune for themselves, rather than pass their lives in the useless and often painful position of *cadets de famille*. He was esteemed by the sovereign of his country, and he trusted that with the aid of some interest and a good education, his children might rise high in the professions they should adopt. From an early age, therefore, one of my brothers was destined to the army, another to the church, and I, myself, was to become a lawyer.

However good my father's intentions undoubtedly were, he committed an error of judgment, when he allotted to me the dry and sterile study of the law, which was in every way unsuited to my character and disposition. Of a highly nervous and excitable temperament, it was painful, and almost impossible for me to fix my mind and attention on anything that did not in some degree appeal to or captivate my imagination. Even in my boyish days, and in my intercourse with lads of my own age, a tendency to the fantastic and ideal, and distaste for the more solid and material affairs of life revealed themselves in an unusual degree, and were unfortunately pampered by free access to a style of reading that should have been carefully withheld from me.

I had a maiden aunt who resided at my father's, a most determined reader of fiction, and who, pleased to discover a kindred taste in me, willingly supplied me with the kind of literature in which she delighted. The wildest and most fantastic creations of the German school were hourly in my hand, and I would remain whole days, filling my mind to repletion with this unwholesome food, till I attained such a pitch of excitement, that the hours allotted to sleep were passed in uneasy and dream-broken slumbers, or in tossing to and fro on my feverish bed, and re-capitulating the horrors and wild fancies I had read of in the day.

At college my silent and unsociable disposition caus-

ed me to be little sought after by other students, when I, in my turn, gladly avoided, devoting to solitude and the perusal of my favorite authors, all the time I was not compelled to give to study. Even now the pleasantest hours I can call to mind are those spent in the greenwoods that surround the university town of C—. Many were the long summer afternoons I passed, under their shade, absorbed in my books; and when my temples ached, and my brain grew dizzy with the excitement the latter occasioned, I would bury my face in the thick grass, and as though reflected on a black and shining mirror, scenes and figures surpassing the wildest dreams of Callot and Hoffman, glided before my distempered vision.

My vacations I usually spent at a country-house belonging to my father, which to me offered a peculiar charm, from its bizarre and antique construction, and still more from the thousand tales and superstitions that existed concerning it, and which it was my delight to collect from the neighboring peasants, and from one or two old domestics, who had grown gray in the service of the family.

The outside of this mansion had been carefully preserved in all its picturesque rudeness, but the interior had undergone numerous changes suggested by increase of luxury, and was as comfortable as a more modern dwelling could have been. One room, however, had been in no way altered since its first construction. It was a spacious apartment, of greater length than width, roofed and wainscotted with black oak. Its original destination was that of a picture-gallery, and to this use it had always been applied. Panels three or four feet in width were left plain, and filled up with pictures, between which were carved devices of the most strange and fanciful nature. Fauns and satyrs, grim-looking helmeted heads, fabulous animals, and chimeras of all kinds, were placed round the spaces occupied by the pictures, which latter were, for the most part, family portraits.

This gallery, which was seldom visited, except by some dust detesting menial, was my favorite haunt. There was one picture that attracted my particular attention. It represented a lady in an eastern costume, holding in her hand a large open fan, on which was depicted a combat between Moorish and Christian cavaliers, minutely and beautifully painted. The lady's face was of exceeding loveliness, and bore the impress of stormy passions and much suffering.

There was a story connected with this picture and one of my ancestors who had gone to aid the Spaniards in their wars against the Infidel.

He had been taken prisoner, so ran the legend, and escaped by the assistance of the daughter of a Moorish prince. Before they had got far from the fortress in which he had been confined, they were met by the lady's father. A struggle ensued, and the Christian being unarmed, was about to be overcome, when his mistress supplied him with a poniard, which a moment later was reddened in her father's blood. The escape was effected, but the lady died of remorse a year afterward.

Before this picture I used to pass hours, lying on an old settee, book in hand, and occasionally suspending my reading to gaze on that beautiful face, in which fierce passion and deep remorse were so strangely blended.

I cannot define the feeling which the contemplation of this painting occasioned me. Had the picture had

a living original, I doubt not I should have become passionately enamored of her, so great was the fascination which those deep, sad, and yet fierce eyes exercised over me. If, however, I remained in the gallery after dusk, my admiration was exchanged for a superstitious terror, and I would hasten trembling away, hardly daring to turn my back to the picture lest it should leave its frame and follow me.

Habits and reveries of the nature I have sketched, were, as may be supposed, by no means favorable to serious study, and I scarce know how it was, and at what rare intervals I succeeded in gaining a sufficient knowledge of the law to be admitted to practise as a barrister.

A year passed away, and found me but little changed or improved in the weaker points of my character. On the few occasions on which I was employed during that space of time, I managed to acquit myself tolerably, but without giving any indications of talent; and it was owing to family interest, and not to merit of my own, that at an unusually early age I was appointed public prosecutor at the criminal court of a small provincial town.

Somewhat roused by my new appointment, it was with a feeling more like ardor in my profession than anything I had yet felt, that I entered the court on the opening day of the assizes.

The first and only important case that came on for trial, was that of a murder committed on a traveler, and of which an inhabitant of a neighboring village was accused. I opened the prosecution in a tame speech, amounting to no more than a plain statement of the facts. The evidence was gone through, and it was late in the day when it again came to my turn to address the court. But it was now in a very different frame of mind from that in which I had first spoken.

As the proceedings had advanced, my interest in them, and a feeling of partisanship against the prisoner, of which I was myself unconscious, had rapidly increased. I had also become irritated by the budgering cross-examination which the counsel for the defence had made some of my witnesses submit to. It was with a flushed brow and almost unintelligible volubility of diction, that I began speaking for the second time. As I proceeded, however, my utterance became less rapid, my ideas more collected. I felt that I was eloquent, and that feeling made me more so. I was listened to with the deepest attention, and when I wound up an energetic and powerful speech, by a forcible appeal to the justice of my country, and a tremendous denunciation of the murderer's crime, a loud buzz of applause burst from the hitherto breathless audience.

As I glanced round the court, and drank in the admiration expressed on every countenance, my eyes met those of the prisoner. The revulsion of feeling was instant, from the pride of triumph to the dejection of compassion and remorse.

The accused was a man who had been a soldier from his childhood and had left the service only a few months before the commission of a crime for which he was now arraigned. He was about fifty years of age, and possessed of one of those marked, stern countenances that artists willingly choose for models when desirous of depicting the *beau ideal* of a veteran soldier. His thick, black mustaches, in which a few lines of gray were perceptible, added to the military turn of his features, but took away nothing from the frankness expressed in his bronzed, open countenance, and clear

gray eyes, that were now fixed upon me with an expression of reproach and proud contempt, that seemed to say as plainly as looks could speak.

"Well done! you have sacrificed an innocent man to the empty triumph of a moment."

I sank back upon my chair. Conviction of the prisoner's innocence replaced the virulence which had so recently animated me. That man, I thought cannot be a murderer. I was scarcely conscious of what passed around me till I heard the word "Guilty" pronounced, and the next moment sentence of death was passed.

Involuntarily my eyes turned toward the condemned man, as he was being led away from the bar at which he had stood.

"I shall die innocent," said he, "may my blood be at the door of those who caused it to flow."

And his eyes were fixed upon me as he said it.

I shuddered, and the alteration of my countenance must have been very perceptible, for two persons stepped to support me, as though I had been about to faint. A glass of water was brought, and in a few minutes I was able to leave the court. My agitation was attributed to fatigue and the heat of the crowded hall.

The two days following the trial I passed in a state of indescribable agitation. My first care was to go attentively over all the deposition in the hopes of finding something that would convince me of the culprit's guilt.

But the contrary effect was produced: the evidence against him, although strong, was entirely circumstantial. There existed a doubt; and prepossessed as I now was in favor of the accused, the more I pored over the proceedings, the more I became convinced of his innocence.

Two days elapsed in these investigations. On the fourth the sentence was to be put in force. Hastening to the executive authorities, I declared to them my doubts, or rather my conviction that the man was innocent, and besought them to delay his punishment, that I might have time to repair to the capital, and use all my efforts to obtain a remission or commutation of the sentence.

My request was refused. The man had been found guilty. Several murders had recently taken place in that province; an example was wanted, and the law must take its course. My repeated entreaties, and wild, hurried manner, excited surprise, but produced no other effect.

It was late on the evening preceding the execution, before I became convinced that all my efforts were vain. I ordered post-horses to be at my door at daybreak, for I could not bear to remain at N. while the execution took place.

It was about noon when I drove into a town some twenty leagues off. As the carriage arrived in a large, open square, its progress was impeded by a dense crowd of persons, apparently assembled to witness some spectacle, and whose numbers increased so rapidly, that before the postillion could make up his mind whether to turn back, or endeavor to push through the mob, we found ourselves wedged in among carts and pedestrians, in a manner that made it impossible to move either backward or forward.

Absorbed in painful thoughts I had at first not noticed the stoppage, but, at last, looking through the window, I saw the cause of the assemblage that barred our passage. In the centre of the square, a scaf-

fold was erected, on which three men dressed in coarse black habiliments, and one of them with a broad, bright sword in his hand, were standing round a block.

An execution was about to take place. Scarcely had I observed these preparations when four persons ascended the scaffold. Two of them were priests, but in one of the others I recognized to my horror the unfortunate man of whose unjust condemnation I considered myself the principal cause. The headsmen at N. had been seized with sudden illness, and as there was an execution to take place at the town in which I now found myself, the prisoner had been transferred thither. Of this arrangement I had not been made aware.

I called to the postillion to drive on. He endeavored to do so; but it was impossible.

At that instant, and while my eyes were fixed as by a species of fascination upon the scaffold, one of the prisoners knelt down, the executioner's sword flashed in the sunbeams, and the next moment an assistant held up a human head. The blood was streaming from the severed arteries, and some of it had splashed upon the pale face, and dripped from the long mustache, while the as yet unclosed eyes seemed fixed upon me, with the same expression they had worn on the day of the trial.

My head swam and my senses left me. When they returned, I found myself lying in bed at an hotel, with a physician standing over me, administering restoratives.

A violent fever was the consequence of the agitation and excitement I had gone through; and, although I at length recovered, there remained a depression of spirits, which from its long duration excited the alarm of my friends. My nights were terrible. I scarcely dared to sleep, for in my dreams I was perpetually haunted by the features of him whom I considered my victim.

Night after night was the scene of the execution present to me in my feverish slumbers. Even when not sleeping, but in a sort of doubtful state between slumber and wakefulness, the most horrible visions passed before me. The same pale, blood-stained visage would peer out at me from behind the furniture of my room, hover in the air above my head, and even place itself in frightful proximity upon my very pillow. My friends, and especially the kind-hearted and skilful physician, who was a near connexion of my family, tried every means to rid me of these hallucinations. I was persuaded to travel, and take share in amusements of all kinds; but although change of scenes and pleasures at first produced a beneficial effect, the improvement was only temporary.

A circumstance at length occurred, which gave those who interested themselves in me, the strongest hopes of my recovering a healthy tone of mind.

I became deeply attached to a young lady of good family and great personal attractions. The medical man, who with friendly zeal had studied my case, and meditated on all the remedies most likely to benefit me, declared that marriage was of all means that in which most hope might be placed. The obligations of a married life, the new object of interest it would offer, and duties it would impose upon me as a husband and father, were, he sanguinely trusted, almost certain to produce a beneficial change.

The passion with which Cecilia von S. had inspired



me was not unrequited by her, and nothing remained but to obtain the consent of her family.

She was an only daughter, and in order to induce her parents, who were wealthy, to receive my suit favorably, my father, with the full concurrence of my brothers, ensured me greater advantages than he could give to all his children. Among other things he made over to me the country-house, that I have already had occasion to mention.

The necessary delays were abridged as much as possible, and the marriage solemnized in the capital, where several weeks passed in a round of pleasures and amusements, and my friends observed with delight that the predictions of my medical adviser seemed fully realized. The harassing nervous fancies that had hitherto rendered my existence burdensome left me, my spirits improved, and while the unpleasant recollections of the past became dim and faint, the future presented itself to my view with an unclouded horizon.

My marriage had taken place in early spring, and at the beginning of May I set out with my bride for the country-house, the gift of my father, at which we intended to pass the summer. The curious architecture of the building excited my wife's admiration, and the day following our arrival, I accompanied her over the house, which she was desirous of inspecting in its minutest details.

From some unaccountable feeling, perhaps a presentiment, I felt unwilling to visit the picture-gallery that had been the favorite resort of my more youthful days. Its old worm-eaten door, however, attracted her attention, and as I had no reason to assign for refusing to open it, I sent for the key and we entered the apartment.

Nothing had been changed in the arrangement of the room during the four years that had elapsed since I last visited it. Probably no one had ever entered it during that space of time. I thought I recognized the same cobwebs hanging about the wainscoting, and felt certain of the identity of one or two venerable spiders, who, seated pompously in the centre of their webs, seemed to greet me as an old acquaintance. I scarcely heard Cecilia's exclamations of delight at the picturesque aspect of the apartment, and answered I know not how to her questions concerning the grim-looking warriors, and hooped and powdered dames that decorated the walls.

At length we arrived opposite the portrait of the Moorish lady, and something of my old superstitious feelings came over me as we stopped before it. There hung the picture, the object of my boyish admiration and terror, the same half demon half Magdalen look upon the features, the same fascinating gaze in the deep dark eyes that again fixed mine beyond the power of withdrawal. My wife repeated her questions concerning this picture several times without obtaining an answer, and at last, surprized at my silence, and at the reverie in which I appeared plunged, gazed earnestly in my face, and called me by name.

"Rudolph!" cried she.

I started, and as though the spell were broken, I turned my eyes from the gray old picture to her bright and blooming countenance. But what strange idea flashed across me at that moment? Was it Cecilia's portrait I had been gazing on? The features were the same, the same eyes, the same oval beautiful face, the same straight, Grecian nose, and full pouting lips. All was identical. Even the earnest expression of my Ce-

cilia's countenance was a softened resemblance of the more marked and less pleasing one worn by the portrait. I felt a strange, overpowering sensation in my head. It was as though a hot hand were pressed upon my brain. Feigning a sudden indisposition I hurried my wife from the gallery.

During the remainder of the day I was in a high fever. Cecilia was greatly alarmed, and insisted upon sending for a physician, who prescribed a sedative, which I drank, though fully convinced it would be of no avail. But that night, how horrible was that night! the opiate gave me sleep, but sleep was a thousand times more fatiguing than wakefulness. The most frightful visions hovered round my pillow, and conspicuous among them all was that ghastly, blood dripping head, as it had appeared to me when held up by the executioner. The Moorish princess, or my wife in an oriental garb, one of them, or both, I know not, so horribly confused was the dream, would pass before me with pale and menacing countenance, and seizing in their arms the gory head that grinned and chattered in exultation at my terrors, danced and waltzed around me in horrible revelry. Thrice welcome was the dawn that at length appeared. But it brought little relief. The state of feverish excitement was succeeded by a depression of spirits that crushed me to the very earth, and to which the efforts of my affectionate wife, who did her utmost to cheer me, brought no alleviation. Toward evening the fever returned, my temples burned, and my pulse beat with hammer-like violence. Dreading a repetition of the preceding night's tortures, I resolved to remain up late, in hopes that a long vigil might procure me sounder sleep. Cecilia wished to remain with me, but I insisted upon her retiring to rest.

Scarcely had she done so, when I felt an irresistible impulse to visit the picture gallery. I could not assign to myself a reason for this feeling, which was accompanied by an indefinite feeling of terror. It seemed as though some invisible power drew me against my will to a crisis I would gladly have avoided. I paced up and down for some time struggling against the feeling, but at length seizing a light I hurried from the room.

A damp chill came over me as I pushed back the creaking door and entered the old gallery. The feeble light of the taper I was carrying glanced and flickered over the carved wainscoting, black and shining from age. Hastening on with rapid step, I paused before the portrait of the Moorish lady, but as far from it as the opposite wall would allow. Gazing earnestly at the painting, I again sought the resemblance to Cecilia that had so forcibly struck and affected me on the preceding day. *But the head of the portrait had disappeared!* The body and dress were there; the slender form, the snow white fingers laden with jewels, the rich robe, the painted fan, all were in their places. *Only the head was wanting.*

I passed my hand before my eyes, doubting whether I saw aright, and again looked at the portrait. Across the dark hazy space where the head had been, a something appeared to be flitting, some mysterious change to be going on. At length the features of a human face were faintly shadowed out, became stronger, took light, shade, and color. I remained breathless watching the strange appearance. But that was no woman's face. It became more vividly distinct. Horror and madness! The head I had beheld upon the scaffold, the grim and blood-stained features of my victim were

before me, the glazed wide open eyes glaring revengefully upon me. The light dropped from my hand, and uttering a shriek of despair I fell senseless to the ground.

I know not how long I remained in this state. When I recovered, all was dark around me, and I felt cold, very cold, but my brain burned like fire. I left the gallery, and moving like an automaton, for my thoughts were far too confused to direct my steps, sought my bedroom.

Two wax-lights were burning upon the table but partially illuminating the apartment, which was large and lofty. I threw myself upon a chair, and leaning my head upon my hands endeavored, but in vain, to collect my ideas, and check the violent throbbings that seemed to split my very skull asunder. I might have been some minutes in this attitude, when I was startled by a rustling in the direction of the bed. I looked up. The heavy purple curtains were drawn nearly together, but between them was an opening a few inches wide, behind which I saw something moving. I fixed the object, and pushing away the light that dazzled my eyes, gazed intently into the dusky space behind the drapery. Did I see aright? Again that ghastly face was before me!

Frankie I started up, and seizing one of the heavy bronze candlesticks, hurled it with the strength of a desperate man at the vision that thus persecuted me. There was a faint cry. I rushed toward the bed and tore asunder the curtains. Oh God! what a sight I there beheld! My adored wife expiring, murdered by my hand. A stream of blood flowed from her temple. One gentle sigh, one mild forgiving look, and my Cecilia was a corpse.

A long blank succeeded. When I awoke as from a deep sleep to the torture of memory and remorse I was in the madhouse, whence I now write. My first sane interval was but short. It has been succeeded by others, during which my family visit me, and do all in their power to soothe and console. But my lucid moments are too rare and uncertain in their duration to render it advisable to remove me even for a space from this dreary abode. During my periods of insanity I have no consciousness; they pass as long nights of heavy and unrefreshing sleep, and I awake from them weak and exhausted from severe illness. That one may arrive from which there shall be no awakening is my constant prayer to that Being in whom I place my trust. May it please Him soon to bestow upon me the repose that would be the greatest of all boons, that repose which is unbroken in this life, the deep and dreamless slumber of death.

### LELIA'S LAMP.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but, remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and, calling on one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke, the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute it reappeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark, that the edges of the hori-

zon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky. "There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?" "It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man eagerly, who was the son of our host. "Awake, father! Ho, Batista; Vittoria! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested. To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the Valley of Anzasca. The occupation of the former when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and, indeed, the manners of the *minerali* offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and, in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labor, ranking in this respect with gamblers, authors, and other vagabonds. They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the *minerali* sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene and betake themselves to the high-ways, when nights are dark and travelers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of these regular banditti, who rob in thousands and whose booty is a province or a kingdom. Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had no marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sang. He had that deep and melancholy voice, which when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized. There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she piled her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence to the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border

of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her by contrast, for she had never traveled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes. Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favorite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss; from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this measure of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes, and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon! The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faiths plighted beyond recall; and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name!

Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for a moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting. "My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night." "Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young, rich, and handsome suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honorable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark: but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him, but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house: in the presence of my rival."

His appearance, as may be supposed, is more agreeable to the maiden than her father, and the following scene ensues. The lover says, "Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not only your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage; but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim which her generous preference has given me upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man, before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—provided it continues so long—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livres!"

"Sir," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livres." He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal, repeated the relations: 'agree, neighbor Niccoli, agree!' " "I agree," said Niccoli diadainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew. A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admis-

slon, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he labored in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent. He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labor was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet, in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation. \* \*

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far, very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell, cold and dark upon the despairing labors of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever. His success continued. He was working with the pick-axe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal, one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful, and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face, and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him—his limbs trembled—a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground. How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch dark; but on turning round his head, he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, etendy light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced toward him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lella!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words, said she; "much may yet be done; and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work—for here is light, I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and,

stirred half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labor with new vigor. "Be of good heart," continued Lella, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint: "It is so cold!" said she; "make haste, dearest for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat; and was just about to beg her to bring her the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said; "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I am wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up—but the light was already gone. It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered.

When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lella had sat—but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her. With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combination at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. For less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder. Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts, it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagements between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm: "Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day, and—" He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face of the young man. "No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.



Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door: he would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices calling out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he. "Speak I conjure you in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child, my child!" The minerale started, as if from a dream, and looked round apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm.

As for the lender himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other; and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine. They at length reached the place he sought; and by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shivers with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other; while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead! After a time the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love: but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the minerale seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

#### MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

BURELLUS was the first who demonstrated that the force exerted within the body greatly exceeds the weight to be moved without, and nature, in fact employs an immense (we had almost said superfluous) power to move a small weight. It has been calculated that the deltoid muscle alone, when employed in supporting a weight of 50 pounds, exerts a force equal to 2568 lbs. Some notion of the force exerted by the human body in progressive motion may be formed from the shock received when the foot unexpectedly implinges against any obstacle in running. The strongest bones are occasionally fractured by the action of the muscles. The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will run along carrying a weight of 600 pounds—and Milo, of Crotona, is said to have lifted an ox, weighing upwards of 1000 pounds.

Haller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine by

keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, 150 lbs., till he was drawn up to the surface, a height of 600 feet. Augustus II. King of Poland, could with his fingers, roll up a silver dish like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder, and a lion is said (Phil. Trans. N. 340) to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of the muscles is exhibited by fish. A whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, round the world in little more than a fortnight, and a sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon through the white oak plank of a ship.

#### WEDDED LOVE.

BY CHARLES H. BRAINARD.

How divine the cords of feeling  
That unite my soul to thee,  
When my heart its thoughts revealing,  
Breathes of truth and constancy.

When thine eyes, in love-light tender,  
Told that faith was radiant there,  
Hope then shed its brightest splendor,  
All things earthly grew more fair;

When thy voice, in love's first greeting,  
Half suppress'd the truthful lay,  
Time on angel wing, how fleeting,  
Hours like moments passed away.

Wandering 'neath the stars of even,  
Life and love were pledged to thee,  
Ere thy lips had answer given,  
Thy young heart confess'd to me.

Oh, how blissful was the hour!  
All things whispered truth sublime,  
Memory, with enchanting power,  
Sheds a halo o'er the time.

Sacred still the ties that bind us,  
Ties that death shall ne'er divide,  
Future years in love shall find us,  
Then as now, still side by side.

Boston, December, 1843.

#### THE SAILOR'S RETURN. OR THE EVILS OF IMPRESSMENT.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

KATHARINE WILSON was fondly attached to her husband. His handsome features, his graceful form, and frank and easy manners, with the air of interest which in the eyes of a youthful maiden is always attached to the gallant spirits who voluntarily brave perils by sea and by land, had first won her heart—while his affectionate disposition, his generous nature, and his sterling integrity, increased her affection and secured her respect. He was the beau ideal of human perfection, and the regret, the deep seated sorrow which the young wife experienced when her truant husband parted from her, almost in the honey moon, to encounter dangers on the mighty deep, may be more easily imagined than described. But there are few ills of life for which time does not bring a panacea—and although when the stage drove off, carrying with it the dearest friend

which she had on earth, she was overwhelmed with grief, and refused all consolation, in a few days the natural buoyancy of her spirits prevailed, and she listened to the whisperings of Hope, and gazed fondly on the images of joy to which the enchantress pointed in the distance. Her thoughts, however, sleeping or waking, centered on her husband, and although she attended to her domestic duties with unremitting assiduity, and lost no opportunity of administering to the happiness of her parents, who loved her as fondly as ever parents loved a child, she was constantly looking forward, to the return of her husband, as to the brightest hour of her existence.

The Rabican was expected to be absent from eight to twelve months, according to circumstances—and the "Marine Lists" in the newspapers were scanned with great care by Katherine, in the expectation that they would furnish her with occasional intelligence of the progress and safety of the ship, in whose fortunes she now took so deep an interest. But the Rabican on her outward passage, was not spoken by any homeward bound vessel, much to Kate's vexation and disappointment. In a few months she began to expect letters from her husband—but no letters came. At length, one day, to her great joy, while examining the shipping department of the Boston newspapers, she saw that the Rabican had arrived at Bahia, in a passage of sixty-five days from Boston. Now she should certainly receive letters from Jack Wilson—day after day she visited the post office on the arrival of the mail, but returned slowly to her home sad and disappointed. She consoled herself with the idea that Jack had written, but that the letters had been miscarried.

Time passed away, and the return of the Rabican was daily expected. A year had effected an astonishing change in the condition and character of Katharine Clifford. From a lively, good humored, laughing, hoydenish girl, she was transformed into a sedate matron—a wife, who has tasted the cup of matrimonial happiness, to have it dashed from her lips—a mother, who gazed upon her new born son with all a young mother's pride and fondness. She regarded him as a new tie of affection, and eagerly looked forward to that blissful hour when she could present him to her husband.

The Rabican arrived in Boston. The news sent a thrill of joy through the frame of Katharine. Her husband had returned! She should soon be pressed to his heart! And she fondly hoped that they would never again be separated, except by death—for she secretly resolved to use all her influence with Jack to quit the sea forever. While she was thus anticipating one of the richest enjoyments of which human nature is capable, seated in the front parlor of her father's house, with her infant smiling in her lap, a letter from Captain Thompson was received, informing her that her husband had been imprisoned on board an English man-of-war! In a few days, Captain Thompson himself, with a kindness of feeling, characteristic of the profession to which he belonged, hastened to the young wife and mother agreeable to Jack Wilson's request and communicated all the details of the barbarous transaction.

This was a dreadful blow to Katharine, and one for which she was entirely unprepared. She had often heard her husband speak of the horrors of imprisonment—and now that he was forcibly seized, and carried on board of an English frigate, bound for the dis-

tant East Indies, whose unhealthy climate was proverbial, she felt, notwithstanding the hopes held out to her in her husband's message, that he was lost to her forever.

Years passed away, and nothing was heard of Jack Wilson. An American vessel arrived at Boston from Bombay, and brought intelligence that the frigate *Freebooter* had lost more than half her crew by the cholera, which broke out on board. Katharine fully believed that if the life of her husband had been preserved, he would have returned to his home, or have found some means of communicating to her the grateful intelligence. And she reluctantly acquiesced in the general belief that Jack Wilson had fallen a victim to a system of relentless tyranny, adverse to the prospects of civilization, laws of nations, and the laws of God. And deeply did she lament the loss of her husband, and bitterly did she rail against a government which could look quietly on, while its citizens were ruthlessly seized, when peaceably pursuing their avocations upon the high seas, and carried into slavery of the most cruel and degrading kind.

Katharine was still beautiful—and being regarded as a young and blooming widow, the heir-expectant of a handsome property, it is not surprising that eligible opportunities were offered her of again changing her condition in life, but she could not banish from her mind the remembrance of her gallant sailor—and when she looked upon the countenance of her son, and saw there the living miniature of his father, she would give free vent to her tears—and declared she would never wed again. Even the suit of Simon Elwell, whom she had always esteemed for his good qualities, and who still cherished the affections he had entertained for her before her marriage was kindly but decidedly rejected. Indeed, notwithstanding the proverbial volatility and inconstancy of woman, it is highly probable that Katharine Wilson would never have married again, if her father had not been attacked with a severe and fatal illness which decided her destiny. On his death-bed, feeling the destitute condition of his daughter left upon the wide world without a protector, he besought her as his last request to give her hand to his friend Simon Elwell. It is strange what a propensity for match-making is often manifested by persons who are about quitting all the sorrows and pleasures of life—it is sometimes productive of good, but is often the cause of many years of affliction to the living. In this case, however, it seemed likely to conduce to the happiness of both parties. Simon loved Katharine with ardent affection—and Katharine, although love was out of the question, respected and esteemed him—and if she had been required to choose again a partner for life would probably have preferred him to any of her admirers. They were married in the chamber of the dying man, whose last moments were soothed with the reflection that he had secured the happiness of his child.

It was about sixteen years after the commencement of our narrative, that one cold morning in December, a poor, forlorn-looking object, miserably clad in the garb of a mariner, was seen advancing with tottering steps, on the road leading from Boston toward Dover, N. H. This was Jack Wilson—but he did not resemble the Jack Wilson whom we have introduced to our readers. A long series of sufferings, and exposures, in a tropical climate, and hardships, had brought on premature old age. His figure was no longer erect

and graceful, a youthful Apollo, but bent with infirmities—his complexion was no longer ruddy, the emblem of health, but bronzed by exposure to the sun, and sallow from disease—his features were no longer regular and handsome, exciting the envy of the one sex and the admiration of the other, but his visage was disfigured by a hideous scar, caused by a sabre cut which he had received on board a piratical proa on the coast of Sumatra—his hair was no longer dark and glossy but grizzled and thin—and his countenance no longer beamed with good humor, as if he was at peace with himself and all the world, but was clouded with care and sorrow. His noble spirit had been broken with the lash—and a smile had been a stranger to his features for many a long day. After an absence of years, he was about returning to his native home. He had become so accustomed to misfortune that he no longer anticipated any pleasure. What changes had occurred during his absence he knew not—but he was anxious to learn something of the fate of his mother and of the fair being to whom, in his youth, he had plighted his vows of affection at the holy altar. He had prepared for the worst—for hope had long been a stranger to his bosom.

The Freebooter, on board which frigate Jack Wilson had been pressed, proceeded to the East Indies—and it was not long before he attempted to redeem the promise which he had made of escaping from his thralldom. He was re-captured and cruelly flogged. He twice afterward repeated the experiment, but was unsuccessful. When he was apprehended the last time, he was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be flogged through the fleet! His defence, that of being an American citizen—although urged with much eloquence did not avail him—and he was compelled to submit to this dreadful punishment, which is a refinement on the cruelties inflicted by savages on their captured enemies. For his repeated attempts to escape, he was regarded with dislike by the officers—and was treated with much wanton cruelty and oppression. When the Freebooter returned to England, Jack was transferred to another ship—and in this manner had served on board several of his Britannic Majesty's vessels. He had been in several actions by sea and by land, and received a number of wounds—he had been several times attacked with diseases incident to a tropical climate, among others by cholera and yellow fever—he had been subjected to contumely and abuse, until his kind feelings and affections were paralyzed within his bosom. At length, after having been severely punished for some neglect of duty, he made his escape from a sloop-of-war, while she was lying at anchor in Batavia roads, swam a mile and a quarter to an American vessel, in spite of the sharks which escorted him on his way—was snugly stowed away by the generous hearted crew, until the vessel sailed for New York—and had at last returned to his native land, a decrepid, broken down man-of-war's man, destitute of money, and even of clothes, and, so far as he knew, without a single friend in the wide world. But although Jack Wilson was but the wreck of his former self, his heart was as noble and generous as ever.

Worn out with fatigue, Jack Wilson reached the confines of the little village in which he was born, about six o'clock in the evening. The wind blew furiously from the northeast, and a severe snow storm had commenced. Having passed many years in a warm climate, and being but thinly clad, the wintry

wind chilled his frame—but he trudged slowly onward, anxious to hear tidings of these dear ones, whose memory he still cherished in the inmost recesses of his heart. When within a mile of the village, he was overtaken by a good-looking youth who seeing from Jack's rig, that he was a sailor, and that he was fatigued with travel, addressed him in tones of kindness, and asked him how far he was traveling.

"To the next tavern," said Jack, "I have walked a long distance to day, and feel the need of rest and refreshment.

"From your dress, you must be a sailor," said the youth, "I always liked sailors—for my father was a sailor—and if you will go home with me, I know my mother will be glad to see you, and to give to you a supper and a bed."

"Where is your father," said Jack.

"Oh," answered the kind-hearted lad, "he died in the East Indies, a good many years ago."

"What was his name?" asked Jack.

"Jack Wilson!" returned the youth. "He was pressed on board an English man-of-war, and never returned."

Jack started as if a bullet had entered his breast. This then was his son—the son of his loved Katharine! He grasped the hand of the youth, and eagerly asked, "Your mother! your mother! What of her. She is still living, you say, and where?"

"My mother," answered the boy, surprised at the manner of his companion, "married again some years after my father's death—and now lives with her husband, Mr. Elwell, in yonder white house," pointing to a large and handsome mansion about a hundred rods further on their path.

"Your mother married again?"—exclaimed our weather-beaten mariner—"then," added he in a low tone, "all the hopes which began to gather around my heart are again blasted—and blasted forever."

This was an event which Jack Wilson had dreaded—for he could not persuade himself that Katharine, with her personal charms, and surrounded by powerful influences, would remain for so many years, faithful to the memory of the husband of her youth, whom she had no longer reason to believe was in the land of the living. And with a magnanimity, characteristic of American tars, he had resolved, although with a painful effort, to conceal his name, if he found his gloomy anticipation, realized, and resume the occupation, to which so many years of his life had been devoted. He felt that his sands were nearly run—and if he could not add to the happiness of her he loved, resolved not to be the means of making her miserable. But his mother! He wished to know her fate.

"Did your father leave no parents?" asked he of his son.

"Only a mother," answered the youth, "and she died about six years ago, and lies buried in the churchyard by the side of her husband. I often visit her grave—for I dearly loved my grandmother.

"You are a noble boy," said Jack—"and your mother, you say, still feels an interest in those who follow a seafaring life?"

"Yes," replied the lad, "I have often heard her say that a sailor in distress should always find a friend in her. You appear to be tired, the snow falls thicker and faster. It is yet some distance to the tavern—you cannot do better than go with me. My father and mother both will be glad to entertain you for the night.

Jack followed his son into the house of Simon Elwell.

There was an air of comfort and prosperity about the establishment, which is often witnessed among our New England farmers. A fire burnt briskly on the hearth—Simon Elwell, a good looking, intelligent farmer, hardly past the meridian of life, was seated in the midst of his family, with two of his youngest children on his knee—and Katharine, a comely, motherly looking dame, was briskly engaged in making preparations for the evening repast.

"Father," said the lad, as he ushered the woo-worn stranger in the room, where the family were assembled, "on my way from Colonel Venable's, I overtook a seafaring man. He appears to have been unfortunate, and is almost perished with the cold. I told him that you and mother would give him a kind reception—and he has very wisely accepted my invitation."

"You have acted quite right, my son," said Mr. Elwell. "My friend," continued he, addressing Jack, "I am glad to see you. Take a seat near the fire" and nuke yourself comfortable."

"Yes," said Mrs. Elwell, "we are always glad to extend our hospitality to these adventurous men, who expose themselves to all the perils of the ocean, to furnish us with the necessaries and luxuries of life. They meet with hardships enough on the seas, and have a claim upon the kindness of landmen, which should never be disallowed."

Supper was soon ready, and Jack took a seat at the table. Everything was conducted with the utmost propriety. It was evident that Simon Elwell loved and respected his wife—and Katharine, united to a worthy man who could appreciate her excellence, and surrounded by a group of cherubs, could hardly be otherwise than happy.

"Oh," said Jack to himself, as he gazed once more on the handsome features of the woman to whom he had plighted his marriage vows, "what a treasure I have lost. I cannot bear to witness even her happiness with another."

He had eaten nothing since the day before—but he had no appetite. He felt sick at his heart—and a tear started in his eye.

Katharine saw with the keenness of a woman's perception, the sorrow of her guest. She addressed him in the most kind and gentle manner, and endeavored to discover the cause of his distress. He listened to her a few moments with eager attention—for her voice and manner reminded him of the blissful days, which had long since passed away, never to return. But when she ceased and Simon Elwell spoke, the charm was dissolved.

Jack Wilson abruptly rose. "I have a long journey," said he, "to go—and I may not tarry by the way—I must bid you good night."

He seized Katharine by the hand. "Farewell," said he in a tremulous voice, "God will reward you for your kindness to a poor unfortunate sailor, who has now not one friend on earth—may sorrow ever be a stranger to your bosom."

He could say no more. The tears coursed rapidly down his furrowed cheeks. He pressed the hand he held, to his lips—seized his hat and rushed madly from the room. As he pursued his way toward the village meeting house, the steeple of which could be seen in the distance, he sobbed aloud.

Simon Elwell and his wife were astonished at the

conduct of the stranger. They feared that he labored under a derangement of the mental system—and Katharine was much pleased when her eldest son, who seemed to feel a lively interest in the fate of the unknown wanderer, announced his intention of hastening after him, and guiding him on his way to the village tavern.

The snow had done falling, the clouds were breaking away, and the wind blew with violence from the north-west, as, Jack Wilson, with a heavy heart, proceeded down the road toward the village. Before he had accomplished half the distance, he was overtaken by his son who kindly offered to accompany him on the way.

"My noble boy!" said Jack, "any man might well be proud of such a son—and I should even be willing to linger still a time longer in this troublous world, provided I could be near you, and were able to advise you, and instruct you in your duties toward your fellow men and your God. But it cannot be. Show me the way to the public house. Perhaps that there I can obtain a lodging for the night—we will then part—you to enjoy all the bliss of a virtuous mother's affection—and I—to commune with the spirits of another world."

The youth was now convinced that the stranger was deranged, but he waded with him through the snow, in defiance of the freezing wind, until they reached the door stone of the public house. "Here," said Jack, "I can obtain shelter. They will hardly turn away an old sailor from their door on such a night as this, even if I am unable to pay them for their hospitality."

He drew from his bosom a silken purse—but it contained not a single coin. "Here," said he, "my son," for I will call you such, take this and preserve it in remembrance of an old sailor. It is a gage of affection which I have carried near my heart for many, a long year—I have no further use for it now.

The boy took the purse in silence.

"You told me," continued he, "that your father's name was Wilson, what is your given name?"

"Jack," replied the lad, "they call me Jack Wilson!"

"Jack Wilson!" exclaimed the unfortunate man—and he threw his arms around the neck of the astonished boy and kissed him—"Jack Wilson! may God Almighty ever bless you!"

The boy returned to his home wondering at the strange conduct of this singular man—but the unhappy victim of the barbarous system of imprisonment did not enter the tavern. He directed his steps toward the churchyard!—He knelt upon the spot where the remains of his parents were buried—and prayed to his God for forgiveness of his sins. His heart was seared with disappointment—and his frame was chilled with the fierce northern blast. In the morning he was found stretched lifeless on the grave of his mother!

The particulars of this mournful event soon circulated through the village. When it was told to Katharine Elwell, a new light seemed to burst upon her. She asked her son for the purse which was given him by the stranger the night before. It was old and much faded. She saw marked upon the edge, the letters J. W., and Katharine then knew that the poor, forlorn, decrepid and destitute sailor was no other than her first husband.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and it is certain to make its possessor more beloved.



To my old friend, Mabel Smith, editor of the *ROVER*, 163 Nassau street, New York.

DOWNINGVILLE, away down east, in the State of Maine,  
January 10, 1844.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND! I've followed your advice, that you give me in your last letter, and opened a literature caphere—believe that is what they call em—to sell all sorts of literature here, especially the cheap kind. Uncle Joshua has let me have a room jining the post-office, and I think I shall do a good smashing business, for the Downingville folks have took to reading amazingly since the cheap books have got agoin. I want you to be my agent in New York, and send me a copy of every cheap book that comes out, the moment it sees day-light. We'll claw em up here at a great rate, I tell ye. Tell the Yorkers to keep their steam-presses agoin as tight as they can spring; we'll swallow it as fast as they can give it to us. I'm agoin to take all the magazines at my deppo, and most all the papers, and all the books there is agoin.

This wont hinder my writing to you every little while, for I've got my neffu Zebbedee, he that was named for his grandfather, to tend for me. Zeb is an all-fired smart boy for one of his age. He's worked in a brick-yard three summers, and he's been so used to tossing bricks, two at a time, that he can throw off five hundred an hour all day long, day in and day out, and not hardly feel it. And I'm sure he can throw as many books in a day over the counter, as he could bricks into a cart; and at that rate I take it he'll be able to wait upon the bigger part of my customers, and leave me near about half of my time to write to you, and carry on cheap literature myself. So tell the Harpers, and Winchester, and all hands of em, to go it as tight as they please; we'll keep the heap clear; we'll throw it back and tread down the mow as fast as they can pitch it on. And to prevent all danger of getting smothered, or overrun, I've taken the caution to hire uncle Joshua's ten acre sheep pasture, jining the post-office, to stow away and pile up any day, when we get too much on hand.

One of the last new things we got here was the first number of Harper's great "pictier Bible." There was nigh about a cart load of em come, and they all went off as fast as Zeb could toss em over the counter. For my part I liked the looks of it a good deal, for I'm naterally fond of picters, and I thought most of em was about the prettiest picters I'd seen in any book this great while. And I cant help feeling kind of sorry, that the book can't go on, and be published, but has got to be cut right off in the bud, and all the first numbers throwed away, or else burnt at the stake. But that protest againt it, by them four ministers out there in the Jarseys, has killed it as dead as a door nail.

Every body here was delighted with the book for a week or two, and every body was reading it, and lookin at the picters, and as glad as could be, to think we was agoin to have sich a handsome bible. Till one day Deacon Snow got hold of a newspaper that had that protest in it. And he come into the house all out of breath, and found his wife readin the book, and showing the children the picters.

"Now, Sally," says he, as soon as he could get breath enough to speak, "shot that abominable book tight up, and don't let it be seen again."

The deacon's wife was thunderstruck. "Why, Mr. Snow!" says she, "what do you mean? are you crazy?"

"Why, dont you see," says the deacon, "it is a very undecent book to have about?"

"Why, Mr. Snow, how can you say so about the bible?" "Because it is so," says the deacon, "and here it is in the newspaper, signed by four ministers."

"Marcy on us," said Mrs. Snow, "whereabouts is it so undecent?"

"There," said the deacon, "that very picture you are lookin at now, at the beginning of the first chapter of genesis. Dont you see that Adam hasn't got any great coat on; and that there's horses running about there without any blankets on; and that there's a deer standing by the side of the water there, with his hinder parts right toward us?"

"Marcy on us," said Mrs. Snow, and she put her hand right over the picter, and would n't let the children look at it afterward.

And this isn't the worst of it neither. The deacon didn't stop here; he went round the next day, and called a meeting of the Parish, men and women and all hands. Deacon Snow was called to the chair, or rather he took the chair, and he read the protest to the meeting, and said he perfectly agreed with them ministers, that it was a very undecent book; and called upon the meeting to express their minds freely about it. As no one seemed to be ready to speak, he turned to Miss Rider, the schoolmarm, who is a middle aged lady, and has a good deal of larning, and they say has uncommon taste about sich matters, and asked her to express her opinion about the undecentness of the picters.

Miss Rider said, for her part, she thought them horrid great elephants that was going into the ark ought to have blankets over em. And besides, one of the picters had a baby in it that wasn't dressed, which she thought was highly improper.

This brought aunt Keziah up. She said, for her part she didn't think it was any worse to look at them elephants, than it was to look at the cows in the cow-yard. And as for the baby, she had seen babies without clothes on before to-day, and she guessed there wasn't many in the meeting but what had. But still, she had an objection to that bible, and a great objection; and she felt it her duty to state it.

"Certainly," said deacon Snow, "it is the duty of every one to bring up their objections now, so that the thing can be stopped in the bud."

"Well, my objection," said aunt Keziah, "is, that it is going to ruin all the children and all the young folks, by keepin em reading the bible so much that they'll never have time to do any thing else."

"Yes," said Mrs. Shaw, "that it is; my Sally let a whole oven full of pies burn up yesterday, because she was reading that pictier bible, and forgot: I about em."

"Yes, I agree to that," said Mr. Jones; "it is going to be the ruin of our children. I've had to chop all the wood to keep my fire agoin a week past, because the boys have been so busy reading that pictier bible, they couldn't get time to cut a stick."

Finally, after a number more speeches and arguments about the matter, the meeting voted to send on a protest to the Harpers against printin any more of em, not so much on account of the picters, but because it's agoin to make every body spend too much time in readin the bible. So you may jest tell the Harpers they better hang up their fiddle, and let pictier bibles alone.

You shall hear from me again soon, and I remain your old beloved friend,  
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

**PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.**—We are much gratified to learn that this splendid establishment opens on the 31st instant. Mad'le Borghese is engaged as *prima donna*; Antognini as *first tenor*; Vailletini as *baritone*; besides Signora Majochi, Signor Perozzi, and others of the troupe lately at Niblo's. The orchestra will contain sixty-four instruments. The house is fitted up with unsurpassed elegance and liberality, and nothing has been omitted to render perfect the entire arrangement.

(Boston Correspondence of the Rover.)

## OLD AND NEW.

How transitory are all sublunary things! I arrived at this very original conclusion the other day, while standing at the north-west corner of Washington and Winter streets. Here, thought I, a few years ago the careless rambler, the busy merchant or mechanic, the idle, ragged urchin, and the school-boy with his satchel, stopped to gaze upon a newly carved head of Saint Luke, placed over the door of an apothecary's shop at the opposite corner of the street. The freshly painted face of the Saint glistened in the sunshine then; and the two very red roses on his cheeks seemed to have budded and bloomed from the deeply chiseled wrinkles beneath. Day after day that image looked down into the face of the loitering passenger; but at last it ceased to be a marvel, and the time came when no wandering eye, save the casual glance of the stranger, was raised to contemplate the weather-beaten Saint. The two wrinkles in his cheeks became the channels for the rain to carry off the bright vermilion; the sun shriveled his skin, raised very uncomfortable looking blisters over his face, and more than once the winter's freezing sleet suspended a very ludicrous looking icicle to the end of his nose. But the image of Saint Luke no longer braves the summer's heat or winter's storm. Perchance it lies mouldering in some cellar, or collecting dust in a garret. The shop, at the door of which it stood, has been torn down, and another with large bow windows, and all the other paraphernalia of a fashionable drug store, stands in its place.

Nor is this all. The post-office, that has for years occupied the hall of the old state-house, the scene of many a harangue by Hancock and Adams, has been removed to the new Exchange. This movement has caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the majority of the citizens, and has been loudly advocated by the strong minority, i. e., the few wealthy merchants whose places of business are situated in the vicinity of the Exchange. The Tremont theatre has been metamorphosed into a Free-will Baptist chapel, where two sermons a day and a lecture at night are delivered against the evils of amusements. During the week days and evenings the hall is devoted to anti-slavery fairs, and tea parties.

It is said that a certain wealthy minister of this city, on the first of the year, threw open his doors for the reception of presents. I understand from good authority that he received many articles of value, from barrels of flour down to a tooth-pick. This, you must acknowledge, was very considerate in his parishoners; a tooth-pick being naturally requisite after mastication of eatables. "Who give to the poor," &c.—you know the rest.

Our city for the last two months has been besieged by books; but the citizens have come off the conquer-

ers, and some of the besiegers have been taken. Among the invaders fastened upon by the people, may be mentioned number one of Brackett's works—the *Rose of Sharon*, and that new monthly, the *Columbian Magazine*. There are many others that keep popping away at the public, scattering their harmless shot from the mouths of the smaller guns that are fired off daily; but their value being about equal to their power of annoyance, they are permitted to fret out their little existence, and pass by self annihilation away. The *Rose of Sharon* is edited by Miss S. C. Edgarton, a young lady of admirable literary ability, who, by the way, writes beautiful poetry. An exceedingly charming trait in her character is, that with her literary acquirements she retains all of that feminine delicacy and simplicity of heart and manner, so admirable in woman. She has collected and edited the poetical remains of Mrs. Julia H. Scott. These poems are characterized by fine fancies mingled with deep pathos. For sale by A. Tompkins, 39 Cornhill. BOSTON ROVER.

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

**J. WINCHESTER**, New World press, 30 Ann street, is still bringing out his new publications in rapid succession. We have half a dozen or more now before us. First comes "The Female Bluebeard," from the French of Eugene Sue. The singularity of the title and the popularity of the author will ensure it readers.

Then we have "The Salamander," a naval romance by Eugene Sue, translated by Henry William Herbert. Another taking title, and said to be a very taking work. The translator says, "As a work of fiction the Salamander has little similarity either to Matilda, or the Mysteries of Paris; to neither of which except in talent, can it be well compared, so different are the style and subject." It is full of incident and abounds in magnificent and poetical description.

Thirdly, "Therese Dunoyer, a novel by Eugene Sue. And, fourthly, "Colonel de Surville," a Tale of the Empire, 1810, from the French of Eugene Sue, translated by Thomas Pooley. This Eugene Sue has surely taken the reading world by storm, within a few months past. His first great gun, the Mysteries of Paris, did the work for his popularity on this side of the water, and every thing from his pen must now be read.

From the same publisher, Winchester, we have "The Philosopher's Stone," a novel by de Balzac, translated from the French by a lady. Also "Modern Chivalry," or a new Orlando Furioso, by W. Harrison Ainsworth; and "Liebig's familiar letters on Chemistry," edited by John Gardner. This last work ranks high among the useful works of the season.

From BURGESS, STRINGER & Co. we have a history of all Christian sects and denominations; their origin, peculiar tenets, and present condition. With an introductory account of Atheists, Deists, Jews, Mahometans, Pagans, &c. By John Evans, L. L. D. From the fifteenth London edition. With recent statistics relating to religious sects in the United States, by an American editor. 288 pages—37 1-2 cents.

Also from the same publishers, "Infant Treatment," with directions to mothers and nurses, by Mrs. Barwell. This is the first American edition of this work, revised and adapted to the habits and climate of the United States by a physician of New York, under the approval and recommendation of Valentine Mott.

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VIEW FROM MOUNT IDA  
(Near Troy.)  
NY







# THE ROVER.

## VIEW FROM MOUNT IDA, NEAR TROY, NEW YORK.

We give this week another of those beautiful views of American scenery in continuation of the *series* which we announced some six months ago, and of which we have already given nearly a dozen. These engravings are highly valuable not only as fine specimens of the art, but as rich delineations of picturesque views, with which our country so eminently abounds. The scene in the present engraving is on the Hudson, a little above Albany, in the neighborhood of Troy. The reader will please to people it with stories, legends, poems, love-ditties, &c. &c., to suit his own taste and imagination, as we have no web fully woven that exactly applies to the case.

## STORM OF THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY T. B. READ.

The clouds from out the frozen north  
With trailing robes sweep past,  
And wretchedness is riding forth,  
A demon on the blast.

The watchman weary of his march,  
Amid the shrieking winds,  
Within some narrow neighboring arch  
A welcome shelter finds.

The drunkard, he may reel abroad,  
Nor feel the rude wind blow—  
He'll lay to night beside the road,  
In winding sheet of snow.

His sorrowing wife till morn awake,  
Shall watch her infant sleep,  
But round her heart, an icy snake,  
The searching cold shall creep.

The dying crone, with bony hands,  
Shall rake the embers forth;  
The grandchild, where he trembling stands,  
Freeze by her on the hearth.

In many a cold and creaking shed  
Shall worth feel misery's sting,  
Yet, luxury caress the head  
Of many a soulless thing.

Boston Jan. 1844.

## NANNABOZHO:

### HOW HE CAME TO MAKE THE EARTH.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.—BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, when Nannabozho was at war with the Mibanaba, or Manitowag of the water, it happened, on one very warm day, that several of these spirits came out of a lake to bask upon the beach. They were followed by a train of animals of various kinds, each the largest of its species, waiting upon them. When they had all lifted themselves from the water, and gained the shore, the two chiefs of the band appointed sentinels to keep watch while the rest should sleep.

"Nannabozho, their great enemy," said they, "was

always vigilant, and this would be a good time for him to steal upon them and injure them."

The otters were, therefore, ordered to act as watchers, while the others gave themselves up to repose; and soon the whole company, both spirits and animals, were sleeping on that shore.

Now the weather, which was at first excessively warm, became gradually hotter and hotter, and the otters, after keeping awake for a while, were at last overcome with languor; and when they saw all around them basking so comfortably on the sand, these sentinels, too, nodded on their posts, and were soon dreaming with the rest.

The chiefs, finding the otters could not be depended upon, next commanded the loons to keep watch; they were permitted to swim about in order to keep themselves awake, but they were ordered not to go far from the group of sleepers.

Now it chanced that at this time Nannabozho was traveling about in search of these very Manitowag; nor was it long before he found out where they were. He knew at once what precautions they had adopted for their safety, but he was determined to destroy some of them before they could leave the place where he found them. Having carefully examined the position in which they were lying, he caught up his puggamau-gun, or war-club, and sprang toward them. But the loons were on the watch, and the moment Nannabozho came in sight, they gave a scream that awakened the whole band of sleepers. The chiefs were, of course, first upon their feet, while the rest of the Manitowag, and all the animals, rose in equal alarm. But when they looked around, there was no enemy to be seen, for Nannabozho had fled instantly, and hid himself in the long grass through which he had stolen toward the shore.

The chiefs said it was a false alarm, and after a while all again betook themselves to repose.

When Nannabozho saw that all around was quiet once more, he raised himself slowly from the ground, and was again about to rush upon them, when again did the loons give warning of his approach the moment he appeared in sight.

It seems that the loon, who, some say, is a manitou, has the power of sleeping with but one eye at a time, and, when most overcome by slumber, he can always keep one eye open, to watch for an enemy, while the other takes its necessary repose. But now, when they awakened a second, and saw no enemy near, the chiefs were angry with the loons for giving a false alarm; and the otters, who were jealous of them for pretending to be more sharp-sighted than themselves, said that it was not Nannabozho who hovered around, for if it had been, they would have seen him as well as the loons.

After much disputing, at last the otters were believed, and all, excepting the loons, once more closed their eyes in sleep.

Nannabozho was pleased with this.

The weather was yet warm, and he wished it might become yet warmer. It was so.

Then Nannabozho crept forward, and took his station close by the group of sleepers; and the very moment the loons gave their warning cry, he wished he

might be turned into an old stump, and straightway the wish was granted.

A rough bark raised itself in a moment all round his body, which stiffened into the hard fibres of a tree; his toes separated, and, twisting among the loose soil, spread into roots on every side, while his hair became matted into ancient moss, that clung to the brown stump, as if moist and green as now, it had always mantled its decayed top.

The enemies of Nannabozho were completely at a loss when, having again shaken off their drowsiness at the signal of the loons, they cast their eyes about the place. They looked in every direction, but there was nothing to be seen near, save the stump of a shattered tree, which apparently had once flourished upon the edge of the water.

The loons told the chiefs that there was no stump there when they first came to the shore, but that it was Nannabozho himself who had taken this semblance. Some believed them and others did not; and, to settle the question, the chiefs ordered the great water serpents to go and entwine themselves around him, and try and crush him to death, if, indeed, it were Nannabozho.

These serpents then straightway glided out of a slimy pool in which they had coiled themselves to rest, and, twisting their folds around the stump, they knotted their bodies together so as to press with all their might against every part of it. But it was all to no purpose. Nannabozho kept a strong heart, and did not betray the pain he suffered by the least sign or sound.

The fire serpents were next ordered to try if they could not destroy him. They had been basking upon the hottest part of the beach until each scale had become like a coal of fire; and as their scorching folds, coil after coil, were twisting around him, Nannabozho suffered the greatest tortures. The stump became black from the heat that was applied to it; but, though the wood smoked as if about to burst into a blaze, yet the slime which the water serpents left upon it, prevented it from actually taking fire. No one but Nannabozho could have kept quiet under the pain which these serpents inflicted. The stump had a little the shape of a man, and the serpents had a good place to twist around the part which represented the neck. Several times Nannabozho, finding himself choking, was upon the point of crying out, when the snakes would loosen themselves to apply their efforts in some other place. After repeated attempts in this way, the serpents at last desisted from their endeavors, and told the chiefs that it was not Nannabozho, for it was impossible that he could endure so much pain.

The hostile spirits, however, were not yet satisfied, and the chiefs commanded the great red-nailed bears\* to go and scratch the stump with their long claws. Nannabozho was all but torn to pieces by these ferocious creatures, but was still able to support the agony he endured.

The bears at last gave up, as the serpents had done and went back and told that it was not Nannabozho; for he, they said, was a coward, and could not quietly endure so much pain. It was then decided that it was not Nannabozho, and all went quietly to sleep as before.

Nannabozho wished they might sleep very sound,

\* *Ma-mis-ko-gan-sus* *Murwaw*.—The great red-nailed bear lives in woods and rocky places, and, according to Dr. James, is more dreaded by the Indians than even the Manitou-muk waw, or great grizzly bear of the prairies.

and it was so: then he assumed his natural shape, and began cautiously to approach the sleepers. He stepped lightly over the bodies of the animals, and, passing by all the lesser Manitou, he placed himself near the heads of the two chiefs. Planting his foot then upon the throat of the one nearest to him, he dealt a blow with his war-club, which crushed the head of the other. Another blow, and his companion was likewise dead.

But now that the deed was done, Nannabozho found himself surrounded by dangers, and nothing but his swiftness of foot gave him any chance of escape from his revengeful foes, who were immediately in full cry after him. But soon the spirits, finding they could not overtake him by running, adopted a new device for getting Nannabozho in their power. They commanded the water to rise and flow after him; and straightway the lake began to swell until its waves rushed along his path so rapidly that it seemed impossible to escape them. Nannabozho did not know what to do in this emergency; but at last, just as the water was about overwhelming him, he saw a crane, and determined to claim his assistance.

"My brother," said Nannabozho, "will you not drink up this water for me?"

The crane replied, "What will you give me in return?"

"I will give you the skin of one of the chiefs that I have killed," answered Nannabozho.

The crane was satisfied with the promise, and he commenced drinking up the water. He drank and he drank, until he had nearly drunk it all, when he was unable longer to stand up. His body had swollen to an immense size, and as he went toddling along on his thin shanks, with his long neck bobbing about, he presented such a ludicrous appearance that Nannabozho burst out a laughing to see brother crane make such a figure. Indeed, he must have been mad with merriment; for when he saw the crane's body become bigger and bigger, while his skin was stretched so that he could not bend his legs as it tightened around his joints—he could not withstand the temptation of pricking the bloated mass. He drew his bow, and the arrow went through the crane's body. But quickly was he punished for his wanton sport. At once the waters began to rise again, and so fast did the big waves increase, that Nannabozho was compelled to ascend the highest mountain he could find, and still the waters followed him there. He then climbed the highest tree on the mountain. But the flood, kept rising and rising: the branches on which he stood were soon dripping in the waves, which at last rolled completely over his head.

Just as they swept finally over him, Nannabozho chanced to look up, and saw the shadow of an object floating near him; he stretched out his arm and seized it. It proved to be a piece of wood buoyant enough to sustain him, and he placed himself upon it.

Nannabozho now floated about for sometime. The water encompassed him on every side. It had covered everything. The rocks, hills, and trees had all disappeared. The flood seemed to ripple against the sides of the sky all around, and whichever way he looked, there was nothing to be seen but a never-ending succession of waves, that had nothing but the wind to play against.

At last he saw a musquash swimming about alone, and he asked him to go down to the earth and bring



him a little of it. The animal obeyed, and plunged toward the bottom, but it was soon seen on the surface of the water perfectly dead. Nannabozho, however, did not yet despair. He immediately after saw a beaver paddling toward him, and as soon as the beaver got near enough to hear, he said to him.

"My brother, will you not dive and get me some earth?"

The beaver dived, but did not appear for a long time. The beaver, it seems, when he dives, can carry down so much air entangled in his coat, that, when compelled to stay long under water, he can thrust his nose into his fur and breathe for sometime. At last he appeared again upon the surface, nearly dead with exhaustion; he brought up a very little piece of mud on the flat end of his tail, which he gave to Nannabozho. Nannabozho scraped every particle of it carefully together, and placed it in the palm of his hand to dry. When it had become perfectly dried, he blew it out into the water, and straightway a portion of the earth upon which we now live was created. The dust, too, in the hand of Nannabozho kept increasing the longer he blew, until more and more of the earth was made; and at last the whole world was finished just as large as it now is.

When Che-che-gwa had finished the legend, I could not help asking him whence came the plants and animals which had sprung into existence since the days of this Chippewa Deucalion. These, he answered, had been subsequently created in various ways. Many of the larger trees had been produced from the piece of wood upon which Nannabozho had floated in the deluge; and several shrubs, brought up by the loons in diving, had taken root again upon the shores to which they drifted. A shell lying upon the strand was transformed into the racoon, and many of the other animals had come into existence in a similarly miraculous manner; while different kinds of birds had their origin in some metamorphosis like that of the plover, but faint-hearted, youth who, when his ambitious father wished him to go on the war-path, pined away and was changed into a robin,\* his guardian spirit permitting him to cheer his parent with songs to console him for the glory that had thus departed from his family. The habits of the whip-poor-will, who, like the robin, delights to linger near the lodge of the hunter, were likewise accounted for.

\* See "Life on the Lakes," by the Author of "Legends of a Log Cabin." New York. 1836.

## THE HANDSOME STRANGER.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was a fine spring morning, some years since, that I found myself in one of those nuisances, which for the convenience of the patient public, so long plied between New York and Long Island. I mean an old Brooklyn steamboat—now, thanks to the enterprise of a few individuals, replaced by commodious and neat ferry boats. As it is my disposition to seek always for the hidden good in every apparent evil, and from the most uncomfortable situation, extract, at least, amusement, I turned my attention to the study of the human face divine, as exhibited in the dirty, crowded cabin. In such an assemblage as is usually found in such places, there must be, of necessity, a large por-

portion of insignificant, inexpressive, and disagreeable countenances; but the eye that seeks for the beautiful and good, can seldom roam through a crowded circle without finding, at least, one brow on which it may rest with pleasure. On the morning in question, I was struck with the exceeding beauty of a head nearly opposite me. A group of two or three persons stood between me and the individual that had attracted my attention, so that I could see nothing but *the head*—and I certainly never saw a more exquisite specimen of male beauty. It seemed like a vivification of one of Vandyke's magnificent portraits. The dark, clear complexion—the finely chiseled features—the superb curve of the crimson lips—the broad arch of the expansive forehead, and the full, dark eyes, lighted up with an almost dazzling brilliancy, formed a combination of beauty, such as the old Italian masters may have sometimes beheld, when Venice was the ocean queen, and her children among the fairest and noblest of the earth. The eyes were apparently fixed on the glimpse of blue sky visible through the narrow window, while the marble stillness of the countenance, and almost rigid tranquillity of the features, made me feel as if I was, in fact, gazing on some wondrous triumph of the painter's art. While I looked, a sudden turn of the boat brought the full glance of the morning sun directly upon those singular eyes, but the radiance, which fell with almost blinding power on the faces of those around, seemed to be to him but as the light of a farthing candle: his glance quailed not for an instant even when it met the blaze of the meridian sun. My imagination was busily employed in weaving a fancy web of romantic history, for this rarely gifted individual. But I was suddenly recalled to every day life by the arrival of the boat at the ferry, and the usual scramble to get on shore. I then perceived that this magnificent head had actually been wasted upon a miserable, shrunken, crooked figure, that might have personated Richard the III., as Stephen Kemble is said to have played Falstaff "without stuffing." He was evidently "an unfortunate gentleman." His habiliments had certainly not been "*made to order*," and had long lost all claim to the gentility they might have possessed when he received them in all the gloss of a Chatham street rifacimento. Altogether he was a strange anomaly. If a whimsical sculptor should have joined the god-like head of Apollo to the distorted body of Vulcan, the effect could scarcely have been more grotesque. I amused myself as I walked up Fulton street, endeavoring to form some idea of what possible use the rare gift of beauty would ever be to this stray waif upon the world; but I could fancy it of no other utility than to excite the sympathy of some good natured serving wench, when at some future day its possessor accompanied *Old Hays* to Bridewell.

About two years afterward, I was spending a few weeks at the Springs, when the little community of fashionables was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a splendid carriage, with outriders, said to contain Don Altesse, the Duke del Piombino. Any one that has ever spent a week at Saratoga, will not easily forget the almost insane passion which is there exhibited for foreign fashions, and, above all, for foreign titles. In fact, I have heard it seriously asserted, that a well trained orang outange, furnished with a title as a passport, and a meerschaum as an excuse for his silence, might obtain access to the "best society" of even our own proud city of Gotham, without much

difficulty. The arrival of the Duke del Piombino created of course a very great sensation; and many an old-fashioned papa was teased into a promise of making an effort to compass the Duke's acquaintance in the course of the day, that their daughters might have the honor of his hand in the evening dance. Never had Saratoga beheld a more splendid galaxy of beauty than that which graced the ball that night. But alas! the blaze of charms was powerless. The Duke was not present. Indeed his highness seemed determined to disappoint all calculation. For three days he was too unwell to leave his room; and innumerable were the stone bottles of Congress water that were carried to that honored apartment. For three days his own six servants, and about half a dozen others belonging to the house, were kept constantly employed in attendance upon him. In the meantime curiosity was excited to an almost painful degree. The *femmes de chambre* belonging to the establishment endeavored to learn something from his servants, but with little success. His coachman and outriders were mere Irish hostlers picked up in New York, and his valet, the only one capable of giving any information, a stiff formal Englishman with a strongly marked Jewish physiognomy, only stated that his master had left Europe incognito to avoid notoriety.

On the evening of the third day he appeared at the ten-table. Every eye was fixed upon him as he entered the room, and even the gentlemen acknowledged that he was well worthy their attention. He was attired in the rich uniform of an Austrian Colonel of Hussars, and a short Spanish cloak of black velvet, such as we often see in theatrical costume, was flung carelessly over one shoulder; while the ladies did not fail to observe that the clasp of his cloak together with his breast-pin and ring were of diamonds. But picturesque as was his dress, it was scarcely noticed by those who were enabled to obtain a view of his countenance. The soft, lustrous eyes, the superb forehead, the exquisite mouth, and the Byronic chin of the noble Duke, were exhaustless themes of admiration. His whiskers were quite unexceptionable—his mustaches were the very bow of Cupid, and when some one ventured to hint that if his features were examined critically, his nose would be found to be a little aquiline; a little too nearly approaching to the Jewish conformation, the suggestion was received with such merited scorn as envy should always receive. I gazed on him, a long time with dubious feeling of half-recognition, which sometimes haunts us like a remembered dream. I could not recollect that I had ever been in company with the Duke, and yet I was sure that his face was not unfamiliar to me.

Great were the heart-burnings that night in the ball room. His highness did not dance, but amused himself with watching the many lovely forms that floated amid the mazes of the bewitching waltz. Many a bright eye grew brighter beneath his glance—many a fair cheek blushed "celestial rosy red," as the dancer's gossamer robe brushed the velvet trappings of the noble stranger.

The next day the Duke exhibited himself on horseback, and thus afforded us an opportunity of observing his small and beautiful foot. His form was evidently diminutive, but the graceful cloak which seemed his constant companion, forbade us to discover its proportions, and all were willing to believe, that where the head was so fine, and the extremities so well shaped,

the figure also must be good. As he rode slowly away, the same vague feeling of recognition passed through my mind, and as he dismounted after his return I discovered the mystery. His horse, alarmed by some unaccounted sound, turned short round as he was about alighting, and to avoid an appearance of awkwardness, he was compelled to dismount, with the sun full in his eyes. He raised his head, and met the full blaze of light without a momentary drooping of the eyelid; and this simple incident at once dissipated all my doubts. He was the strange individual I had met on board the steamboat—the handsome stranger.

My suspicion once aroused, I determined to watch the noble Duke very narrowly, and discover if possible the meaning of this surprising metamorphose. I found him gradually making himself acquainted with the loveliest among the females, and the richest among the men. His equipage and servants were always at the command of the ladies whom he honored with his admiration, and their brothers could not be so unreasonable as to object to an acquaintance with a man who displayed the decorations of innumerable orders of knighthood—who hinted his consanguinity with the royal blood of France, and above all with so much grace and dignity.

Among the belles of the season, Matilda Easton, the orphan heiress of a Southern planter, was conspicuous. She had visited the Springs under the protection of her aunt, a sentimental spinster of the old school, who doated on the productions of the "Minerva Press," and expected all kinds of romantic improbabilities from the charms of her bewitching niece. Matilda was certainly a splendid creature, and with a little more self-distrust would have been a very lovely woman; but born at the south, and surrounded by slaves from infancy, she had learned to look upon herself as a sort of earthly divinity, whom men ought to worship rather than presume to love. She was just twenty, and in actual possession of her immense fortune; it is no wonder, therefore, that the Duke singled her out as the object of his special attention. The undisguised delight with which Matilda enjoyed the triumph over her rivals, first made me doubt the better qualities of her nature. I, using the privilege of my years, endeavored in vain to arouse her suspicions and awaken her to a full sense of the danger she was incurring in this intimacy, but she was too self-willed to listen to an old man's caution, and nothing was left me but to look on while the game was played.

In the course of a short time, the billiard players found that the stranger could win money as amiably as he once lost it, and many a precipitate retreat from the summer abode of Fashion, might be attributed to the grace with which the noble Duke presided over the table of fortune. Many a young dandy, who had dealt out the highest encomiums upon his Highness's affability, was obliged to add his regrets that a republican purse was quite insufficient to support so aristocratic an acquaintance. In the meantime, the singular beauty of his countenance seemed to serve him instead of a letter of credit, and wherever he went he was sure of being well received. "Why does he always wear that cloak?" I asked of Matilda to whom he professed to have narrated many incidents of his life. "Oh, there is a very romantic story connected with it," replied she, "but it was related to me under a promise of secrecy; I can tell you enough however to account for his always wearing it. While travelling

through Calabria he was fortunate enough to rescue a Spanish prince from the hands of banditti; in the sudden impulse of gratitude, the Prince threw his own cloak with its splendid diamond clasp over the Duke's shoulders, and extracted from him a promise never to appear without it until they should meet again." "How long since this romantic adventure occurred," I asked. "About three years." "The Duke has been extremely careful of his royal gift, if he has been able to retain its gloss for so long," said I; but Matilda deigned no reply to my innuendo, and I questioned her no farther, I remained an anxious, though not interested spectator of their proceedings, until I learned that Matilda had broken off an engagement of a year's standing with her cousin, a promising lawyer of Charleston, and then in disgust, I quitted the Springs.

I had been but a few days at my old winter lodgings at the City Hotel, when I found the Duke of Piombina was among us. Matilda had returned to her splendid house near the Battery, and the duke took up his abode in the vicinity, determined to follow up his advantage. Living in the same house with him I could not but observe the admirable manner in which he conducted his manoeuvres. His fine horsemanship—his skill in music—his vast erudition—all were topics of praise in the circle where he visited, but I could not divest myself of the belief that equestrian skill was all that he actually possessed. The picturesque beauty of his attitude, as he flung back the drapery of his short cloak; and striking a few chords on the guitar breathing in a low, sweet voice, some simple French or Spanish love song, was enough to disarm all criticism, and many a sensible girl, charmed by the magic of his tune, forgot to ask whether they were the gift of nature or the effect of cultivation. His reputation for learning he was careful not to endanger. Allusions to strange personal adventures, were much more common in his mouth than philosophical discussions, and he had a tact seldom equalled in turning the conversation from books to things, from actions to persons.

At length I received a card to attend the wedding of the rich and beautiful Matilda Easton. How shall I describe the fairy-like beauty with which her magnificent abode was invested on that festive night? The rooms were converted into Turkish pavilions of unequalled splendor, hangings of silks and gold covered the walls, cushions of elder down, covered with costly satin were piled upon the floors, the staircases were crowded with the richest exotics, and everything wore the appearance of an Oriental festival. The guests were attired with appropriate richness, but a murmur of admiration echoed through the rooms as the bridal party entered. Six bridesmaids attended the stately bride, who in her rich robe of white velvet, embroidered with silver, and looped with diamonds, looked "every inch a queen." The ordinary splendor of the Duke's attire left no opportunity for greater display that evening, but the almost radiant beauty of his countenance, flushed as it was by triumph was noticed by all.

The next morning the happy pair left the city for Washington, but before dinner time all the Broadway loungers where whispering some strange story about the Duke's cloak. It was said that it had been worn less to produce a graceful effect than to hide a most ungraceful deformity—in short, the ladies *femme de chambre* had discovered that the noble bride-groom had a hump-back.

A few months after, Matilda's vast property was

converted into bills of exchange, and they departed for Europe, intending to make the grand tour, while the ancient palace of the Ducal territory of Piombina should be newly furnished to receive its republican mistress.

Poor Matilda! she has been for some time a boarder in a convent in the south of France. Her pride will not allow her to return to her native land, and the remnant of her fortune has enabled her to purchase a home among strangers. The discovery which she made of his personal deformity, was the first shock she encountered: but, to reconcile her to this, he had shown her a fleur-de-lys stamped deeply on his shoulder, as with a hot iron, which he informed her under solemn injunction of secrecy, was an indisputable proof of his Bourbon blood, as all members of the royal family received that impression immediately after birth. This served to console the ambitious wife for many sorrows. She saw her money wasted at the gaming table—she heard her husband spoken lightly of among his servants—she felt his estrangement from herself, but still she ceased not to pride herself in the thought that she was the wife of a prince of the blood. But the final blow came. A party of *gens d'armes* one day entered their magnificent hotel, and seized him as a felon escaped from the galles. The fleur-de-lys, the proof of his royal birth, was in fact the badge of merited infamy!

His history may be told in a few words. He was a French Jew, whose original employment had been the never failing resource of the poor Israelite—dealing in old clothes. Five years previous, he had been branded and condemned to the galles for swindling; but having succeeded in making his escape, he determined to push his fortunes in America. A run of luck at the gaming table gave him funds to commence his grand experiment, an accomplice less favored by nature assumed the station of his valet, while he played the noble Duke and we have already seen how he succeeded.

Whether his career is yet ended I cannot say, but my last meeting with the noble Duke del Piombino was during a visit to France a few months since, when I saw him chained by the neck to a fellow scoundrel, and busily employed in mending the road near Paris.

The fate of the lovely Matilda is a melancholy one; but who of the loungers in fashionable life cannot retell a somewhat similar case? When we shall learn to value the title of "American citizen" above the proudest peerage that Europe can boast, then and not till then, shall we cease to hear of such things.

## JOHNNY BEEDLE'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY MAJOR MCCLINTOCK, U. S. A.

As I was going past Mr. Josh Barter's tavern the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar-room, and thinks I, I'll just put my head in and see what is the matter.

"Whoorah!" roared a heap of fellows, "here's Johnny Beedle, he'll go, and that makes ten."

"What's the occasion?" says I.

"A sleigh-ride over to Shaw's, (everybody goes to Shaw's that goes a sleigh-riding,) with gals, fiddle and frolle."

"Whoorah!" says I.

"I motion," says Dr. Partridge, "that every gentleman go right now, and get his sleigh and his lady, and

meet at Hank's corner!" and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors, and scattered.

I ran full speed to widow Bean's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest girl in Casco bay. I had given her some pretty broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. "And out it shall come this very night," says I.

I bounced into the widow Bean's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She had just done washing, and wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, mops and kettles. She was struck all of a heap at the sight of her spark, and would have blushed nicely, I guess, if she hadn't been as red as she could be already.

"A word in your ear, Patty," says I, giving her a wink, and stepping into a corner, and telling her what was brewing. "I'll run and borrow the deacon's sleigh, and come back right away," says I.

"Oh, you needn't be in such a tearing hurry," says she, "for I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I'm in."

"Ah, Patty," says I, "beauty when unsadorned's adorned the —"

"Well, I vow," says Patty, says she. And off I shot, for how was I to follow up such a bold speech? But I couldn't help sniggering all the way to the deacon's, to think how awfully matters were going on. I was so full of this, that I entirely forgot to make up a story to fob off upon the deacon, till I got almost to his door; for the deacon is a sworn enemy to frolicking, and so is his mare. "I'll tell him I want to carry a grist to mill. But that will be found out—no matter, so it is after election, as the politicians say."

The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand, but I was safe behind a shirt collar. He then fell to chowing his cud, and considering.

"Mother's clean out," says I, "both rye and injun." The deacon spit.

"Well, neighbor, if you are afraid to trust a feller, there's two shillings beforehand."

"Poh, poh, John," says he, walking up and pocketing the money, "not trust you? hear that. Now, Joshua, tackle up Sukey. You'll drive the critter slow, John; and now I think on't, you may bring my grist, that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller, John, when he strikes the toll measure."

It was too late to stick at lies now. So I promised everything, jumped into the sleigh, and steered to the widow's with flying colors.

It is the height of gentility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible on such an occasion. I sat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Bean's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet, in the chamber overhead, for one good hour. Then I stood up to the looking-glass, and fluffed up my hair, changed my shirt pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the buffalo skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slantindickelar fashion.

At last Patty appeared in all her glory; I was just croaking my elbow to lead her out, when in came Mrs. Bean.

"Where are you gowyn to, Patty?"

"A sleigh-ridin' long er Johnny Beedle, marm. He's invited me."

"What! and leave your cousin Dolly all alone, to suck her fingers? A pretty how d'ye do, that, after coming all the way from Saco to see you."

Here was a knock down argument. All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and run off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Bean is a stump that is neither to be got round nor moved out of the way. I said something about the size of the sleigh, but it wouldn't do—she shot my mouth instantly.

"Let me alone," says she—"I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. If I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does? Patty Bean, stow yourself away here, and shrink yourself up small. If there isn't room, we must make room, as the fellers used to say. Now, Dolly, histe yourself in there."

She tumbled her into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. Oh, she's a whopper, I tell ye.

"Why, Johnny Beedle," says Mrs. Bean, "in my day they used to pack us layer on layer."

At this hint, I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer on her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees—"Here's the driver's seat," says she. "Plant your feet flat and firm, niece—jump up Johnny, and now, away with her my lad."

By this time I had got so ravin mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none o' me, that's all. The deacon counted the welts on her side a week afterward, when he called on me for a reckoning, which was made out with chalk upon the flap of his every day hat. Sukey not understanding such jokes, took the bit in her teeth, and shot off, right on end, like a streak of true Connecticut lightning. And the houses, and barns, and the fences, and pig styes, flew by us like clouds by the moon.

"Yonder is Hank's corner—whoorah!" and "whoorah!" answered all the ladies and gentlemen with one voice. Sukey, scared with the noise, turned the corner with a flit, and the sleigh was bottom upwards in a ———! "Whoa there, whoa!" The first thing that I knew, I was in the bottom of a snow bank, jammed down under half a ton of Dolly Fisher! I thought I never should see day-light again, and when they hauled me out, I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week, as the sailor's say.

Howsomever, no bones were broken. We shook our feathers and crept into our nest again, laughing as loud as the best of them.

The sleighs were now formed into a string, the fiddler following, and away we started on the road to Shaw's—bells jingling, fiddles sounding, and everybody hallooing and screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off; for he was always on the look-out of a moon-shiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room, to put it to rights, and when we arrived, the floor was swept, the best japan candlestick paraded, the fire-place filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the jamb, to tug at the broken winded bellows. No fire appeared, but there were symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke; and part of it missing the way up chimneys, strayed about the room, which gave me a chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Everybody laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time for chat. As soon as we had taken



a swig of the hot stuff all round, we sat the fiddler down by the jamb, took the floor, and went to work, might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellowses. Not to be prolix, we kept it up, frolicking and drinking hot stuff, till midnight, and while it lasted, the fun was real genlwine, I tell ye. But as I cast a sheep's eye at Patty, I took a notion that she and Siah Golding were rather thick, considerin'. Thinks I, she wants to make me jealous, to spur me on; so seeing them in close confab, as I was cantering down outside, I poked my head between them and cried *boo*! But the cat was soon out of the bag. We paid the reckoning—four-and-sixpence a-piece. Think of that! Every body grumbled, but Peter Shaw didn't care. Then followed the crowding of sleighs, taking in the ladies at the door. Such a hubbub and confusion! But when my turn come, lo and behold! Patty Bean was missin', and so was Si Golding!

Here is the end of my story; and whoever wants to know the particulars that happened on the tide home, must ask Dolly Fisher. The deacon will tell you what a pickle Nukey come home in, and how much I "paid for the whistle." Finally, whoever went to our meeting-house the next Sunday morning, knows very well how Patty Bean and Josh Golding are to square accounts.

THE following little poem is a bright gem, which, however carelessly it may have been thrown off and abandoned by its author, will still be gathered up by other hands to adorn with its beauty the garland of American literature. Why does not Mr. Benjamin give to the public a volume of the choice effusions of his muse? We are sure it would be highly acceptable to them and honorable to him.

## CHILDREN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Unto me there are no blessings,  
Which kind Heaven, indulgent, lends,  
Dearer than the sweet caressings  
Of my little friends.

When they flock, like birds, about me—  
Birds in rainbow plumage clad—  
Their bright looks and trilling voices  
Make my spirit glad.

Pure, confiding, free from sorrow,  
Free from even shade of sin,  
They, like lilies in their glory,  
Neither toil nor spin.

Wicked tongues have not assailed them,  
Or the serpent, slander, stung,  
Or the poisonous ivy clambered  
Their green leaves among.

Parasites, and false companions,  
Have not stolen their guileless trust,  
And their tenderest flowers of feeling  
Trampled in the dust.

Dark suspicion, envy, malice—  
Frends to man and foes to God—  
Never scathed the blooming gardens  
By their footsteps trod.

Mother-love has folded round them  
Arms more soft than angel's wings,

And with sweeter accents lulled them  
Than an angel sings.

Father-love, defending, keeping,  
Leading, strengthening, cheering, throws  
Its broad shield above them, waking  
Or in deep repose.

Gentle darlings, spotless creatures,  
How, through many a live-long day,  
Have I, neither vexed nor weary,  
Joined your merry play!

I, a lonely man, am friendless  
Never where young children be;  
Though my love for them is endless,  
Large is theirs for me.

## NO CONCEALMENTS:

## A DOMESTIC DILEMMA.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It was agreed between us before we married—nay, it was made a *sine qua non* on both sides, and established as a Mede-and-Persian matrimonial law—that there was to be "no concealments between us!" As many confidences as we could contrive to secure by and for each other, but no secret unshared. What I knew, she was to know; what she heard, I was to hear. Our eyes and ears, our hearts and souls even, were to be eyes, ears, hearts and souls in common.

We might have our little mistakes now and then, brief controversies, momentary dissensions even—transparent shadows flitting between us and felicity, like thin and fleecy clouds over the moon's face that rather embellish than obscure the light—but there was to be no mystery. We were not to pretend to throw open our whole hearts to the very inmost recesses, and then lock up one particular chamber better worth peeping into, perhaps, than all the rest. No; we were to have no reserved key, but be free to pry into everything, Bluebeardisms and all.

And admirably the system worked. "Marianne," said I, "you know you are full at liberty to ransack my writing-desk at all hours; there can be nothing there or elsewhere that I should conceal from you. Any letters of mine, as soon as they arrive, you are free to open, only take care to place them in my letter-case, that I may be sure to see them. Or if they should come first into my hands, you would only find them open instead of sealed, that's all the difference."

"And I'm sure," would be the reply, "I shall always be as unreserved as you. I should never dream of receiving any letter, and then looking it up, or hiding it. If it only enclosed a milliner's bill I should bring it to you."

"Thank you, my dear," I replied. "Charming confidence!"

It certainly worked admirably for a long while; two or three months; and might have been quite a perfect system, only we had bound ourselves by such solemn vows to have no concealments from one another, that conscience was rarely quite at ease, and sometimes felt its rose-leaves a little rumpled and uncomfortable, when happening to call to recollection some trifling affair that had never been communicated, for the simple reason that it had never been remembered.

As for myself I cannot say that I was so much a victim to sensibility, thus wrought upon by a too literal

reading of the bond into which we had both entered; Marianne was the principal martyr.

Sometimes, perhaps, I found her looking at me at breakfast, with almost half a tear in each eye, her coffee getting cold, and her newspaper (containing, possibly, a breach of promise, or even a murder) unread. After scalding my throat with my hot second cup in a natural emotion of surprise, as well as anxiety to know what was the matter, I discovered that she did not feel "quite right," but rather as if she were intentionally suppressing a fact which I had a claim to know; that she was quite sure she had no motive for concealment, and was even unconscious of having a secret, until she woke up in the night thinking about it—and really, then, foolish as it was, she could not help crying about it too; for of this she was certain, that there could be no affection where there was concealment.

And what was the mighty secret after all?

"Oh, no! you mistake me. It is no mighty secret—far from it; for they are only mere acquaintances, the Pimbles, though pleasant people enough; but I fancied the concealment might look intentional. It is something Mrs. Pimble told me the other day when we dined there. There is a probability of her girl marrying; yes, so she says; pretty well—an India man; but I believe the event will not take place these ten months."

"Oh, well, if that's all, the secret was not a mighty one. I could have waited the ten months for the news, and you know I should have been sure to have heard it then."

"That's very true, my dear; but then, you know, in the meantime, concealment—"

Such sensibility could not be too tenderly estimated; and when I looked round my little world of friends, and my wide universe of acquaintances, delightful indeed was the contrast which this candor and openness presented. In all directions I could hear family phrases flying about, such as—"My wife knows nothing of this;" or, "You need not mention it before Edward;" or, "There is no occasion to tell Jane things of this kind;" or, "He hates to hear about such matters, so not a syllable, if you please;" while we, in our little matrimonial sanctum, had set up a confessional for all innocent communications, and as often as we had anything to say, and a good deal oftener, to that we could repair for a blissful interchange of confidence.

It was necessary to give a thought occasionally to the chilling reserve discernible in families around us, for so I could afford to think less of the trifling inconveniences attendant upon our own system. Every day brought with it a half dozen small secrets for Mrs. Shallowlove to hide from her husband—"matters that for her part she had no idea of telling S. about;" but, on the contrary, every day brought to my ears, fresh from the innocent lips of my wife, a hundred absurdities which there was no earthly occasion to mention to anybody.

"Oh, you are here, are you! I have only just six words—when you have finished your letters will do."

"No, Marianne, no; I'm ready to listen," and my pen would be laid down, of course.

"Presently would do as well, but I wished to tell you that I have heard from mamma—"

"Yesterday, my love. She was quite well, all was going on smoothly, and she had nothing to communicate, you told me."

"Yes, but I have heard again from her this morning;

half-an-hour ago, only I have had no opportunity of telling you, and I can't bear anything to be dwelling on my mind. Here is her letter, you can read it. She has no intelligence to add to that she sent yesterday, and has, therefore, nothing to say."

"Oh!"

Oh, and I never told you that Mr. Duckit has let his house to—"

"Was his house to let, Marianne? I didn't know—"

"Yes. Oh, yes, his house was to let; and he has now let it, I am told—the fixtures taken at a fair valuation. Besides that, it seems he means to retire from business, and sell his Canadian property."

"Ah, very well, Marianne; I suppose he knows his own business, whatever it is, though we scarcely know him but by sight."

"No, to be sure, we know nothing of him, only I thought I wouldn't conceal—Oh, and that little Miss Elderby, a chattering thing—she has just been here, and I fancied you would wonder what in the world she should be telling me—"

"Not I, indeed; and I hope you don't think it necessary—"

"Yes, but I do; though there's really little or nothing to tell, except that Dr. Quick has had notice this morning to be in attendance at the Rectory,"—(a little cough here)—"the rector prays for a little girl, as they have but eight—but I understand his wife's wishes in that respect are not exactly his."

"I heartily wish, my dear, that both parties may be gratified; and now, if you have no objection I'll finish my letter."

"To be sure, certainly; indeed I have nothing to add, nor should I have communicated all this, and certainly not the particulars last mentioned, relative to affairs at the Rectory, only I am of opinion that where, there is concealment—"

It was natural that I should contract, to some extent, the same habit; and I at first found myself gravely relieving my mind of a multitude of insignificances daily, the smallness of which made them a tremendous burden to bear. Perhaps some event undisclosed, unconfided—concealed, suppressed within my own bosom—has been recollected after quitting the house to take my morning stroll; and the door has been opened again, that I might mention the interesting fact—

"I quite forgot to apprise you, Marianne, of a step which I conceived it right to take two days ago. I have ordered a new hat—as you rather object to this—and I would not have you taken by surprise."

Or perhaps, when just starting on her own trip, I called her back to say—"About the county-asylum, to which I talked of subscribing a couple of pounds. Dearest Marianne, that there may be no concealment in anything between us two, I now mention to you, that I have made it guineas!"

But this scrupulousness on my side soon vanished, and I began to find that I had nothing in the world to communicate, unless an affair of consequence had happened. Not so my wife; there is no end to the feminine conscience under the influence of affection.

It was a little inconvenient to be aroused out of my after-dinner nap, for the mere purpose of receiving a proof that she had nothing to conceal, contained in a demonstration that she had nothing to disclose. But it was still worse, when, in the midst of a fiery discussion at the club, to be summoned down to the door,

and to find Marianne's eager honest face gleaming with a piece of intelligence which she felt it wicked to withhold.

"My darling creature," I cried, "such anxiety and confidential devotion makes the very heart speak within one!"—"my darling creature, so you have something to say, and came here that I might not lose—"

"Yes, to be sure; and so I thought we would drive round this way, for I can keep nothing to myself. The rector's disappointed—it's a boy!"

We never had, however, the least syllable of complaint between us to check the course of mutual confidence; unless it might be thought to come in the form of a small exclamation of surprise, now and then, from the lips of Marianne, at accidentally discovering some insignificance which I had omitted to mention at the confessional.

"And so," Marianne would cry, "you met Mr. Walker the other day! He told me last night, when he came and sat by me, that he had seen you lately!"

"Walker! yes, to be sure, I met him a fortnight ago in Pall Mall."

"You never told me!"

"My dear, I forgot it before I reached home."

"How strange! Now I should have told you!"

"When you asked that gentleman in the blue stock to sing last night, you praised his fine voice; I never knew you had heard him before."

"Yes, my dear, I dropped in one night, you may remember, in Wimpole-street, when there was little music going on. He sang there."

"Really! and so he sang *there*!" cried Marianne. "Well, I never knew that till now!"

But I must confess, that about the end of the first twelvemonth of our married life, Marianne, perhaps for want of a real grievance, began to imagine one. No, it did not amount to that either. I should rather say, that she took a needless objection to one family group among our acquaintances, and cherished a mild dislike which our system of candor and open confession would not of course permit her to conceal.

There was something a little peculiar in the tone of the people, that gave a kind of excuse to her objections. I had not known them long, not at all intimately, yet they wrote to me as to an old friend. As often as Marianne glanced over a letter of theirs, the foolish fluttering thing (never must she see this page!) felt half inclined to tear it, as an unwarrantable and impertinent freedom. There were some young girls too in the case, all monstrous innocent, but giddy as wild birds, and Marianne in fact did not at all like their chirping.

I naturally did what I could to discourage the intimacy, but that was not so easy to accomplish delicately. The letters would come now and then, and my wife would glance over them as usual, least, as she truly observed, it should appear that she in the least minded such filivoly.

One evening, returning home after a short ramble, I found on the table some parcels of books and papers, which had arrived for me during my absence. Marianne made some reference to them as matters I had anticipated, and left me to open, search, and peruse. Underneath them, on the table, I then found a post-letter, directed in a handwriting not unknown, yet not familiar to me. It was from one of my lively freedom-loving friends, the well-meaning, though not over-refined correspondent, whose gaiety had caused many

a little shadow to creep over the fair brow of my Marianne.

This letter I read, and then read again, and then laid it down with a feeling of regret not unmixed with anger. I felt that my correspondent had no right, by any conceivable law of feeling or privilege of society, to address me in a manner so mistakeable. I was then associated with their dearest friends; nay, it might have been supposed that I was their near relative, and that I had known them for years was a thing legible in every line.

They commanded rather than invited my presence; I must join them in their excursion; it was all settled; my excellent friends the —s, and —s, whose names I could not have spelt, and whose faces I should not know; Wednesday morning early; magnificent scenery, soul-stirring associations; invigorating breezes, wild freshness of nature; delightful arrangement, party perfectly Bocaccian. Not a word about my wife. I did think it cool, and it heated me accordingly.

But its effect on me was of no consequence—what would be the effect on the mind of Marianne! So familiar was the tone and style of the epistle, so absurdly inconsistent with the account I had always given, that although I feared not its power to work any unkind suspicion in her mind, I knew well that it would disturb and annoy her. Perfectly blameless as I was, it must yet seem—so very free was my correspondent—that I had insensibly, inadvertently encouraged the unaccountable familiarity. I resolved after a minute's consideration, to spare her the annoyance. Why should she, angel that she was (and *is*, whether she should chance to see this paper or not!) be even a momentary sufferer by such impertinence! But how to take in safety this first step into the dark regions of accey!—how to manage the first violation of our compact!—now to effect my first concealment!

Mark, ye married youth, that ye may avoid! I said I was blameless—and yet I must needs turn schemer, and work with the tools of guilt.

The letter, having been found under the packets, had been unobserved by me until their removal. Marianne had made no mention of it, the seal was unbroken—perhaps she had not seen it at all. What then so easy? I would burn it at once. Not so!—stop! If she had not seen the letter itself, she must have heard the postman's knock—our house was not so large (how the family has increased!) and she knew that a letter had been left. To put it aside—to half-hide it for the evening, would, if she should chance to notice its absence; or spy the epistle itself, look most awkward and suspicious. It would denote my consciousness of something, and deprive me of the power of explaining anything. I should be convicted of a desire to conceal, without profiting by my guilt.

The thought struck me—yes, I had it. Happily the letter, though from the same family party, was not from the same person who had frequently written; and even if Marianne had seen it, it was unlikely that she had recognized the hand. Forth from my pocket I drew a letter which I had brought from the club—it was from Tom Jones, of St. John's to come and smoke with him. Triumphant drawing Tom's letter from its envelope, and performing the same operation with respect to the new comer, I placed the jolly smoker's summons in the envelope of my objectionable correspondent, thrust one into my pocket, and threw the other carelessly on the table. There it lay! To

all appearance, the very same, except its broken seal, that I had found there! That was the letter just left by the postman! What a masterpiece of policy.

I felt, at the moment, that I ought at least to get a secretaryship to an embassy from the government. My talents had been sadly thrown away—buried alive under heaps of honesty?

While thus pleasantly musing, wandering as I may say between Constantinople and Madrid, Marianne entered, I was then deeply busied in my books and papers. There lay the clever deception; the innocent the criminal epistle—the sheep in wolf's clothing. My Marianne, after a minute or two, approached the table and took it up. I never raised my eyes, nor seemed conscious of the action. There was silence—broken but by the rustling of my papers. "Yes," thought I, "you may read with quiet nerves—you cannot know how cunningly I have contrived to spare you an annoyance!"

No sooner had the thought been conceived than a faint moan, a low cry of fright and pain, startled my inmost soul. I looked up, and saw my wife's face perfectly white—

"The lively blood had gone to guard her heart."

Her limbs trembled—fear and anguish were diffused all over her, and she dropped at my feet. I could not speak, surprize kept me dumb, and her feelings first found a voice.

"Oh! what have I done? and what have you done? That is not the letter, but the envelope only. The child, your little nephew, was in the room when it came, and before I could see what he was doing, had seized it and found one side of the cover open—see, here it is—he read the name of the writer—I saw not a word, but only know from whom it came. Oh, why this mystery—this dreadful deception? What am I to think, what fear, what suffer!" And then she sank powerless upon my knees.

A hundred feelings crowded stiflingly into my heart at that instant, but assuredly a silly feeling was uppermost. I had not the emotion of a rascal, of a hypocrite; but I am able to announce to the public in general that the feeling of an enormous fool is a singularly disagreeable one.

Evasion would have been meanness, madness—besides, it was impossible; and with crimsoned cheeks, I instantly fell to my confession. I explained all in ten words. I drew the real letter—that infernal well-intentioned mislaid—from my pocket. I convinced her that there was nothing in it, and that I had been betrayed into the most intense folly by anxiety for her—by respect for her very mistake; by disinterested fondness and affection.

And she believed as readily as she doubted. Well might she doubt, and well might she believe. From that moment—good or evil—there have been no CONCERNMENTS.

## THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly and a long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west, our horses about four hundred in number,

standing as patiently as so many marble statues; until, just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate, and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heaven like a great curtain up the wind, and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot. I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole, (Pulaski,) bare-headed, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, (for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation,) it might be in the awful employment of devotion, or in the more earthly one of martial observation; but suddenly he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; and the next instant a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon ball that struck near the spot he had just left.

Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set out at full gallop to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, in a dark solid mass toward the spot occupied by Gen. Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in from the spot we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting for a whole hour the sound of the conflict; at last a heavy volley rattled along the sky: a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon drum heads. The whole air rang with it; another, and another followed; then, gradually increased in loudness, came peal after peal, till it resembled a continual clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapor. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general, and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement till he should be able to see with certainty the operations of the enemy in the vapor below.

Meanwhile, several little parties which had been sent out, came in, one after another, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style and been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river. A thin vapor had risen from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard raised above it, or some musket shot through it like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields for a whole mile in view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander-in-chief was determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game—and Pulaski, whose war-horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eye warily to the



right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with General Greene, who was posting all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle, and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march over a distant hill toward the enemy's flank. This arrangement would, doubtless, have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations been unfortunately arrested at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death blow of our brilliant hopes to victory. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded to halt.

Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat and froth, fretting in the bit like chained tigers, and otherwise covered with dust, it being an excessive hot and sultry day, when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank, and Green, to whose division we had been attached, was put in motion to support Sullivan who had left home some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder-clap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, we supposed, and fallen on our right.

I shall never forget Greene's countenance, when the news came; he was on the road side, upon an almost perpendicular bank, but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face white as the bleached marble, and called to us to gallop forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that we marched four miles in forty minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan all in disorder nearly a mile from the ground, retreating step by step, at the very head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to a stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering, while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts, but at last Pulaski saw a favorable opportunity. The column wheeled; the wind swept across their van, revealed them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it; then Arthur; then myself. In three minutes, we were ready for the word.

When Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through us, struck spurs into his charger; it was a half minute, so fierce and terrible was his charger, before we were able to come up to him. What can he mean!—Gracious heaven! My hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment when I saw we were galloping straight forward into a field of bayonets; yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed.

We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that when we wheeled our whole path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and on the left; but not a bayonet or a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost in the very heart of the enemy's column.

But Pulaski, he who afterward rode into their intrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accus-

tomed to it; and having broken over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel, upon the Red Sea. But no! the wall had rolled in upon us; and we were left no alternative but to continue as we had begun.

The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy. I remember well how he passed me, all covered with sweat and dust, hiding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But at last, they pressed upon him, and horsemen fell from their saddles; when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot over his beautiful horse, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Succor! Succor!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, heaving this way, then that, and finally concentrating beyond us.

"Once more! once more!" cried Pulaski, and away he went breaking in upon them as they were forming; and trampling down whole platoons, in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his gun to an aim; our aspect as we came thundering round them, was sufficient; the enemy fled, and we brought off our companions unhurt.

I have been in many a battle, many a one that made my hair afterward stand when I dreamed of it: but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, and firing so incessant as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon them, although we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces.

## THE NO-CHILDED HOUSE AND THE MANY-CHILDED HOUSE.

### I.—THE NO-CHILDED HOUSE.

ONE cannot well step over a threshold, without being able to distinguish whether it belong to a house of no children or of many children. There is a primness and neatness about the childless mansion, which is entirely wanting in the many-childed. From the steps outside the door, to the innermost penetralia, all is chill and cleanly decorum. The severest duties of the lady consist in slight repairs of slight derangements of the domestic economy—the re-adjustment of ruffled crumb-cloths after morning calls, the replacing of tables covers after meals, or the removal from half-worshipped chimney ornaments of single particles of dust which "have no business there." If the house were something kept under a glass case, it would hardly preserve a more toy-like precision of outline, or a more perfect exemption from all disturbing circumstances. Everlasting silence reigns—or is broken only by sounds which otherwise would not be heard, such as the foot-fall of the solitary maid in a distant kitchen, or the flutter of the wing of a favorite canary dipped into his water glass. Everything which tends to derangement or to noise is banished. Coal merchants are given up if their wares have the least propensity to either dust or cracking. The cat's infant family are regularly dismissed as soon as they can properly leave the maternal bosom. The visit of a friend's childron is dreaded as a descent of caterans upon the peaceful Lenox was dreaded of old; and the damage which a few minutes

of them will occasion, although imperceptible to ordinary eyes, is not repaired in less than half a day. In entering such a house, the mind is oppressed with a sense of awful propriety. The tyranny of unimpeachable cleanliness comes upon the heart like the breath of hyperborean gales. One feels like the dove of Noah, as if there were no place whereon to set one's foot.

You pass awestruck among the reflections of glittering furniture, and fear to offend chairs and sofas by sitting down upon them. The very coal scuttle has a kind of touch-me-not air about it, while the neatly gilded brush beside the bell-pull seems to plume itself much more upon its service toward the ornamental than the useful. Twenty years may have elapsed since the setting up of the house; but every article still seems fresh from the shop of the upholsterer. The fine edge, the primeval shine, the Eden innocence of everything, is still there.

In a domain thus sacred from disturbance, and almost from use, the worthy couple are stuck up like statues in shrines. The lady sits in a perpetual accuracy of attire by window or by fire-side—sewing at one endless seam, or engaged upon some volume from a circulating library which is on the point of declaring itself exhausted. Her husband occupies an opposite chair, like a companion picture, with perhaps the next ensuing volume of the novel. His feet are raised upon the fender; the light is properly arranged at his back; he is endued with slippers and gown, and knows no annoyance but that he has no annoyances. Their meals consist of little dishes not often changed—roasts so small as to have lost all sap, mutton chops, cutlets, and other fiddle-faddles. If they venture upon any ordinary dish, they have to sit down with cold monotony for a week, which is not half elapsed till they wish that they could be conscientiously relieved from it, either by plunder or putrescence. The lady makes it her chief business to coddle the gentleman, and the gentleman makes it his chief business to take care of the lady. There is always one pair of his spare shoes perfectly dried by the side of the fire. In their hearts they pine beyond all that could be confessed for children, but invariably profess to themselves and to each other, that they infinitely prefer the serene comfort which they at present enjoy, and dread the troubles of rearing an infant. They are nevertheless great theoretical educators. They perceive and discuss every fault in the upbringing of every child of every family of their acquaintance, describe one set of parents as too severe, another as too gentle, a third as having no system at all, and think how beautifully they could correct all the said errors, if they had anything to say in the matter. In the meantime, while railing at their friends Mrs. Easy for spoiling Tom and Fanny, they assiduously pamper their own lap-dog Pinch, till the little creature arrives at an aggravation of fat and mischief intolerable to all but themselves. When Mrs. Greenfield loses a child, and is absorbed in grief for the event, our worthy pair severely reprehend conduct so irrational, and are clear that no mother is justifiable in neglecting the comfort of the living out of grief for the dead.

Next week Pinch dies, and so great are the distress and derangement which follow, that for three days the gentleman has to wear unalred slippers, and the lady thinks of a jaunt to Paris, as the only means of recovering her spirits.

## II.—THE MANY-CHILDED HOUSE.

Very different is the abode of the many-childed. If the tale is not told by a group of merry little faces in the doorway, it is pretty broadly hinted when you fall over a tiny wheel-barrow which has been left in the lobby. Should no such danger lurk in your path, you are sure, before advancing many steps, to see some trait of the presence of childhood—a parallelogram of corks designed to represent a house, with a doll seated in it, a thrown away crust, or possibly a single marble—a small object, no doubt, but one quite sufficient to establish the distinction, for long would it be ere such a thing would be seen in the house of the no-childed. There are of course mansions in which the younger members of the family are kept too much apart to allow of such palpable symptoms of their existence in the very entrance—though, even in these, a shoe will sometimes be dropped through the staircase to lie upon the wax-cloth below, a sufficiently conspicuous betrayal of the state of matters in the upper floor; or an occasional burst of wild joy or equally wild grief will tell through the whole house, and perhaps to a certain extent beyond it, that young human beings are there. There are differences also in the degrees of freedom allowed to those families which are permitted to escape from nursery domination. A little fellow one day said complainingly to his mamma, "This is not a nice house: in Sam's we can cut the sofas and pull out the hair; but here we can't get any fun at all." Mamma in this case has been something strict in her discipline: the state of matters at Sam's may be imagined. But in general there is something in children which defies the best regulations. They cannot move, breathe, or look, without doing mischief. Order flies before their faces; ruin follows their steps. In the average of houses, symptoms of their existence may be seen upon the walls, the floor, every article of furniture—the whole, after a few years, acquiring a kind of dimness, as if of over-handling. All is rough and round. Instead of the everlasting neatness and unimpeachable cleanliness of the no-childed mansion, the utmost that can be expected is a temporary and partial good order—confined perhaps to a single room and for an hour at a time—a gallant but unavailing rally against the prevailing influences.

It is usually at an early period of the forenoon that the domestic powers thus make head against the enemy. At any later period all is in vain. The fairest provinces of the empire are overrun by the Vandallian invasion, and before evening there is a detritus of ruin in every corner, composed of broken toys, sofa pillows, foot stools and other things capable of being moved or destroyed. Every house is of course no-childed before it is many-childed. Every lady has to look back upon a period when she delighted in having things neat about her. She had then centinelled her vestibule with handsome statuettes, had vases placed upon the ground, and bijouterie strewed upon the tables. But in time this was seen to be mere vanity and vexation. She became aware that there was a kind of browsing line, beneath which no small article was safe. She came to wish that even the chairs could be hung high along the walls, as in an upholsterer's ware-room, in order that they might be out of harm's way. Like a belle walking home from a gay party in a midnight storm, she has now reefed in every prominent finery, and is content to scud along through existence the best way she can. Little more than the wreck of the

former self of the house now remains, and her only hope is, that when this pitiless pelting is over, she may prevail upon Mr. Balderstone to furnish anew, so that they may spend their latter days in the same agreeable circumstances that they knew at the outset.

Yet even now it is with no shade of discontent that either of the worthy pair regard the wreck and ruin produced by their children. To be besieged, climbed, kised, and torn to pieces by the wildest and most riotous young rogues—to be sprawled over by unreflecting little misses—to see the whole parlor put into disorder by blind-man's buff—are miseries which Mr and Mrs Balderstone endure with the greatest possible satisfaction. In early morn the chatter of little voices is heard breaking the silence of night, and the primeval parents of the human race could not have more enjoyed the first burst of the feathered orchestra of paradise, than do our pair enjoy these sounds, which tell them that God has vouchsafed to their darlings a new day of health.

As the youngsters advance in age, the house assumes characteristics somewhat different. You may no longer, in opening a sideboard drawer, in the dark, for a knife or a spoon, find your fingers entangled in the mane of a wooden horse minus the trunk and legs; but you will perhaps find your most valuable books scribbled with drawings and scraps of school knowledge, and be obliged to give up the dressing room that it may serve for a study to the boys. Then is the time for back greens being stocked with rabbits, and piano fortes spoiled by drumming misses. If, when the eldest begin to vorge upon maturity, there should be others at all the inferior stages of existence, how vast a system does the household become! The young men bring their friends, as they call them, and the young ladies bring their boarding-school companions. Boys of ten bring boys of ten, and even misses of four and five have similar misses introduced from the next door to play with them. It is a great era when Master Thomas, or Miss Eliza, can venture to descend with these acquaintances from frowzy back rooms, where hitherto they have observed a modest obscurity, to the full blaze of the dining room, where the father and mother sit in state. Happy in this respect are the eldest of the family. When far past the age at which the eldest were treated as men and women, they are still considered as mere boys and girls. Their pretensions to long skirted coats and proper young-lady-like dresses are scouted, and the friends brought by them are condemned to the upper bed-rooms, although in reality better people than those, who, sometime ago, were admitted to the honors of the parlor.

To rear a numerous progeny through all the various stages, and finally set them forward in life, is unquestionably a task of considerable difficulty, and attended with no small degree of anxiety. Yet if circumstances be not singularly unfavorable, so as to produce real trouble and sorrow, there can be no doubt that the effect of such a duty upon the mind is highly beneficial. The domestic relations are of immense importance in developing and keeping awake the affections. We can scarcely be afflicted with hardness of heart toward any benign sentiment, if we have known what it was to be brother, husband and father. Women are peculiarly to be improved in general humanity in having children. When a mother of young infants passes a little child that has been left neglected upon the street, she cannot rest until she has seen it attended to; the no-childed

would have never remarked the circumstance. When the mother of a set of rolistering boys passes a merry group of the same order, she is almost sorry that decorum will not allow her to linger beside them, to survey their sports, and bless them with a mother's blessing. If, advanced in life, she has seen some of her sons leave her for distant climes, should her path be crossed by the homeless vagrant, who looks but does not speak a petition, she thinks that there may have been or still may be, some one to whom he is as interesting as her own child is to her—or that her own child may one day appear to some other mother as this wretch appears to her—and she extends to him the hand of melting charity. Thus does Nature, by an abundant flow of her finest sensations, remunerate those whom she has called upon to perform what many calculating people would consider a disproportionate share of her duties.

### WIFE, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

BY MR. SPENCER, SON OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented,  
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends)  
At the long string of ills a kind angel relented,  
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children and friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was cheated,  
For justice divine could not compass its ends!  
The scheme of man's fall, he maintained, was defeated,  
For earth becomes heaven, with—wife, children and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
The funds ill-secured oft in bankruptcy ends!  
But the heart issues bills that are never protested,  
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's waning embers,  
The death-wounded tar, who his color defends,  
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers  
How blest was his home with—wife, children and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,  
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,  
With transport would barter whole ages of glory  
For one happy day with—wife, children and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,  
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,  
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover,  
The bower where he sat with—wife, children and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,  
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;  
But dim is the twilight of age, if it borrow  
No warmth from the smiles of—wife, children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends;  
O'er him wave the willow, which only can flourish  
When 'dew'd with the tears of—wife, children and friends.

Let us drink!—for my song, growing graver and graver,  
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;  
Let us drink! pledge me high! love and beauty will flavor  
The glass which I fill to—wife, children and friends.

## SHAKSPEARE.

THE following beautiful extract is from a lecture, by HENRY NEELE, ESQ., read at Stratford-upon-Avon, September, 1910, being the fiftieth year after Garrick's jubilee.

"The reign of Elizabeth was the reign of poetry; it was the holy-day of intellect—the carnival of imagination: the world of nature without was fresh and youthful, while the world of thought within was just bursting from the thralldom in which king-craft and priest-craft, fanaticism and despotism, had so long enveloped it; while the more subtle, but not less fatal chains which affectation, pedantry, servile imitation, and hypercritical heresy have lately weaved around it, and by which all its efforts have been paralyzed, was not known or heard of. Then sprang to life those vivid and unfading pictures on which the eyes of the world are still gazing, eager to enjoy the illusion, but hopeless to emulate their beauties. Every image of tenderness, beauty, and sublimity, which the most fertile imagination could suggest, was raised and called into existence, as by the wand of an enchanter. Every passion, every thought of the human mind was unlocked; every aerial phantom that lurked in the recesses of fancy was impelled to light, and invested with substantial beauty: scarcely the minutest variety of nature passed unnoticed:—not a flower of the field; not a hue of the rainbow; not a combination of atoms, however fantastic, or a cloud in the heavens, however fleeting; but was endowed with immortality by the more than alchemic touch of wit and genius. The men who arose in those days were mental prodigies; they were stars, of which the solitary brilliancy of each would have been enough to lighten the darkness of ages; but combined, they form one bright and glorious galaxy:—and the noblest of all; the brightest beyond comparison; the giant amidst a gigantic brood, the mighty intellect which darkened and obscured all others, however brilliant, by the shadow of its own immensity, was *Shakespeare*:

His was the master spirit; at his spells  
The heart gave up its secrets; like the mount  
Of Horeb, smitten by the prophet's rod,  
Its hidden springs gush'd forth—Time, that gray rock  
On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards  
Is dash'd to ruin, was the pedestal  
On which his genius rose; and, rooted there,  
Stands like a mighty statue, rear'd so high  
Above the clouds, and changes of the world,  
That heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams  
Have round its awful brows a glory shed  
Immortal as their own.

"The fame which this extraordinary man has acquired, and which seems (to use a simile of Schlegel's) 'to gather strength like an Alpine avalanche at every period of its descent,' is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with our subject. It is not simply from the approving judgments, or the delighted fancies of his partial readers, that Shakespeare derives his reputation and his power: his writings 'come home,' as Lord Bacon has expressed it, 'to men's business and bosoms.' They teach us something of ourselves, and 'of the stuff we're made of.' Like his own Hamlet

'They set us up a glass  
Wherein we may see the inmost parts of us;  
They 'give to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.'

"Hence, as we have said, it is not merely approval, or even delight, which is excited by his powers: it is 'an appetite, a feeling and a love.' No poet was ever so passionately admired, because none ever so completely developed the springs of human nature, and thus rendered himself intelligible and interesting to all. Hence too the universality and the perpetuity of his fame. He has painted all the modes and qualities of human conditions; all the shades and peculiarities of human character. Wherever, therefore, those characters and those conditions exist, the works of Shakespeare can never become foreign or obsolete.

'Time cannot wither him, or custom stale  
His infinite variety.'

"The surface of life may be altered, but the stream of human feelings and passions will continue its unalterable course beneath it. Reputation, built upon the ephemeral taste and fancies of a day, will vanish with the causes which produced it; but Shakespeare's, with its altar in the heart of man, is extensive as the world, and imperishable as humanity.

"If we might hazard an opinion, we should say that the master feeling in the mind of Shakespeare, and which has enabled him to subjugate the hearts of mankind, was *sympathy*. It has been well said, that 'when words come from one heart, they generally reach the other.' Shakespeare's feelings, there can be no doubt, were of the finest and truest order: he is styled by his contemporaries, '*sweet Shakespeare*,' and '*gentle Shakespeare*,' as if to denote the susceptibility of his disposition, and his amiable manners. He painted correctly, because he felt strongly. It is impossible, as it appears to us, to account, in any other way, for his excellence in both provinces of the dramatic art. It is well known that spirits remarkable for their mirth and hilarity are most susceptible of tender and mournful impressions; and it has been observed, that the English, as a nation, are equally famous for wit and for melancholy. It is a common observation, that mirth begets mirth, and on the other hand, an old English poet, Drayton, has beautifully said, that,

'Tears,  
Elixir-like, turn all to tears they touch.'

The feelings of his mind produced correspondent feelings in the minds of others, like a precious stone which casts its brilliant hues over every object that it approaches.

"But whatever may have been the strongest marked features in the mind of our author, we are convinced that the theory which refers his astonishing fame to the possession of any one peculiar quality, is erroneous: his distinguishing characteristic is the union of many excellences; each of which he possessed in a degree unequalled by any other poet. Shakespeare will be found pre-eminent, if we consider his *sublimity*, his *pathos*, his *imagination*, his *wit* and his *humor*; the union in his own person of the *highest tragic and comic excellence*, and his knowledge of nature, inanimate, animate, and human. To excel in any one of these particulars would form a great poet: to unite two or three of them is a lot too lofty even for the ambition of highly-favored mortals; but to combine *all*, as Shakespeare has done, in one tremendous intellect, is indeed

'To get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.'

THE essentials, of a state are seven—food, arts, arms, money, religion, legislation, and judicature.





To my old friend Seba Smith, what used to edit the Portland Courier, but now edits the ROVER Magazine, 102 Nassau street, New York.

DOWNINGVILLE, away down east, in the State of Maine, January 17, 1844.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I've got my cheap literature *deeps* agolng here like all possest. It goes like a steam engine, and works to admiration. Business increased so upon me in two weeks that I had to employ four new hands; two to keep watch at the back door, when the expresses and mails arrive, and to stand by to unload and shovel in, and two inside for packin and pilln, and Zeb to sell off. That Zeb will do as much work as two common hands any day, as I told you in my last letter. I should think he would sell upon an average about a cord and a half of cheap literature in a day. You may judge by that, what a vent we have for cheap literature here. The Downingville folks are getting to be terrible gluttons in the readin line; and besides, we have a mighty back country all round us that depends on our village for their supplies. And, as you know, Downingville is jest about in the middle of down east, there is no tellin how fast we can swallow it.

I'm very much obleeged to you for taking hold so prompt to be my agent there in York. I asked you to send me a copy of everything there was agolng, the moment it sees day-light. I believe you've done that, clear up to the chalk, and sometimes a little more; for I spose I get some things *before* they see day-light in York. I've jest got a copy of General Duff Green's new paper; and I see by the date of it, that it is to come out next Monday, the 22d. By the way, can you tell me which side Duff Green is on now? I've looked his paper over, and I cant seem to get the track of him exactly. I want to know if he is on our side, as he used to be in old times. You know I was always for General Jackson, let who would be up. I mean, in them good old times when parties knew how they stood; when the General and I was on one side, and Biddle and the Bank on 'tother; and 'twas all fair fight and no favor. But now in these new-fangled times, a feller dont half the time know where he stands. He's jest as likely to get into the wrong company, and be fighting under the wrong Cap'n as the right one; and perhaps never find his mistake till the battle is all over, and they go to dividng the spies.

Now I want to know, as clear as daylight, which

side Duff Green is upon, before I undertake to sell his paper at my deepo. If he is on our side, and means to stick to the true republican ground, I'll take hold and push his paper like wild-fire. But if he's on 'tother side, or any of the 'tother sides, I'll jest tell Zeb to take em all and pack and pile em away, out in the ten acre lot, and there let them lay till the next President comes in. He sent a prospectus of his paper to uncle Joshua as much as a month ago, and a private letter at the same time, that uncle Joshua never would let me see. I've had several talks with uncle about it; but when I come to the point, and ask him who Duff Green is for, for the [next President, he sheers off and goes to talking about something else. At last one day I pinned him right down to it; and says I, is he for General Jackson?"

Says uncle, says he, "No."

"Is he for Henry Clay?" says I. "No he isn't," says uncle.

"Well, is he for Martin?" says I. Uncle shook his head.

"Is he for Daniel Webster, then?" says I. Uncle said, "no."

"May be he means to come out for General Scott," says I. Uncle shook his head.

"Is he for Cap'n Tyler?" said I. Uncle laff'd, but shook his head again.

"May be he's agolng to run up his flag for General Cass," says I. Uncle said no.

"Well, then, is he going for Calhoun?" says I. Uncle laff'd out the 'tother corner of his mouth then; and says he, "what under the sun put that into your head, Jack? All I can say about it," says uncle, says he, "is, that Duff Green will come out right side up, on the republican ground, wherever 'tis." And then he took a chew of tobacco, and went to readin a newspaper, and we dropped the subject.

I've jest got Mr. Graham's Magazine for February down here at my deepo. I see he is givin portraits of writers once in awhile in it, and says "the face and biography of every writer of note in the union will be embraced in the series." I'm afraid he'll get hold of that portrait of mine, that you've got in the Rover, and tuck it right in his magazine, the next thing. I dont spose it's any use for me to say a word to him about it. But perhaps he'd harken to you, if you should speak to him about it, if you'll jest be so kind, and tell him I dont want he should take *that*, for my friends say it dont do me justice. If he is really bent upon having my portrait to go in along with the rest of em, tell him if he'll wait a little while I'll come down to York and have it painted new. And I wish you'd pick me out the best painter there is in York to take it. And perhaps when it's done about right, you'd be for putting it in the Rover, instead of that one that you are using now. Cousin Nabby says if I was well painted, I should be as smart a lookin chap as any that Graham has had in his Magazine yet.

But I want you to keep this part of my letter, about my havng my portrait taken, entirely private; jest between you and me, and not let anybody see it. For I'm afraid, if that Mr. Davis, that's been going around among folks so much for five or six years past, and everywhere calling himself me, should find out I was agolng to have my portrait taken, he might whip right into some of the shops there and get his done first, and then show it all round to every body at York, and Washington, and Saratoga, and all about, and tell

folks that was me too. So I think we better keep dark about the portrait, till we get it all cut and dried, and a few cart loads of em worked off, and Beach's express line and Burgess and Stringer's mail bags all loaded down and ready to start off like a shot all over the country, before Davis has a chance to cut in with his portrait and try to make folks think it's me. So jest keep mum on that matter for the present.

I havn't had time to examine the other magazines and books that come in the last load. So I cant at present say anything about em. Cousin Nabby and aunt Keziah both sends their love to you, and I remain your old beloved friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

### OUR CARGO FOR THIS WEEK.

MAJOR DOWNING's third letter. We never find it necessary to recommend the Major. He alway speaks for himself.

Johnny Beedle's sleigh-ride. If any one has the blues, let him read it, and laugh and grow fat.

The Handsome Stranger. A story full of plot and interest, by Mrs. Embury.

Nannabozho. A capital Indian legend, by C. F. Hoffman. Our North American Indians are a poetical people, as most rude nations are. Some of their legends evince wonderful powers of imagination.

The No-Childed House and the Many-Childed House. A graphic and life-like sketch.

Concealments. A terrible domestic dilemma.

The Battle of Brandywine. A vivid sketch.

Shakespeare. A rich article.

So much for the solids, the catables. Then comes the drinkables, the wine of poetry. In this line, we have on board, this trip, a delightful poem of Park Benjamin's, called Children. Some strong and stirring verses from T. B. Read, on Winter. A pretty scrap for sentimental ladies, by W. W. Story. And the rich old song of "Wife, Children, and Friends."

There, reader, if you can get a better dinner than that anywhere in New York, for six pence, or "four pence happeny" as they call it down east, we must say the price of board is coming down.

P. S.—We have not included in the above invoice, or bill of fare, whichever you please to call it, the Omnibus, and the book-table, and the spices, and the candiments, to which each one will please to help himself without ceremony.

THAT PORTRAIT.—In reply to a request of our friend Major Downing, in his letter in the present number, we respectfully inform him, that we have applied to that very clever artist, Giovanni Thompson, to take his portrait. And the artist was pleased to say that he would have his paints, brushes, easel, pallet, and everything, all in prime order, and hold himself in readiness at a moment's warning to commence operations the moment the Major arrives. So that there is a fair prospect that the features of our distinguished friend may be presented to the public in the best style of the art. Still, we insist upon it, that the portrait of the Major, which we have in the Rover, is a very striking likeness of what the Major was in the early part of his public career. But we know there is such a thing in portrait painting as getting too strong a likeness, and perhaps that is the case in the present instance.

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for February has two very good plates; "the Monks of St. Bernard," and a fancy portrait called "Viola." It contains, also, in a lighter style of engraving, a portrait of Joseph C. Neal, which is said to be a good likeness. The pages of this number exhibit the usual respectable array of light literature. The following scrap, by W. W. Story, is gracefully and happily moulded.

### LAMENT.

Thou glidest on, oh glimmering stream,  
Thou murmurest on as ever!  
But the heart most dear no more is here  
Forever and forever.

No more—I hear it in the pines  
That moan with sullen roar—  
Those stars shall shine in eyes of thine  
No more—oh never more!

Grieve on, sad autumn wind, grieve on!  
She lieth the grass beneath;  
I make my moan by her grave alone,  
For the violets have her breath.

Oh lonely night! oh wandering moon!  
Have ye no word for me?  
Oh love and sorrow! oh day and morrow!  
Must ye forever be?

From HARPER & BROTHERS we have, this week, "Sweethearts and Wives, or before and after marriage," by T. S. Arthur; a neat little volume of about 160 pages, handsomely done up in cloth binding with gilt backs, for thirty-seven and a half cents. The pen of Arthur for two or three years past has been exceedingly prolific. We have not been able to read but a small portion of what he has given to the public; but we have read enough to find that his productions possess one high recommendation; that is, a healthy moral tone. He writes for the mass, and is pretty extensively read.

Also, from the same publishers, "Invitations to true Happiness, and motives for becoming a Christian;" by Joel Parker, D. D. pastor of the Clinton street Presbyterian church, Philadelphia." This book is about the same size, and got up in the same style as the preceding. This little work belongs to the class of the really useful publications, and as such can be recommended with confidence.

From BURGESS, STRINGER & Co. we have "The American in Paris during the summer," by Jules Janin. It is a picture of Parisian life in the court, the saloons, and the family circle, its sports, amusements and festivities. The book makes nearly 120 pages, neatly printed, and is sold for twenty-five cents. The publishers announce it as the first number of a new series, to be brought out in uniform style, two or three a month through the season.

New Music, published by Atwill, 201 Broadway. Songs of the sea, "Ride o'er the waves," with a beautifully embellished title page.

"The Adaline Waltz," dedicated to Mrs. F. P. N. Stetson.

"Mary Josephine's Waltz," inscribed to Miss Mary Josephine Atwill.

"And wilt thou weep when I am low?" dedicated to Miss Eliza Heath.

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Drawn by A. E. Chubb

Printed by

LOVELY LAURA.







# THE ROVER.

## LOVELY LAURA.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

"SWEET sensibility, oh, la!  
I heard a little lamb cry, ba."

The readers of the ROVER must be aware, and therefore we need not stop to tell them, that we are not much and often prone to be dabbling in the sentimental and the fashionable; that we are not always nibbling at these commodities; that is, they do not constitute our dally food, nor are they, in short, the alpha and omega of our existence. Still however, if any one has imbibed an impression that we eschew such things altogether, we beg leave to inform him that he has fallen into an error. But though we do not often sit down to a dish of this kind, when we do, we go it strong, and make a meal of it.

We therefore present our readers this week with a high-flavored *fashion-plate*, worth more than all the fashion-plates they will get in the monthlies for a year. It is a *sweet* portrait of one of the sweetest ladies that ever walked the Bowery—yes, gentle reader, the Bowery—and we hug ourselves somewhat with pride and pleasure in presenting it, inasmuch as the everlasting praises of the beauty and fashion of Broadway have left her sister thorough-fare, the modest and unassuming Bowery, quite in the shade. And pray, what is Broadway, that she should thus triumph over her elder and worthier sister? Does age confer the prerogative? The Bowery saw "the cows come home" thousands of times before Broadway was born. Should Broadway be "stuck up," and allowed to put on airs in the face of her sister, because she has the whole train of dandies, and "them critters," at her heels? Hath not her sister a whole army of "Bowery boys" at her command? And could they not sweep Broadway in five minutes, and brush her whole race of dandies into the dock below the battery?

If Broadway has more beauty, the Bowery has more strength. Is Broadway strait and graceful? Be it remembered the Bowery is not bent with age; her curve is nothing but a beautiful Grecian bend, which she hath worn from her youth up. And as to the notion, so industriously held up, that Broadway ought to be considered as taking the lead in beauty and fashion, we triumphantly point to our engraving this week as a sufficient refutation.

But prose is too tame for such a subject. Sentiment, and beauty, and fashion should be embalmed in poetry, that they may live forever. And as we never choose to leave our work half done, we shall go the whole meal, desert and all.

We have a poem for the occasion, written in the highest style of the art, and much after the manner of some of our most esteemed and fashionable bards. We shall not give the author's name, for we have always thought there was a glorious grandeur and sublimity in the idea that nobody could ever tell who wrote Homer. So we are inclined to leave this bone for future generations to pick, and let them find out, if they can, where it was written and who was the author.

When this poem gets across the water, if that growling Dickens does not eat his own words again about American poets, we are much mistaken.

VOL. II.—No. 21.

## ODE TO THE SENTIMENTAL AND THE BEAUTIFUL. DEDICATED TO LAURA.

Who has not heard what few have seen,  
The yellow robes of sprightly green,  
Which o'er my Laura's shoulders flow:  
Lovely Laura is't not so?

Sweet the rose, when wet with dew;  
Lovely Rosalind, adieu:  
From cloud to cloud, from east to west,  
'Tis pun, and pathos, fun and jest.

Swallows warble, through the shade,  
Poor Philander! Is he dead?  
See how winter strips the grove,  
Sighs and sympathy and love.

Celestial ecstasies and moans,  
Sighs and simpers, grins and groans;  
Girls of grace, and Bowery bonnets,  
Celia's waist, and blooming sonnets.

Blue ey'd bells, and black ey'd beau's,  
Ohs! and ahs! and ahs! and ohs!  
Friendship's name and Cupid's dart,  
Charm and read my feeling heart.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,  
Tweedle-dee, and tweedle-dum,  
Gird your armor cap-a-pee,  
Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

## LUNACY, OR FANNY PARR.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

READER mine, hath it ever been thy good or thy evil fortune to find either one man or one woman with an entirely sound mind, free from every little by-kink; with no cosey whim-wham, no ambling hobby, no snug little corner of lunacy, into which either he or she was wont to retire, and, throwing of the straight jacket imposed by society, give free scope to some favorite predilection—sit down the true unguarded heir of humanity, "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw?" If thou hast, I warrant me thou didst find a most dull and undesirable commodity; a true mediocre specimen; a living mummy, swathed and embalmed, but of no earthly use; a vital Mahomet's coffin, suspended between earth and heaven, to share in the glories of neither; a perpetual hibernator; a—but why multiply metaphors to describe a nonentity, a monster of a man? A mind perfectly balanced! we hear a world of twaddle about it—oceans of nonsense; such a thing never did and never will exist; it isn't in the nature of things. There would be no impulse, no motive to action. Men would walk our streets with a sepulchral tread; with great dull eyes, devoid of "speculation." Machines are put in motion to go on without change till the parts become clogged or worn out. Why, 'tis the perpetual change, the ebb and flow, the preponderance of this over that, which gives life, action; seizes upon time and circumstance, and makes society an acting, breathing mass; a discipline; a congregation of discordant and pestilent vapors, it may be, yet holding the conservative principle within, that shall hereafter work out the good and the true.

I honor either man or woman capable of healthy, vigorous impulses—who can feel towering passion, dignified indignation, and the thousand promptings incident to a full, noble and godlike nature. Such may and often do err, but their return to the right is full of majesty. I am writing an essay when I designed but a tale.

Did you ever see a pretty lunatic? I have, many a one. True, they do not pass for such, but they are, nevertheless. Love-sick girls, with their pretty abstractions, and melancholy sighs, are of this class, till marriage brings them to their senses, or drives them mad; or disappointment, "like a worm in the bud, preys on their damask cheek," and they go down to the grave, consumptives, as they are called, but in truth victims to the one emotion that decides the fate of woman forever. Whosoever becomes the victim of one absorbing thought or emotion, is, for the time being, a "deranged" man. The disease is more or less confirmed, proportionate to the length of time and virulence of the symptoms. It may be simply a love fit, which in your sex, Mr. Editor, is of short duration; it may be speculation, to result in theories, whimsies, hobbies; or, if still more intense, be the working in passion, vice, crime; and a total prostration of the will, consigns the patient to our halls of justice, or to the walls of an insane hospital; or, where the case is pronounced inveterate, a cure is effected by means of strangulation.

I digress, but it is the very vice of my subject. Half the world, like Hamlet, will say:

"bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will reward, which madness  
Would gambol from—"

yet apply the test when off their guard, and you find them "gambol" from the subject in hand like very madmen. One train of association strikes another, and they are off every moment upon a tangent; their hearers call it a digression, a beautiful episode, because they find therein an apology for the like in themselves; but it is a dash of lunacy—just enough to make them delightful, but the thing, nevertheless.

A pretty lunatic. Ophelia must have been one. We never weep for Ophelia—Shakspeare never designed we should do so—we feel a sweet refreshing sadness come over us, but nothing like suffering at her fate; she is too airy, too sweet and earnest, for common life, and we are prepared for what follows. We take her own "rosamary for remembrance," and her poems for thought, and even take up with a sad pleasure her pretty burden of,

"And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?"

for we we feel it to be the sweet language of a young girl's heart, not embittered—that could not be—but deluded by gentle fancies.

Fanny Parr was just such a one. A pretty blue-eyed girl, with long fair hair, and a figure like a sylph. Her eyes had the prettiest look of appeal in the world, and she had a way, unconscious to herself, of drawing up beside the one she was addressing, as if she were alive with tenderness, and sought protection. She had many lovers, but, herself simple and true-hearted, loved only one. I doubt if she ever dreamed that a woman's heart could change. She read of such things, indeed; but then she always regarded them as the fancies of the poets, and she had a thousand of her

own, so she could never believe them real. She had a world of illusions, beautiful, trustful and pure; and that became the real to her.

When her lover first went away, Fanny amused herself in feeding the birds he had given her, and tending the flowers that grew most beautifully under her care. Quiet and secluded, she had little to occupy her attention, and the songs she sang, the books she read, the walks she took, all indicated the presence of her lover to her mind's eye. He would be home in six months, and then he would make her his wife.

Time is always a laggard to divided lovers. A thousand methods are devised to kill him; yet he stays by with his leaden face as if his journey would never cease. Six months passed away, and Fanny was buoyant with the hope of the return of her lover. Day after day she sat in expectation, and yet he came not. She had ceased to hear from him, but she did not heed that, for surely he will soon be here, she thought, and all will be explained. A month more passed, and yet he came not. No tidings reached her, and the hope that had hitherto consoled her began to fade from her heart. Her cheek grew pale, and a listlessness crept upon her, making exertion of any kind painful. Her friends resorted to many expedients to rouse her, but in vain. They tried to excite her woman's pride by tales of his desertion and falsehood; but she shook her head mournfully, and the large tears gathered in her eyes. "He is ill, he is dying," she would articulate, "or the ocean has become his grave."

A year passed in this way, and Fanny was wasted to a shadow. One day she was seated in the verandah with her hands folded in her lap, when a mendicant came to ask alms. The woman regarded her for a moment in silence, and then respectfully took her hand and read the lines upon the palm. Fanny was instantly all attention. But the woman was silent, and turned away.

"Tell me if he is alive," cried Fanny, earnestly.

"You will never be his wife," replied the woman.

"He is dead! he is dead!" shrieked the poor girl, and fell to the earth.

When Fanny recovered she found the beggar looking sorrowfully into her face, while her friends were bathing her temples. She beckoned her forward.

"Is there no way, good woman, by which you can tell me his fate?"

The woman shook her head, only saying, "Lovers are often false."

"Not! not! not false! Henry could never be false; he was all truth and nobleness; besides, who could be false to love like mine?"

The woman took a pack of cards from her pocket, and sat down at the feet of the poor girl, and began to shuffle them over.

"Now wish," she said, "and out the cards three times, all the time with the same wish."

Fanny did as she was directed, repeating her wish aloud, "I wish Henry will soon be here," three times over, and laying the cards on the seat beside her.

The woman then looked them over and put them by.

"Tell me what it is. Shall I have my wish?" cried the half bewildered girl.

"Leave the future with the Almighty, lady. No good can come of this."

"Tell me all. I can bear anything now," and she burst into tears.



Thus adjured, the woman said in a low voice, "There is sickness and death to your lover."

"I knew he wasn't false," cried Fanny, bursting into an hysterical laugh. "I knew he wasn't false," as if even death was preferable to falsehood.

The woman arose to go, but Fanny recovered herself and grasped her arm.

"I am dying; do you not see I am? Teach me your art, that I may know the worst that is to befall me."

The woman looked pityingly in her face, and kissed her thin hand, while a tear fell upon it. That tear revealed the depths of womanhood; the strong, never to be effaced characters upon the heart, to be read, it may be, only by the eye of the All-seeing. Have love and sorrow become one? Both are superstitious, and both are asking of the future. The village girl has a thousand methods by which she seeks to test the sincerity of her lover, and her anxiety is just in proportion to the earnestness of her own attachment.

The beggar was respectable in her appearance, and had an air of mysticism, entirely foreign to anything like imposture; she was evidently deluded in her own imagination. She had unqualified faith herself in all she taught.

"These pieces of paper," she began, "look simple and unmeaning enough; yet it was the operation of a marvelous mind that conceived their number and devices. They have a character affixed to each, and the position which they occupy is fixed by fate. Where the wish is strong in the soul it decides the place of each, and they become oracular. But it will take you long, very long, to learn their true meaning; indeed you must have the experience and suffering that I have known, it may be, before you will rightly understand them."

The eyes of the two met, and there was that strange look of affinity, an expression akin each to the other—the faint overshadowing of reason in each, that had at once established a sympathy between them.

She went on to explain. "This ace of hearts is your house. You are fair, and you must be the queen of diamonds; your lover must be the king to the same suit. Now shuffle the cards and see what is next to you."

She did so, and the woman went on. "There you see is your house, you are beside it; and the ten of spades, and the ace of spades are between you and your lover. Good angels shield you, poor child, for that means sickness and death."

Fanny shuddered, still repeating, "I knew he couldn't be false," as if that were yet a comfort. She took the picture of her lover from her bosom, and the two looked upon it and wept, with a strange sympathy.

At length the woman looked up. "You are young and beautiful. Forget the past and learn to love another. I have known much of the world; and thousands, tens of thousands, forget their first love, and are happy in another."

Fanny looked at her with amazement. "I! what I be false to Henry! false to myself! and you counsel it!"

Alas! poor girl, so thorough had become the sympathy between the two bewildered minds, that each had forgotten that their intercourse had been that only of a few hours.

The woman took her leave, first putting the cards in Fanny's hands, that she might read her own fate.

And now, weeks, months passed away, and every day Fanny might be seen with the cards between her fingers, her lids drooping, and eyes fixed upon their characters. Her face was calm and serious, a faint smile only stealing to her lips, as at each operation she observed the device of spades was never beside her lover. "I knew he wasn't false," she would murmur, and then cut and shuffle the cards again. If at any time the obnoxious card bore a juxtaposition, her brow would contract, and she would whisper, "No, no, Henry isn't false, but he fears for me; he fears I may forget him in his long absence. No, Henry, never! never!" and she would burst into tears.

The village maidens learned to sympathize with the poor girl, and brought her fruits and flowers, and tried to wile her from her melancholy. They would in part succeed, for Fanny was exceedingly gentle, and won by the voice of tenderness. Then they would ask to have their own fortunes told, and, strange to say, a belief in her predictions gained ground, and the maidens learned to rely upon what she told them. Fanny would say they must be sincere and earnest in what they wished or she could predict nothing by the cards. All would be confused and only misled both.

The lunacy of the poor girl had its uses. Her companions began to assimilate to her own earnestness; to dread falsehood, and to forbear trifling in affairs of the heart. Often when two or three were gathered about her, Fanny would tell the fortunes of one, and then bid them wait while she cut for herself. As piece after piece came before her eye, she would read the details in a low voice: "Yes; a long removal by water; tears and kisses obstructed; yet love, a great deal of love, and disappointment with it. Fanny and Henry close to the house, and sickness and death between; always the same; no hope, alas! only in our faith;" and the tears would trickle over her pale cheeks while her companions stood weeping around her.

At length, one bright morning in June, when the rose was filling the air with gladness, a carriage stopped at the door, and Henry, pale and emaciated, tottered to the house. He had been shipwrecked, had been ill in a foreign port, and now he had come home to die with Fanny. She felt it must be so, and she nestled in his bosom, more than content, for she felt she too must be a victim. It was pitiful to see the lovers, each with the hand of death upon them, yet so cheerful in the belief. Henry, indeed, wept bitter tears over the wreck of thought in the poor girl, but then he learned to feel it more merciful thus to have been, for these fantasies had wrought their own relief. Fanny brought her cards, and taught her lover how to read their fate; and it may be that a harmless credulity crept even upon his own mind, for illness is sure to bring down the arrogance of mere reason, while the affections and sentiments, the true soul, remain unimpaired.

"Here is a marriage ring beside us, Fanny; he my wife, dearest," said her lover, as they reclined beside the window, Fanny with her head upon the shoulder of her lover, who held the cards in his thin fingers.

Fanny pressed her lips to his head and murmured, "Dear, dear Henry."

The priest was summoned, and they were made one, not in vows merely but in soul. They sat and looked into each other's eyes.

"Put by the cards, dearest," said Fanny; "I have had a long, sad, and yet sweet dream. But now I am

thine, Henry, thine!" She had knelt at his feet, subdued by the sweet reverence and tenderness of her woman's heart, and as she ceased to speak her head fell upon his lap. Henry raised her to his bosom. Fanny had ceased to dream.

It is many years since the lovers were laid side by side in the little churchyard of N—, but the maidens of the village yet scatter their graves with flowers, and the story of their truth and constancy has wrought as a leaven upon the community, making the vows of love a holliness among them.

*NOTE.*—The story of Fanny is in every essential a true one, an incident similar having come under the writer's own observation.

### HANS SWARTZ.

#### A MARVELOUS TALE OF MAMAKATING HOLLOW.

West of the Shawangunk mountain, lies a sweet valley, in the days of our story called, "Mamakating Hollow." It diverges from the valley of the Hudson River, at Esopus, and makes its way like the bed of some ancient stream in a southerly direction, until it meets the northern line of New Jersey. It requires but little fancy to conceive that the Hudson river once ploughed its course through this wonderful ravine, and mingled its waters with those of Delaware Bay. Indeed, were the barrier which fills the northern mouth of the Mamakating Hollow, even now removed, it might contend with the Highland channel for the honor of conducting to the ocean the rich billows of our northern Pactolus. And magnificent as is the Highland scenery, the traveler would lose but little in exchanging it for the stern cliffs of the Shawangunk, which, like a sturdy brother, walks beside this beautiful valley, from her northern to her southern limit.

The judicious descendants of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER were the first to discover and improve this rich alluvial, the natural entrance to which is from Esopus. Their farms, some twenty years ago, before turnpike roads and a canal intersected those regions, were stretched across the Hollow from the Shawangunk to the corresponding mountain on the west. They were furnished, at either extremity, with woodland and pastures; while the spacious bed between the ridges, varying from two to five miles in width was a carpeted meadow.

The traveler who sets out in the morning from the beautiful village of Bloomingburgh, to pursue his journey westward, soon finds himself by an easy ascent, on the summit of the Shawangunk. Before him will generally be spread an ocean of mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep valley and lovely village which lie almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the morning sun, he is astonished to see the abyss before him, deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly-revealed region, the sharp white spire of a village church is seen, piercing the incumbent cloud; and as the day advances, a village, with its ranges of bright colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to the admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development; and so much are the houses diminished by the depth of the ravine, that the traveler can scarcely believe he is not beholding the phantoms of fairy land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the wand of the god of dreams.

But as he descends the western declivity of the mountain, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the ancient settlements, of which we have before spoken. The Dutch farmers placed their flat houses near the middle of their farms, with little regard to symmetry or taste in their arrangements. Probably at the time many of these houses were erected, no roads piercing farther into the interior had been laid out. At the date of our story, some enterprising Yankees had cut a straight turnpike road across the valley much to the annoyance of its old fashioned inhabitants; and the wandering tracks by which their farm houses were connected with this profane channel, resembled, in their angularities and versions, the diagrams of geometry.

Well established in the fattest part of this exuberant valley, lived Hans Swartz, one of the patriarchs of the village. His ancestors had been patriarchs time out of mind, the chimney of his parental mansion contained certain amorphous masses, which tradition designated as the identical bricks brought by his ancestors from Holland. The house of Hans covering an immense area, with its roof descending on each side nearly to the ground, resembling one of those homely implements in New England, yelect a hen-coop; his barracks, made of four perpendicular timbers, surmounted by a square, thatched roof, in which he persisted to store his grain and hay, notwithstanding the modern invention of barns; the diverging corn crib before his door; the pig pens in their neighborhood; the grindstone, aviary and out door oven, scattered around in mockery of symmetry; all bespoke a man of weight and means, according to the estimation of that day.

Hans, however, had become somewhat degenerate. His wife was of mixed blood; and as a punishment for marrying out of caste, she proved to be a terrible thorn in his side. She exercised a pretty decided supremacy in all matters occurring in her personal presence, for Hans was naturally good tempered and yielding, and the habit of obedience had become a second nature.

The most severe test of his docility, was on the occasions of interruptions, from his better part, of certain patriarchal levées, which Hans had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to hold at the door of his mansion. It was his delight, as it had been that of his fathers, to collect around him on a summer's eve, those, who, like himself, loved the cup and pipe better than hard work. At such times Hans was in his true glory. Seated in a large chair, upon the step of his door, with the above mentioned instruments of quiet enjoyment in either hand, he discussed at length the hardships of olden times, the decay of fine horses, the woful laxity of Dutch integrity, and the inroads of the bustling Yankees, to the great edification and enjoyment of his subordinate friends, who, stretched on the seats of turf or slate on either side, quietly enjoyed the patriarch's discourse and hospitality.

The terrible inroads of Hans' wife had, however, more than once disturbed this quiet, vegetating circle of worthies; inasmuch that the most urgent entreaties of Hans, backed by the potent arguments of the bowl, could seldom prevail on his faint hearted friends to retain their places after the clock had tolled nine.

One summer's eve, surrounded by his obsequious neighbors, Hans had descanted with uncommon felicity of utterance on the woful conflicts of their an-

cestors with the inconveniences of a new settlement, and his enthusiasm, assisted by an extra bowl, had so engrossed all attention that the usual hour of departure had passed unnoticed. The startling eyes and slobbering mouth of all around him, attested the unusual interest aroused by his narration. Mistress Sally Swartz, or "Aunt Sorchle," as the neighbors familiarly called her, had long since put the last child to bed, mended the last stocking, and covered the few dying coals of a summer fire, and was yawning impatiently in a window seat, for the session of social friends at her door to break up, and restore her good man to his quiet bed. But she waited in vain. To such a pitch were the feelings of all excited by the marvelous rehearsals of Hans, that, heedless of the hour, and of the thickening indignation of "Aunt Sorchle," they drew nearer to the speaker, as if chained by fascination. Hans had even risen from his leather bottomed chair, having deposited his pipe on the ground in the fervor of his discourse, and was in the midst of a thrilling narrative of Indians and evil spirits, when Aunt Sorchle, tortured beyond endurance by this unseasonable delay, with angry visage, made her appearance on the threshold directly behind the elevated form of the speaker. At this alarming apparition, every Dutchman started from his seat, as if the ghost of old Wilhelmus Testy himself had grinned in their faces. Ere Hans had time to shut his capacious mouth, much less to turn a look behind him, the strong hands of Sorchle were closely placed on either side of his head, somewhat more closely than was exactly comfortable for his ears, which organs, notwithstanding their dullness, were made to bear the grating sound: "Hans! will you never stop short your drunken speeches, and come to bed?" The sapient audience waited not for any farther salutation. Each mynheer was under way, as soon as the ponderous nature of his moveables permitted, and ere Hans was fairly veered around, and marched over the threshold, not a mortal was left who had not put at least a fence, a barrack, or corn crib, between himself and the fearful apparition.

The shock was quite too much for the obtuse capacity of Hans; and whether the grog which had given him such an honied utterance, had also, Samson-like, shaken the pillars of his understanding, or whether the sudden compression of Sorchle's hands produced a paralysis of his senses, certain it is, that he knew little of what was passing, until he had been safely lodged in bed, and had snored for some two or three hours, like the boiler of a steam boat.

It was near the dead hour of midnight, when horror steals over the firmest breast, that Hans seemed to be disturbed from his broken slumbers by the slight rattling at the door of his apartment. The door slowly opened, and by the dim, flitting light of the embers on the hearth, he seemed clearly to distinguish the outline of a human being on the threshold. It entered and was followed by another and another, each more horrid than his fellow. It was in vain that Hans attempted to scream, or to spring from his recumbent posture. Terror, like a nightmare, bound him down, with its indescribable yet agonizing helplessness. The ruffins cautiously approached the bed side. A dagger gleamed in the right hand of the foremost, and the dark outline of a pistol was seen in his left hand. In this moment of dreadful suspense, what would Hans have given to hear even the grating voice of Sorchle! But she was slumbering with hearty breathings by his side,

unconscious of the approaching danger. Aetna's self was a light burden on Enceladus, compared with the weight at that moment on the breast of Hans. At length the haggard assassin, motioning to his fellows to halt, approached the bedside, bent slowly over the trembling victim of his wrath, and in a low distinct tone, said: "*Wretch, I come for thee! Rise, and follow me!*" As if warned by the last trump, Hans sprang, stark naked upon the floor. The figure pointed to his under garments, and these were as soon in their proper places. There were no suspenders in those days, and the dimensions of this article at that period made its ready adjustment much less difficult than the lacing and buttoning, and strapping of degenerate modern pantaloons. The figure then led the way to the door. Hans followed like an automaton, and the two attendant brought up the rear. The night was one of those in which the spirits of a darker world appear to be reveling in the upper regions; burying the moon's face at intervals in dark clouds and forcing the fleet winds in cross current through the mountains and valleys.

It were tedious to describe the dark ravines and pathless summits traversed in the remainder of the night, by that triad and their obsequious prisoner. Not a word escaped them, as they proceeded on their solemn and silent march. Rivers were crossed on decayed trunks of trees, precipices were passed, and chasms leaped, of such desperate width as to astonish Hans at the sudden agility of his cumbrous limbs. All the horrors of darkness enveloped the forest. Beasts of prey started from their lairs by this unearthly procession, howled along its flanks in fearful anger. A cold clammy sweat ran down the weary limbs of the wretched Dutchman. He toiled and puffed, and struggled, to keep up the rapid gait, and each effort of his exhausted frame seemed to be the last which it was possible to make.

At length streaks of light shot up in the eastern sky, and a ray of hope penetrated the breast of poor Hans, that he might once more see the blessed sun with living eyes. But this hope endured but for a moment. Turning suddenly from their course, the black mouth of an infernal cavern yawned fearfully upon them; a sulphurous blast issued from its jaws; and, immensely far within, flickering flames made visible hideous recesses and hanging precipices! Hans shrunk back in terror. "Enter!" said his guide in a voice of thunder. It was done, and the falling crash of a large rock, balanced above, shut out the miserable mortal from the light and the world forever. Fatigue and terror had done their worst; exhausted nature could no longer endure. Hans sunk upon the ground near the entrance, helpless and immovable. Still his eyes were open, and the dark glimmerings of the vaulted caverns around him added a tenfold horror to his situation. The demons of the place seemed peeping out upon him from their dark recesses; they began to approach on every side: he saw their glaring eyes, he heard their flapping wings, he felt their hot breath upon his cheek, and their talons in his living flesh! He uttered a piercing shriek. It awakened—not the awful echoes of the cave but the shrill voice of "Aunt Sorchle!" The fiery eyes were here; the talons were her lank fingers in his hair.

"Wake up from your drunken nightmare? You've frightened all the dogs by your screaming!"

Hans found himself in bed. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, "he awoke and beheld it was a dream!"

HARK we have a poem from a new writer, spirited and good—shall we hear from him again?

### THE SACRIFICE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

#### I.

The king is in his banquet hall,  
His belted knights around,  
And harps are ringing gaily  
To the haut-boy's shrilly sound,  
And joy is on each countenance  
Throughout that lofty hall,  
For the monarch and his gallant knights  
Now hold high festival.

#### II.

A martial step approacheth,  
And a martial form draws nigh,  
And his heavy armor rattleth,  
And his plume is waving high,  
"Now by Heaven" quoth King Stephen  
"Seek ye thus your monarch's board?"  
"Would ye join your monarch's revels  
With the dagger and the sword?"

#### III.

The knight sank on his bended knee,  
His visor up he threw,  
The haughty monarch frowned no more,  
For well the face he knew.  
"Now save thee, fair Sir Corydon,  
Why kneel you thus to night?  
The banquet waits your presence now,  
And smiles of ladies bright."

#### IV.

"Oh! ladies bright are not for me—  
A boon, a boon, I crave—  
A boon, as thou art just, O sire,  
A boon, as thou art brave!  
Dishonor foul hath marred my name—  
O, monarch, grant my prayer—  
I charge thee by thy knighthood, king,  
And by thy ladie fair."

#### V.

The monarch raised the kneeling knight—  
"Thy prayer is granted now!  
No hand of gentle demoiselle  
Thou'lt ask of me I trow."  
"I crave a deadly fight, O king,  
With Arnold of the Glen,"  
"Ha! God, sir knight—though would'st not beard  
The lion in his den."

#### VI.

"Sir King, he hath dishonored me—  
A craven knight is he,  
And I will teach the coward slave  
To bend his crest to me—  
His blood I'll have, Sir King—" "Hold! Hold!  
My royal word is pledged—  
The knight shall meet thee—nerve thine arm—  
Thy steel be doubly edged."

#### PART TWO.

#### I.

The knights bestride their foaming steeds—  
Their lances set in rest—  
And grimly flash their steel-barred eyes,  
And towers aloft each crest;

And now the herald's voice rings high,  
And now the trumpets' blast,  
And like a mighty avalanche,  
The war steed thunders past.

#### II.

The dust-clouds roll around the steed,  
And hide the riders' forms,  
The ground doth shake and quiver,  
As it felt the mountain storms,  
And now they crash together,  
In a mighty-heaving shock,  
As the thunder-bolt of heaven meets  
The adamantine rock.

#### III.

Now the clouds of dust are rended,  
And the sun looks forth again,  
And the steeds are stretched and dying  
On the trampled battle-plain,  
But the knights have left their coursers,  
And they wield the battle-blade  
While their war-cries loud resounding wake  
The echoes of the glade.

#### IV.

Now their blows fall thick and heavy,  
And their shields are hacked away,  
And their armor-seams are sundered,  
In the fierce and fitful fray—  
And the crimson tide is gushing  
From beneath their shattered mail,  
While the blows of death are falling  
Like the stormy northern hail.

#### V.

Hark! a woman's shriek resoundeth,  
And a woman's form is seen,  
And she cometh like a sunbeam,  
All the stormy clouds between;  
Through the barrier she fleth,  
And across the lists she speeds,  
Where her brother wields his falchion,  
And her craven lover bleeds.

#### VI.

O, tell me what is woman's love,  
That still it will burn on  
When faith and vows are broken, all,  
And even hope is gone?  
It smoulders like volcanic fires,  
While all is ice above,  
Consuming, all unseen, the heart—  
O, this is woman's love!

#### VII.

She springs between the combatants,  
But, ah! too late to save!  
Their falchions pierce her bosom—  
She has found a bloody grave;  
And the dying knights bend o'er her,  
With their falchions in their hands,  
And the sacrifice is bleeding,  
On the hot and thirsty sands.

POETRY.—Poetry is a pleasant honey; I advise thee to taste it only with the tip of thy finger, and not to live upon it. If thou dost, it will disorder thy head, and give thee dangerous vertigos.

DIFFICULTY of attainment is commonly proportioned to excellency of object.



## COURTSHIP OF JOHNNY BEEDLE.

BY MAJOR M'CLINTOCK, U. S. A.

AFTER my sleigh-ride, last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again, to all eternity. Oh! but I was wicked.

"Darn and blast their eyes!" says I; "blame their skins, torment their hearts, and darn them to darnation!"

Finally I took an oath, and swore that if I ever meddled or had any dealings with them again, (in the sparking line I meant) I wished I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house chock full of gals, all shining and glittering in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog shop. It's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm my oath for three whole Sundays—forenoons, n'ternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there was strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on, his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward, like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat tall under my arm, and turn by back to the minister, I naturally look straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Anyhow, they are so near matched that they have hated and despised each other like rank pisen ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door.

"Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Git out, Pompey!"

"Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire; how do *you* do?"

"Why, so as to be crawling—(ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop?—) haul up a chair and set down, John."

"How do *you* do, Mrs. Jones?"

"Oh, middlin'; how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat, there, Mr. Beedle."

This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times, in the long, muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that everybody is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say—who in the world is it?"

Mrs. Jones went close to his ear, and screamed out: "It's Johnny Beedle."

"Ho! Johnny Beedle. I remember—he was one summer at the siege of Boston."

"No, no, father, bless your heart—that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone these twenty years."

"Ho! but where does he come from?"

"Down town."

"Ho! and what does he follow for a livin'?"

And he did not stop asking questions after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones's last screech. He then sunk back into a doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andron; the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch fore-stick. Sally sat up prim as if she were plinned to the chair back; her hands crossed genteely upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across her lap; but they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over my left, and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use; the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl over me. I got my eye on my hat hanging on a peg, on the road to the door. At this moment the old captain, all at once, sung out:

"Johnny Beedle!" (It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an end,) "Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drum-stick as your father did, if you live to the age of Methuselah. He would toss up his drum-stick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take of a gill of rum, and then catch it as it came down, without losing a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think off that, ha? But pull your chair round, close along side er me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter?"

"I?—a'ter? Oh, jest takin' a walk."

"Pleasant walkin', I guess."

"I mean jest to see how ye all do."

"Ho! that's another lie. You've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle—ye'r 'a'ter our Sal. Say now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choaker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the lee being broke, plenty of chat with mammy Jones about the minister and "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse, but six. Then she tenazed and tormented me to tell her who I accounted the best singer in the gallery, that day. But mum—there was no getting that out of me.

"Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwin' a sly squint at Sally.

At last Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon, and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguety handsome to-day, that I wanted to eat you up."

"Pshaw! get along, you," says she.

My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and begun to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk.

"Try in again"—no better luck.

"Why Miss Jones, you're getting upstropulous—a little old maidish, I guess."

"Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that air Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down to a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron.

The battle now begun in the regular way.

"Ah, Sally give me a kiss, ha' done with it, now."

"I wont, so there, nor tetch to."

"I'll take it whether or no."

"Do it if you dare!"

And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the last bout, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood like a milldam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down into a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver. It parted at the throat, and, whoorah! came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way, about the floor.

By the hokey! If Sally Jones isn't real grit, then there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

Consume it! how a buss will crack of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake.

"There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself, "bust into twenty hundred pieces, and all my bread is dough again."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of

popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choaked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

## THE NEW ART OF PRINTING.

BY A DESIGNING DEVIL.

"Aliter non fit, avite, liber."—MARTIAL.

It is more than probable that, at the first discovery of that mightiest of arts, which has so tended to facilitate every other—the Art of Printing—many old-fashioned people looked with a jealous eye upon the innovation. Accustomed to a written character, their eyes became wearied by the crabbedness and the formality of type. It was like traveling on the paved and rectilinear roads of France, after winding among the blooming hedgerows of England; and how dingy and graceless must have appeared the first printed copy of the Holy Bible, to those accustomed to luxuriate in emblazoned missals, amid all the pride, pomp, and vellum of glorious MS!

Dangerous and democratic, too, must have appeared the new art, which, by plebeianizing knowledge and enlightening the mass, deprived the law and the prophets of half their terrors, and disrobed priesthood and kingcraft of their mystery. We can imagine that, as soon as a printed book ceased to be a great rarity, it became an object of great abhorrence.

There were many, no doubt, to prophesy, as on occasion of every new invention, that it was all very well for a novelty; but that the thing would not, and could not last! How were the poor copyists to get their living if their occupation was taken from them? How were so many monasteries to be maintained which had subsisted on *manuscriptum*? And, then, what prince in his right senses would allow a printing-press to be set up in his dominions—a source of sedition and heresy—an implement of disaffection and schism? The free towns, perhaps, might foster this pernicious art, and certain evilly-disposed potentates wink at the establishment of type-founderies in their states. But the great powers of Europe knew better! They would never connive at this second sowing of the dragon's teeth of Cadmus.

Thus, probably, they argued; becoming reconciled, in process of time to the terrible novelty. Print-books became almost as easy to read as manuscript; soon as cheap, and at length of a quarter of the price, or even less; till, two centuries later, benefit of clergy ceased to be a benefit, books were plenty as blackberries, and learning a thing for the multitude. According to Dean Swift's account, the chaplain's time hung heavy on his hands, for my lady had sermon books of her own, and could read; nay, my lady's woman had jest books of her own, and wanted none of his nonsense! The learned professions, or black arts, lost at least ninety-five per cent. in importance; and so rapid has been the increase of the evil, that, at this time of day, it is a hard matter to impose on any clodpole in Europe! Instead of signing with their marks, the kings of modern times have turned ushers; instead of reading with difficulty, we have a mob of noblemen who write with ease; and, now-a-days, it is every duke, ay, and every duchess her own book-maker!

A year or two hence, however, and all this will have become obsolete. *Nous avons change tout cela!*—no

more letter press! Books, the *small* as well as the great, will have been voted a great evil. There will be no gentlemen of the press. The press itself will have ceased to exist.

For several years past it has been frankly avowed by the trade that books have ceased to sell; that the best works are a drug in the market; that their shelves groan, until themselves are forced to follow the example. Descend to what shifts they may, in order to lower their prices, by piracy from other booksellers, or clipping and coining of authors—no purchasers! Still, the hope prevailed for a time among the lovers of letters, that a great glut having occurred, the world was chewing the cud of its repletion; that the learned were shut up in the Bodleian, and the ignorant battenning upon the circulating libraries; that hungry times would come again!

But this fond delusion has vanished. People have not only ceased to purchase those old-fashioned things called books, but even to read them. Instead of cutting new works, page by page, people cut them altogether! To far-sighted philosophers, indeed, this was a state of things long foreseen. It could not be otherwise. The reading world was a sedentary world. The literary public was a public lying at anchor. When France delighted in the twelve-volume novels of Mademoiselle de Scuderi, it drove in coaches and six, at the rate of four miles an hour; when England luxuriated in those of Richardson, in eight, it drove in coaches and four, at the rate of five. A journey was then esteemed a family calamity; and people abided all the year round in their cedar parlors, thankful to be diverted by the arrival of the *Spectator*, or a few pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or a new sermon. To their incidental lives, a book was an event.

Those were the days worth writing for! The fate of Richardson's heroines was made a national affair; and people interceded with him by letter to "spare Clarissa," as they would not now intercede with her Majesty to spare a new Effie Deans. The successive volumes of *Pope's Iliad* were looked for with what is called "breathless" interest, while such political sheets as the *Draper's Letters*, or *Junius*, set the whole kingdom in an uproar! And now, if Pope, or Swift, or Fielding, or Johnson, or Sterne, were to rise from the grave, MS. in hand, the most adventurous publisher would pass a sleepless night before he undertook the risk of paper and print; would advise a small edition, and exact a sum down in ready money, to be laid out in puffs and advertisements! "Even then, though we may get rid of a few copies to the circulating libraries," he would observe, "do not expect, sir, to obtain readers. A few old maids in the country towns, and a few gouty old gentlemen at the clubs, are the only persons of the present day who ever open a book."

And who can wonder? *Who* has leisure to read? *Who* cares to sit down and spell out accounts of travels which he can make at less cost than the cost of the narrative? *Who* wants to peruse fictitious adventures, when railroads and steamboats woo him to adventures of his own? Egypt was once a land of mystery; now, every lad, on leaving Eton, yachts it to the pyramids. India was once a country to dream of over a book. Even quatuors, if tolerably well seasoned with suttees and sandalwood, went down; now, every genteel family has its "own correspondent," per favor of the Red Sea; and the best printed account of Cabul would fall stillborn from the press. As to Van Dieman's

Land, it is vulgar as the Isle of Dogs; and since people have steamed it backwards and forwards across the Atlantic more easily than formerly across the Channel, every woman chooses to be her own Trollope—every man his own Boz!

For some time after books had ceased to find a market, the periodicals retained their vogue; and even till very lately, newspapers found readers. But the period at length arrived, when even the leisure requisite for the perusal of these lighter pages, is no longer forthcoming. People are busy ballooning or driving; shooting like stars along railroads; or migrating like swallows or wild geese. It has been found, within the current year, impossible to read even a newspaper!

The march of intellect, however, luckily keeps pace with the necessities of the times; and no sooner was it ascertained that reading-made-easy was difficult to accomplish, than a new art was invented for the more ready transmission of ideas. The fallacy of the proverb, that "those who run may read," being established, modern science set about the adoption of a medium, available to those sons of the century who are always on the run. Hence the grand secret of ILLUSTRATION. Hence the new art of printing.

The pictorial printing-press is now your only wear! Everything is communicated by delineation. We are not told but *shown* how the world is wagging. The magazines sketch us a lively article, the newspapers, vignette us, step by step, a royal tour. The beauties of Shakspeare are imprinted on the minds of the rising generation, in woodcuts; and the poetry of Byron engraven on their hearts, by means of the graver. Not a boy in his teens has read a line of Don Quixotte or Gil Blas, though all have their adventures by heart; while Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has been committed to memory by our daughters and wives, in a series of exquisite illustrations. Every body has *La Fontaine* by heart, thanks to the pencil of Granville, which requires neither grammar nor dictionary to aid its interpretations; and even Defoe—even the unparalleled Robinson Crusoe—is devoured by our ingenious youth in cuts and come again.

At present, indeed, the new art of printing is in its infancy, but it is progressing so rapidly, that the devils of the old will soon have a cold birth of it! Views of the Holy Land are superseding even the Holy Scriptures; and a pictorial Blackstone is teaching the ideas of sucking lawyers how to shoot. Nay, Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" has (*proh pudor!*) its illustrated edition.

The time saved to an active public by all this, is beyond computation. All the world is now instructed by symbols, as formerly the deaf and dumb; and instead of having to peruse a tedious penny-a-line account of the postillion of the King of the French misdriving his Majesty, and his Majesty's august family, over a drawbridge into a moat at Treport, a single glance at a single woodcut places the whole disaster graphically before us; leaving us nine minutes and a half of the time we must otherwise have devoted to the study of the case, to dispose of at our own will and pleasure; to start, for instance, for Chelsea, and be back again by the steamboat, before our mother knows we are out.

The application of the new art is of daily and hourly extension. The scandalous Sunday newspapers have announced an intention of evading Lord Campbell's act, by veiling their libels in caricature. Instead of

writing slander and flat blasphemy, they propose to draw it, and not draw it mild. The daily prints will doubtless follow their example. No more Jenkinsisms in the *Morning Post*, concerning fashionable parties. A view of the duchess's ball-room, or of the dining-table of the earl, will supersede all occasion for lengthy fiddle-faddle. The opera of the night will be described on a vignette—the ballet in a tall-piece; and we shall know at a glance whether Cerito and Elssler performed their *pas* meritoriously by the number of boquets depleted at their feet.

On the other hand, instead of column after column of dry debates, we shall know sufficiently who were the speakers of the preceding night by a series of portraits—each having an annexed trophy, indicative of the leading points of the oration. Members of both Houses will be, of course, daguerrotyped for the use of the morning papers; and photographic likenesses of the leaders of *ton* be supplied gratis to the leaders of the press.

How far more interesting a striking sketch of a banquet, containing portraits of undoubted authenticity, to the matter-of-fact announcements of the exploded letter-press—that “yesterday his Grace the Duke of Wellington entertained at dinner at Apsley House, the Earls of Aberdeen and Liverpool, the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Sir Frederick Trench, Col. Gurwood, and M. Algernon Greville?” Who has patience for the recapitulation of a string of names, when a group of faces may be placed simultaneously before him.

We have little doubt of shortly seeing announcements—standing like tomb-stones in those literary cemeteries, the Saturday papers—of “A new work upon America, from the graver of George Cruickshank!” or “A new fashionable novel, (diamond edition,) from the accomplished pencil of H. B.” Kenny Meadows will become the Byron of the day, Leech the Scott, Forrester the Marryatt, Phiz the Trollope; Stanfield and Turner will be epic poets, Landseer preside over the belles-lettres, and Webster and Stone become epigrammatists and madrigalists of the press.

All this will, doubtless, throw a number of deserving persons out of employ. The writers, whose stock in trade consists of words rather than ideas, will find their way to Basinghall street, prose will be at a discount, and long-windedness accounted a distemper. A great variety of small Sapphos must turn seamstresses at three half-pence a shirt, instead of a penny a line; while the minor poets will have to earn a livelihood by writing invoice, instead of in verse. But this transposition of talent, and transidon of gain, is no more than arose from the substitution of railroads for turnpike roads. By that innovation thousands of hard-working post-horses were left without rack or manger; and by the present arrangement, Clowes, Spottiswoode, and the authors who have served to afford matter for their types will be driven from the field.

But the world (no longer to be called of letters, but of emblems,) will be the gainer. It will be no longer a form of speech to talk of having “glanced at the morning papers,” whose city article will of course be composed by artists skilled in drawing figures. The biographies of contemporary or deceased statesmen will be limned, not by Lord Brougham or Macaulay, but by the impartial hand of the Royal Academy; and the catacombs at Kensal Green, like those discovered by

Belzoni on the banks of the Nile, exhibit their eulogistic inscriptions in hieroglyphics. By this new species of shorthand we might have embodied this very article in half a dozen etchings! But as the hapless inventor or the first great art of printing incurred, among his astounded contemporaries, the opprobrium of being in compact with the evil one, (whence, probably, the familiar appellation of printers' devils,) it behooves the early practitioners of the new art to look to their reputations! By economizing the time of the public, they may squander their own good repute. It is not every printer who can afford, like Benjamin Franklin, to be a reformer; and pending the moment when (the schoolmasters being all abroad) the grand causeway of the metropolis shall become, as it were, one moving diorama, inflicting knowledge upon the million whether it will or no—let us content ourselves with bird-eye views of passing events, by way of exhibiting the first rudiments of THE NEW ART OF PRINTING!

#### ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.

We have before named to our readers, discoveries which have excited much interest in Europe, in regard to atmospheric railways. The speed by this mode of transit is said as far exceeds that of the locomotive plan, as the locomotive speed exceeds that of the stage coaches. It is also said to be not more than half as expensive as the locomotive system. An atmospheric railway is in successful operation in Ireland, upon the extension of the Dublin and Kingstown railway.

Along the entire line, and between the rails, runs a pipe, which, on the Kingstown and Dalkley line, is fifteen inches in diameter. Along the entire length of this pipe is a slit or opening, through which a bar passes, connecting a piston (which moves freely in the pipe) with the carriage outside. The opening at the top of the pipe is covered with a leathern strap, extending the whole length of the pipe, and two inches broader than the opening. Under and over this leather strap, are riveted iron plates, the top ones twelve inches and half an inch broader than the opening, the bottom ones narrower than the opening in the pipe, but the same length as those on the top. One edge of the leather is screwed firmly down, like a common bucket valve, and forms a hinge on which it moves. The other edge of the valve falls into a groove; this groove or trough is filled with a composition, made of beeswax and tallow, well worked by hand, so as to make it pliable and tough before spreading it in the groove; this composition being pressed tight against the edge of the leather valve which rests in the groove, makes the valve air-tight, or at least sufficiently so for all practical purposes. As the piston is moved along the pipe by the pressure of the atmosphere, that side of the valve resting on the groove is lifted up by an iron roller, fixed on the same bar to which the piston is attached; thus clearing an opening for the bar to pass as it moves along. The opening thus made allows the air to pass freely behind the piston; the disturbance which takes place in the composition by the lifting of the valve is again smoothed down and rendered air-tight as at first, by a hot iron running on the top of the composition after the valve is shut down. This has actually been done when the piston was traveling at the rate of seventy miles per hour, and was smoothed down air-tight after it by the iron above mentioned. It is contemplated to place stationary en-



gines along the line, about three miles apart; at each engine or station there is an equilibrium valve fixed in the pipe, so that each three miles or sections of pipe can be either exhausted or filled with air independently of the other sections. The equilibrium valve is made to move freely out of the way of the piston by the carriage while passing it; so that the train passes from one section of pipe to another without any stoppage. It is evident that as the tractive force is derived from the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston, the amount of the force of pressure will depend upon two causes, *i. e.* the extent of exhaustion on one side of the piston, and the area of the piston itself. On the Kingstown and Dalkey line, the diameter of the piston is fifteen inches; the usual working exhaustion is from eighteen to twenty inches, which propels six carriages filled with passengers (amounting to about thirty-five tons) up an incline, averaging 1 in 120, at the rate of forty miles per hour.—*Phil. Sat. Courier.*

#### ANECDOTES OF PARROTS.

SOME years since, a parrot in Boston, that had been taught to whistle, in the manner of calling a dog, was sitting in his cage, at the door of a shop. As he was exercising himself in this kind of whistle, a large dog happened to be passing the spot. The animal, imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about, and ran toward the cage of the parrot. At this critical moment, the bird exclaimed vehemently, "Get out, you brute!" The astonished dog hastily retreated, leaving the parrot to enjoy the joke.

A gentleman who resided at Gosport, in Hampshire, Eng., and had frequently business across the water to Portsmouth, was astonished one day, on going to the beach to look for a boat, and finding none, to hear the words, distinctly repeated "Over, master? Going over?" (which is the manner that watermen are in the habit of addressing people, when they are waiting for passengers.) The cry still assailing his ears, he looked earnestly around him, to discover from whence the voice came; when, to his great surprise, he beheld the parrot, in a cage, suspended from a public house window, on the beach, vociferating the boatman's expressions.

Willughby mentions a parrot, which, when a person said to it, "Laugh, Poll, laugh," it laughed, accordingly; and, immediately after, screamed out, "What a fool I to make me laugh."

A parrot which had grown old with its master, shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear scarcely anything but the words, "I am sick," when a person asked it, "How do you do?" "I am sick," it replied, with a doleful tone, stretching itself along, "I am sick."

That parrots are sufficiently alive to their own interest, is a fact well illustrated by the history of a large Red Macaw, which belonged to an honorable and gallant friend of ours, who was lately governor of Trinidad. This parrot was accustomed to fly about all over the capital of the island, and being known as the governor's bird, he met every where with that respect which is usually paid to those who are clothed in scarlet and gold, and who live in palaces. At first, his peregrinations were made with great care, to keep himself free from all chance of exposure to injury or insult from the canaille. But, as he gradually discovered that the inhabitants, of all kinds and colors, so far from offer-

ing him offence of any sort, were rather disposed to yield the wall or the "crown of the causeway," to him, wherever he appeared, he grew proud, and bold, and conceited, and strutted through the streets with an air of insolence superiority, as if he regarded all birds, beasts, and human beings, as reptiles of the earth in comparison with himself. Now would he, like Peter Pindar's Jackdaw, stop to "peep knowingly into a marrowbone;" at another moment, he would fly in at the window of some house or stoop, where he would pry through all the apartments, and into every hole and corner, as if he were the master of it. Again, if he felt himself fatigued, or if, perchance, his fancy struck him to do so, he would whip upon the head or shoulder of any passenger man, woman, or child; just as a Londoner would pop into a hackney coach or a cabriolet, as a means of transportation from one end of the town to the other. But, while thus following out the bent of his amusement, he never lost sight of his more solid interest; for, by a certain hour of the day, he was sure to find his way to that part of the town where the fruit market was held, and there, like the Bashaw of some Turkish province, he went about helping himself from all the baskets, the owners of which, by their reception of him, seemed to consider themselves highly honored by his thus condescending to plunder them, and he generally returned to the government-house so gorged, that he required a siesta of some considerable duration before he was able to entertain the company with the utterance of his every day facetiae.

Parrots are sometimes extremely quick in picking up certain words that happen to strike their ears, and this they often do very untowardly, so as afterwards to repeat them with an apparently mischievous intent; of which, however, they ought to be entirely acquitted, since the strange coincidences which they sometimes produce, are merely the result of accident, like those which are often set down as the accomplishment of modern dreams or prophecies. We remember a Parrot which belonged to a lady, which was the innocent means of getting his mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called one forenoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that turn toward petty scandal, to which we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. "Mrs. —" exclaimed the owner of the Parrot, "Mrs. — drinks like a fish." These words were hardly uttered, when the footman, in a loud voice, announced "Mrs. —!" and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came sailing into the room, "Mrs. —!" exclaimed the Parrot, "Mrs. — drinks like a fish." Mrs. — wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragoons, furiously to confront her base and unknown maligner. "Mrs. —!" cried the Parrot again, "Mrs. — drinks like a fish." "Madam," exclaimed Mrs. — to the lady of the house, "this is a piece of wickedness toward me which must have taken you no short time to prepare. It shows the blackness of your heart toward one for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged." It was in vain that the mistress of the Parrot rose and protested her innocence; Mrs. — flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The Parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice, "Mrs. —! Mrs. —!

— drinks like a fish." Meanwhile, Mrs. —'s lawyers having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferreting out some information, that ultimately produced written proofs, furnished by some secret enemy, that the lady's imprudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance, we have mentioned. An action at law was raised for defamation. The Parrot was arrested and carried into court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs. —'s good fame; and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony, for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued loudly to vociferate, "Mrs —! Mrs. — drinks like a fish!" till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the Parrot was cast with immense damages.

### THE WINTER KING.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! WHAT will become of thee, poor little bird?  
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;  
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing  
black;  
They'll soon scatter snow flakes all over thy back!  
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?  
And what art thou doing, this cold winter day?

I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree—  
The storm doesn't trouble me! Pee, dee, dee.

But, what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?  
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare:  
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,  
Like Liberty's form, with the spirit of glee,  
When no place is near for thy evening rest,  
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?

Because the same hand is a shelter for me,  
That took off the summer leaves—Pee, dee, dee.

But, man feels a burden of care and of grief,  
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf!  
In the summer we faint; in the winter we're chilled,  
With ever a void that is yet to be filled,  
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,  
Yet, all their rich gifts do not silence our care.

A very small portion sufficient will be,  
If sweetened with gratitude! Pee, dee, dee.

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou has taught  
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought,  
We look at the clouds—while the bird has an eye  
To him who reigns over them, changeless and high,  
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,  
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

Because in all weather I'm merry and free,  
They call me the Winter King—Pee, dee, dee.

But soon there'll be lee weighing down the light bough  
On which thou art flitting so playfully now;  
And, though there's a vesture well fitted and warm  
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,  
What, then, wilt thou do, with thy little bare feet,  
To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and the sleet?

I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see!  
To warm them, and fly away! Pee, dee, dee!

### FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL ACHIEVEMENT.

Cooper, in his *Naval History*, gives the following interesting account of the first naval engagement in the revolutionary war:

"The first nautical enterprize that succeeded the battle of Lexington, was one purely of private adventure. The intelligence of this conflict was brought to Machias, in Maine, on Saturday, the 6th of May, 1775. An armed schooner, called the *Margaretta*, in the service of the crown, was laying in port, with two sloops under her convoy, that were loading with lumber, on behalf of the king's government. Those who brought the news were enjoined to be silent, a plan to capture the *Margaretta* having been immediately projected among some of the more spirited of the inhabitants. The next day being Sunday, it was hoped that the officers of the latter might be seized while in church, but the scheme failed in consequence of the precipitation of those engaged. Captain Moore, who commanded the *Margaretta*, saw the assailants, and with his officers, escaped through the windows of the church to the shore, where they were protected by the guns of the schooner. The alarm was now taken, springs were got on the *Margaretta's* cables, and a few harmless shots were fired over the town, by way of intimidation. After a little delay, however, the schooner dropped down below the town, to a distance exceeding a league. Here she was followed, summoned to surrender, and fired on from a high bank, which her own shot could not reach. The *Margaretta* again weighed, and running into the bay at the confluence of the two rivers, anchored.

The following morning, which was Monday, the 8th of May, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and bringing her along side of a lumber wharf, they gave three cheers as a signal for volunteers. On explaining that their intention was to make an attack on the *Margaretta*, a party of about thirty-five athletic men was soon collected. Arming themselves with fire-arms, pitchforks and axes, and throwing a small stock of provision into the sloop, these spirited freemen made sail on their craft, with a light breeze at north-west. When the *Margaretta* observed the approach of the sloop, she weighed and crowded sail to avoid a conflict, that was every way undesirable, as her commander was not apprized of all the facts that had occurred near Boston. In jibbing, the schooner carried away her main boom, but continuing to stand on, she ran into Holmes Bay and took a spar out of a vessel that was then lying there. While the repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight, and the *Margaretta* stood out to sea, in the hope of avoiding her. The wind now freshened, and the sloop proved to be a better sailer, with the wind on the quarter. So anxious was the *Margaretta* to avoid a collision, that Captain Moore now cut away his boats; but finding this ineffectual, and that his assailant was fast closing with him, he opened a fire, the schooner having an armament of four light guns, and thirteen swivels. A man was killed on board the sloop, which immediately returned the fire with a well placed. This discharge killed the man at the *Margaretta's* helm, and cleared her quarter-deck. The schooner broached to, when the sloop gave a general discharge. Almost at the same instant the two vessels came foul of each other. A short conflict now took place with musketry—Captain Moore throwing grenades with considerable effect, in person. This officer was immediately afterward shot

down, however, when the people of the sloop boarded and took possession of the *Margaretta*.

The loss of life in this affair was not very great, though twenty men on both sides are said to have been killed and wounded. The force of the *Margaretta*, even in men, was much the most considerable; though the crew of no regular can equal in spirit and energy, a body of volunteers assembled on an occasion like this. There was originally no commander in the sloop, but previous to engaging the schooner, Jeremiah O'Brien was elected to that station. This affair was the Lexington of the seas; for, like that celebrated land conflict, it was the rising of the people against a regular force; and was characterized by a long chase—a bloody struggle—and a triumph! It was also the first blow struck on the water, after the war of the American revolution had actually commenced.

#### DOROTHY MATELEY.

I FIND a story, dated about this period, which, though it does not strictly belong to the subject of necromancy, or dealings with the devil, seems well to deserve to be inserted in this work. The topic of which I treat is, properly, of human credulity; and this infirmity of our nature can scarcely be more forcibly illustrated than in the following example. It is recorded by the well known John Bunyan, in a fugitive tract of his entitled, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*; but which has since been inserted in the works of the author, in two volumes folio. In minuteness of particularity and detail it may vie with almost any story which human industry has collected, and human simplicity has ever placed upon record.

"There was," says my author, "a poor woman, by name Dorothy Mateley, who lived at a small village called Ashover, in the county of Derby. The way in which she earned her subsistence was, by washing the rubbish that came from the lead mines in that neighborhood through a sieve, which labor she performed till the earth had passed the sieve, and what remained was particles and small portions of genuine ore. This woman was of exceedingly low and coarse habits, and was noted to be a profane swearer, curser, liar, and thief, and her usual way of asserting things was with imprecation, as, 'I would I might sink into the earth if it be not so;' or, 'I would that God would make the earth open and swallow me up, if I tell an untruth.'"

"Now it happened on the 23d of March, 1660, (according to our computation 1661,) that she was washing ore on the top of a steep hill, about a quarter of a mile from Ashover, when a lad, who was working on the spot, missed twopence out of his pocket, and immediately bethought himself of charging Dorothy with the theft. He had thrown off his breeches, and was working in his draws. Dorothy, with much seeming indignation, denied the charge; and added as was usual with her, that she wished the ground might open and swallow her up, if she had the boy's money.

"One George Hopkinson, a man of good report in Ashover, happened to pass at no great distance at the time. He stood a while to talk with the woman. There stood also near the tub a little child, who was called to by her elder sister to come away. Hopkinson therefore took the little girl by the hand, to lead her to her that called her. But he had not gone ten yards from Dorothy, when he heard her crying out for help; and turning back, to his great astonishment he saw the

woman, with her tub and her sieve, whirling round and round, and sinking, at the same time, into the earth. She sunk about three yards and then stopped, at the same time calling lustily for assistance. But at that very moment a great stone fell upon her head and broke her skull, and the earth fell in and covered her. She was afterward dug up, and found about four yards under ground, and the boy's two pennies were discovered on her person, but the tub and sieve had altogether disappeared."—*Goodwin's lives of the Necromancers.*

#### THE FATE OF THE FLOWER.

BY MRS. H. L. PERKINS.

IN a fair garden grew many bright and beautiful flowers. There bloomed the queenly Rose, blushing as the light winds told of its loveliness, there the Lilly yielded its rich perfume, and there the modest Violet smiled sweetly amid the bright green leaves. Other flowers of rich and varied hue were there, but one reared its noble head proudly over all.

Its coloring was of the most brilliant dye, its form, tall and graceful. None gazed, but to admire, and its sister flowers looked upon their favorite with unwonted love, proud and happy to claim it as one of their kindred. The sunshine smiled brightly upon it, and the dews of heaven kept it fresh and beautiful. The summer breeze fanned its pure brow and the feathered songsters warbled their merry songs of praise while lingering near it.

Awhile it bloomed, and then, ere its freshness and beauty had departed, the Frost king came. He grasped it in his icy fingers, and with his cold breath chilled it to the heart. The fair flower drooped, silent and sad, and its bright leaves grew pale and withered. The sister flowers clustered around, mourning its untimely decay, and when at night the gardener came, with tender hand, he transplanted the dying one to a brighter garden, where flowers never fade. At early morn, they missed it from its accustomed place, and they wept sad, dewy tears, for the loss of the garden's brightest ornament. A cloud veiled the light of the uprising sun, the wind sighed in mournful cadence, and the plying birds sang a wild requiem o'er the "lovely departed."

Its bereaved companions grieved at the separation, but they knew that they should, ere long, be reunited where perpetual summer reigns, where the storm-cloud and the tempest enter not, and the portals are closed forever against the spirits of Disease and Death.

#### MR. GOODEAL AND MISS LITTLE.

THE Knickerbocker furnishes the following: "Our readers will doubtless recollect a marriage between a Mr. Long and Miss Little, which went the rounds of the papers some years ago, and in which some wag had appended the well known lines:

"Man wants but LITTLE here below,  
But wants that LITTLE LONG."

"A few weeks since, in B—, a Mr. Jonathan Goodenal was married to a Miss Honora Little. After the ceremony, one of the company rose and uttered the following, which he considered a decided improvement on the original couplet:

"Man wants but little here below,  
But wants that LITTLE A GOOD'NAL."

## A POSTSCRIPT FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

To my old friend Seba Smith, what used to edit the Portland Courier, but now edits the ROVER Magazine, 162 Nassau street, New York.

DOWNINGVILLE, away down east, in the State of Maine, January 26, 1844.

I've been in such a confounded hurry a few days past, that I can't get time to write you only jest a little postscript; but I'll try to send you a letter soon. This cheap literature business keeps me wide awake. You can't have no idea how tight it keeps a feller on the spring, till you dip into it. When a batch reaches you, it wont do to stop a moment, before you hand em round and get em eat up; if you do you might jest as well have your cake all dough again, for it'll be good for nothing. This cheap literature is just like *buck-wheat cakes*; you must take it while it is hot. If a warm plate comes on before the old one is cleared off, you might jest as well throw the old one to the pigs as not; it'll have to go there at last, for nobody else will eat it. So you see, we've had em so thick here a week or two past, it kept me all the time reading the bills and the titles, and the boys packin and pillin, and Zob tossing over the counter and sellin. But still I want you to stick to it, and send me every cake the moment it comes off the griddle; send em to me piping hot; I'll find mouths for all you'll send.

In great haste, your old beloved friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## A FRIENDLY VISIT.

In the little town of Dover, which is situated on the Cumberland river, in Middle Tennessee, there lived some years ago, says the Picayune, an eccentric and intemperate old bachelor, by the name of Kingston. On one occasion, when prostrated on his bed by excess, and suffering acutely from those stings and horrors, peculiar to his situation, he sent for one of his old boon companions to come and visit him. Shryack, for that was the other's name, came duly to Kingston's room.

"What's the matter, Kingston?"

"Shryack, shut the door."

"Yes, my dear fellow."

"Lock it."

"Eh?"

"Lock the door."

"Certainly, my dear boy."

"Shryack, I'm going to kill myself."

"My dear fellow, let me entreat you not to do it."

"I will."

"No, no—oblige me, and don't."

"Must do it."

"Don't—it'll be the death of you!"

Shryack was quite cool and jocosely, little dreaming that so terrible an event was actually going to take place.

Kingston had, as the last eccentric act of his life, taken a chisel and a mallet to bed with him, and now, with desperate resolve, he seized the extraordinary tools of death, and in an instant drove the blade of the chisel into his breast!

Th' hair rose upon Shryack's head, and fright spread like a sheet of snow over his face.

"Kingston! Kingston! my dear fellow—you d—d rascal, Kingston! do you want to have me hung? Hold on! don't you die till I call somebody!"

Shryack ran to the door, and called like a mad-man to some people across the street.

"Hallo! here! say, you Mister! all you stupid people, make haste over here, or there'll be a murder!"

The people crowded into Kingston's house.

"Don't die, Kingston! Don't *chisel* me that way! Don't die till you tell them who did it."

"I did it myself," said Kingston.

"There, that'll do; now, my dear fellow, you may die," replied Shryack, taking a long breath and wiping the perspiration from his forehead:

And Kingston did die, in that extraordinary manner, leaving his fate to be recorded as a suicide that was almost a murder.

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

*Invoice of goods, shipped for a market on board the tight schooner Rover, for the voyage commencing Saturday, February 3, 1844.*

Imprimis. Lovely Laura, the Bowery beauty; warranted to compare with the most approved samples in Broadway. Accompanied with descriptions both in prose and verse.

Item. Hans Swartz; a broad Dutch fabric, of excellent material, and unquestionable durability; which, if it was not woven by Washington Irving, was woven by somebody else.

Item. Fanny Parr; a tale of love and lunacy, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith; going far to establish the theory that earthly love is sometimes unchangeable.

Item. Johnny Beedle's courtship; by Major Mc Clintock of the United States Army; warranted to please, or no sale.

Item. The New Art of Printing; showing how he that runs may read.

Item. The Winter-King, by Hannah F. Gould; taking a bird's eye view of the subject.

Item. Anecdotes of Parrots, showing that some parrots know full as much as some men.

Item. The Sacrifice, by A. J. H. Duganne; an excellent "substitute for silver," better than German.

Item. The Fate of the Flower; a delicate little opening bud from the parterre of a very youthful gardener.

Item. Boston Correspondence. "Words that burn."

Item. Postscript from Major Downing; short and sweet, like a roasted maggot.

All to be sold for cash, and at the very lowest prices for goods of this quality.

PROJECTS FOR NEW PERIODICALS.—We see a prospectus out for a new weekly literary journal, to be called "The Home Critic," to be published every Saturday at five dollars a year. The plan of the work is good, for a high-toned, able and honorable critical journal, such a one as the country needs, and if carried out according to the projected plan, will deserve and probably receive success. The prospectus is signed by H. Fuller, at Bartlett & Welford's, 8 Astor House, and in case of sufficient encouragement being offered, the publisher is promised the aid of Cornelius Mathews, E. A. Duyekink, T. H. Headly, William A. Jones, George Folsom, A. W. Bradford, H. J. Raymond, and J. B. Auld, as regular contributors.

AND YET ANOTHER.—Those go-ahead people, Burgess, Stringer, & Co., have issued a prospectus for a



weekly paper, to be called the "Magazine for the Million," a weekly review of current literature, price six cents. The novel feature in this work is a sort of lottery attached to it, by which ten literary prizes are to be distributed with each number, the prizes to consist of different sets of books from Scott's prose works down to six shilling novels. The plan is to have five thousand copies of the paper published, and numbered from one up to five thousand. And from an equal number of tickets, to draw out ten, and the holders of the ten papers, corresponding with the numbers drawn, are to be entitled to the prizes. The plan will give much novelty and interest to the publication, and it may go on swimmingly, if the trouble and confusion which may grow out of the details should not prove a hindrance.

**THAT PROTEST.**—We should have stated in the ROVER two weeks ago, that four persons in the State of New Jersey, styling themselves ministers of the gospel, have published a solemn protest against Harper's pictorial bible, alleging that some of the plates are "highly indecent," &c., &c. If any of our readers were not aware of this fact, they might be puzzled to account for the excitement in Downingville upon the subject, as represented in the Major's second letter.

We perceive the corps editorial throughout the country, as far as we have noticed, agree with the Major in "liking them plecters," and rather advise the publishers to try to go on with the book, notwithstanding this head-flaw.

**WAS** it the money, or the Rover, that tempted the chap to rob the mail? We are willing to be sought for, even with a good degree of eagerness, provided it is done in a proper way and manner; but really *such* circulation is a little too *free*. We find the following paragraph in a paper published at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

## MAIL ROBBERY.

The mail from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, by this route, was taken from the stage coach at Oxford, in this county, on Saturday night week, and rifled of its contents. The amount of money stolen, so far as ascertained, is about \$70, (and a copy of the New York "Rover," of the 30th December, addressed to this office, and which the Editor will please replace.) The bag was found cut in a wood shed on the following morning. Prompt measures were taken by the Post Master at this place for the detection of the robber, but so far without success.

(Boston Correspondence of the Rover.)

**MY DEAR EDITOR.**—This is moving day with us. I have not the remotest idea of what I shall find to communicate to you. However, here I am, sitting in the parlor, the only room in the house that can boast any thing more than bare walls, windows and a fire-place; and the furniture here is all packed ready to "go." I am sitting, not exactly "on the stile, Mary!" but on the arm of the sofa, in a queer kind of style, with the cricket on my knee, which answers tolerably well in lieu of a writing desk. Everything is turned upside down; the chairs and tables are standing on their heads, their legs pointing up to the ceiling, as if they were striving to outvie each other in presenting some great feat. Surely if those fastidious ministers who published

a card in one of the New Jersey papers recently, declaring the "Pictorial Bible" *immoral* and all that sort of thing, were here at this time, they would not suffer those indelicate members of the furniture to remain nude. This reminds me of the Prudenceville preacher, who was so delicately moral that he never permitted himself to tell the *naked* truth, even when in the pulpit. But here comes three stout men for the sofa, it must go this load. Very well, I'll set the cricket on the hearth, (a very proper place for a cricket,) and with my paper in my hand jog on again. By the way how gloriously the sun shines this morning; he is looking in here on the upturned furniture as though he thought this delightful disorder; it may be to him. He don't have to stop in such a place as this, and write a communication to a weekly magazine. And yet why shouldn't he? What a splendid article the history of the events of merely one day in the career of that pressing old gentleman, would make! He arises and with one glance surveys the ocean of the desert sands, now beholds the slow caravan moving on to the bright shrine of Mecca, his red ray filling the hearts of the adventurers with dreadful prophetic forebodings of noonday heat and insatiable thirst. Perchance he finds a few straggling survivors of a numerous company, who sit listlessly on their jaded camels, gazing with vacant mind and stare upon the vacant sands. That Sun who smiles so cheerfully from the east, gazing in through the casement here so innocently, may even now be glazing and shriveling a thousand dead men's eyes on the great Sahara. But a truce to this. Yonder is a very pretty girl on the opposite side of the street "flattening her nose on the window pane," looking after the quality of our household fixtures, no doubt. Here is a looking glass; I'll just turn it a little to the Sun—Oh! what a flash! but I guess it conveyed an idea to the young lady's mind. It was cruel in me, to dash the Sunshine in her face at that rate, but she did deserve it for spolling her "delightful" little Grecian nose (I hope that it wasn't pug) on the window glass. The Transcript of yesterday contained an advertisement for a wife. The advertiser seems to be very fastidious in regard to the lady's character. For instance, she must be

"Pure-minded and moral quite free from all sin  
And to wind up the list, have a good share of 'tin.'"

If C. W. D. is as sorry "a gentleman, and painter" as he is poet, Heaven help him! for he needs it. I think the following is what the gentleman meant to express in his

## ADVERTISEMENT.

There's wanted a wife by a nice mingling man,  
A lady who knows just the least that she can;  
Who wishes to travel, (I trust for her health,)  
And assign me the charge of sufficient of wealth,  
Will find when she gives me her fortune of "tin," I  
Will give her full leave to take voyage to Guinea;  
Her dull wit must join with a temper to suit,  
And know not the use of "you beast," or "you brute,"  
In dancing, oh there, the dame scarcely must shine,  
Lost I might appear something short of divine;  
All points in *Belles Lettres* alone I must settle,  
A *belle* let her be if she furnish the metal,  
Beside, she must deem me a something uncommon,  
In short, be the very ideal of woman.  
"A lady so perfect, if such one there be,  
Will find a good husband on searching for me,"

"If she care for a gentleman, painter or poet—  
 "A choice sort of man, *that* he don't always show it,"  
 I've written a book to teach monkeys to dine,  
 To shrug, and "oh, oh," to bow and to whine;  
 He it said, though for modesty, softly between us,  
 I, myself, am the prince of that *simia genus*;  
 As for age, I am just at the right point to wive,  
 In the prime of my life—that is, turned *thirty-five*;  
 I say *thirty-five* for the sake of the rhyme—  
 I've turned *thirty-five*; that is—*twice* in my time!  
 But think me not old, Miss, I'm no ways *passer*,  
 Just show me the "*tin*," and then name your own Day.  
 Yours, &c., BOSTON ROVER.

### THE LARGEST COLUMN IN THE WORLD.

We gather from conversations with gentlemen who have lately returned from St. Petersburg, some account of the monument erected by the Emperor Nicholas to the memory of his brother, the late Emperor Alexander. The shaft was placed upon its pedestal on St. Alexander Nefsky's day, Aug. 30, (O. S.) 1832, in presence of the imperial family, nobility, citizens, and strangers. The day was remarkably fine and an immense concourse—an almost countless multitude assembled to witness the operation, in the large square in front of the Hermitage, or Winter Palace of the Emperor. The monument is of red granite. The pedestal, which is square, is forty feet high; the shaft is round and in one piece; it is *eighty-five* feet high and *twelve* feet diameter at the top; it weighs *six hundred tons*. The column supports a colossal bronze statue, representing an angel, holding a cross. The statue, with its pedestal, including the capital of the column, is *thirty-five* feet high, and the height of the monument from the ground to the top of the statue is *one hundred and sixty* feet. The stone was brought from Finland, (from the same quarry where the celebrated pillars of the Casand Church, polished like marble, were procured,) and transported to St. Petersburg in a ship built for the purpose towed by a steamboat. The inclined plain on which the shaft was rolled from the river Neva to its present site, contained a forest of wood, and cost in that country, where it is so cheap, a million of roubles, or \$200,000. The column was raised and safely placed on its pedestal, by means of sixty capsterns, manned by 2,500 veterans, who had served with Alexander in his most glorious campaigns. Each of them wore badges of honor. The preparations for the stupendous undertaking were so complete that not the slightest accident occurred, and during the operation of raising the shaft, not a whisper or a word was heard throughout the vast multitude who witnessed it—the most profound silence prevailed, and one of our friends, describing his own sensations, says he "felt as if it were criminal to draw a breath."

**THE MAN WITH THE BEARD.**—The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Though he was a tall man, it is said that his beard was of such a length that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his buttonhole; and sometimes he would untie it by the command of the Emperor, who took great delight in seeing the wind blow it in the face of his courtiers.

### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

FROM J. WINCHESTER, *New World Press*:

We have his republication of the January number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. It is a fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition, and sold at the low price of two dollars a year. The present number appears to be a very good one. We have marked one or two of the articles for the Rover.

From the same publisher, volume one, number one of "The Repository of Modern English Romance," comprising the best serial novels of the day, published monthly, at one dollar a year, or twelve and a half cents single.

Also, the January number of the monthly serial supplement to the New World, containing the continuation of Martin Chuzzlewit, by Dickens; Accounts of Irish Helms, by Samuel Lover; and Lotterings of Arthur O'Leary, by Charles Lever.

Also, the "Lotterings of Arthur O'Leary," complete in a New World extra.

Also, "The Twins, and other tales, by Frederika Bremer," translated from the Swedish by a lady. Together with "The President's Daughter," by Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, for February.

Mr. Israel Post's second number is very attractive in its outward appearance, and presenting an array of articles that will compare well with the leading Monthlies of the country. It contains two engravings, and a fashion plate. One is called "The Sisters," a mezzotint by Sudd; and the other the "Indian Maiden," engraved by Schoff from a painting by Chapman. Among the contributors to this number, are John Neal, C. F. Hoffman, J. K. Paulding, H. R. Schoolcraft, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Stephens, &c. Many of the articles have a good deal of merit, but our limits will not allow detail. The article by John Neal, "Lead us not into temptation," is the most highly wrought and powerful sketch in the number. Some parts of the article may be regarded as almost of a forbidding character, though the impression is in some degree removed by the denouement of the story.

FROM JAMES MOWATT & Co., 139 Fulton street,

We have Evan's History of all Christian Sects and Denominations. 288 pages, bound in boards, for 37 1-2 cents.

The Lady's Work-box Companion: being instructions in all varieties of canvas work, with twenty-nine engraved specimens. From the second London edition, revised and enlarged by a lady of New York. 12 1-2 cents.

The Lady's Guide to Embroidery and Applique, being instructions in embroidery on silk, velvet, muslin, &c., with fifteen beautiful engraved patterns. 12 1-2 cents.

The Little Robinson in Paris, or Industry's Triumph. A very beautiful and interesting tale for youth. 25 cents.

The New Ball-room Guide; comprising all the latest and most fashionable figures. 12 1-2 cents.

THERE are many books that owe their success to two things: the good memory of those who write them, and the bad memory of those who read them.

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Painted by S. E. Jones

Engraved by A. Johnston

CAPTAIN PINKY,  
AND HIS VALENTINE.



# THE ROVER.

## CAPTAIN PINKEY AND HIS VALENTINE.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

BY SEBA SMITH.

We are told, in holy writ, of certain characters, whose "eyes stand out with fatness." Captain Pickey went a little beyond holy writ, for not only his eyes stood out with fatness, but he stood out with fatness all over. He was not quite two yards high, but full two yards round. Captain Pinkey was a scripture man in more ways than one. He seldom let his left hand know what his right hand was doing: for, in truth, it was so difficult a matter for his hands to meet, that they might be said to know but very little about each other's business.

His dove-colored coat had a most graceful roll upon his shoulders, and set off, like a new saddle upon a very fat horse. His pantaloons fitted to his lower limbs like the meal-bag to the miller's grist. Everybody said he had handsome feet, and Captain Pinkey believed it—believed it, as most people believe in Mesmerism, on the testimony of others; not being able to obtain proof thereof from his own senses. His vest, dickey and cravat, were always in the very pink of the mode.

Indeed, he was a pink of a man from top to toe; his hair had the right curl, his whiskers the right cut, and his hat looked as though it knew more than any other hat in town. Nor should it be regarded as at all strange, that the said hat put on such an appearance of wisdom, considering the neighborhood it lived in; for Captain Pinkey himself was a man of ideas—he always carried three in his head: fine dress, good eating, and the ladies. He usually spent three hours at his toilet in the morning, sat three hours at his dinner in the afternoon, and as he seldom indulged himself in more than fifteen hours' sleep, that left him three hours for the ladies.

Captain Pinkey was a great lady's man, and strange to say, the ladies were not always so gallant to him, as he was to the ladies. Some of them voted him decidedly a bore. They were very apt to be "not at home," when he called; and oftentimes in company they would turn their backs upon him, and treat him with a good deal of rudeness. Still the captain made great allowances for the waywardness of the dear creatures, knowing, as he did in his own soul, that he was their very idol, and regarded by them as the handsomest man in town.

He was well aware that the two Miss Singletons had a great partiality for him. He had perceived it for a long time. Indeed he was fully convinced that they were decidedly in love with him. And Captain Pinkey was never more delighted in his life, than he was on the morning of Valentine's day, when the servant brought to his room, before he was half dressed, a sweet and heart-touching valentine, which he knew to be in the handwriting of one of the Miss Singletons. It ran thus:

TO CAPTAIN PINKEY: FROM HIS DISCONSOLATE VALENTINE.

Sweet Captain Pinkey! could you know]

What makes me feel all over so,

You'd pity this poor heart of mine,

And come and see your Valentine.

NO. II.—No. 22.

On Sunday, where in church I sat,  
I saw your face, I saw your hat,  
I saw your silver buttons shine,  
And vow'd to be your Valentine.

Last night I met you at the ball—  
Your beauteous form eclips'd them all—  
I thought if you were only mine,  
How blest would be your Valentine!

And when you look'd at me, I felt  
As though my very heart would melt;  
I never saw such eyes as thine,  
They look'd right through your Valentine.

My broken-heartedness is such,  
I want to meet you very much—  
At three P. M., while pa does dine,  
Pray come and meet your Valentine.

By the garden wall, and near the stile,  
Under the oaks just wait awhile,  
And by all the stars in heaven that shine,  
You there shall meet your Valentine.

Captain Pinkey spent an extra hour at his toilet that morning, and walked much on the piazza, and looked often at his watch. There was a peculiar blending of thoughtfulness and complacency in his countenance, which could not but be noticed by the whole family. A few minutes before three, Captain Pinkey was walking near the stile, under the garden wall of Mr. Singleton, and the two Miss Singletons were peeping over the wall to watch his progress. Captain Pinkey spied a letter on the ground. He picked it up and found it addressed to himself. He opened it, and behold, it was another valentine, written in a disguised hand. He read it, and stood motionless for fifteen minutes, fixed in perfect amazement.

It ran as follows:

TO CAPTAIN PINKEY IN SEARCH OF HIS VALENTINE.

Fat Captain Pinkey, burley fool,  
Methinks you take it very cool—  
Why don't you kiss that letter of mine?  
'Tis truly from your Valentine.

Gouty old bach! why stand you there,  
With watch in hand, and vacant stare?  
'Tis three P. M., go home and dine,  
Your dinner is your Valentine.

Great tub of grease! your worth is great,  
The soap-man told me so of late;  
But father has a fatter swine—  
You cannot be my Valentine.

## THE LOVES OF BIRDS.

AND why should not birds have valentines, and their seasons of love and sentiment, as well as he who was once defined as "a two legged animal without feathers?" Surely the feathered tribe may teach man many a delicate and beautiful lesson on these tender and interesting topics. Suppose, at this season, when valentines are in vogue, and the very air is almost loaded with love-tokens, we give a section or two from

Audobon's charming and graphic descriptions of the loves of birds. Nothing can be more appropriate, so here they go.

"I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt while watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favorite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other: how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives toward a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be, when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled! how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant fly-catcher, hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

"Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming-bird, and, see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair; you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pang which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! you might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain."

Birds are as jealous in love as men—all but the Golden-winged Woodpecker. No fightings occur, no jealousies seem to exist among these bright beaux and belles, who, for many reasons, are darlings of Audubon. "It is generally agreeable," says he, "to be in the company of individuals who are naturally animated and pleasant. For this reason, nothing can be more gratifying than the society of woodpeckers in the forests. No sooner has spring called them to the pleasant duty of making love, as it is called, than their voice, which, by the way, is not at all disagreeable to the ear of man, is heard from the tops of high, decayed trees, proclaiming with delight the opening of the welcome season. Their note, at this period, is merriment itself,

as it intimates a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance. Several males pursue a female, reach her, and, to prove the force and truth of their love, bow their heads, spread their tail, and move sideways, backward, and forward, performing such antics as might induce any one witnessing them, if not of a most morose temper, to join his laugh to theirs. The female flies to another tree, where she is closely followed by one, two, or even half-a-dozen of these gay suitors, and where again the same ceremonies are gone through. No fightings occur, no jealousies seem to exist among these beaux until a marked preference is shown to some individual, when the rejected proceed in search of another female. In this manner all the Golden-winged Woodpeckers are soon happily mated. Each pair immediately proceed to excavate the trunk of a tree, and finish a hole in it sufficient to contain themselves and their young. They both work with great industry and apparent pleasure. Should the male, for instance, be employed, the female is close to him, and congratulates him on the removal of every chip which his bill sends through the air. While he rests, he appears to be speaking to her on the most tender subjects, and when fatigued, is at once assisted by her. In this manner, by the alternate exertion of each, the hole is dug and finished. They caress each other on the branches, climb about and around the tree with apparent delight—rattle with their bill against the tops of the dead branches—chase all their cousins the Red-head—defy the Purple Grackles to enter their nest—feed plentifully on ants, beetles, and larvae, cackling at intervals, and, ere two weeks have elapsed the female lays either four or six eggs, the whiteness and transparency of which are doubtless the delight of her heart. If to raise a numerous progeny may contribute to happiness, these Woodpeckers are in this respect happy enough, for they have two broods each season; and as this might induce you to imagine Woodpeckers extremely abundant in America, I may tell you at once that they are so."

But perhaps the most beautiful passage in the volume is Audubon's description of the matrimonial delights of the Mocking Bird.

"It is where the Great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden Orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where Bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the White-flowered Stuarthia, and mounting still higher, cover the summit of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused as she passed over the Earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand, the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the Mocking Bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

"But where is that favored land?—It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent

forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the Mocking Bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! his tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

"No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that, to enrich her hopes, he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

"For a while each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The Orange, the Fig, the Pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick briar patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch and there arranged. The female has laid an egg, and the male redoubles his caresses. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

"When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of Mocking Birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with in-

sects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do."

It is undoubtedly our duty to make an editorial avowal, that the following Valentine is *not* addressed to the "Laura" in last week's *Rover*; but to a married lady, every way worthy of so fine a poetic compliment.

#### A VALENTINE TO LAURA.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I ASK not thy love—'tis not thine to bestow;  
And I could ne'er hope such a blessing to know;  
I ask not thy smiles, for to all they belong,  
Like breezes of summer or voices of song;  
I ask not thy thoughts, they are sacred and free,  
And in the world's page unrecorded shall be.

I but ask in the love of thy meekness to share,  
To partake of thy spirit, to echo thy prayer,  
To learn in thy presence the virtue serene  
That beams from thy eye, and lends grace to thy mien;  
Oh, let me unblamed in thy beauty rejoice,  
And deem myself sometimes the friend of thy choice.

#### THE PRISON VAN; OR, THE BLACK MARIA.\*

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES."

"HUSH!—there she comes!"

It was a pleasant summer morning, brightly shone the sun, and the neighbors gossiped at the door. Nancy polished the handles—Susan had the windows wide open, and, with handkerchief on head, leaned forth to join in the conversation. Mrs. Jenkins had been at market, and paused upon the step with the provision-laden Polly. There was quite a discussion of the more agreeable points of domestic economy, and a slight seasoning of harmless scandal gave piquancy to the discourse. All were merry. Why, indeed, should they not be merry? Innocent hearts and balmy weather—sunshine within and sunshine without. No wonder their voices rang so cheerfully. Even Mr. Curmudgeon, over the way, that sullen and supercilious old bachelor, with no partner to his bosom but a flannel waistcoat, and with no object of his tender care but the neuralgics and the rheumatics—even Mr. Curmudgeon chirped, and for once granted that it was a fine day, with no reservation whatever about the east wind, and without attempts to dash the general joy, by casting forth suspicions that a storm was brewing. If he said so—if Mr. Curmudgeon confessed the fact—not a doubt can be entertained—it was a fine day beyond the reach of cavil—a day free from the reproach of a flaw—with no lingering dampness from yesterday, and with no cloud casting its shadow before, prospective of sorrows to-morrow.

In short, everything looked warm, cheerful, and gay—the Nancies, the Pollices, and the Susans were pret-

\* In Philadelphia, the prisons are remote from the Courts of Justice, and carriages, which, for obvious reasons, are of a peculiar construction, are used to convey criminals to and fro. The popular voice applies the name of "Black Maria," to each of these melancholy vehicles, and, by general consent, this is their distinguishing title.

tier than usual—there are pretty days as well as lucky days—when cheeks are more glowing and eyes are more brilliant than on ordinary occasions—when Mrs. Jenkins is more pleasant than is wont even of pleasant Mrs. Jenkins, and when the extensive brotherhood of the Curmudgeons pat children on the head, and give them pennies—days when one feels as if he were all heart; and were gifted with the capacity to fall in love with everybody—happy days! The day of which we speak, was one of these days—nature smiled, and the people smiled in return. Nature approached as near to a laugh, as was becoming in a matron at her time of life and with so large a family, while the people did laugh with the smallest provocation thereto.

"Hush! there she comes!" said somebody, in tones of commingled fear and curiosity.

"Who comes?"

The finger of the speaker pointed steadfastly down the street.

"Who comes?"

"Black Maria!" was the half whispered reply.

Conversation ceased—a shade of gloom passed over every brow—all gazed in the direction indicated—it was a melancholy pause—a pause of sad attention.

"Black Maria!" was the unconscious and involuntary response.

The children looked behind them, as if to ascertain whether the doors were open for retreat into the recesses of home, and then peeped cautiously around the skirts of their mothers. The mirth of their seniors was also checked in mid career.

"Black Maria, sissey," said curly headed Tom and 'sissey,' clasped Tom's hand with the energy of apprehension.

"Black Maria, Tom!" repeated his aunt with an air of warning and admonition, at which Tom seemed to understand a whole history, and was abashed.

"Black Maria!"

Who was this strange creature—this Black Maria—that came like a cloud across the ruddy day—that chills the heart wherever she passes? What manner of thing is it which thus frowns gayety itself into silence? Black Maria! Is she some dark enchantress, on whose swart and sullen brow malignity sits enthroned?—or is pestilence abroad, tangible and apparent?

The "Black Maria" goes lumbering by. It is but a wagon, after all—a wagon, so mysteriously named—a wagon, however, which is itself alone—not one of the great family of carts, which general similitude and vast relationship, but an instrument of progression which has "no brother—is like no brother." It creaks no salutation to wheeled cousins, as it wends its sulky way—it has no family ties to enable it to find kith and kin, more or less humble and more or less proud, in the long line of gradation, from the retiring wheelbarrow up to the haughty and obtrusive chariot. It is unique in form and purpose—it has a task which others are unfitted to encounter, and it asks no help in the discharge of duties. It moves scornfully among hacks and cabs, while even the dray appears to regard it with a compound feeling of dread and disdain. It is, as we may say, a vehicular outcast, hated but yet feared—grand, gloomy and peculiar—a Byron among less gifted but more moral carriages—tragedy amid the niceties of commonplace. Such is the social isolation of the "Black Maria." Even in its hour of repose—in its stabular retreats, the gig caresses it not, nor does the carriole embrace it within its shafts. The respectabili-

ty of the stalls shrinks from contact with the "Black Maria," and its nights are passed in the open courtyard. Nor is it to be wondered at. The very *physique* of the "Black Maria" is repulsive, apart from the refinements of mere association. What is it—a coffin, rude but gigantic, travelling to and fro, between the undertaker and sexton! Why is it that the eye fails to penetrate its dark recesses? No "sashes" adorn the person of the "Black Maria." Unlike all other vehicles, it has no apertures for light and air, save those openings beneath the roof, from which a haggard and uneasy glance flashes forth at intervals, or from which protrudes a hand waving, as it were, a last farewell to all that gives delight to existence. Sternly and rigidly sits the guard, in the rearward chamber, and beyond him is a door heavy with steel. It is no pleasure carriage then—it is not used as a means of recreation nor as a free-will conveyance, travelling at the guidance of those who rest within. No—they who take seats in the "Black Maria," feel no honor in their elevation—they ride neither for health or amusement. They neither say "drive on," nor designate the place of destination. If it were left to them, they would in all likelihood, ask to be taken another way, and they would sooner trot on foot for ever, than to be thus raised above contact with mud and mire. They are not impatient either—they make no objection to the slowness of the gait. In short, they would like to get out and dismiss all cumbrous pomp and ceremonious attendance.

But there are bars between—yes, bolts and bars, and there is nothing of complaisance on the brow of him who has these iron fastenings at control. Polite requests would be unheeded, and he has heard the curses of despair—the sobs of remorse—the bitter wailings of heart-broken wretchedness too often to be much moved by solicitations such as these. Nor is he to be shaken by the fierce regards of hardened recklessness. Even the homicide may threaten—red murder itself may glower upon him with its fevered glare; but there is neither weakness nor terror in the hard business-like deportment with which he silences the exuberance of lacerated feeling. He is but a check-taker at the door, and cares not about the play within. Tears may fall—convulsive sorrows may rend the frame; but what is that to him whose limited service it is to watch and ward—to keep them in and keep them out? To weep is not his vocation, who sits at the door. He has no part in the drama, and is no more bound to suffer than they who snuff the candles for the stage. His emotions are for home consumption—his sympathies are elsewhere—left behind with his better coat and hat, and well it is so, or they would soon be worn to tatters—all—heart, cloth, and beaver.

What, then, is this "Black Maria," so jocularly named, yet so sad in its attributes? The progress of time brings new inventions—necessity leads to many deviations from the beaten track of custom, and the criminal, in earlier days dragged through the crowded streets by the inexorable officers of the law, exposed to the scorn, derision or pity, as the case might be, of every spectator, now finds a preliminary dungeon awaiting him at the very portals of justice—a locomotive cell—a penitentiary upon wheels. He is incarcerated in advance, and he begins his probationary term at the steps of the court-house. Once there was an interval:

"Some space between the theatre and grave;"



some breathing time from judge and jury to the jailer, a space to be traversed with the chances incident to the journey. Constables on foot are but flesh and blood, after all, and an adroit blow from a brawny thief has often laid them prostrate. A short quick evasion of the body has extricated the collar from many a muscular grasp, and once it was a thing of not unfrequent occurrence that the rogue flew down the street, diving into all sorts of interminable alleys, while panting tipstaves "toll'd after him in vain." There were no cowardly, sneaking advantages taken then—enterprize was not cabined in a perambulating chicken-coop—valor had room to swing its elbow, and some opportunity to trip up the heels of the law. But as things are at present managed, a man is in prison as he traverses the city—in prison, with but a plank between him and the moving concourse of the free—in prison, while the horses start at the crack of the whip—in prison, as he whirls around the corner—in prison, yet moving from place to place—jolted in prison—perhaps upset in prison. He hears the voices of the people—the din of traffic—the clamors of trade—the very dogs run barking after him, and he is jarred by rough collisions; but still he is in prison—more painfully in prison, by the bitterness of intruding contrast, than if he were immured beyond all reach of exterior sound, and when the huge gates of his place of destination creak upon their hinges, to the harsh rattling of the keeper's key, the captive, it may be, rejoices that the busy world is no longer about him, mocking his misery with its cheerful hum.

If it were in accordance with the spirit of the age to refine upon punishment and to seek aggravation for misery, the "Black Maria" would perhaps furnish a hint that the pang might be rendered sharper by secluding the felon from liberty by the most minute interval—that freedom might be heard yet not seen—as the music of the ball-room fitfully reaches the chamber of disease and suffering—that he might be in the deepest shadow yet know the light is beaming close around him; in the centre of action, yet deprived of its excitements—isolated in the midst of multitudes—almost jostled by an invisible concourse—dead yet living—a sentient corpse.

It is not then to be marveled at that the "Black Maria" causes a sensation by her ominous presence—that labor rests from toil when the sound of her wheels is heard—that the youthful shrink and the old look sad, as she passes by. Nor is it strange that even when empty she is encircled by a curious but meditative crowd, scanning the horses with a degree of reverential attention which unofficial horses, even if they were Barbary coursers or Andalusian steeds, might vainly hope to excite. The very harness is regarded with trepidation, and the driver is respectfully scrutinized from head to foot, as if he were something more or less man; and if the guard does but carelessly move his foot, the throng give back lest they should unwittingly interfere with one who is looked upon as the ultimatum of criminal justice. Should the fatal entrance be left unclosed, see how the observant spectator manoeuvres to obtain a knowledge of its interior, without approaching too closely, as if he labored under an apprehension that the hungry creature would yawn and swallow him, as it has swallowed so many, body, boots, and reputation. Now, he walks slowly to the left hand, that he may become acquainted with every particular of the internal economy afforded by that point of view. Again, he diverges to the right, on an-

other quest for information. Do not be surprized, if he were even to "squat," and from that graceful posture glance upward to ascertain the condition of the flooring, or slide about to note the style of the lynch-pins. A mysterious interest envelopes the "Black Maria;" every feature about her receives its comment—she has not a lineament which is not honored by a daily perusal from the public. She is the minister of justice—the great avenger—the receptacle into which crime is almost sure to fall, and as she conveys the prisoner to trial or bears him to the fulfilment of sentence, she is still the inspirer of terror. There may be some, no doubt—perhaps there may be many—who have forebodings at her approach, and tremble as she passes, with an anticipation of such a ride for themselves. Could upbidding conscience come more fearfully than this "Black Maria's" shape, or could the sleeping slunner have compunctious visitings more terrible than the dream in which he imagines himself handed into this penitential omnibus, as an atonement for past offences? What, let us ask, can be more appalling than the "Black Maria" of a guilty mind?

It is a matter of regret that history must be the work of human hands—that the quill must be driven, to preserve a record of the past, and that inanimate objects—cold, passionless, and impartial witnesses—are not gifted with memory and speech. Much has been done—a long array of successive centuries have fidgeted and fumed; but, after all, it is little we know of the action of those who have gone before. But if a jacket now were capable of talk, then there would be biography in earnest. We would all have our Boswells, better Boswells than Johnson's Boswell. A dilapidated coat might be the most venerable and impressive of moralists. Much could it recount of frailty and the results of frailty, in those who have worn it; furnishing sermons more potent than the polished compositions of the closet. Could each house narrate what it has known of every occupant, human nature might be more thoroughly understood than it is at present. What beacons might not every apartment set up, to warn us from the folly which made shipwreck of our predecessors! Even the mirror, while flattering vanity, could tell, and it would, how beauty, grown wild with its own excess, fell into premature decay. Ho! ho! how the old goblet would ring, as we drain the sparkling draught, to think of the many such scenes of roaring jollity it has witnessed, and of the multitude of just such jovial fellows as are now carousing, it has sent to rest before their time, under the pretence of making them merry! Wine, ho! let the bottle speak. Your bottle has its experiences—a decanter has seen the world. Thou tattered robe—once fine, but now decayed—nobility in ruins—how sourly thou smilest to discourse of the fall from drawing-rooms to pawn-brokers' recesses. What a history is thine—feeble art thou—very thin and threadbare; still thou hast seen more of weakness, ay, in men and women too, than is now displayed in thine own ruin. Yea, cobble those boots for sooterkin—they are agape, indeed; yet were once thought fit ornaments for the foot of fashion. Leathern patch-work, thou hast been in strange places in thy time, or we are much mistaken. Come, thy many mouths are open, and thy complexion scarce admits of blushing—tell us about thy furtive wanderings.

Let then this "Black Maria" wag her tongue—for tongue she has, and something of the longest—and

she would chatter fast enough, I warrant me. Let us regard her as a magazine of memoirs—a whole library of personal detail, and as her prisoners descend the steps, let us gather a leaf or two.

Here comes one—a woman—traces of comeliness still linger even amid the more enduring marks of sin, poverty, and sorrow. Her story has been told before, in thousands of instances, and it will be told again and again and again. There is not much that is new in the downward career of those who fall. It is an old routine. Giddiness, folly and deception, it may be, at the outset—tears, misery, and early death, at the close. Yea, yea—the old father was humble in his ploddings—the mother had no aspirations above her sphere, but she who now is weeping bitter tears, she longed for silks and satins and gay company. It was but a cracked and crooked looking-glass that told her she was beautiful, but its pleasing tale was easily believed—for perfumed youths endorsed its truth, and whispered Fanny that she was worthy of a higher lot than that of toiling the humble wife of dingy labor. Those secret meetings—those long walks by moonlight—those stories of soft affection, and those brilliant hopes! Day by day home grew more distasteful—its recurring cares more wearying—the slightest rebuke more harsh, and Fanny fled. That home is desolate now. The old father is dead, the mother dependent upon charity, and the daughter is here, the companion of felons, if not a felon herself.

Another!—that dogged look, man, scarcely hides the wretchedness within. You may, if it seems best before these idle stagers, assume the mask of sullen fierceness. "Who cares," is all well enough, indeed, but still the thought travels back to days of innocence and happiness. You set out in the pursuit of pleasure and enjoyment, but it has come to this at last; all your frolics and drinkings—your feasts, your ridings, and your gambles. You were trusted once, I hear—your wife and children were happy around you. But you were not content. There were chances to grow rich rapidly—to enjoy a luxurious ease all your life, and to compass these you were false to your trust. Shame and disgrace ensued; dissipation environed your footsteps and more daring vice soon followed. It is a short step from the doings of the swindler to the desperate acts of the burglar or the counterfeiter. You, at least, have found it so. Well, glare sternly around you—turn upon the spectators with the bitter smile of defiance. It will be different anon, in hopeless solitude—the past strewn with the wreck of reputation—the future all sterility.

Here is one who had a golden infancy. Where was there a child more beautiful than he? No wonder his parents thought no cost too great for his adornment. Who can be surprised that caresses were lavished upon the darling, and that his tender years knew no restraint. But it was a strange return in after time, that he should break his mother's heart—plunder his father, and become an outcast in the lowest haunts of vice. Were the graces of Apollo bestowed for such a purpose?

This fellow, now, was destroyed by too much severity. His childhood was manacled by control. Innocent pleasures were denied—his slightest faults were roundly punished—there was no indulgence. He was to be scourged into a virtuous life, and, therefore, falsehood and deceit became habitual—yes, even before he knew they were falsehood and deceit; but that knowledge did not much startle him, when the alternative

was a lie or the lash. Had the cords of authority been slackened a little, this man might have been saved; but while the process of whipping into goodness was going on, he paid a final visit to the treasury and disappeared. Being acquainted with no other principle of moral government than that of fear and coercion, he continues to practise upon it, and helps himself whenever the opportunity seems to present itself of doing so with no pressing danger of disagreeable consequences. Mistakes, of course, are incident to this mode of life. Blunders will occur, and, in this way, the gentleman has had the pleasure of several rides in the "Black Maria."

Here is an individual, who was a "good fellow,"—the prince of good fellows—a most excellent heart—so much heart, indeed, that it filled not only his bosom, but his head also, leaving scant room for other furniture. He never said "no" in his life, and invariably took advice when it came from the wrong quarter. He was always so much afraid that people would be offended, if he happened not to agree with them, that he forgot all about his own individual responsibility, and seemed to think that he was an appendage and nothing more. Dicky Facile, at one time, had a faint consciousness of the fact, when he had taken wine enough, and would say, "no, I thank you," if requested to mend his draught. But if it were urged, "Pooh! nonsense! a little more won't hurt you," he would reply, "Won't it, indeed?" and recollect nothing from that time till he woke next day in a fever. Dicky lent John his employer's cash, because he loved to accommodate, and finally obliged the same John by imitating his employer's signature, because John promised to make it all right in good time; but John was oblivious.

The "Black Maria" has a voluminous budget; she could talk all day without pausing to take breath. She could show how one of her passengers reached his seat by means of his vocal accomplishments, and went musically to destruction, like the swan—how another had such curly hair that admiration was the death of him—how another was so fond of being jolly that he never paused until he became sad—how another loved horses until they threw him, or had a taste for elevated associations until he fell by climbing—how easily, in fact, the excess of a virtue leads into a vice, so that generosity declines into wastefulness, spirit roughens into brutality, social tendencies melt into debauchery, and complaisance opens the road to crime. We are poor creatures all, at the best, and perhaps it would not be amiss to look into ourselves a little before we entertain hard thoughts about those who chance to ride in the "Black Maria," for, as an ex-driver of that respectable caravan used to observe, "there are, I guess, about two sorts of people in this world—they that's found out, and them that ain't found out—they that gets into the "Black Maria," and them that don't happen to be catch'd. People that are catch'd, has to ketch it, of course, or else how would the 'fishal folks'—me and the judges and the lawyers—yes, and the chaps that make the laws and sell the law books—make out to get a livin'?" But, on the general principle, this argufies nothin'. Being catch'd makes no great difference, only in the looks of things; and it happens often enough, I guess, that the wretched-looking gentleman who turns up his nose at folks, when the constable's got 'em, is only wretched because he hasn't been found out. That's my notion."

And not a bad notion either, most philosophic Swizzle, only for the fault of your class—a little too much of generalization. Your theory, perhaps, is too trenchant—too horizontal in its line of division. But it too often happens that the worst of people are not those who take the air in the "Black Maria."

Still, however, you that dwell in cildes, let not this moral rumble by in vain. Wisdom follows on your footsteps, drawn by horses. Experience is wagoned through the streets, and, though your temptations be many, while danger seems afar off, yet the catastrophe of your aberrations is prophetically before the eye, creaking and groaning on its four ungainly wheels. The very whip cracks a warning, and the whole vehicle displays itself as a travelling caution to all who are prone to sin. It is good for those who stand, to take heed lest they fall. But we have an addition here which should be even more impressive in these times of stirring emulation. Take heed, lest in your haste to pluck the flowers of life without due labor in the field, you chance to encounter, not a fall alone, but such a ride as it has been our endeavor to describe—a ride in the "Black Maria."

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

The snow yet in the hollow lies;  
But, where by shelvy hill 'tis seen,  
A thousand rills—its waste supplies—  
Are trickling over beds of green;  
Down in the meadow glancing wings  
Flit in the sunshine round a tree,  
Where still a frosted apple clings,  
Regale for early chickadee.

And chesnut buds begin to swell,  
Where flying-squirrels peep to know  
If from the tree-top, yet, 'twere well  
To sail on leathery wing below—  
As gently shy and timersome,  
Still holds she back who should be mine;  
Come, Spring, to her coy bosom, come,  
And warm it toward her Valentine.

Come, Spring, and with the breeze that calls  
The wind-flower by the hill side rill,  
The soft breeze that by orchard walls  
First dallies with the daffodil—  
Come lift the tresses from her cheek,  
And let me see the blush divine,  
That mantling there, those curls would seek  
To hide from her true Valentine.

Come, Spring, and with the red-brenat's note,  
That tells of bridal tenderness,  
Where on the breeze he'll warbling float  
Afar his nesting mate to bless—  
Come, whisper 'tis not always Spring!  
When birds may mate on every spray—  
That April boughs cease blossoming!  
With love it is not always May!

Come, touch her heart with thy soft tale,  
Of tears within the floweret's cup,  
Of fairest things that soonest fall,  
Of hopes we vainly garner up—  
And while, that gentle heart to melt,  
Like mingled wreath, such tale you twine,  
Whisper what lasting bliss were felt  
In lot shared with her Valentine.

## NATURAL BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning toward the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience I beheld the sun rising in splendor and changing the blue dints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity of our country, Niagara falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid lime-stone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveler may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting 10 or 15 feet over the water, and from 200 to 300 feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from 40 to 60 feet wide, he sees, nearly 300 feet below, a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. This stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is 70 feet; and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted 34 before it reached the water! All hear of heights and of depths, but here they see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting buttments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is as pleasing as the top view is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up 25 feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opens a large jack-knife, and in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and industry he worked his way upward, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend.

Accordingly he plies himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downward, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upward was rather obliquely than perpendicularly. His most critical moment had now arrived.

He had ascended considerably more than 200 feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from 250 feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We staid around this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings I should not have supposed it over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors of the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled in this manner already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature; and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, by throwing around his works the mantle of sublimity."

#### EXHUMATION OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

A GENERAL public festival was held in Sweden on the 6th of November, 1832, to the memory of Gustavus Adolphus. That being the 200th anniversary of his death, great preparations were made throughout the country for its due celebration. As that renowned Prince fell in defending the protestant cause, the festival partook of a religious character, mixed, however, with circumstances designed to give it a military aspect. At Upsal, a granite obelisk was erected and at Stockholm the remains of Gustavus were deposited in a splendid marble sarcophagus, in the presence of the King, Queen and Crown Princess, who also attended divine service on the occasion. The lead coffin containing the mouldering dust of him who was once a King, was removed from the mausoleum of Charles XII. where it had lain from the period of his death, and examined, externally and internally, in the presence of a few select Ministers of State. The following is an account of its condition.

On the top are several inscriptions in Latin, cut in the lead; the most prominent of which contains these words, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." On opening the coffin, a shell of oak, without a cover, was discovered, in which the ashes of Gustavus appeared. The head had fallen from its place, and was destitute of flesh; but a part of the hair on the skull, and the mustachloes, remained. The hands appeared to have been clasped over the breast; but none of the fingers remained entire. The whole body was reduced to a skeleton, and the bones dry, and much reduced in size. Tradition had said that a gold casket would be found containing the heart of the warrior; as his surviving Queen had it during her life time suspended from the roof at the foot of her bed: no gold casket, however, appeared; but in its place, a velvet bag lined with satin, containing a small quantity of mouldering dust, supposed to be the remains of that heart which feared not the dangers of the bloody field. A robe of elegant gold brocade, in which the body had been enveloped, was found in excellent preservation; as also the satin breeches of the order of the Seraphim, which had been placed on the body. The soles of the shoes were perfect; but the rest of the shoes, supposed to have been made of silk, could not be found. After a minute detail of the state of the body had been taken, the coffin was again closed, never to be re-opened till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead hear the cry, "Awake, and come to judgement!"

The service of the day commenced by singing the psalm, said to have been composed by Gustavus on the night before the battle of Lutzen, and sung by the army on the morning of that (to him) fatal day. It expresses the confidence of the christian warrior in the power of the God of armies; and the assurance of success, though they were but a handful in comparison with the multitude of the enemy. When the Bishop had concluded a funeral oration from the altar, eight Generals and eight Admirals conveyed the coffin up a flight of stairs to the mausoleum, where the sarcophagus had been placed, lowering it into this respectable amidst the firing of musquetry and cannon shots from all the neighboring forts.

Brave men die but once—cowards die many times.



## WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

A BALLAD.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

It was the Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the Skipper had 'n'en his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom sweet as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The Skipper he stood beside the helm,  
With his pipe in his mouth,  
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,  
I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!  
The Skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shudder'd and paus'd, like a frightened steed,  
Then leap'd her cable's length.

Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
That ever wind did blow.

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?  
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!  
And he steer'd for the open sea.

O father! I heard the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be!  
Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!

O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be!  
But the father answer'd never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face to the skies,  
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow  
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,  
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Look'd soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

## NEW SONG.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

It was a dream of perfect bliss,  
Too beautiful to last,  
I seem'd to welcome back again  
The bright days of the past!  
I was a boy—my mimic ship  
Sail'd down the village stream,  
And I was gay and innocent—  
But ah! it was a dream.

And soon I left the childish toy  
For those of manhood's choice,  
The beauty of a woman's form,  
The sweetness of her voice:  
I thought she gave me blameless love,  
The nursing of esteem—  
And that such love I merited;  
But ah! it was a dream;

I saw my falsehood wound her heart,  
I saw her cheek grow pale,  
But o'er her fate the vision threw  
A bright delusive veil:  
I thought she liv'd, and that I saw  
Our bridal torches gleam;  
And I was happy with my bride—  
But ah! it was a dream!

A MAN may be a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

## MARRIAGE OF JOHNNY BEEDLE.

BY MAJOR M'CLINTOCK, U. S. A.

WHEN I left off my second chapter, I believe I was apunking up to Sally Jones like all vengeance, and threatening to give her the butt end of my sentiments; wasn't I? Well, I was as good as my word. The next Sabberday, I went right to work, after meeting, upon the outer man, as Deacon Carpenter says, and by sundown, things looked about right. I say nothing; but when I stood up to the glass, to finish, and sort of titivate the hair and whiskers, and so forth, I saw a little feller there that looked wicked. And says I, if Sally Jones knows which side her bread is buttered — But no matter; she sha'n't say I didn't give her a chance.

Well, I went over to the Squire's pretty well satisfied in my mind; so after fluttering and crowing about her, a little while, I up and showed the cloven foot.

"Sally," said I, "will you take me for better or worser?"

This put her to considering; and I gave a flourish about the room, and cut a curly-cue with my right foot; as much as to say—take your time.

At last, says she: "I'd as liv's have you as anybody in the world, John, but—I declare—I can't."

"You can't, ha? and why?"

"Cause."

"Cause what?"

"Cause I can't—and that's enough. I would in a minute, John, but for only one reason; and that I'm afraid to tell ye."

"Poh, poh," says I, "don't be bashful; if there's only one stump in the way, I guess here's a feller—"

"Well, then, look t'other way, John; I can't speak if you look at me."

"Oh yes—there, now's your time," says I with a flirt.

"The reason is—Joe Bowers, the stage-driver. Now, you sha'n't tell nobody, John, will ye?"

Who would have thought this of Sally Jones!

It seemed to me the very old boy had got into the women. They fairly put me to the nonplush. All this time, my popularity with the ladies was amazing. To see them flattering and soft-souping me all over, you would have sworn I had nothing to do but to pick and choose. I had as much gallanting to do as I wanted, everywhere; and for politeness and gentility, I never turned my back to no man. Then, they were so thick and familiar with me, that they didn't care what they said or did before me; and finally, whenever they had any errands or chores to do, who but I was the favorite bird to fetch and carry? I was forever and ever racing and cantering from post to pillar, to do their biddings. Rain or shine, snow or mud, nothing stopped me; and I may say, I fairly earned their smiles by the sweat of my brow. Then it was: "Oh, Mr. Beedle! What should we do without Mr. Beedle?" But when I caught one alone, and begun to touch on the matrimonial sentiments, then how quick the tune was changed! Oh, the ways of the women are curious.

Patty Bean was not the first that I run aginst, by a long shot. I never lost anything for want of asking; and I was 'plaguey apt to begin to talk turkey always when I got scolded, if it was only out of politeness. Now one would promise, and then fly off at the handle; but most all contrived some reason or other for giving me the bag to hold. One had taken a firm re-

solve never to marry—no, never, never! and the next Sunday morning she was published. Another chicken thought she was a great deal too young to understand to manage a family. At last I took a great shine to the school-marm, Huldah Hassam; though she was ten years older than I, and taller by half a yard of neck; and when I offered her heart and hand, she fixed up her mouth, and says she: "I've great respect and esteem for you, Mr. Beedle, but —" and so forth. Nothing will cool a man down quicker than "respect and esteem," unless it is a wet blanket. But let Huldah alone; she had her eye upon Deacon Carpenter all the while.

Well, as I was going moping along home, from Squire Jones's, I fell in with Doctor Dingley. The doctor saw in a minute that something was the matter, and he went to work and pumped the whole secret out of me. Then he seemed so friendly, that I up and told him all my experience from beginning to end.

"Well, John," says he, "I advise you now to wait till the twenty-ninth of February; when the gals turn round to court the fellers. It's none of my business, but if I was you, I wouldn't let the women make a fool of me any more."

Well, I took a resolution, and stuck to it firm; for when I once set up my ebenezzer, I am just like a mountain. I stuck to it till along pretty well into January, when I had to go to singing school. I must go to singing school, for I was leader in the treble, and there was no carrying on the parts, without me. But that was nothing, if it hadn't fell to my lot to go home with Hannah Peabody four times runnin. Politeness before everything. Well she kept growing prettier and prettier every time, but I only grit my teeth, and held on the harder.

By and by, Sabbath night came round, and I felt sort of uneasy, moping about home; and says I, this resolution will never set well upon my stomach without air and exercise; and before I was done thinking of this, I was more than half way to Captain Peabody's. It was about daylight down, as I was passing by the kitchen; but hearing a sort of snickering, I slipped up and peeked into the window, just out of curiosity.

There was no candle burning—for Mrs. Peabody is saving of tallow—but I could see Hannah and Poll Partridge, the help, telling fortunes in the ashes, by fire-light. I turned round to go off, and run right agin Jack Robinson. Jack was come to set up with the help, and would insist upon it, I should go in and see Hannah.

"She hasn't had a spark this month," says he, "and in you shall go, or I'll lick ye."

Well, there was no dodging here, and all I had to do was to grin and bear it. So in I went, and once in, good by to resolution. The short and the long of it is, I was soon as deep in the mud as I had been in the mire. But I had another guess chap than Sally Jones to deal with now. And here was the difference between them. Where you got a slap in the chops from Sally, Hannah kept ye off with a scowl and a cock up of the nose. And Madam couldn't bear handling. With her it was, "Talk is talk, but hands off, Mister."

But I rather guess I had cut my eye teeth by this time. If I hadn't learnt something about the natur of women, the kicks I had taken from all quarters fell on barren ground. There is no way of dealing with them but to coax and flatter; you gain nothing, let me tell you, by saving of soft soap; and you must be sly about

it. It is no way to catch a wicked devil of a colt, in a pasture, to march right up, bridle in hand; you must sort of riddle along as if you was going past, and whistle, and pretend to be looking t'other way; and so, round and round, till at last you corner him up; then jump and clinch him by the fore lock. Oh, I'm not so great a fool as I might be.

But it was a long and tedious business before Hannah and I could come to any sort of an understanding. There was old Captain Peabody was a stump in my way. He was a man who had no regard for politeness; he traveled rough shod, through the town, carrying a high head and a stiff upper lip; as much as to say: "I owes nobody nothing." He had been a skipper, and sailed his schooner all along shore, till he got forehanded, then went back up country and set down farming. But I never knuckle to man if he's big as all out doors. And after he poked his fist in my face one 'lection, we never hitched horses together.

Well, as I was afraid to go to the house, and court Hannah in the regular way, I had to carry on the war just when and where I could; sometimes of a dark night, I could steal into the kitchen. But my safest plan was, to track her to the neighbors' houses, where she went to spend evenings; skulk about till she started home, and then waylay her on the road. Pretty poor chance this, you'll say. But as if this wasn't enough, Hannah herself must join in to plague me half to death.

Ye see, I wanted to let her know what I was arter, in a sort of a delicate underhand way, and keep myself on the safe side of the fence, all the time, if there was to be any kicking. But Hannah had no notion of riddles; she would not understand anything short of plain English. I hinted plaguery suspicious about "true love" and "Cupid's darts," and all that. Then I would heave a long sigh, and say, "What does *that* mean, Hannah?" But no; she couldn't see, poor soul; she looked as simple and innocent all the while, as if but-ter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

She was plaguery close, too, as to her goings and comings; and if she happened, any time by accident, to let drop the least word, that show'd me where to find her next time, she was so mad with herself that she was ready to bite her tongue off.

One day she was going to her aunt Molly's to spend the evening, and she went all the way round to Doctor Dingley's to tell Mrs. Dingley not to tell me, "For," says she, "I don't want him to be dogging me about everywhere." Well, Mrs. Dingley promised to keep dark, but she told the doctor, and what does the doctor do but comes right over and tells me.

"Gone all stark alone," says he; "but it's none of my business."

This is the day that I have marked with a piece of chalk. Hardly was daylight down, before I was snug in my skulking nest, in aunt Molly's barn. It was on the hay-mow, where there was a knot-hole handy, to look through and see all that went in or out of the house. I had a scheme in my head that Hannah little dreamt of; and I lay and thought it over, till she came out; and when I got her under my arm, and walking down the lane, thinks I, I'll set the stone a rolling anyhow, let it stop where it will.

So I set in to talking about this and that and t'other thing, and happened (by mere chance ye know) to mention our old hatter's shop, that stands at the corner,

my father used to work in, when he was alive. And says I,

"Speakin' of the old shop, it always puts me in mind of you, Hannah."

"Of me, John?" says she. "Why?"

"Oh, it's just the thing for a store," says I.

"Well—"

"Sweep out the dirt, and old hat parings, and the truck—"

"Well—"

"Take the sign, and rub out 'hatter,' and put in its place 'merchant,' and you see that spells 'John Beedle, Merchant.'"

"Well, John—"

"Then get rum, and molasses, and salt fish, and ribbons, and calicoes—"

"Oh," says she, "it's my new calico gown you was a thinking of—Isn't it pretty?"

"Oh," says I, "tis a sweet pretty gownd," says I;

"But—the upshot of the matter is, Hannah,—I have finally concluded to set up store and *get married*, and settle myself down as a merchant for life."

At this Hannah hung down, her head and gave a snicker.

"And how does that put you in mind of me, John," says she.

"Guess."

"I wont guess nor tetch to."

"Do—guess once."

"I wont! so there now—I never—"

What I said and what she said, next, is all lost, for I'll treat if I can remember. It is all buz, buz in my head, like a dream. The first thing I knew, we were right against Captain Peabody's barn, walking as close together as we could with comfort, and our arms round each other's waist. Hannah's tongue had got thawed out, and was running like a brook in a freshet, and all one steady stream of honey. I vow, I was ready to jump out of my skin.

It was a mile and a half, good, from aunt Molly's to Captain Peabody's, and I thought we had been about a minute on the road. So says I,

"Hannah, let's go set down under the great apple-tree, and have a little chat, jest to taper off the evening."

We now sat down and begun to talk sensible. We settled all the predicaments of the nuptial ceremony, and then talked over the store, till we thought we saw ourselves behind the counter; I weighing and measuring and dickerer and dealing out, and she at the desk, pen in hand, figuring up the accounts.

"And mind, John," says she, "I'm not going to trust everybody at the corner, I tell ye."

But just as we were beginning to get sociable, as I thought, Hannah looks up, and says she,

"What can that air great red streak be, in the sky, away down there beyond Saccarap?"

"I rather guess," says I "it is fire in the woods."

"Fire in the woods! I'll be skinned if it isn't daylight a-comin'. Quick, John, help me into the window, before father is a stirring, or here'll be a pretty how d'ye do."

The next job was to tell the news to Captain Peabody. Hannah had settled it that she should speak to her mother, and said she could manage her well enough, and it was my business to ask her father. This was a thing easier said than done. It stuck in my crop for days, like a raw onion. I tried to persuade Hannah to

marry first, and ask afterward. Says I, "You are twenty-one, and free, according to law." But she wouldn't hear of it. She had no notion of doing anything clandestinely. Then I asked Doctor Dingley to go and break the ice for me. But no: he would not meddle with other folks business—he made it a pint.

Well, says I, if I have got to come to the scratch, the less I consider on it the better. So, one stormy day, I put my head down against a north-easter, and set my feet agoing, and the next thing I was standing right afore Captain Peabody. He was in his grain-house shelling corn—sitting on a tub, with an old frying-pan stuck through the handles. And he made the cobs fly every which way, hit or miss, he didn't care. But it tickled him so to see me dodge 'em that he got into uncommon good humor.

"Well, Johnny Beedle, what has brought you up here, right in the wind's eye, this morning?"

"Why, cap'n, I've got an idee in my head."

"No! how you talk!"

"Ye see—the upshot of the matter is, I've a notion of settin' up store, and gittin' a wife, and settlin' myself down as a merchant."

"Whoorah, John—that is too ideas!—a store and a wife."

"But I want a little of your help," says I.

"Well, John," says he, "I'll do the handsome thing by ye. If you keep better goods than anybody else, and sell cheaper, you shall have my custom, and welcome—provided you'll take pay in sauce and things. Isn't that fair?"

"Oh yes, Cap'n."

"And I wish you success on the other tack. No fear of that, I'll warrant. There's lots of silly gals afloat, and such a fine taunt-rigged gentleman as you are, can run one down in no time."

"Oh yes, Cap'n; I have run down Hannah, already."

"My Hannah?"

"Oh yes, Cap'n; we've agreed, and only want your consent."

With this the old Cap'n riz right up on eend, upset tub and frying-pan, and pointed, with a great red ear of corn in his hand, toward the door, without saying a word. But his eyes rolled like all creation.

This raised my blood, and I felt so stuffy that I marched right straight off, and never turned my head to the right or left, till I was fairly home and housed.

Well, now, says I, my apple cart is upset in good earnest. And when I went to Doctor Dingley for comfort, he says,

"John, I wash my hands of this whole affair, from beginning to end. I must support my character. I am a settled doctor in the town; and the character of a doctor, John, is too delicate a flower to go poking around and dabbling into everybody's mess. Mrs. Dingley, I warn you not to meddle nor make in this business. Let everybody skin their own eels."

"Hold your tongue, you fool you," says she, "did ye ever hear of me burning my fingers?"

Howsomever, there was underhand work carried on somewhere and by somebody. I dont tell tales out of school. I had no hand in it, till one day Doctor Dingley, says he,

"John, if you happen to be wanting my horse and shay, this afternoon, about three o'clock, go and take it. I never refuse to lend, you know. And I hope Captain Peabody will gain his law-suit with Deacon

Carpenter, that he has gone down to Portland to see to. But that's none of my business."

Somebody, too—I don't say who—told me there was a certain Squire Darling, living in a certain town, about ten miles off, that did business and asked no questions. Well, in this said town, just after sundown, a young man named, Joseph Morey, was walking near the meetinghouse, with a sort of a cream colored book under his arm, and he heard something in the woods, this side, that, if it wasn't a harrycane, he'd give up guessing. Such a crackling and squeaking and rattling—such a thrashing and grunting and snorting, you never! He stopped and looked back, and all soon came to light. There was an old white faced horse come scrambling along out of the woods, reeking and foaming, with an old wooden top shay at his tail, and a chap about my size flourishing a small bean-pole pretty well broomed up at the eend. And says I,

"Mister, can ye tell me where one Squire Darling lives?"

"Which Squire Darling?" says he; "there's two of that name."

"His name is John," says I.

"Faith," says he, "they are both Johns, too, but one is a lawyer, and t'other a cooper."

"Oh, then it must be the lawyer I want."

With this the young man give a squint at Hannah and a wink at me, and says he, "Come along; I am going right there now, and I'll show ye the Squire, and fix things for ye."

"Hannah, this is lucky," says I.

Well, he carried us into a small one story house, a little further on, full of books and papers and dust, and smelling strong of old dead tobacco smoke. Here we sat down while he went about our business. We waited and waited till long after dark, and were glad enough to see him come back at last with a candle.

"The Squire is very sick," says he, "but I have over-persuaded him."

The next minute the Squire came grunting along in, all muffled up in a great coat, and spectacles on, and a great tall woman with him to witness for the bride.

Well, he went to work and married us, and followed up with a right down sensible sermon, about "multiplying and increasing on the earth;" and I never felt so solemn and serious. Then followed kissing the bride all round; then the certificates, and then I gave him two silver dollars, and we got into the shay again and off.

After this, nothing happened to speak of, for about a month. Everything was kept snug, and Captain Peabody had no suspicions. But one morning, at break of day, as I was creeping softly down Captain Peabody's back stairs, with my shoes in my hand as usual, I trod into a tub of water, standing on the third step from the bottom, and down I came slam bang. The captain was going to kill his hogs, and had got up betimes, put his water to heat, and was whetting his butcher knife in the kitchen.

The first thing I saw, when I looked up, there stood Captain Peabody, with a great butcher knife in his hand, looking down upon me like thunder! I want to know if I didn't feel streaked! He clinched me by the collar and stood me up, and then raised his knife over me as high as he could reach. I thought my last minute had come. Blood would have been shed as sure as rates, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Peabody. She stepped up behind and laid hold of his arm; and says she:



"It's no matter, Mr. Peabody; they are married."

"Married to that puppy!" roared the captain.

Yes, sir," says I, "and here's the certificate."

And I pulled it out of my jacket pocket, and gave it to him. But I didn't stay for any more ceremony; as soon as I felt his grip loosen a little, I slid off like an eel, and backed out doors, and made tracks home about as fast as I could leg it. But there was to be no peace for me this day. I was in constant worry and stew all the forenoon, for fear the captain would do something rash, and I could neither sit nor stand still, eat, drink or think.

About the middle of the afternoon, Doctor Dingley came bouncing in, out of breath, and says he,

"John, you have been cheated and bamboozled! Your marriage aint worth that. It was all a contrivance of Jack Darling, the lawyer, and his two imps, Joe Morey and Peter Scamp."

This was all he could say till he had wiped his face, and taken a swig of cider to recover his wind: and he then gave me the particulars.

When Captain Peabody had read my certificate, he could not rest; but tackled up and drove right down to let off his fury upon his old friend, Squire Darling. The moment he got sight of the squire, he turned to, and called him all the loud names he could lay his tongue to, for half an hour. The captain downed the certificates, and says he,

"These's black and white against ye, you bloody old sculpen."

The squire knew the handwriting was his nephew's as soon as he seed it, and the truth was brought to light. But, as the storm fell in one quarter, it rose from t'other. Squire Darling had smelt tar in his day, and hadn't forgot how to box the compass; and as soon as the saddle was on the right hoss, he set in and give the captain his own agin; and let him have it about nor-nor-west, right in his teeth till he was fairly blown out. They shook hands then, and seeing Hannah and I had got under weigh together, they said we must go the vige, and no time be lost in makin all fast in the lashings, with a good fine square knot before change of weather. So the squire slicked up a little, got into the shay, and came home with the captain, to hold the wedding that very night.

How Doctor Dingley happened to be in town just at the nick of time I don't know. It was his luck; and as soon as he saw which way the wind was, he licked up and, cantered home in a hurry. After he had got through with the particulars, says he,

"Now Mr. Beedle, it's none of my business, but if I had such a hitch upon Captain Peabody, I would hang back like a stone drag, till he agreed to back my note for two hundred dollars in the Portland Bank, to buy goods with, enough to set you up in a store."

I thought strong on this idee, as I was going over to Captain Peabody's; but the moment I showed the least symptoms of backing, such a storm was raised as never was seen. Father and mother-in-law and Squire Darling set up such a yell all together, and poor Hannah, she sat down and cried. My heart failed me, and I made haste to give in and plead sorry as quick as possible; and somehow, in the hurry I let on that Doctor Dingley had set me on; and so was the innocent cause of his getting a most righteous loking the first time Captain Peabody caught him. It wasn't settled short of thirty dollars.

Well, Squire Darling stood up and married us about

right; and there was an end of trouble. Mother-in-law would not part with Hannah, and she made father-in-law give us a setting out, in the north end of his house. He could not stomach me very well for a while; but I have managed to get on the blind side of him. I turned right in to work on his farm, as steady and industrious as a cart-horse. And I kept on pleasing him in one way and another, more and more; till he has taken such a liking to me, that he wouldn't part with me for a cow. He owns that I save him the hire of a help, out and out, the year round.

There—now I have done. I have enough to do that is more profitable at home. Between hard work in the field and chores about house and barn and hog-pen, I can't call a minute my own, summer nor winter. And just so sartain as my wife sees me come in and set down to take a little comfort, just so sartain is she to come right up, and give me the baby to hold.

## AFRICAN LIONS.

A WRITER in the South African Journal, published at the Cape of Good Hope, says that the lions of that country, beyond the limits of the colony, are accounted peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and he thinks Mr. Barrow's representation that they are cowardly and treacherous, is a conclusion drawn from limited experience or inaccurate information "The prodigious strength of this animal (he observes) does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox, with ease, a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, hartebeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing over his shoulder, and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he killed it, and a more extraordinary case has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the track for five hours, about 20 English miles, by a party on horseback; and throughout the whole distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. The Bechuanaland chief, old Peyshow, now in Cape Town, conversing with me a few days ago, said, that the lion very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circumstances attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, without appearance of either terror or aggression, the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire.

The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted, by travelers; but from my own inquiries among lion hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote related to me a few days ago by Major M'Intosh, proves that this fascination is not restricted to the lion. An officer in India, well known to my informant having chanced to ramble into a jungle, suddenly encountered a royal tiger. The rencontre appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire arms, and was

aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes the tiger, which appeared prepared to make its final spring, grew disturbed, slunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth in a different quarter, it persevered for about half an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure walk*. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents at a double quick time." After relating several terrific stories of encounters with lions, the writer concludes his article with one not quite so fearful, related by Lucas Van Nunen, to Vee Boof his neighbor, at the Bavlan's river; "Lucas was riding across the open plains about day break, and observing a lion at a distance, he endeavored to avoid him by making a circuit. Lucas soon perceived that he was not disposed to let him pass without further pailance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter, and being without his roer (rifle) and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the samcock freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt! In a few seconds he overtook Lucas, and springing up behind him, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager worrying the horse to pay any attention to the rider.

"Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the next house. Lucas, who gave me the details of the adventure himself, made no observations on it as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian man" without provocation in open day! But what chiefly vexed him in the affair was the loss of the saddle. He returned next day with a party of friends to take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and the saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said he could have excused the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle (for which, as Lucas gravely observed,) he could have no possible use, raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of his hair-breadth escape."

#### NEW MODE OF PROPELLING STEAM VESSELS.

We find the following notice of a very curious new invention, in that excellent family newspaper the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

"It would appear there is to be no end to attempts at invention for propelling steam vessels. Mr. Ruthven comes out with the last invention. He states that by his invention, the propulsion of the vessel is effected simply by the powerful discharge of a column of water from two nozzles placed below the water line,

one on the starboard, the other on the larboard side of the vessel; the greatest resistance to a vessel's way, going through the water, is at her bows, and this resistance the patentee partially reduces by admitting the water at two large orifices at her bows, and conveying it by pipes into a tight case, in which revolves a wheel worked by the steam engine. This wheel is divided into a series of compartments, communicating from the periphery with the axis; the water enters at the centre, and by the centrifugal force engendered by the revolving of the wheel, is discharged with great force from the circumference which is in immediate connection with the nozzles outside.

#### A VALENTINE.

BY JOHN KEESE.

SWEET are the early flowers of May,  
And bright the clouds that in thick array,  
With splendor gild the gorgeous west,  
To honor the sun as he sinks to rest.

Sweet, too, is evening on the hill,  
And bright the bubbling of a rill,  
Which, flashing from the mountain's side,  
Reflects the moon at eventide.

But sweeter, purer, brighter yet,  
Those raven eyes, those locks of jet,  
That spirit high, that friend of mine,  
For whom I woo Saint Valentine.

In winter's cold and cheerless hour,  
When skies are dark and every flower,  
Save those which bloom on beauty's face,  
Have vanished like the fairy race.

Oh, what can then fill up the void  
Their absence leaves on nature's sod?  
'Tis filled—for frost and snow combine  
To form for thee a Valentine.

And what is purer than the flakes  
Which fann'd by winds the snow-drift makes,  
And fresh from heaven reflects so bright  
The lustre of the stars of night?

Pure, too, art thou, as thoughts of heaven,  
Or clouds that float in the summer even;  
And cloudless be these thoughts of mine  
That weave for thee my Valentine.

And may that heart be ne'er o'ercast  
With gathered memories of the past,  
But let the feeling joy call up,  
Untasted, dash down sorrow's cup.

For one is bending o'er thee now,  
A seraph's kiss is on thy brow,  
And she is mirror'd in thine eyes,  
Who too soon sought her native skies.

A poet's sister! can there be  
A purer aristocracy?  
A lineage link'd with mind divine,  
Should claim as pure a Valentine.

My lyre is hush'd. Lady, for thee  
I've woo'd the muse's minstrelsy,  
And sure both heart and lute combine  
To breathe for thee this Valentine.

February 14, 1844.

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

CARGO OF THE ROVER, for the voyage commencing on Saturday, Feb. 17, 1844.

"Captain Pinckney," a very fat commodity, calculated to compete with the Cincinnati market, in the lard line.

"Sundry Valentines." This being Valentine's week, an extra quantity of this article is shipped for the present trip, as it is presumed the demand for it will be immense. Ours are of the very best brands, and warranted to keep the year round.

"Black Maria," by Joseph C. Neal, who, being the charcoal man, would be more likely to write about the black Maria than the white Maria. This article will suit both the abolitionists and anti-abolitionists.

"Johnny Beedle's marriage," by Major McClintock of the United States army. These pills, manufactured by Major McClintock, have been proved to be the best remedy for the blues of any medicine there is extant. They are in universal repute.

"The loves of birds," by Audobon. Most appropriate for Valentine's day, but not unsuitable for any season.

"The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow. Worth looking after by wreckers and under-writers.

"Mesmerism," showing how a man may have his leg cut off, and never find it out till he is told of it.

"The natural bridge of Virginia." Good for the lungs, as it makes one hold his breath.

Together with sundry articles of various qualities which cannot possibly be beat in the market, at our prices. Dealers and the public are respectfully invited to come on board *all along shore* and examine for themselves.

(Boston Correspondence.)

## DISCOVERY OF GALVANISM.

If Doctor L—be not already a worn out subject, his deception of the discovery of Galvanism may not prove uninteresting. He appears, as I told you before, in front of a very red curtain. He has on no collar, but wears a cravat *a la D'Orsay*. His bow is profound, the disposition of his right hand into his waistcoat, his left under his coat tail, peculiar, and his attitude queer. He smacks his lips and commences. "Ladies and gentlemen, in appearing before you this evening, it may be proper to state to ye, that the subject about to be presented for your instruction to night, is one of intense interest, complicated and subtle in its nature, being the primary principle of the most astonishing phenomena's in all of its effects entirely beautiful, and—*entirely beautiful*. And this interesting subject is galvanism, *galvanism*! The principle of this subject was first discovered by a man by the name of Galvani, a sort of quack physician—I say *Galvani*! Now mark! not one out of the thousand within these walls, (and I am flattered to think that there are that many of the most intelligent citizens here this evening) ever knew, before I told them, the origin of the word galvanism. But—hem,—I say *but*, I mean to tell ye something more about it. For ye must know that Madam Galvani was exceedingly fond of frogs; of *frogs*—which you will perceive to be a more extraordinary circumstance. Well. She had procured some dozen of them, and they laid skinned upon the kitchen table, (that is, their legs I mean, hind legs, if you please, for no person of good taste eats any other part of the frog,) and near by

—now mark the coincidence that convened to bring about the discovery of galvanism, and near by there stood—what? an electrical machine to be sure, which was placed near the fire for the purpose of keeping it dry. One of Mr. Galvani's students happened, I say *happened*, to be trying some experiments on the machine at the time, and Madam Galvani passing just at the right moment between the frogs and the machine, her body conveyed the electrical fluid to the frogs legs, and—what was the consequence? what was the consequence? the consequence was that they commenced *dancing* at a most astonishing rate, yea, I say those bare legs commenced certain queer gymnastics, very much in the same manner as some of you have observed the legs of a certain distinguished person prouetting on the stage. Madame Galvani was astonished—*astonished*! as well she might be, to be sure. She immediately ran to her husband, and informed him of the wonderful phenomena, he as astonished, rushed to the kitchen, and passing between the electrical machine and the frogs, observed with unbounded amazement and delight the verification of what his wife had told him. Now what does he do? I say *what* does Galvani do? He grasps the frogs legs in both hands, and much to the disappointment of Madam Galvani, rushes with them to his studio, believing that he had made a wonderful discovery, to try still farther experiments upon those innocent legs—on those innocent legs. Now mark: he has got them in his studio, he takes a wire to string them upon; but what kind of a wire does he take? what kind of a wire? a *copper* wire to be sure! the very thing of all others to forward the discovery of galvanism. But mark still further, the frogs are strung upon the copper wire, which is bent into the shape of what is vulgarly called a 'pot hook,' he hangs the frogs—where? on the iron balustrade; on the *iron* balustrade? What was the effect? why, I'll tell ye. The iron and the copper coming together produced exactly the same effect upon the frogs as was exhibited in the kitchen. Mr. Galvani was *thunderstruck* with delight—with delight. 'Now,' says he, 'I have made a great discovery.' Surely a great discovery it was; but Galvani unfortunately didn't know what kind of a discovery he had made; he didn't know anything about the cause or nature of it; he couldn't explain it, consequently the discovery of galvanism was left for a later age and greater mind. So, you see that Mr. Galvani, the discoverer of galvanism, *didn't discover it at all—I say, didn't discover it at all.*'

BOSTON ROVER.

## PATHETISM, OR MESMERISM, OR MAGNETISM.

Or whatever you please to call it. Can these things be, and not excite our special wonder? They are truly wonderful, whether true or false. Wonderful, if true, for the startling truths they are revealing to the opening eyes of mankind; and wonderful, if false, that so many unimpeachable witnesses can be deceived by them. Verily, if we can have our legs cut off and our teeth drawn out without feeling or knowing it, it is useless to say there is not some wonderful influence brought to bear upon us, by whatever name it may be called. The following account, which has just appeared in the papers, is a case in point.

AMPUTATION OF A LIMB.—The editor of the Bangor Courier gives an account of a surgical operation in that city, which he witnessed on Saturday—the patient having been previously thrown into the magnetic sleep

by Dr. Deare. The operation was the painful one of *amputating a leg*, and was performed by Dr. Hosea Rich, assisted by several other gentlemen, upon Luther Carey, whose leg, from infancy, had been deformed, and had caused him much pain and inconvenience. The account will be interesting to those who have attended Mr. Sunderland's lectures. The editor of the *Courier* says:

During the operation the patient complained of a sensation in the bottom of his foot, as though some one was pricking it, and at one time, for a brief period, appeared to be rousing from the magnetic state, and half conscious, by suspicion at least, that the operation had commenced, and at this time there was quite a struggle, and much muscular action, but he was soon thrown more fully into the magnetic state, and was then quite unconscious of what was going on; entering into conversation respecting the operation, and proposing that it be postponed to the next week, &c., and insisting even after the leg was amputated, that he would not have it done until it was fully paralyzed, at the same time expressing some doubt whether the Doctor would be able to accomplish this.

After the operation had been performed and the limb dressed, Mr. Carey was placed in his bed, being still in the magnetic state, and was induced to sing. His aged, widowed mother was called, and entered the room just as he was singing with much zeal which greatly affected the aged woman, and she burst into tears. Mr. Carey was now taken out of the magnetic sleep, and on rousing up appeared quite startled on seeing the company present; and, speaking to his sister and to his mother, a shade of sadness passed over his countenance, as he told them he had postponed having the operation performed until the Doctor should be more successful in paralyzing his leg. A passing smile over all countenances led him to suspect there might be something in the wind, and it then occurred to him that he was in bed, and in attempting to rise, he was cautioned not to do it, upon which he remarked that perhaps his leg was off, as he was placed in bed.

Upon being assured of the fact, he in great glee cried out, "Good! I am glad the old leg is off!" He then stated that the only sensation he had experienced was like that of some one pricking the bottom of his foot.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

**THE WANDERING TAILOR.**—Among the cheap publications, which Winchester of the New World press, 30 Ann street, has lately issued, is a curious and interesting book of about a hundred pages, entitled the "Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor through Europe and the East." It is translated from the German by William Howitt, whose name alone would be good evidence of the nature of the book. The author, P. D. Holthaus, a journeyman tailor in humble life, had an irresistible desire to travel and see the world. He therefore set out upon his travels "with his needle and his sheers," and *sowed* his way through many of the most interesting countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. After sixteen years of wanderings, he returned to his home in Germany, and published his little book. The book in Germany has gone through several editions. In the mean time the author is off again through the vast domains of the Russian empire, "stitching

his way," says Mr. Howitt, "through a country which from a boy it has been his passion to explore. If he should live to return once more to his native country, the world will undoubtedly receive another interesting narrative from the journeyman tailor.

**BRACKETT'S WORKS**, volume first, No. 1, Boston, William D. Ticknor & Company, 1844.

This volume, which has just been issued in beautiful style in Boston, consists of four outline engravings, with brief letter-press illustrations, on large sheets of fine plate paper. The engravings are from original designs modelled in *alto* and *basso-relievo*, by E. A. Brackett, the young sculptor, who commenced his career in Cincinnati, then spent a year or two in New York, and for the last two years has resided in Boston, where we are happy to learn he is gradually making his way to an honorable distinction in his art.

Should these works meet with sufficient encouragement from the public, it is the artist's intention to publish a number or part once in six months. The next number will contain a full length engraving of the late Bishop Griswold from a tablet designed and modelled by Brackett for Trinity Church in Boston. It will contain an illustration of one of Bryant's poems.

The engravings in the present volume are, 1st, an original design for Coleridge's "Genevieve;" 2d, "The Guardian Angel," with a poetical illustration by Elizabeth Oakes Smith; 3d, an original design to illustrate Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior;" 4th, "The ascension," with a poetical illustration by T. B. Read.

The design of the guardian angel represents a little child lying asleep, while a serpent is approaching it, and a guardian angel is stooping over the child, and protecting it from harm. We append the lines of Mrs. Smith in illustration of this group.

#### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

*in illustration of Brackett's angel watching the sleeping child.*

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Child of earth, and child of heaven!

Each alike in form and face,  
Save that wings to one is given—  
Something too of loftier grace.

Yet the trustful and the true  
Dwell in meekness with the other—  
These alone it was that drew  
From the skies its ange brother.

Half in blindness, half in trust,  
Guardian arms around him press'd,  
Sleeps the child of time and dust,  
Shielded by his cherub guest.

Angel-child! and child of earth!  
Semblance ye of hidden things;  
One hath reached its spirit-birth—  
One but waiteth for its wings.

**A GOOD CONSCIENCE.**—How sweet the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself. A good conscience is the finest opiate. The *Materia Medica* cannot supply one half so efficacious and pleasant; and all the nabobs together, if they were to unite their fortunes in one general contribution, could not purchase a similar one.



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# THE ROVER.

## THE CULPRIT FAY.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

This is one of the most beautiful creations of fancy which the literature of our country has produced. It was not published during the life-time of its lamented author, who died at the early age of twenty-five, in the year 1820. It was left among his manuscripts, and not having been prepared by him for the press, or perhaps hardly intended for publication, his friends did not for some time think of giving it to the public. Several copies of it were written out, and at last it found its way into the London Athenæum with high commendation. It was subsequently published in various periodicals and papers in this country, and must long remain a bright page in our standard literature.

The London Athenæum, in publishing it, made the following remark concerning the origin and character of the poem :

"The Culprit Fay was written, we have been told, in the Highlands of the Hudson. Dr. Drake was there with a party, enjoying the delicious coolness of that high and romantic region in the heats of an American summer. They were out, one moonlight night, on the platform of the Catskill, when some one of the party remarked 'how difficult it would be to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters.' Upon this slight hint, Dr. Drake, in a day or two, produced to the party the poem in question. It is worth much to the Americans, as proving the existence of the most delicate order of fancy in their every-day nation."

### THE CULPRIT FAY.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—  
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;  
Nought is seen in the vault on high  
But the moon and the stars and the cloudless sky,  
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,  
A wave of light on the welkin blue.  
The moon looks down on old Crow Nest,  
She mellowes the shade on his shaggy breast,  
And seems his huge gray form to throw  
In a silver cone on the wave below;  
His sides are broken with spots of shade,  
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,  
And through their clustering branches dark  
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—  
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break  
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A burnished length of wavy beam  
In an eel-like, spiral line below;  
The winds are hushed, and the owl is still,  
The bat in the shelving rock is hid,  
And nought is heard on the lonely hill  
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill  
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;  
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will  
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings,  
Ever a note of wail and wo,  
Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

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'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:  
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;  
He has counted them all with clicking stroke,  
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,  
And he has awakened the sentry elfe

That sleeps with him in the haunted tree,  
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,  
And call the fays to their revelry;  
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—  
'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell:  
"Midnight comes, and all is well!  
Goblins! hither wing your way!  
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,  
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;  
Some on the backs of beetles fly  
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,  
Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high,  
And rock about in the evening breeze;  
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—  
They had driven him out by elfin power,  
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,  
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;  
Some had lain in the scoop of a rock,  
With glittering ising-glass inlaid;  
And some had opened the four-o'clock,  
And stole within its quivering shade.  
And now they throng the moonlight glade,  
Above—below—on every side,  
Their little mimic forms arrayed  
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

They come not now to print the lea,  
In freak and dance around the tree,  
Or at the mushroom's board to sup,  
And drink the dew from the butter-cup;  
A scene of sorrow awaits them now,  
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow;  
He has dared to love an earthly maid,  
And left for her his woodland shade;  
He has lain upon her lip of dew,  
And sunned him in her eye of blue,  
Fanned her cheek with his wings of air,  
Played with the ringlets of her hair,  
And, nestling in her snowy breast,  
Despised the lily-king's behest.  
For this, the shadowy tribes of air

To the elfin court must haste away:  
And now they stand expectant there,  
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass  
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;  
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell  
Hung the burnished canopy—  
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell  
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.  
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,  
On his brow the crown imperial shone,  
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,  
And his peers were ranged around the throne.  
He waved his sceptre in the air,  
He looked around and calmly spoke:  
His brow was grave and his eye severe,

And his voice in a faltering accent broke :

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark :  
Thou hast broken thine elfin chain,  
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain :  
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity  
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,  
Thou hast scorned and broken our dread decree,  
And thou should'st pay the forfeit high,  
But well I know her sinless mind  
Is pure as the angel forms above,  
Gentle, and meek, and chaste, and kind,  
Such as a spirit well might love—  
Fairy! had she spot or taint,  
Bitter had been thy punishment.  
Tied to the spiteful hornet's wings;  
Tossed on the points of nettles' stings;  
For seven long ages doomed to dwell  
With the lazy worm in the walnut shell;  
Or every night to writhe and bleed  
Beneath the tread of the centipede;  
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,  
Your jailor a spider huge and grim,  
Among the carrion bodies to lie,  
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly :  
These it had been thy fate to bear,  
Had a stain been found on her body fair.  
Now list and mark our mild decree—  
Fairy, this thy doom shall be :

Thou shalt seek the beach of sand  
Where the water bounds the elfin land,  
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine  
Till the sturgeon leap in the bright moonshine,  
Then dart in the glittering arch below,  
And catch a drop from his silver bow.  
The water spirits will wield their arms,  
And dash around, and rage and rave,  
And vain are the woodland sprites' charms,  
Against the lumps that rule the wave.  
Yet trust thee in thy single might,  
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,  
Thou shalt win in the warlock fight.

If the spray-bead gem be won,  
The stain of thy wing is washed away,  
But another errand must be done  
Ere thy shame and dishonor be lost for aye;  
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
And thou must re-illumine its spark.  
Mount thy steed and soar on high  
To the heaven's blue canopy;  
And when thou seest a shooting star,  
Follow it fast, and follow it far—  
The last faint spark of its burning train  
Shall light thy elfin lamp again.  
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay—  
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

The goblin marked his monarch well :  
He spake not, but he bowed him low,  
Then plucked a crimson colon-bell,  
And sadly turned him round to go.  
The way is long, he cannot fly,  
His faded wing has lost its power,  
And he winds adown the mountain high,  
Banning the lone and weary hour.  
Through dewy beds of tangled fern,

Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,  
Over the grass and through the brake,  
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;  
Now o'er the violet's azure flush  
He skips along in lightsome mood;  
And now he treads the bramble bush,  
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.  
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the briar,  
He has swam the brook and waded the mire,  
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grow weak,  
And the red waxed fainter on his cheek.  
He had fallen to the ground outright,  
For rugged and dim was his onward track,  
But there came a spotted toad in sight,  
And he laughed as he jumped upon his back;  
He bridled his mouth with a silk-weed twist ;  
He lashed his sides with an osier thong ;  
And now through evening's dewy mist,  
With leap and spring they bound along,  
Till the mountain's tedious range is past,  
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,  
Moveless and still the glassy stream,  
The wave is clear, the beach is blight  
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;  
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,  
In murmurings faint, and distant moans;  
And ever anon in the vasty deep  
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,  
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—  
A glittering arch of silver sheen,  
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,  
And dripping with gems of the silver dew,  
The elfin cast a glance around,  
As he lighted down from his courser toad,  
Then round his breast his wings he wound,  
And close to the water's edge he stood ;  
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,  
Above his head his arms he threw,  
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,  
And headlong plunged in the water's blue.

Up sprang the spirits of the waves,  
From sea-silk beds in their coral caves,  
With snail plate armor snatched in haste,  
They speed their way through the liquid waste,  
Some are rapidly borne along  
On the mailed shrimp or the pickly prong,  
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,  
Some on the stony star-fish ride,  
Some on the back of the lancing quab,  
And some on the sideling soldier-crab ;  
And some on the jellied quail, who flings  
At once a thousand streamy stings—  
They cut the wave with the living oar,  
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,  
To guard their realm, and chase away  
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

Fearlessly he skims along ;  
His hopes are high and his limbs are strong ;  
He spreads his arms like a swallow's wing,  
And he throws his feet with a frill-like fling;  
His locks of gold on the waters shine,  
At his breast the puny foam-beads rise,  
His back gleams bright above the brine,  
And a snowy wake behind him lies.

But the water-spirits are gathering near



To check his course along the tide;  
 Their warriors come in swift career  
 And hem him in on every side;  
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,  
 And the quarl's long arms are round him rolled,  
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,  
 The quab has thrown his javelin,  
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,  
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw;  
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,  
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;  
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,  
 Fairy! nought is left but flight.

He turned him round and fled again  
 With hurry and dash to the beach again;  
 He twisted over from side to side,  
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.  
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,  
 And with all his might he flings his feet,  
 But the water-spirits are round him still  
 To cross his path and to work him ill.  
 They bade the billow before him rise;  
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,  
 They stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,  
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.

Oh! but a weary wight was he,  
 When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree;  
 Gashed and wounded, stiff and sore,  
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;  
 He blessed the force of the charmed line,  
 And he banned the water goblins' spite,  
 For he saw around in the sweet moonshine,  
 Their little wee faces above the brine,  
 Giggling and laughing with all their might  
 At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew  
 From the sorrel leaf and the henbane bud;  
 Over each wound the balm he threw,  
 And with cobweb lint he staunched the blood.  
 The mild west wind was soft and low,  
 It cooled the heat of his burning brow,  
 And he felt new life in his fibres shoot,  
 And he drank the juice of the cal'mus root;  
 And now he treads the fatal shore  
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:  
 'Tis midway in the wane of night,  
 His task is hard, the way is far,  
 But he must do his errand right,  
 Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,  
 And rolls her chariot wheels of light;  
 Then vain are the spells of fairy-land,  
 He must work with a human hand.

He cast a saddened eye around,  
 But he felt new joy his bosom swell,  
 As, glittering on the shadowy ground,  
 He marked a purple muscle-shell;  
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,  
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,  
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand,  
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.

She was as lovely a pleasure bont  
 As ever a fairy had paddled in,  
 For she glowed with purple paint without,  
 And shone with silvery pearl within;

A skuller's notch in the stern he made,  
 An oar he shaped of the beetle-blade;  
 Then sprung in his boat with a lightsome leap,  
 And launched afar on the calm blue deep.

The imps of the river yell and rave,  
 They have no power above the wave,  
 But they heaved the billow before the prow,  
 And they dashed the surge against her side,  
 And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,  
 Till her gunwale bent to the rocking tide.  
 She wimped about in the pale moonbeam,  
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;  
 And momentarily athwart her track  
 The quarl upreared his island back,  
 And the fluttering scallop behind would float,  
 And scatter the water about the boat;  
 But he balled her out with his colen-bell,  
 And kept her trimmed with a wary tread,  
 While on every side like lightning fell  
 The heavy stroke of his beetle-blade.

Onward still he held his way,  
 Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,  
 And he saw beneath the surface dim,  
 The brown backed sturgeon slowly swim.  
 Around him were the goblin train—  
 But he skulled with all his might and main,  
 And he followed wherever the sturgeon led,  
 Till he saw him upward point his head;  
 Then he dropped his beetle blade,  
 And held his colen goblet up  
 To catch the drop of the crimson cup.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,  
 Through the dark wave the sturgeon flew,  
 And like the heaven-shot javelin,  
 He sprung above the waters blue.  
 Instant as the star-fall light,  
 He plunged him in the deep again,  
 But left an arch of silver bright  
 The rainbow of the moony main.  
 It was, I ween, a lovely sight  
 To see the puny goblin there;  
 He seemed an angel formed of light,  
 With azure wing and sunny hair,  
 Throned on a cloud of purple felr,  
 Circled with blue and edged with white,  
 And sitting at the fell of even  
 Beneath the summer bow of Heaven.

A moment, and its lustre fell,  
 But ere it met the water blue,  
 He caught within his crimson bell,  
 A droplet of its sparkling dew—  
 Joy thee, Fay! thy task is done,  
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—  
 Cheerily ply thy dripping ear  
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

He turns, and lo! on every side  
 The ripples on his path divide;  
 And the track o'er which his boat must pass  
 Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.  
 Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,  
 With snowy arms half swelling out,  
 While on the gossed and gleaming wave  
 Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;  
 They swim around with smile and song;  
 They press the bark with ivory hand,

And gently urge her course along,  
Toward the beach of speckled sand;  
And, as he lightly leaped to land,  
They bade adieu with nod and bow,  
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the fairy there;  
He kissed the beach and he breathed a prayer,  
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,  
And on to the elfin court he flew;  
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,  
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,  
Till lessening far through ether driven,  
It mingles with the hues of Heaven:  
As, at the glimpse of dawning pale,  
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,  
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,  
Till lost in the shades of fading night;  
So rose from earth the lovely Fay—  
So vanished far in the heaven away!

Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,  
The cricket has called the second hour,  
Twice again, and the lark will rise  
To kiss the streaking of the skies—  
Up! quick thy charmed armor on,  
Thou'lt need it ere the night be done.  
He put his accorn helmet on;  
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;  
The corset plate that guarded his breast  
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;  
His cloak, of the rainbow's mingled dyes,  
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;  
His shield was the shell of the lady-bug queen,  
Spots of gold on a ground of green;  
And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright,  
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.  
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;  
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;  
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,  
Away like a glance of lightning flew,  
To skim the heavens and follow far  
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly as he shot the air,  
Crept under the leaf and hid her there;  
The katy-did forgot its lay,  
The prowling knat fled fast away,  
The fell mosquito checked his drone,  
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,  
And the wily beetle dropped his head,  
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;  
They crunched them close in the darksome shade,  
And they quaked all over with dread and fear,  
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,  
And writhed on the point of the elfin spear;  
Many a time on a summer night,  
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,  
They had been roused from the haunted ground,  
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;  
They had heard the tiny bugle horn,  
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,  
When the vine-twigg bows were tightly drawn,  
And the arrowy shaft through the air was borne,  
Freshened with down of the hum-bird's wing.  
And now they deemed the courier ouphe  
Some haunting sprite of the eldrich ground;  
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof  
That canopies the world around;

Then glad they left their covert lair,  
And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament  
His path the fire-fly courser bent,  
And at every gallop upon the wind,  
He flung a glittering spark behind;  
He flies like a feather in the blast  
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past,  
But the shapes of air have begun their work,  
And a drizzly mist is around him cast,  
He cannot see through the mantle murk,  
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast,  
Through storm and darkness sleet and shade,  
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,  
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,  
And flame-shot tongues around him played,  
And near him many a fiendish eye  
Glared with a fell malignity,  
And yells of rage and shrieks of fear  
Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,  
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,  
His eyes are blind with the lightning's glare,  
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's roar;  
But he gave a shout and his blade he drew,  
He thrust before and he struck behind,  
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,  
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;  
Howling the misty spectres flew,  
They rend the air with frightful cries,  
For he has gained the welkin blue,  
And the land of clouds behind him lies.  
Up to the cope careering swift  
In breathless motion fast,  
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,  
Or the sea-rack rides the blast,  
The sapphire bolt of eve is shot,  
The sphered moon is passed,  
The earth, it seems a tiny spot  
Upon a sheet of azure cast.

Oh! it was sweet in the clear moonlight,  
To tread the starry plain of Even,  
To mark the twinkling lamps of Night,  
And feel the cooling breath of Heaven!  
But he made no stop and he made no stay  
Till he came to the bank of the milky way,  
And then he checked his courser's foot,  
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide  
That reveled to meet their footsteps' fall,  
The sylphs of Heaven were seen to glide,  
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;  
Around the Fay they weave the dance,  
They skip before him on the plain,  
And one has taken his wasp-ating lance,  
And one upholds his bridle rein.  
With warblings wild they lead him on  
To where through clouds of amber seen,  
Studded with stars resplendent shone  
The palace of the sylphid queen.  
Its spiral columns gleaming bright,  
Were streamers of the northern light;  
Its curtains' bright and lovely flush  
Was of the morning's rosy blush,  
And the ceiling far that rose above

The white and feathery fleece of noon.

But oh! how fair the shape that lay  
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,  
She seemed to the entranced Fay  
The loveliest of the forms of light;  
Her mantle was of the purple rolled  
At twilight in the west afar;  
'Twas tied with threads of morning gold,  
And buttoned with a sparkling star.  
Her face was of the lily roon  
That veils the vestal planet's hue;  
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,  
Set floating in the welkin blue.  
Her hair is like the sunny beam,  
And the diamond gems that round it gleam  
Are the pure drops of dewy even  
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,  
And they shone with smiles, for well I ween  
Never before in the bowers of light  
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.  
Long she looked on his tiny face;  
Long with his butterfly cloak she played;  
She smoothed his wing of azure lace,  
And handled the tassel of his blade;  
And as he told in accents low  
The story of his love and wo,  
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,  
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.

And "Oh, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,  
"Return no more to your woodland height,  
But ever here with me abide  
In the land of everlasting light!  
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,  
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;  
And all the jewels of the sky  
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!  
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream  
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,  
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,  
And dance upon the orb'd moon!  
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,  
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,  
And I will bid my sylphs to sing  
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;  
Their harps are of the amber shade  
That hides the blush of waking day,  
And every gleaming string is made  
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;  
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,  
While heavenly breathings float around,  
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,  
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

She was lovely and fair to see,  
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;  
But lovelier far, and still more fair,  
The earthly form imprinted there,  
Nought he saw in the heavens above  
Was half so dear as his mortal love,  
For he thought upon her looks so meek,  
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;  
Never again might he bask and lie  
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye,  
But in his dreams her form to see,  
To clasp her in his reverie,  
To think upon his virgin bride,

Was worth all Heaven and Earth beside.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,  
On the word of a fairy knight,  
To do my sentenced task aright;  
My honor scarce is free from stain,  
I must not soil its snow again;  
Betide me weal, betide me wo,  
Its mandate must be answered now."

Her bosom heaved with the pent-up sigh,  
The tear was in that beaming eye;  
But she led him to the palace gate,  
And called her sylphs that hovered there,  
And bade them fly and bring him straight  
Of clouds condensed a sable car.  
With charm and spell she blessed it there,  
From all the imps of upper air;  
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,  
And tied his steed behind the cloud;  
And she pressed his hand as she bade him fly  
Far to the verge of the northern sky,  
For by its fitful quivering light,  
A star was there would fall to-night.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,  
Northward away, he speeds him fast,  
And the courser follows the cloudy wain,  
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.  
The clouds roll backward as he flees,  
Each flickering star behind him lies,  
And he has reached the northern plain,  
And backed his fire-fly steed again,  
Ready to follow in its flight  
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of Heaven,  
But it rocks in the summer gale;  
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,  
And now 'tis deadly pale;  
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphery smoke,  
And quenched its rayless beam,  
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke  
It bursts in flash and flame.  
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance  
That the storm-spirit flings from on high,  
The star-shoot flew o'er the welkin blue,  
As it fell from the sheeted sky.

As swift as the wind in its trail behind  
The elfin gallops along,  
The fiends of the cloud are bellowing loud,  
But the sylphid charm is strong;  
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,  
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;  
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,  
And rides in the light of its rays.  
But he urged his steed to the lightning's speed,  
And caught a glimmering spark;  
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,  
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin! Imp and sprite!  
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!  
Ye that love the moon's soft light,  
Hither, hither wend your way;  
Twine ye in a jocund ring,  
Sing and trip it merrily,  
Hand to hand and wing to wing,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Weave the dance and weave the song,  
The wanderer is returned again,  
His flame-wood lamp burns bright and strong,  
His wings have lost their crimson stain;  
Twine ye in an airy round,  
Brush the dew and sweep the lea;  
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,  
He flies about the haunted place,  
And if a mortal there be found,  
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;  
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,  
The owl's eyes our lanterns be;  
Thus we sing, and dance and play,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,  
A sentry elf his call has made,  
A streak shines in the eastern sky,  
Shapes of moonlight flit and fade!  
The hill-top gleams in morning's spring,  
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,  
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,  
The cock has crowed—the fays are gone.

#### HARRY CLINTON.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

My chum at Rome was Charles Arlington, an amateur painter. He had precisely that disposition which makes a comfortable inmate. No strong and obtrusive points of character or stereotyped manners vexed you in his presence. He was not one of those individuals whose feelings it is necessary to consult every moment for fear of giving offence. There was nothing angular or positive about Arlington. The clime in which he had so long sojourned had apparently melted the starch of northern prejudice quite away. Without being greatly admired or loved, he was liked by every one. Rome was crowded with strangers when he arrived, and he was glad to accept of a bed in the ante-room of my apartment, in the Piazza d'Espagna, until more commodious lodgings could be procured. In three days we were so nicely fixed that he determined to remain permanently. His easel was placed before a window that opened upon a broad clear vista between the dingy houses, in a light which he declared magnificent. Portfolios and prints littered the floor, and my hitherto prim and quiet room assumed a very artist-like and *neglige* aspect. I used to sit by the fire reading, while Arlington painted; and a most rational scene of tranquil enjoyment our quarters presented during those long dreamy mornings. My companion, who was something of a humorist, had amused himself by painting the walls in fresco, as he chose to dignify his rough but graphic designs. In one corner was depicted a well-filled bookshelf. It was a great diversion to us to watch visitors, whose eyesight was not the best examine with astonishment the titles of this unique collection of books in effigy. They were in fact, the very last one would expect to encounter in Rome, and nearly all prohibited. Another device was a canary bird in a cage, with the door open, which naturally excited frequent observation. A few national portraits and emblems were scattered here and there, so that our *padrone* used to call the room *la camera Americana*. The daughter of one of our neighbors brought a bouquet

every morning and this with the fruit which remained from our breakfast, it was Arlington's business to arrange to the best advantage on the marble centre-table. He had disposed a few beautiful casts and oil paintings very gracefully around, and managed the curtains so as to produce that agreeable effect of light and shade which artists best understand. One rainy morning, instead of settling to his task as usual, he sallied out to finish a sketch of the celebrated Broken Bridge, which he was about to transfer to canvas, and I had resigned myself to at least three hours uninterrupted wandering through the "Inferno," when the little flower girl thrust her head in at the door, saying that there was a gentleman in the hall very anxious to see Signor Carlo—"I think he is an Englishman, and quite ill, *poverino*," added the child. I went out to explain the absence of my compatriot. The stranger was a finely formed and genteel young man, with a handsome face, although very thin and pale. I soon ascertained that he was an American, who came abroad for his health, and reached Rome only the night before, exhausted with his journey. He brought an introduction to Arlington, and his first and most anxious wish was to find comfortable lodgings. This was no easy thing at the moment; and so impatient was the young man—that it was with difficulty I could persuade him to come in and rest himself. The sight of our cheerful fire and warm carpet seemed, however, to alter the invalid's mood at once. He threw off his cloak, and held his almost transparent hands to the fire with almost childish delight.

"How comfortable!" said he, "how like home!"

The last expression seemed to awaken the most cherished associations. He continued to gaze on the bright and flickering blaze absorbed in thought, and as the warmth pervaded his frame, and his eye unconsciously followed the quivering flame, I could easily fancy the tenor of his musings. He was calling to mind his hasty and cheerless journey across the continent, the stone-floors, vast and cold chambers, and days and nights of lonely wayfaring, with disease weighing on his heart; and all this was contrasted with the comforts and kindness of home. I began to feel a deep interest in the sufferer, and it occurred to me that the occupants of the rooms above might have a vacant apartment. I lost no time in suggesting an inquiry to my visitor, and in the course of an hour had the satisfaction to see him pleasantly quartered directly over us. Our studio, as he called it, continued, however, to be his favorite resort; and we soon found so much to awaken our sympathies in his character and condition that Clinton became our constant companion. When the weather was fine, we accompanied him to the Pincian Hill or St. Peter's. Sometimes he joined me in a visit to the Forum, and at others Arlington in one of his sketching excursions; but his health generally confined him to the fireside; and often, when in his own chamber, a knock on the floor would summon us to his aid. He still cherished hopes of recovery, and avoided as much as possible any allusion to his illness. In conversation he was sprightly and interesting, and gained daily upon our regard by his frank bearing and manly intelligence. One bright morning, Signor Carlo was putting the last touch to his Broken Bridge, and I was reading the last paragraph of Galligani's Messenger, when we were startled by a crash above us, and the fall of several heavy bodies. Without a word we hastened to our friend's apartment. He



was sitting up in bed, trembling with excitement. On the floor were several broken vials, and in the centre of the room stood the hostess, pouring forth a volley of imprecations, and holding aloft an enormous broom, while the air was filled with dust. The rapid utterance of the landlady, and the violent fit of coughing which interrupted Clinton, prevented us, for several minutes, from ascertaining the real state of affairs. At length it appeared that the *padrona* had undertaken to sweep the room in order to save time to go to a *festa*. Her invalid lodger, not having Italian enough at command to make her understand his objection to the proceeding, had expostulated in vain, and, finally, enraged at her obstinacy, threw vial after vial, besides two or three large volumes and an inkstand, at her head, and this was the cause of the uproar. After matters were explained to the satisfaction of the belligerents, Arlington and myself retired highly entertained at the scene; but not a little surprized at such violence on the part of our quiet and sensible friend. When the latter joined us he seemed somewhat mortified at what had taken place; and soon proposed a walk.

"My poor mother," said he, as we went forth, "used to call me impulsive; and with good reason; I inherited her sanguine temper; that same impulse lost me a fortune and gained me a wife."

I was eager to know how this happened, and when we had found a sunny and retired path in the Villa Borghese, Clinton took my arm, and, as we strolled to and fro, thus explained his remark.

"My parents were quite delighted when a place was secured for me in the counting-house of Harrod & Co. I well remember the discourse of my father the evening before I commenced my apprenticeship. He told me that Mr. Harrod was a bachelor of enormous wealth, that his partners had all been clerks with him, and that I had nothing to do but conform and make myself useful, to experience similar good fortune. I followed this advice, and at the end of four years was a general favorite with the whole concern. Mr. Harrod treated me with great partiality. I soon discovered that pride was his foible, an indomitable sense of reputation, a passion for consideration in society and in trade. He aspired to be esteemed first in New York, both as a merchant and a man. And his ambition was satisfied. There was no one whose credit stood higher, whose opinion was more valued, or whose influence was greater than his. I have never seen a human being who appeared so thoroughly self-dependent, whose 'blood and judgment were so well commingled.' He seemed wholly superior to the blandishments of the fair. Business was apparently his pleasure, and, as he never was seen at any place of amusement or known to speak to a woman, except his housekeeper, while his charities were munificent, many people esteemed him a saint. I could not, indeed, love such a character; but there was a sustained elevation about it that enforced my reverence. One evening, within a few months of my majority, I attended the theatre. Before the curtain rose, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a lady in the opposite box, whose beauty I have never seen equaled. The persons about her were evidently unknown to her, and I did not perceive that she was attended by any gentleman. I could not refrain from turning my eyes constantly in that direction. The more I contemplated the lady, the more lovely she appeared. As I am an enthusiastic

admirer of beauty, I was familiar with the appearance, at least, of every one in the city, who boasted any rare attractions, and of course inferred that the lady before me was a stranger; and yet there was none of that curiosity or surprize which can be traced in the manner of one to whom the scene is wholly new. On the other hand, I could not account for loveliness such as hers being so apparently unnoticed. At the commencement of the afterpiece I saw a man, whose figure and face were concealed in his cloak, enter the box and take a seat immediately behind the *incognita*. It struck me that he frequently addressed her, and that she replied, though neither changed their posture in the least. When the play was over, I continued to watch as before. She rose at the same time with her mysterious companion. He assisted her in putting on a shawl and gave his hand to lead her from the box. His cloak became entangled, and, as he moved away, was half drawn from his shoulders. He turned to recover it, and I recognized Mr. Harrod. Before I could rally from my astonishment, they were lost in the crowd. To understand my intense curiosity at this incident, you should have known Harrod; you should have experienced for years, his dignified reserve, his calm self-possession, his contempt for what the world calls pleasure. You should have learned, as I did, to regard him as a being superior to the infirmities of humanity, living in a more exalted atmosphere than his fellows, and actuated by motives of a loftier nature. He was regarded as a woman-hater, or at least a man who lived too much upon his resources to be swayed by common passion. I was haunted by an inquisitiveness such as possessed Caleb Williams with regard to Falkland. A moment's reflection would have made me aware of the danger of invading the privacy of a haughty man like Mr. Harrod; but I paused not to consider. I knew of only one man in his employ who seemed to have his entire confidence. There was an air of respectability and a grave decorum about 'old Ben,' which probably chimed in with his master's humor. He was a kind of confidential servant, waited at table on great occasions, and acted as footman or errand-boy, as emergency required. He was the major-domo of Harrod's splendid bachelor's-hall. To this personage I determined to have recourse, and the very next day, upon pretence of asking about a missing letter, I beckoned him to a corner of the warehouse, and very cautiously opened an inquiry as to where his master passed the previous evening. He appeared instantly to be upon his guard, assured me I was mistaken in my surmises, and pretended total ignorance on the subject. For a week I brooded over the mystery in silence. I perused that serious and tranquil countenance, that awed my boyish spirit, striving to detect the lines of cunning or the smoothness of hypocrisy. I peered into those clear gray eyes to discover the dormant fire of passion; but my observations only puzzled me the more. The same indifference to ordinary motives, the same self-respect and apparent staidness was obvious in every look and movement; nor was I able to subdue the habitual deference with which this singular man inspired me. One forenoon, as I was leaning over the lodger, biling the end of my pen, and musing over the incident which excited such an interest in my mind, I observed old Ben, watching me intently. The moment he caught my eye, he moved toward the door; I followed, and when we were in the street, he thrust a note into my hand, and walked away. The tasteful

envelope, elegant writing and fancy seal, indicated a lady's handwork. The contents were as follows:

"If Mr. Clinton will call this afternoon between five and six o'clock, at No. 30, — Street his curiosity on a certain subject shall be amply gratified."

"You will readily conceive with what impatience I awaited the time specified. Precisely at half past five, I rang the bell of a very genteel dwelling house, at the place indicated; and was immediately ushered by a colored servant into a splendid drawing-room, in which rich ottomans, beautiful paintings, a harp, and various other evidences of wealth and taste met the eye. Upon a couch by the fire, sat the lady whose beauty had so strongly attracted my admiration at the theatre. In her present costume she appeared more lovely than before. Upon my entrance, she rose and received me with great courtesy, but there was a slight embarrassment mingled with the almost playful cordiality of her manner. She evidently enjoyed the surprise and delight exhibited in my countenance.

"'I fear,' said she, archly, 'that I have done a foolish thing, to say the least, in sending for you; but the fact is, I had my share of curiosity as well as yourself. I had a strong desire to see Mr. Clinton, of whom I had heard so much, and I felt from the confidence he has inspired in others, that my secret was in no danger with him.'

"I could dwell at length upon this memorable interview; suffice it, however, to repeat its essential points. Judge of my surprise, when this beautiful creature informed me that she was and had been for several years, the wife of Mr. Harrod! Her origin was very humble, and much as she was beloved by her husband, he could never bring his mind to render the marriage public. He had received her from her parents a mere child, and had spared no care or expense in her education. In fact, this stern son of Mammon, so long deemed an incorrigible bachelor, and the most utilitarian of *millionaires*, had been all the while snugly carrying on as sweet a little romance as ever brightened into poetry the routine of common life. I owed my initiation to the imprudence of the only servant who shared his master's secret. Harrod had told his wife the evening previous that he should leave the city the next day, for a week, and she, in a moment of caprice, hearing from old Ben, of my leading questions, and wishing to see one she had often heard her husband commend, had ventured upon the bold experiment I have described. I never met so charming a woman. We chatted away like old friends, discussed Mr. Harrod's peculiar traits of character, and I openly lamented his overweening pride, as the great foible of a noble mind. You can fancy how many themes of mutual interest such an occasion would suggest. It seemed as if Mrs. Harrod was determined to atone for months of isolation by a free indulgence of her social powers. Her brilliancy and varied information, her tact and ignorance of the world, her simplicity and almost girlish enthusiasm, combined to render her a most fascinating companion. We were soon in the full tide of agreeable converse, when a slight click, like the rattle of a key in a lock, struck our ears. At this, to her well-known sound, she turned deadly pale.

"'Gracious powers!' she exclaimed, 'that must be my husband; pray conceal yourself there,' and she pointed to the voluminous folds of a window-curtain.

"'No, madam,' I replied, 'I disdain to evade the consequences of my folly.'

"At this moment steps were heard along the entry. I knew at once the firm and regular tread of Harrod, and stood silently awaiting his entrance. Words cannot paint the blank astonishment with which his gaze rested on me. There was a pause of more than a minute—to me it seemed an hour.

"'I hope I do not interrupt; I trust my presence is not intrusive,' at length he murmured in tones of the most bitter irony, and glancing with a contemptuous smile from his wife to me, as he stood thus, with folded arms, like the statue of Scorn.

"I saw that it was no time for explanation, and passing him with a respectful bow, I slowly withdrew. I did not sleep that night. From what I knew of Harrod's character, I doubted not that this adventure would blast my prospects, and it was with the keenest self-reproach that I remembered I had sacrificed my hopes to the gratification of an idle curiosity. With no little trepidation I anticipated a meeting with Harrod the ensuing day. I resumed my post at the desk as usual, and, at the customary hour of eleven, the carriage drove up, and the senior partner walked into the counting-room with as sustained a carriage and unconcerned a look as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. He was closeted in his private room for more than half an hour with the chief clerk, who, on his egress, signified to me that I was wanted. I felt that my future career was involved in that interview, and determined to go through it with as good a grace as possible.

"'Clinton,' said Mr. Harrod, when the door was closed, 'I have always found you truthful, and trust you will now answer me candidly—how often have you visited the house where I found you last night?'

"'Never, sir, till then.'

"'Are you willing to pledge yourself never to go there again, or reveal during my life what you there accidentally discovered?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Upon that condition you can remain with us.'

"Thus ended our colloquy; but I was not long in discerning a change in Mr. Harrod's feelings toward me; not that he doubted my integrity in the least, but the thought of my participating in what he was weak enough to deem a humiliating secret, rankled in his breast. He died soon after, and I learned that a project which had been matured between him and the other partners to take me into the house, under the most auspicious conditions, was abandoned at his suggestion several months before."

"And thus," said I, "by acting from impulse you lost a fortune; and how did you gain a wife?"

"That is soon told," replied Clinton. "Tom Chester was my intimate friend, during boyhood and youth, and one evening he called for me to go to a ball with him. As we were leaving the parlor, I asked my mother for a master-key, as I should not be back until toward morning.

"'Ah!' said she, 'Harry, I do wish you could remain at home at least one evening in the week. The only thing that will ever make you regular and domestic is marriage. Pray, Mr. Chester, use your influence with my son, and induce him to marry.'

"'With all my heart, madam,' answered Tom. 'I have a sweet little cousin in Jersey, who is exactly the wife for him.'

"'Well,' said I 'I'll marry her to-morrow.'

"'You are not in earnest?'

"Quite so. You are as well acquainted with my character as any one in the world. You say your cousin is exactly the woman for me. I'll take your word for it. Write to her at once, describe me as I am, and if she is content with such a man, I'll ratify the contract."

"The next day Chester sent to Jersey my full length portrait, drawn with an impartial hand. My good points were stated without exaggeration, and my faults honestly avowed, while the particulars of my personal appearance and prospects in life completed the picture. It hit the lady's fancy, and in a week we were married. A better wife, or one more devoted and attached, no man was ever blessed with. As to her beauty, judge for yourself," and he drew a miniature from his bosom, representing an uncommonly sweet and expressive face. "And thus, my friend, that rash humor which my mother gave me, lost me a fortune, which might have been my ruin, and gained me a wife, who is the joy of my heart. But there comes our little flower-girl to call us to dinner, and I dare say Arlington needs no one to wish him—*buono appetito*."

OUR GALLANT MARINERS IN THE LAST WAR.—One of the most brilliant achievements of our hardy tars during the last war with England, was the gallant defence of the Privateer General Armstrong in the Bay of Fayal against the combined force of several British men of war. The following interesting account of that sharp and brilliant conflict, brilliant on the American side, has just been published in the Portland Transcript, furnished for that paper by one who was an officer on board of the General Armstrong at the time.

#### LAST CRUISE OF THE GEN. ARMSTRONG.

BY ONE OF THE CREW.

THE schooner General Armstrong was altered to a hermaphrodite brig, in August, 1814, and fitted out for a cruise. Her tonnage was about four hundred. She mounted eight long nines and along forty-two pounder, weighing about three tons. This privateer sailed from Sandy Hook, on September, 9th, at 10 P. M., commanded by Samuel C. Ried, Esq., with a crew of ninety seamen and officers, mostly from the States of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

At 2 A. M. found ourselves in the centre of the blockading squadron, consisting of three line-of-battle ships, one razee, two frigates, and two sloops of war. Our only way to escape was by turning to windward, and thanks to the General's heels, and good luck and management, we worked her out from the midst of them. At 10 A. M. we were five miles to the windward of the enemy's weathermost ship. They, however, continued the chase until 12 M. D., when they bore up for the land, finding it of no use to continue the chase.

We continued our course to the eastward, without falling in with anything until the 14th, when we fell in with a brig, who commenced firing upon us without halting any colors. We found that she had a long gun, and supposed her to be the Portsmouth Privateer, of Portsmouth, N. H. We thought best not to make a close acquaintance with her, for fear of getting crippled, and thereby spoiling our cruise. We, therefore, showed our colors, made sail, and continued our course for the Western Islands. On the 20th, fell in with a Spanish armed schooner and a Portuguese ship—boarded them—found all right, and left them. On the morn-

ing of the 25th September, we arrived at Fayal—came to anchor in the bay, about three miles from the town—were visited by Mr. Dabney, American Consul, and several American gentlemen, who were passengers from Lisbon in a Portuguese ship, then laying in the harbor.

We commenced filling our water casks, and taking in such other articles we needed. About sunset we saw a man-of-war heave round the N. E. point of the harbor, and shortly afterward another. Mr. Dabney said that there was no danger from them—that he was well acquainted with the commander of the squadron—that he was a gentleman, and would not molest us in a neutral port—and that he made that port a place of rendezvous. Captain Ried called his officers together for consultation, and after hearing Mr. Dabney's statement, most of them were of the opinion that it would be best to lay where we were, as we should have to run the sloop of war close on board, and would probably receive much injury. Mr. Williams, second Lieut., was anxious to get under way, pass the sloop of war, and run through between Pico and Fayal.

In the meantime a line-of-battle ship hove in sight. By this time the sloop and frigate had anchored in the bay. The seventy-four proved to be the Plantagenet, Capt. Lloyd, the frigate, Rota, Lord Somerville, and the sloop of war, the Carnation. It was then thought advisable to haul close in under the Fort, and claim the protection of a neutral power. As soon as the Plantagenet hove in sight, Mr. Dabney found he was mistaken in the squadron. About 8 P. M. a boat was seen going off to the enemy's ships. We immediately hove up the anchor, got out sweeps, and pulled in for the Fort. The sloop of war got under way and stood across the harbor. We continued pulling and kedging in, until we shot in by the south-east part of the harbor—a very high hill. The moon was in her full, and had risen above the hill.

While thus employed, and within half a mile of the Fort, we discovered, in the dusk of the moon, between the point and us, four boats pulling up under the stern, with muffled oars. Capt. Ried hailed them and ordered them to keep off. They answered—"What the d—l are you afraid of?" Ried hailed again—"Keep off, or I'll fire into you!" At this announcement the officer in command called out—"Give way for her, and give the d—d Yankees no quarters!" Before they could get alongside, a long nine was sluiced round to a stern port and fired on one of the boats pulling up, which killed or wounded nearly the whole crew. This boat was commanded by the third lieutenant of the Plantagenet. She drifted to the beach, about a mile from our vessel. The other boats got alongside, and two of them attacked on the starboard and one the larboard quarter.

All this was apparently the work of a minute. We were still engaged kedging the vessel under the Fort, when the word from aft was "*Repel boarders*." On mustering aft, the first lieutenant, Frederic A. Worth, received a ball in his left side, and a seaman by the name of Barton Cloyd was shot through the heart, and fell instantly dead. These men were shot through the gun or sweep ports. In passing aft one of the officers saw a blunderbuss run through a sweep port—he instantly jumped on it, when it was discharged; the contents entered the combings of the cabin companion way, and lodged. By the presence of mind and prompt action of that officer, no doubt the lives of Mr. Dabney,

the Consul, and several other gentlemen were saved, as they were standing in the companion way at the time, and had it been fired in its parallel position it must have killed or wounded them.

The boat on our larboard quarter was instantly repelled, with most of her crew killed and wounded; they were enabled, however, to get off and take refuge under cover of a large Portuguese ship, lying in the harbor. The two on the starboard quarter soon called for quarter which was given them. We ceased firing as soon as possible; the officers fore and aft the deck, at the risk of their lives, with great difficulty stopped the men from firing and using the pike and cutlass, and permitted those men who, ten or fifteen minutes before, had received orders to "give the d—d Yankees no quarter," to put the boat hooks against the side of our vessel and shove off and go about their business.

We then warped in under the Fort, in hopes of being protected by the garrison; but they had neither the disposition nor the ability to do it. The guns in the Fort, from all appearances, had not been touched for twenty years. In the meantime our surgeon, Broglingham, a very worthy and efficient man, was despatched to the boat that had drifted on shore, with orders to do all he could for the wounded. He found about twenty men alive in her, who were badly wounded, the remainder being dead. He took off limbs, extracted balls, and dressed their wounds, and did it to the satisfaction of the English surgeons, who said, the next day, that the wounds had been treated the same as his Majesty's surgeons would have done. The boat's crew, attending the doctor, carried the wounded men into the house and made them as comfortable as they could be under the circumstances. At half past 11, we had got the vessel within pistol shot of the Fort, moored with springs on the cables. The moon was risen high, without a single cloud in the Heavens, and the night was exceedingly beautiful in that mild and serene climate.

The town of Fayal stands on the sides of high hills; on the water's edge is a wall the whole length of the town, the Fort in the centre. On these hills were to be seen all the inhabitants, men, women and children, ladies in their white dresses—from one extremity to the other, making a most beautiful appearance in the bright moonlight. Those people—the whole inhabitants of this beautiful town—had taken their stations on these hills to see a conflict such as they had never before witnessed.

At 12, M. N., the sloop of war stood in for the town, towing at her stern fourteen boats, manned and armed for action. These boats contained, from the best accounts we could get, four hundred men.

It will be recollected by many that this squadron was engaged in the Chesapeake, stealing negroes, and landing troops for the capture of Washington and Baltimore, and was supplied with transport boats of a large size, each of which would carry from sixty to a hundred men, with an eighteen pound carronade, besides swivels, blunderbusses, &c.

The sloop worked in abreast of the Armstrong, and cast them off—herself laying to. The boats pulled slowly ahead, keeping in close order, under cover of the sloop. We soon found that they drew so much ahead that our guns would soon be wooded and we should lose our broadside from the long nines. With great persuasion, Capt. Ried gave orders to fire—that fire which sent many brave fellow to his last account.

The guns were loaded with round grape and canister shot, with a large bag of ragged musket balls in each. At this fire long Tom drew his breeching bolts from the side and run off on the deck. The boats at this time were about musket shot distance—the vessel lay perfectly still against a bank, and must have done great execution. I have been informed by an officer of the Plantagenet, since the war, that the broadside they received, cut them up so much and threw them into such confusion, that they were panic-struck. Mr. Somerville, the first lieutenant of the Rota, was mortally wounded; he was the son of Lord Somerville, and had command of the boats for the attack. We were enabled to get one of the forward guns to bear on them a second time. On receiving the broadside, they pulled for the bows of the Armstrong, all excepting two launches, which took their stations on our starboard quarter. We immediately commenced upon the launches with pikes and musketry, and soon forced them to drop astern, where they drifted out of gun shot. The first and third division then rushed forward to the assistance of the second division, which was engaged with twelve boats, who were attempting to board. But the Armstrong was not to be boarded easily—her chain plates were let in to the side of the bulwarks and made flush with the plank, so that no one could get up the side. The only chance of boarding was on the bowsprit; but this point was well guarded by the small-arm men and boarders. Several times the bowsprit and shrouds were filled with men, but, poor fellows, they were soon picked off. There were but two men ever got on the deck—one of them run the gauntlet to the stern and jumped overboard, the other was found after the action sitting on the side of long Tom. He said he was a mariner belonging to the Rota Frigate, and was badly hurt. He was taken aft to the Doctor; but, poor fellow, he died in a few minutes.

The boats under the bow fought bravely; the officers cheering them, calling out for them to board—*Board is the word*!—boat alongside of boat, one tumbling over the other, dead and wounded mixed together in awful confusion! Not able to board, and their shot taking effect only in the foretop, or in the side unless through the gun or sweep ports, they fought with desperation. And thus perished between two and three hundred brave men—some who had fought in the memorable battle of Trafalgar with the gallant Nelson. These men were not volunteers, but picked men—"Go you must." They lay alongside until they were mostly killed or wounded. Four boats were taken literally loaded with dead and wounded—the other eight got from under our bows and pulled along shore out of the range of our long guns. Most of them pulling ten oars, went away pulling three.

In the height of the conflict, Mr. Williams, second lieutenant called out to repel boarders on the larboard bow. When the boarders arrived at this point, Lt. Williams was shot through the head, by a Lt. Rogers of the Plantagenet, who was standing on the sill of one of the bow ports; he was soon seen falling back into the boat, a corpse.

Mr. Alexander Owen Williams was a young man of twenty-four years of age, belonging to New London, Ct.—a man much beloved by all the crew. An officer and one man jumped into the boat, so great was their desire to revenge the death of Williams. In jumping into the boat, the officer lost his sword. At this time there was a great part of the boat's crew alive and not



wounded. In this situation he was placed at the mercy of the enemy, and exposed to the fire of his own men; the moon shining bright, he saw the sword of the dead officer lying in the stern sheets, bright and sharp. This he soon employed cutting right and left, and in a few minutes he was seen cutting the lazy painter, which was made fast to the bobstay, and drop her alongside, loaded with dead and wounded. This officer was wounded in the wrist by a pistol shot from a dying man. The man who accompanied him was wounded by a musket ball through the arm by our own marines.

After the boats had gone—those that could get off—there was a death-like stillness for ten minutes; not a word was spoken. This silence cannot be accounted for, unless that every man was struck with the awful solemnity of the scene. The people on shore were as mute as those on board. At length Mr. Dabney hailed, "Who commands the Gen. Armstrong?" Our captain answered, "Samuel C. Ried." The Consul communicated it to the bystanders, and in five minutes the hills resounded with cheers which continued for hours.

The captured boats were hauled up on the beach, and the dead laid upon the sands. The wounded were taken with our own into the same building, and their wounds all dressed indiscriminately, friend or foe. The boats were then cut to pieces on the beach. In the meantime Long Tom was mounted and the vessel cleared for action.

Capt. Ried and some of the officers then went on shore to consult with the American Consul on the best course to pursue. He there found some officers who had lost their boats, who with the English Consul, informed him, that Commodore Lloyd was determined to destroy the Armstrong, if he blew the town down in accomplishing it. Under these circumstances, Capt. Ried concluded it best for the crew to land their clothes and effects, and then defend the vessel to the last moment.

A part of the crew were engaged landing the baggage of the men and officers, when at 9 A. M. the sloop of war stood in for the Armstrong, and at 11 A. M. hove to within pistol shot, and immediately opened a heavy fire, from her eighteen pound carronades and two files of marines and small-arm men. At this time there were but twelve men on board the Armstrong, these were the officers and petty officers. They fought the enemy bravely, but not having strength to run out the guns after they were discharged, some drew their breechen bolts, some dismounted, some broke their trigs, &c., but those that could be worked were continually employed. The long gun, at the second fire, ran off the slide, being fired with taught breeching. This gun jumped the slide off the pivot, and landed the permission on the larboard bulwarks, making a point blank aim at the enemy. In this position she was fired five times into the sloop doing great execution; at the sixth fire the the gun dismounted and broke in the deck. At length it was thought best to partially destroy her and jump overboard, which was accordingly done by firing a nine pound shot through her bottom. This last act was performed by an officer and a man now living in Portland by the name of Cole. The enemy continued firing great guns and small-arms for 35 minutes, and strange to say not a single man was killed or wounded, nor did their shot hit the hull, but went over the vessel and did considerable injury in

the town. "One old man, that could not get out of the house, was killed by a cannon ball, some of the houses were almost demolished, while the Armstrong was scarcely touched. After swimming and wading to the beach, which was not more than sixty fathoms distant from the Armstrong, the men had a short distance to go before they would be protected from the fire of the enemy by an angle of the fort; but in going this distance, which was about one hundred yards, they were exposed to the fire of grape and canister and musket shot, which passed upon the beach without mercy, making the stones fly in every direction; and here there was but one man wounded; making in all, two killed and eleven wounded of the Armstrong's crew, while the English lost two hundred and fifty men, besides ninety wounded.

The sloop kept up a cannonading till 12 M. D. when she hauled off and careened to stop shot holes.

At 2 P. M. the boats, three in number, attempted to board the Armstrong, one boat pulling a long distance ahead of the other. They seemed to use great precaution; at length one boat got under the bows and one man got on board, but he stepped mighty soft on the deck: in a few minutes another and another ventured up and they began to walk aft, but stepped as if walking on eggs. At this moment a man standing upon the wall, abreast of the Armstrong, called out, "fire the train! fire the train!" It was not repeated the second time, before the men jumped overboard and the boat pulled away for dear life. Mr. Parkman the English Consul, hailed the boat and told them not to be afraid, as there were no Yankees on board. On learning this, the English returned and boarded her. They found her on the bottom, about half full of water; they then set fire to her and left her, and thus ended the last cruise of the Gen. Armstrong.

The afternoon and all the next day was taken up in burying their dead. On Sept. 27th, they buried ten commissioned officers under arms. Dead bodies were daily washed upon the beach. On the 28th, the squadron arrived which Mr. Dabney had taken this one for. Com. Lloyd took two sloops of war in requisition to carry the wounded home to England. The American Consul chartered a French brig, who landed all but the two who were killed, in Amelia Island, a Spanish port at the time.

#### HUNTSMEN'S CHORUS IN DER FREISCHUTZ.

ONE stormy night, at Vienna, a young man stumbled over a corpse which lay in the kennel. He shuddered, for he fancied that he had trodden upon the victim of some misfortune or some murder; but on stooping to assist a fellow creature he soon ascertained that his foot had touched only a man who had taken too much wine.

"Thou drunkard!" exclaimed he. At these words the brute, wallowing in the mire, raised his head, wiped the mud off his forehead with the back of his hand, and, with a faltering voice, said, "Do n't go, I pray you, M. Weber. I am a drunkard; but it's no reason why I should be left to die here. Take me to my home: I live close by, in the new standt. Have no fear; you are already soaked enough with rain not to dread being wetted to me."

Weber, moved by compassion, took the drunkard by the arm, and proceeded with him toward the quarter he had mentioned. Being put on his legs and in mo-

tion, the tippler recovered some strength, and some small share of his senses. In the struggle between mind and wine, various incoherent sentences escaped his lips.

"What a storm," said he, "a splendid storm, indeed! and yet I beheld one much more magnificent fifty years ago, in the environs of Torre del Greco, in Italy. Then, M. Weber, was young, handsome, and, like you had talent. I compose operas, as you do. Brute that I am, I then dreamed of fame, glory, and wealth, while doomed, in the pursuit of art, to fall into an abyss of gross intemperance and drunkenness. Once plunged into such infamy, it is as well to fall dead drunk into some kennel, and forget all for some hours.

Here he had a fit of laughter so loud and bitter that the howling of three or four terrified dogs responded to it.

"Let me see," continued he, "what was I just now saying? Ah, I recollect. I was wandering about Torre del Greco in as horrible weather as this. I repeatedly knocked at the door of an isolated house. At length, a 'Who's there?' was uttered by a feeble voice. 'A stranger, who has lost his way and wants shelter,' cried I. The door was opened, and I beheld before me a pale-looking young man, who had just left his bed, where he was suffering, to afford me a refuge. Shelter was all he could give, for I found in the room neither morsel of bread nor a drop of wine. When we had made some little acquaintance, I could not help expressing to my host my surprise at the loneliness.

"I have come hither," said he, "to conceal my shame, and die unknown."

"Unknown!" exclaimed I. "Yet I see here musical manuscripts, with numerous corrections, which seem to denote that you are engaged in composition. It is a singular chance that brings us together! I also dream of a *maestro's* glory, and am seeking through poverty access to the sanctuary of art. I have fled the shop of my father, a respectable and rich tradesman of Vienna, and am traveling in Italy with a purse which never was a very round one, and which is daily flattening. But what care I? I have glory before me, and, gulled by it, I walk on merrily."

"You have a family, a father, and friends, and you have deserted them to run after a treacherous and lying phantom! Ah! I should not have done so! Listen to me, and the narrative of my life may save you from the fate that awaits you, and that has already befallen me."

"The poor fellow then related the events of his life. What a life it was! A foundling of Casoria, brought up by the charity of a tailor, admitted through charity also, into the 'Conservatory of the Poor of Jesus Christ' at Naples, he had labored with a fanatic fervor to obtain access to the scientific secrets of the musical art; his master, Gaetano Græco, had carefully prompted his marvelous disposition and persevering patience, and on reaching manhood he had proceeded to Rome and courted public notice. None had condescended to listen to his operas. Such as he had succeeded in bringing out, God knows at what cost, had met with a complete *fiasco*, and the unhappy musician, repulsed, baffled and dejected, had doubted his own powers, fled to the foot of Vesuvius, and retired to the humble roof where I had found him.

"Come, come," said I, when he had told his mournful tale, "you must not despair thus. Success often awaits us when no longer hoped for. I'm sure the

music you have just written will yield more glory than your preceding works."

"I now took up the music, sat myself down to a wretched spinnet that stood there, and began to play. It was a sublime melody, that you well know, M. Weber. It was the *Stabat Mater* of Pergoleze. By degrees a voice, at first feeble, but afterward powerful and expressive, mingled with mine. Angels must sing in Heaven as Pergoleze sung. The voice suddenly became more splendid—and then I heard it no more! I stopped. Behind me lay a corpse which had softly dropped upon the floor. Pergoleze was ending in Heaven the notes he had begun uttering on earth!

"I spent the night by him in prayer, for I then prayed. Next day I expended my remaining cash upon the burial of the poor great composer, and left for Rome with his immortal *Stabat Mater*. All proclaimed that unrivalled work sublime. Pergoleze's operas were revived at the theatres, and he whom the obscurity of his name had killed became renowned after his death.

"This is a melancholy tale, M. Weber, and yet I know one more woful still: it is that of a man who has relinquished the life of a respectable tradesman to go in pursuit of fame, and who has found but misery and opprobrium. In short, M. Weber, it is my own history. When, overwhelmed with want and humiliations, I saw that I had mistaken my course, and that Heaven had not gifted me with the sacred fire of genius, I remembered poor Pergoleze's advice, and would return to my father's shop. Alas! I could no longer breathe in it; it was unto me a narrow cage, wherein I felt as if I were dying, for having rashly attempted to spread my wings toward the broad Heavens. To quell my despair, to forget all, I took to drinking. Such is the reason why the boys daily pursue me in the streets, shouting out, 'There goes the drunkard!' Such is the reason you have just found me rolling in the mire!"

As he was uttering this he had reached the door of a wretched dwelling. His voice was no longer affected by his potations; his steps had become firm and steady. Weber was touched with compassion on beholding his pale countenance expressive of deep despair."

"Master," said the unknown, "your voice and the recollections it has revived have destroyed in me the welcome effects of wine. This is the first time, for ten years past, that I re-enter this den not dead drunk. Heaven has doubtless ordained it to put an end to my miseries."

"Yes," exclaimed Weber, whose heart melted with pity, and who had mistook his meaning, "yes, to-morrow I shall come and see you. Yes, I shall assist you with my advice and the interest of my friends."

The unknown shook his head, raised his eyes to Heaven, and took leave of Weber.

Next day, when the latter, faithful to his promise, approached the unfortunate man's house, he perceived a large crowd gathered about it. He drew near a party of police officers; they were conveying away a corpse of a man who had hanged himself in the night, and in whose room, according to a neighbor's statement, nothing had been found but a wretched truckle-bed and a large heap of burned papers. None knew the name of the man who for twenty years past had gone out drunk every morning and returned drunk every night.

Weber recognized the dead body. Impelled by a sorrowful curiosity, he followed into the suicide's room a host of idle people who amused themselves in exploring it, and he happened to pick up a fragment of

music paper. As he perused it a tear ran down his cheeks. The half-burned fragment was an admirable chorus of huntsmen. From a pious recollection of the poor unknown musician who had thus destroyed himself, Carl Maria Von Weber inserted the piece into the opera he was then composing—the immortal *Der Freyschutz*.

### RAMBLES AMONG THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

THE paper, by Judge Carleton, of Louisiana, entitled "A Recent Ramble among the Peasantry of England," is uncommonly interesting. It describes several visits made by the author to the wretched cottagers of that country—what a phrase to use in connection with "Merry England," as she has been called from the time of the ballad makers downward! The condition of the English peasantry is described with feeling, and with a picturesque effect that seems to result from a simple and faithful statement of what the writer saw. We quote two paragraphs from different parts of the articles:

*A visit to an English Cottage.*—I entered a third cabin. Here the green earth smiled again, as did the modest furze and glossy holly, that felt not the approach of winter. The floor was much like the first. Near the middle sat the mother, peeling potatoes, which she threw into a pot at her side, half filled with water. I introduced myself on every occasion, by saying that I came from beyond the seas, and wished to inform my countrymen how the laborers lived in England. Sixpence brought forth willing answers to interrogatories, which I put without stint.

"How many children have you?"

"Eight."

"What did they feed upon this morning?"

"Potatoes."

"What will you give them for dinner?"

"These potatoes you see me peeling."

"Nothing else?"

"No; nothing else."

"Have you no meat, no milk, no butter for them?"

She made no reply, fixed her eyes upon them, and sobbed aloud. But her countenance suddenly brightened into a smile, and she said, with a clear voice, "Thank God, salt is cheap." But her joy was a transient beam, for her eyes again overflowed as she showed me her eldest daughter fourteen years of age, whom she made rise to her feet. Her tattered garments scarcely concealed her sex; it left her bare to the knees behind, while it dangled to the ground in front. She blushed deeply, for want had not extinguished the modesty of nature, as her mother drew aside the rags that covered her snowy skin. "These," said she, "are all the clothes my child has; she cannot go to school in them; besides, she is obliged to stay at home to take care of the children."

The other children were grouped near the elder sister, sitting on the naked hearth. Their little hands and feet were red with cold; their features were set in melancholy; they were not playful, as became their innocent years; no, it has been truly said, that the children of the English poor know no childhood! Sorrow begins with life; they are disciplined to privation from the cradle. From the cradle did I say?—I saw no cradle, and I verily believe that such a luxury was never known by the children of an English laborer.

In the corner of the chimney was an old man, sitting on his haunches, putting faggots to the fire intended to boil the potatoes.

"Who is that?"

"It is old Mr. —; he has no home, and we let him stay with us."

He was eighty-three years of age, and partook with the children his portion of potatoes and salt.

I asked one of the little girls, where was the cat? The mother answered, they had none, "for a cat must eat."

"Have you a dog?"

"No, we cannot keep a dog; besides, he disturbs the game."

"But you have a cock to crow for day?"

"No, we have none."

I felt a sort of horror come over me at the absence of these animals, sacred to every household—the cat, the companion and pastime of little children; the dog, the well-tried, trusty friend of man; the cock, whose joyous song hails the coming day—yet poverty, that bitter, blighting curse, has expelled even these from the cottages of the English peasant.

"Can your husband read?"

"Yes, he can read the easy parts of the bible."

"Can you read?"

"No, I never went to school."

"How many apartments are there in your house?"

"Two, one below and another above."

"May I go up stairs?"

She was evidently unwilling; my guide gave me a discouraging look; I persevered, and ascended a dirty, rickety flight of steps to a chamber, where the whole family slept: near a narrow, broken window, stood a wooden frame, on four legs, on which were laid transverse laths, that supported a bed of oat-chaff, sewed up in a dirty tattered sack, over which was spread a coarse wollen sheet, almost black; upon this lay two pillows of straw and a thick striped coverlet, worn into holes. Another sack of chaff lay on the floor, in a corner, over which was stretched a sort of blanket, torn to rags. Here slept all the children, except the two youngest, who lay with their parents. The fate of the old man at night was not made known to me, nor did I inquire.

The furniture of the apartment below consisted of a stool, on which the mother sat; a box occupied as a seat by the eldest daughter; two broken chairs, unsafe for either my guide or myself; fourteen or fifteen articles of crockery, of fractured plates, saucers and cups; a tea-pot; two or three small iron vessels for cooking, and a broad table, sustained by diagonal bars fastened with nails. On the wall, under a broken piece of plate glass, hung a white napkin, fringed at the bottom, the only testimonial of neatness that poverty could afford. The whole chattel estate, including the apparel of man, wife and children, could not be sold for ten dollars.

*The English Tenant and the American Slave.*—All communications from lord to tenant are received with the most degrading servility. The poor man is half annihilated; with cap in hand, body bent, and down-cast eyes, he articulates unceasingly, my lord—yes, my lord—no, my lord—your lordship—with an awe due to divinity rather than man.

The slave in the Carolinas is not so humble in the presence of his master. He simply replies, yes, sir; no, sir; often indulges in the free expression of opinion; and, in many families, his communications are on

terms of equality. He is, indeed, the property of a master, but is well fed; and even his dogs, Joler and Towser, often devour more flesh in a day than an English laborer eats in a week.

He cultivates a patch of sweet potatoes and esculent plants for himself; keeps fowls in his yard, sells at market, and in the smoke of his chimney hangs the joint of a hog, from which he cuts a slice at the calls of appetite. He wears a smile on his countenance, is fat and saucy among his fellows, laughs with a vacant heart, can dance to a banjo, and freely indulges in his talent for music.

Slavery is a national evil which the Americans deeply deplore. It is against the spirit of their institutions, and must have an end. But there is no redemption for the English peasantry; they lie at the bottom of the fabric of society, whose pressure, like that of the pyramid, is in proportion to its height. They have not the strength to throw off the incumbent mass, which, like the structure to which I have compared it, seems destined to outlive many generations of men.

The nobility are intrenched behind hereditary wealth and privilege, and are, moreover, the best educated class of men in Europe. More like potentates than subjects, they have much to lose and nothing to gain by change. They are affable and condescending, without loss of dignity; study to conciliate, and, at the same time to inspire a respect for themselves, which forms the secret guarantee of their power. There are always orators and statesmen among them, well read and practised in the mysteries of legislation. Wisdom is power; and it is the power of Parliament that has raised England to such a pitch of greatness, and upheld a constitution which, in any other country, would have long ago fallen in ruins.

Learning in England is confined to a few; knowledge is taxed, and cannot be bought by the poor. A single newspaper costs sixpence, which would give bread to the hungry. The light of the press, unlike the rays of the sun, shines not upon the cottage thatched with straw. There are millions of poor laborers, operatives and mechanics, who feel the weight of government, without comprehending its policy. Their rulers practise upon the system of Mandeville, and think it would be unsafe to instruct such formidable numbers, who might become inquisitive, and ask why they were fed on potatoes and salt in sight of a park containing three thousand deer, to glut the appetite of a single man. Hence there are no public schools for the instruction of the poor; this is the work of charity and the church, and not of the law. It was not until six years ago, that parliament appropriated thirty thousand pounds for this purpose—but little more than is given by the State of Connecticut, with less than 300,000 inhabitants.

### PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PERHAPS no other work could be named, which, admired by cultivated minds, has had at the same time such an ameliorating effect on the lower classes in society, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is a book so full of native good sense, that no mind can read it without gaining in wisdom and vigor of judgment. What an amazing effect it must have produced in this way, on the mass of common minds brought under its power! We cannot compute the good it has thus accomplished on earth. It is one of the books that by being con-

nected with the dearest associations of childhood, always retains its hold on the heart, and exerts a double influence, when at a graver age, and less under the despotism given to imagination in childhood, we read it with a serene and thoughtful perception of its meaning. How many children have become better citizens of the world through life, from the perusal of this book, almost in infancy! And how many through its instrumentality, may have been fitted after life to live forever!—The Christian Warfare is here arrayed in the glow of imagination to make it attractive. How many Pilgrims in hours when perseverance was almost exhausted, and patience was yielding, and clouds of darkness were gathering, have felt a sudden return of animation and courage from the remembrance of Christian's severe conflicts, and his glorious entrance at last through the gates into the city.

As the work draws to its conclusion, the Poet's soul seems to expand with the glory of the subject. The description of Christian's and Hopeful's entrance up through the regions of the air into the Celestial City, preceded by the touching account of their passing the River of Death, though composed of the simplest materials, and depicted in the simplest language, with Scripture imagery almost exclusively, constitutes one of the finest passages in English literature. The Shining Ones, and the beauty and glory of their conversation; the Angels and their melodious notes; and Pilgrims among them, 'In Heaven as it were before they came at it;' the city itself in view, and all the bells ringing for joy of their welcome; the warm and joyful thoughts they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that forever and ever; the letters of gold written over the gate; the transfiguration of the men as they entered, and the raiment put on them, that shone like gold; the harps and crowns given them, the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor; the bells in the city ringing again for joy; the shout of welcome, "ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD;" the men themselves singing with a loud voice, BLESSING AND HONOR AND GLORY AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOREVER AND EVER.

"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!' And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

That City! The genius of Martin fails to delineate its architectural splendors. Yet his is a magnificent engraving. Those mighty domes, piles far stretching into dimness, city after city sinking at length into undistinguishable splendor, and lost in light!

—We stand and gaze

On those bright steps that Heavenward raise  
Their practicable way.

Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

In thinking of the Pilgrim's Progress, and of Bunyan its author; of his labors and sufferings, his sins, repentance, and forgiveness; of the wave of happiness he has set in motion to roll on through time and not be lost, but grow deeper and broader, as it swells



into the ocean of Eternity; and of the overruling Providence so remarkably exhibited in his life, we wish our readers to apply the remark of one whose writings are a treasure of philosophical and spiritual wisdom, Henry Moore.

"The whole plot of the world being contrived by Infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but surmise that the most sad representations are but a *show*, but the delight *real* to such as are not wicked and impious; and that what the ignorant call evil in this Universe, is but as a shadowy stroke in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in music, by which the beauty of the one is more lively and expressive, and the melody of the other more pleasing and melting."

In the Pilgrim's Progress, there is a charming passage, descriptive of the Pilgrim's entertainment in the Palace Beautiful, which was thus: "The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang." A great and thoughtful poet, who "loves the flower as his own child, and sees a beauty in a ragged bur," has written a poem with this sentence as its motto, which he has entitled "Daybreak," and which closes with the following stanza.

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft  
Shot 'thwart the Earth!—In crown of living fire  
Up comes the Day!—As if they, conscious, quailed  
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire,  
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!  
The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!  
And, pining Discontent, like them, expire!  
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;  
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

#### BOTTLED THUNDER.

ONE of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, who has recently returned from a tramp through the prairies, gives the following amusing incident:

"These Indian warriors remained with us during the night, and the next day they were invited by Capt. Stewart to take a shock from the electrifying machine that he had brought with him. This was about the newest 'machine' that the Sioux had heard of. Bottled lightning? The man that shades the sun turned pale when he heard of it. A few of us stood around and received a shock before the Indians, that they might gain something of an understanding of the affair and witness what effect it would produce. But though they manifested great wonder at the clicking of the sparks and at our simultaneous start, it was evident that no true intelligence had glimmered upon their comprehension in regard to what it all meant. They, however, readily arranged themselves as we directed, and we set the Medicine Machine in operation upon them. Nothing could be more comical than the effect produced when the shock took place. The Solitary Dog thought the White Bull struck him, and at once commenced pummeling back in furious fashion. For a moment the thing looked as if we had kicked up a desperate row among the brutes. The Bull roared, the Dog howled, Little Thunder rumbled, Gray Eyes twinkled. The Flying Bird fluttered, *Ni-to-kee* (the untranslatable) looked indescribable, and the Causeur of Eclipses blushed blue at finding himself eclipsed. What surprized them most was the fact of the shock

starting them all at once with such instantaneous rapidity, while their unsophisticated notion was, that if the bottled lightning had to get through one man on its road to strike another, the man struck first ought to feel first. They expressed this to us, at the same time acknowledging that the dose of lightning we gave them was "great medicine."

#### ANOTHER FEMALE SAILOR.

##### THE HISTORY OF THE SINGULAR CASE.

THE London Despatch gives the following account of a female sailor who had just been discovered at Liverpool by her voluntarily throwing off the sailor's garb and assuming that of her own sex.

"Her Christian name is Margaret; but it seems she is a native of Liverpool, and about eighteen months ago married a man of the name of Johnson, with whom she led an unhappy and discontented sort of life for a few months, in consequence of the profligate and vicious course he pursued, when he deserted her altogether. At the period of her marriage she had scarcely attained her seventeenth year, and must at that time have been extremely good-looking, judging from her present appearance, which is ruddy, and, we add, prepossessing, notwithstanding the wear and tear she has since undergone. Her affection for her unworthy partner, strong as it might be expected to be in a female at such an unsuspecting age, seems not to have been in the slightest degree diminished by the ill treatment. Rumor, always busy in such matters, had it that he had sailed for St. John's, New Brunswick. The moment Margaret heard the report she determined to follow him; but, alas! how was she to proceed across the Atlantic without the means of paying for her passage? Money she had none, and of friends she was almost bereft. In this dilemma, her resolution was instantly formed. Doffing her female attire, and rigging herself out in a sailor's garb, she shipped as an ordinary seaman on board the *Thetis*, and sailed for St. John's, where she spent six weeks in an unsuccessful endeavor to discover her husband. Expecting further search to be fruitless, she abandoned it, and, with the *amor patriæ* strong upon her, she re-shipped on board the *Thetis*, and was landed in Liverpool. Strange as it may appear, although the voyage out and home lasted five months, and she constantly messed, conversed and slept with other sailors, her sex was never discovered, and still more strange does it appear that, although rough weather was encountered, and she had, in the course of her ordinary duties, to mount aloft, on stormy days as well as tempestuous nights, she never betrayed the slightest symptom of that fear which is supposed to attach to woman only, but on all occasions proved herself as good a "man" as any other in the ship. Upon reaching Liverpool she assumed once more the female attire; and, since then, owing, most probably, to the penniless and defenceless state in which she was left, she has gradually been falling from the path of rectitude into a vicious course of life; but the sequel would seem to prove that she had not wholly lost those finer and better feelings of which in her outset of life she was the possessor. On Saturday she was brought before Mr. Rushton, at the Police Court, for having committed an assault upon Mr. Sparks, the landlord of the Brunswick Hotel, at the Union Dock; and she availed herself of that opportunity to express a hope that she would be placed in the

Penitentiary. Her demeanor showed that she was in earnest. While Mr. Parkinson briefly informed the court of her exploits as a sailor, she cast her eyes on the ground and faintly smiled. Mr. Rushton, ever anxious to rescue vice from its unhallowed path, and to promote the ends of virtue as well as those of justice, stopped the business of the court for a few minutes, while he wrote and signed an order for her immediate admission to the Penitentiary."

#### RACE FOR A HUSBAND.

ABOUT the fourth of a century ago there lived in Gloucester county, New Jersey, an old widower, named Peter, who was an odd compound of whim and caprice—his circumstances were not affluent nor yet indigent but what was considered "comfortable." At no great distance from his farm, resided a buxom widow, about four feet in height, and it was said that her altitude was the true gauge of the circumference of her waist. In the same direction though farther from the residence of Peter lived another widow, named Amey. These ladies were competitors for the favorable regard of the widower. Peter's mind was long undecided which of the two widows should have the preference; Amey was beyond doubt the most beautiful, but then Christina was corpulent, and of course there was "more of her." He at last hit upon an expedient to bring the affair to a conclusion—he wrote a billet to each, purporting that he had also sent for her competitor, and was resolved to marry the one who should *first* arrive at his house; a lad was despatched with the pair of billets, and first delivered the one addressed to Amey, whose residence was most remote from that of the love-sick swain. She immediately ordered her fleetest horse to be saddled, while she arrayed herself in her best attire. By lucky chance a horse stood saddled at the gate of Christina who was ready dressed to pay a visit to a neighbor, when the messenger delivered Peter's billet; she quickly mounted her courser, but no sooner had she got into the road that led to Peter's house, and cast her eyes in a direction toward Amey's residence, than she saw her rival rushing after her with the swiftness of the wind; and away went Christina and Amey, whipping for dear life with their bonnets gracefully hanging on their backs. Both ladies being equally well mounted, Christina preserved the lead, and after a race of a mile and a quarter, she bounced into Peter's door, exclaiming, "Well here I am, Peter—I got here *first*!" The old gentleman expressed his happiness by a phlegmatic "alas a day!"

#### THE IRISH LORD CHANCELLOR IN A REASONABLE PASSION.

THE Lord Chancellor of Ireland having recently made an appointment to visit the Dublin Insane Asylum repaired there in the absence of the chief managers and was admitted by one of the keepers who was waiting to receive a patient answering the appearance of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him and answered all his questions. He asked if the Surgeon General had arrived, and the keeper answered him that he had not come, but that he would be there immediately. "Well," he said, "I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives," "Oh, no sir!" said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all." "Then I will walk for awhile in the garden," said his lordship, "while I am waiting for him." "We cannot let you go there either, sir,"

said the keeper. "What," said he, "don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor." "Sir," said the keeper, "we have got four more Lord Chancellors already." He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of a straight waistcoat for him, when fortunately the Surgeon-General arrived. "Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" said he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, "Yes sir, we have him safe; but he is by far the most outrageous patient we have."

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

CARGO OF THE ROVER, for the voyage commencing on Saturday, Feb. 24, 1844.

"The Culpit Fay," by Drake. Good wine needs no bush.

"The last Cruise of the Privateer General Armstrong," in the last war with Great Britain. This was one of the most heroic achievements of our brave tars during the war. The account is from the pen of one of the officers on board at the time.

"Harry Clinton." An interesting story by H. T. Tuckerman.

"Rambles among the English Peasantry," or a peep through the other end of the telescope.

"The Hunter's Chorus," or the dying musician.

Together with sundry small parcels of wares and merchandize, of a rare quality, and at a price to suit.

#### THE ORIGINAL NAME OF LONG ISLAND.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT in his learned Report upon the Indian names of this state, read before the New York Historical Society, at their last meeting, seemed to find some difficulty in settling the proper notation of the aboriginal name of Long Island, which it seems is spelt indifferently by old writers, Metowic, Matowacs, Mitowec. Now, oddly enough, this scientific difficulty establishes at once the original poetic sounds of the words. For the "o" in the middle syllable being the only vowel sound retained in each different spelling, it is evident that the name must have been originally pronounced Matowac. It is remarkable that while the Indians of the Potomac were of the same generic stock with those of Long Island, there are precisely similar discrepancies among early writers in the orthoepy of that famous name; and if we mistake not, "the river of the Patomacks" is written fully as often as "the island of the Matowacs." The prosodical quantity of this pleasing Indian name being thus places beyond a doubt, the poets of that beautiful Island who have been hitherto restraining themselves, have only now to "go ahead" and make it as famous for song as it is for horses, game and "market sass."

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

NEW MUSIC.—C. G. Christman, 404 Pearl street, has published, "Oh, would I had a girl to love," a bachelor's lament for leap-year, and appeal to the fair unmarried daughters of Gotham. Words by J. M. Tobitt; music by Charles J. W. Jacoby. This piece is embellished with a very highly ornamented title page.

Also, "Joyful, sedate," music by J. F. Reichardt, words from the German of Goethe. Also, "The Boatman's Dance," with variations for the Piano, by Geo. F. Bristow. Also, "Dandy Jim from Caroline," with humorous embellishments.

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*Commodore Porter.*







# THE ROVER.

## COMMODORE PORTER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

We have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of the Rover, this week, a good likeness of one of our distinguished naval heroes, from a portrait painted probably some twenty-five years ago, and an excellent likeness of the gallant officer it was pronounced to be at that time of life. It is particularly valuable and interesting at the present time, when the last sad rites of sepulture have just been performed over his remains. Commodore Porter, as most of our readers probably recollect, died at Constantinople, in March, 1843, while acting as Minister Resident of the United States at that Court. His remains were recently brought by one of our national vessels to Philadelphia, where the highest funeral honors were paid them. A Philadelphia paper says:

"The body of Commodore Porter was originally interred at Constantinople in a leaden coffin, filled with spirits, which was enclosed in one of English walnut, covered with black cloth, and the letters 'D. P.' and an urn marked thereon with brass nails, the whole wrapped in the American ensign. In this state it was brought to this country. Here, under the superintendence of Mr. William Cragg, undertaker and sexton of St. Stephen's church, the liquor was drawn off, and the outside coffin re-covered with black cloth and silver mountings. The letters and urn were removed, and in their stead a silver plate was placed, bearing the following inscription: 'Commodore David Porter, of the U. S. Navy, died at Constantinople, March, 1843, when acting as Minister Resident of the United States near that Court. Jan. 1844.' The obsequies were imposing and solemn, and characteristic of the respect entertained by our citizens for the illustrious deceased, whose remains now rest in the land of his birth, and whose memory will ever be cherished by his countrymen."

We find the following well prepared sketch of the life and brilliant achievements of Commodore Porter, in the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper. It cannot fail to be read with interest.

"A sketch of the life of this distinguished commander seems called for by the ceremonies recently performed at the interment of his remains, and will be found the best tribute we can pay to his memory. The achievements of few of the ocean heroes of America claim greater interest than his—the name of none deserves a more honorable mention. Commodore Porter was born in Boston on the 1st of February, 1780. He was the eldest son of Captain David Porter, a respectable merchant seaman of moderate means and ability. The early education of the commodore devolved almost entirely upon an excellent mother. From her he received his first impressions and precepts, while he imbibed from his father a passion for the sea. Upon the termination of the revolutionary war, Captain Porter removed to Baltimore, and was placed in the revenue service, in command of the cutter Active, but he subsequently embarked in the merchant service again, and commanded a vessel engaged in the West India trade. At the age of sixteen, young David accompanied his father in one of his voyages, al-

though at that time his health and constitution were so delicate as to excite the fears of his mother for his safety. While lying in one of the ports of St. Domingo, Porter was unexpectedly involved in the first scene of peril and blood he ever witnessed. A press-gang attempted to board his father's vessel in search of men, but were gallantly resisted, and compelled to retire with the loss of several killed and wounded. This adventure was highly applauded, and confirmed rather than discouraged the young hero in his predilections for the life of a sailor.

"During subsequent voyages to St. Domingo, he was twice impressed into the British service, but effected his escape on each occasion, and after enduring great privation and hardship, returned to his family, almost utterly destitute of money and clothes. The outrages of which he had been the victim, no doubt operated to form a deep and thorough hostility to the English nation in his mind, and stimulated him to that wide but justifiable retaliation which, in his after life, proved so destructive to their commerce and so humiliating to their pride. After a short stay at home, young Porter applied for a commission in the navy, and succeeded in obtaining a midshipman's warrant, and it is not a little singular that his first voyage should have been made in the Constellation, under Commodore Truxton. The vessel which brought home his mortal remains for burial bears the name of his first commander. Although without friends whose influence might be of service in his new career, the young midshipman was not long in winning his way to honor and distinction. In the action between the Constellation and the French frigate Insurgent, he exhibited unequivocal signs of those military virtues, courage, intrepidity and address, which subsequently shed lustre on his name, and placed him in the foremost rank of American naval heroes. Upon the transfer of the frigate Constellation to the command of Commodore Barron, Porter was promoted to a lieutenancy, and was some time afterward engaged on the West India station, in the schooner Experiment, under Captain Maley. In this service he distinguished himself in a severe and long engagement with a number of piratical barges, in the bite of Leogan, and was highly successful in the difficult employment of cutting vessels out of ports in open boats. While on this station he obtained command of a prize pilot boat, with a crew of fifteen men, and an armament of five small swivels, taken from the tops of the Constellation. Falling in with a French privateer, mounting a long twelve and several swivels, and carrying forty men, with a prize and a barge in convoy, carrying thirty men and several swivels, the hardy lieutenant commenced a desperate action, under the most unfavorable circumstances, and although his vessel became almost unmanageable by the loss of her rudder in the onset, yet, after a sharp and obstinate conflict, he captured the privateer and prize. The barge escaped. Several of his men were wounded, but none killed. Of the enemy, seven were killed and fifteen wounded. This was his first triumph as a commander, and won him the applause of his commodore (Talbot) and the admiration of his countrymen.

"He returned to the United States, but remained only a short time, when he again sailed for the West Indies

as first lieutenant of the *Experiment*, then commanded by Captain Charles Stewart. The brave and lamented Trippe was second lieutenant. These gallant fellows soon broke up the hordes of French privateers with which those seas were infested, being successful in every engagement with them; and American commerce was restored to an almost perfect security from their attacks.

"A wider field of battle was soon opened to the young hero and his no less distinguished commander. Both were ordered to join the first squadron sent to the Mediterranean, and were transferred to the schooner *Enterprize* for this purpose. Their first prize was a Tripolitan corsair of very superior force. They took her after a severe action, in which they made great havoc of the enemy's deck, with but little loss to themselves. In this and subsequent actions on board other vessels of the squadron, Lieutenant Porter won bright and honorable laurels. In the boat service he was still conspicuous and successful. He destroyed several vessels laden with wheat, which were lying at anchor in the harbor of old Tripoli; but this daring achievement cost him a severe wound in the thigh from a musket ball. After his recovery from this injury, he was transferred to the Philadelphia, as first lieutenant, under the command of Captain Bainbridge. His career of glory was cut short for a time by the unfortunate fate of this vessel. This frigate, it will be recollected, grounded on the Tripolitan coast, just as she was about to give up an unsuccessful chase of an enemy. Every effort was made to get her off or to defend her, but in vain, and she was at length surrendered to the barbarians. The crew were confined in dungeons during a long captivity, but the tedium of the imprisonment was greatly relieved in the apartments in which Porter and his fellow officers were placed. A few books furnished to his active and vigorous mind material for much profitable study and discourse, and it became one of his daily employments and pleasures to examine and explain the theory of his profession, and to exhibit, by means of blocks of wood, the various manœuvres of naval engagements. He also became an excellent draughtsman, and a good French scholar, by his studies at this period, besides deriving a large fund of historical knowledge, highly useful in his after life.

"Many interesting incidents served to checker the otherwise monotonous captivity of Porter and his companions, but their recital would be incompatible with the present sketch. Upon the conclusion of peace with the Barbary powers, Porter and his friends were set at liberty, and after being exonerated from all censure for the loss of the Philadelphia, he was appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprize*, and ordered to cruise off Tripoli. Few occurrences of importance, although many of some interest, marked this cruise, and after an absence of five years Captain Porter returned to the United States and was married to Miss Anderson, a daughter of one of the members of Congress from this state. Upon the passage of the embargo and non-intercourse laws, he was appointed to the command of a flotilla stationed at the mouth of the Mississippi to insure their observance. Here his father who was an officer under his command, died. At his own request he was transferred from his station, on account of the effects of the climate upon his health, and was appointed to the command of the frigate *Essex*. Whatever might have been his previous fame, the most brilliant part of his life was now only commenced. The

deck of this vessel was the scene of his greatest achievements, and her name has been rendered immortal by them. He left New York on the 3d of July, 1812, and captured the first armed vessel taken by us in the war with Great Britain. This was the sloop *Alert*, whose flag was the first trophy sent by our cruisers to the seat of Government. He took several other prizes and returned to Philadelphia to refit. He next proceeded to join Com. Bainbridge on the Brazilian station, and subsequently passed round Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean.

While cruising off the coasts of Chili and Peru, he fell in with a Corsair, belonging to the latter state, on board of which he found the crews of two American whaling vessels, which had been captured by the Corsair. The captain of this vessel excused himself for his outrage upon the American flag, by alleging that he was an ally of Great Britain, but Porter took the liberty of throwing his guns overboard, and after taking out the prisoners, sent him home with a cautionary epistle to the chief of the Peruvian province. He afterward re-captured one of the Corsair's prizes as she was entering the port of Lima. Having taken a number of prizes, he fitted one as a store-ship with twenty guns, and placed her under the command of Lieutenant Downes. She was called the *Essex Junior*, and afforded important aid to the Commodore in his attack upon the British Whalers and Merchantmen of that region. He soon spread consternation throughout the Pacific by the number of his captures, and was laden with their spoils, although he had given some prizes to his prisoners, and had sent others to the United States. Learning that Captain Hillyer, of the British frigate *Phœbe*, was in search of him, with two British sloops of war, he prepared to meet them, hoping to crown his brilliant career against the commerce of the enemy, by a signal triumph over their arms. With this view he proceeded to the coast of Chili, hoping to fall in with the Englishmen singly, but after cruising sometime without success, he went into Valparaiso. While here, Captain Hillyer arrived also, in the *Phœbe*, having been in pursuit of Porter for sometime. He was superior in force to Porter, and was besides accompanied by the sloop of war *Cherub*. The armament and force of the British amounted to 81 guns and 500 men, while the *Essex*, mounted by 46 guns, 40 of which were carronades, and serviceable only in a close action, while his crew, by frequent detachments to man prizes, had been reduced to only 225 men. The *Essex Junior* carried but 20 small guns and 60 men.

"On account of the neutrality of the port, Commodore Porter declined hostilities, although he had the *Phœbe* in his power on her entrance. The British commander acknowledged this evidence of the American sense of justice, and pledged himself to similar conduct. He kept his word as the English usually do, until his interest dictated another course. Porter remained blockaded in this port for six weeks, as he was not disposed to risk an action with so superior a force, and could not provoke a challenge from Hillyer, nor force him to strategy to a single combat. He then resolved to make his way to sea, if possible, and by inducing the British, who were cruising off the port, to give him chase, hoped to give the *Essex Junior* an opportunity to escape. On the 28th of March, 1814, he attempted this manœuvre, but on rounding a point of land at the entrance of the bay, a squall struck his vessel, carrying away his main-topmast, and drowning



the men stationed in the top. The enemy immediately gave chase, and finding he could not out sail and separate them in his crippled condition, he attempted to regain the port. Not succeeding in this, he put into a small bay, about three quarters of a mile from the battery, and anchored within pistol shot of the shore. Finding, to his surprise, that the enemy were coming up to the attack, in despite of the neutrality of the port and in violation of their pledge, he prepared to make the best defence of which he was capable. Both vessels of the enemy were soon upon him, and opened a destructive fire.

"In the hope of coming up with one of his enemies, Porter now cut his cables, and, although he was so shattered as to be able to raise only a flying jib, he bore down upon the Phœbe. He succeeded, and a desperate and sanguinary conflict ensued. The Essex was almost a total wreck; her decks were covered with the dead, and her cockpit full of the wounded. But still her gallant commander and crew struggled for the victory, and with even some hope, as the Cherub had been compelled to haul off in consequence of her injuries, and the Phœbe also gave evident signs of distress, and began to edge off likewise. But being unable, from want of sail to keep at close quarters, all advantage soon changed from the Essex to her enemy, and she again became the prey of their long guns, without being able to return an effective fire. Capt. Porter, as a last resort, now attempted to run his ship ashore, land the crew, and destroy her; but in this he was disappointed by a change of wind. After maintaining the unequal fight for a long time, he summoned a council of officers, and was astonished to find that but one, Lieutenant McKnight, obeyed the order. All the rest were killed or wounded. The enemy still kept up a destructive cannonade; his vessel had been on fire several times, and was now a total wreck, and, as there was no possibility of either victory or retreat, after a gallant and honorable action of nearly two hours and a half, he struck his colors. The enemy continued to fire upon him for ten minutes afterward, killing several men on board the Essex, when, supposing there was a determination to show no quarter, Captain Porter was in the act of re-hoisting his flag, when the firing ceased. The British officer who came on board to take charge of the prize, fainted at the spectacle of dead and dying her decks exhibited. Of her crew of 255 men, 157 were killed, wounded or missing. She was completely cut to pieces, and drenched in the blood of her noble and fearless defenders.

"Upon the conclusion of the war, Commodore Porter was appointed a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners, and continued to serve in that capacity until 1821, when he obtained the command of the West India squadron. In a short time he completely rid the station of the numerous pirates which infested it, although the service was a difficult one, and could in most instances be performed only in open boats. In resentment of what he conceived to be a gross national insult, he landed a force at Foxador Porto Rico, and compelled the authorities of the place to make a public apology. His act was disclaimed by the Government, and, in conformity with the decision of a Court Martial, he was suspended from office for six months. His error was, however, that of blood and judgment only, and his name received no stain from the sentence; but conceiving that injustice had been done him, he resigned his commission and entered the Mexican ser-

vice, as commander-in-chief of the navy, with a salary of \$25,000 a year. He quitted this employment in 1829, and returned to the United States. He was soon afterward appointed Consul General to the Barbary powers, and upon the conquest of Algiers by the French, was sent as U. S. Charge d'Affaires to Constantinople. He again returned to this country, and was again sent back to Constantinople as Minister to the Porte. He continued in this honorable employment, rendering important services to his country in the making of treaties with the Turks, until his decease, which occurred on the 28th day of March, 1843.

Throughout his varied and eventful life, Commodore Porter was ever distinguished for high and noble qualities, both of mind and heart; and his name will remain a bright and priceless treasure in the memory of his countrymen.

### MY GRANDFATHER'S FIRESIDE.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

When fancy is wayward, and fondly seems straying  
Far back to the times that are past,  
And memory every old scene is arraying  
In light too enchanting to last,  
'Tis my bosom's most dear and most hallowed treasure,  
My solace, my joy and my pride,  
The remembrance of one scene of holy-day pleasure—  
My grandfather's old fireside.

In joy or in sorrow, I love to remember  
That spot to my heart still so dear,  
For 'twas there we beguiled the long eves in December  
With innocent sport and good cheer;  
And 'twas there my old grandfather sat in his glory,  
And my grandmother sat by his side;  
And we listened anew to some often told story,  
As we sat by his old fireside.

Those fond recollections, so faithfully cherished,  
Of days that went happily by,  
Of friends and of pleasures, that long ago perished,  
Sometimes cause a tear and a sigh.  
But still 'tis by bosom's most hallowed treasure,  
My solace, my joy and my pride,  
The remembrance of one scene of holy-day pleasure,  
My grandfather's old fireside.

### GEMS AND REPTILES.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"O DEAR! what a naughty girl I am—I must be naughty, for nobody loves me, and nobody speaks kindly to me. My aunt and cousin tell me every day I live, I am the worst girl in the world. It must be so—and yet I don't know what it is that I do, so very bad." Little Blanch looked round, for she thought somebody was close to her ear, and whispered "Nothing—nothing." But she must have been mistaken. There was no one in sight, and now she could only hear the wind kissing the little daisies, and laughing in the willows, and teasing the long slender branches, that stooped down to play in the fountain.

Blanch set the picher upon the green bank, and bent over to look down, down, into the clear waters, as they bubbled up in the shadow of the hill, and then trickled away over the pebbles, eddying round the roots

of the old trees, and then sparkling away off in the sunshine, flashing and dimpling in the light, like some living thing sporting in the meadow grass and the overshadowing trees.

Blanch began to feel quite happy, though she couldn't tell why—and then she looked down into the fountain, and saw her own eyes peeping up, and she laughed—and the girl in the water laughed—and both laughed together, till the old woods took up the chorus, and the hills and rocks sent it back again.

"O dear, what a noise I am making—and my aunt will be angry with me for staying so long."

Blanch looked once more into the water, but the little girl from beneath did not laugh this time; on the contrary, her face was quite pale and sad, and Blanch looked into her melancholy eyes till the tears gushed to her own, and fell into the water. The drops circled away in dimpling lines, growing larger and larger, and completely hiding the face of the little girl in the water.

Blanch rubbed her eyes, and looked again, for she saw something exceedingly beautiful, stirring the pebbles at the bottom of the fountain. She held back her hair with both hands, and looked down close and still, for there, right beside her own face, she saw a most lovely being, smiling, and holding up its small pale hands.

Blanch let her hair fall, till it almost blinded her eyes, and even dipped into the fountain, while she held out both hands to the little lady of the water.

"Thank you," said the beautiful creature, springing lightly on the bank, and smoothing her long curls, and smiling in the eyes of the little girl.

"You are a good girl, Blanch, and I mean to be your friend; that is if you are always good—for should you become sinful you couldn't look upon me, or I speak to you."

She said this in a low, sad voice, and the little girl thought she was then even prettier than when she smiled.

The lady sat still a while, plaiting the pretty flowers that grew around into a coronal; for it is likely she knew the child was so curious to mark her strange dress, that she would hardly hear a word that might be said.

Blanch had heard of water nymphs, but she had been told they had sea-green skin and eyes, and hair hanging like the sea-grass all about their shoulders. She thought they must be very ugly, and was quite certain the beautiful creature beside her could not be one of these.

The lady's cheek and neck were of the pure color of the inner lip of the ocean shell, growing of a brighter, and brighter hue, till just below the eye, it became of that rich beautiful tint, we find upon the shell as we look in, in, to its very heart. Then her hair was soft and bright like long threads of amber, waving and glittering in the light. Her eyes were of the deep, deep blue, seen upon the surface of muscle-shell, but so soft, so liquid in their loveliness and beauty, that Blanch thought she could never tire in looking at them. Her voice was like breathed melody; soft and murmuring, like the sound of the shell when held to a human ear.

She had a coronal of pearls about her head, and bracelets of the same upon her arms. Her robe was curiously wrought of exceedingly small shells, like gold and silver all strung together. It was fastened at

the shoulder with a large emerald, and her girdle was of amethysts and diamonds. Her sandals were of pearly shells, streaked with pink, the tellina I think, and were fastened with a fillet of the sea-weed.

"You may call me Fontana, Blanch," said the lady, placing the chaplet of flowers upon the brow of the child.

Blanch smiled, and pulled the little daisies, for she couldn't just think what to say.

"Would you like some of these pearls, and diamonds, Blanch?"

"Oh, they are very beautiful," said the child, "but I should have no time to play with them. Dear, dear, how long I have staid! Oh, my aunt *will* scold." She took up the pitcher and was hurrying away in great trouble, but Fontana detained her.

"You must not go yet, Blanch. I will see that your aunt doesn't scold you; so sit down and let us talk awhile."

Blanch was very loath to stay, but Fontana was so gentle, and promised so earnestly that all should be well, that at last she sat down again by the fountain.

"If you don't want pearls and diamonds, Blanch, what do you wish for? What shall I do for you? Shall I punish your aunt and cousin for treating you so ill?"

"Oh no, no," said the little girl very earnestly, "they treat me so because I am so very naughty. How could you think of such a thing? I'm sure I never did."

Fontana smiled, and kissed the cheeks, and eyes, and lips of the child.

"I love you dearly, Blanch, and do wish you could think of something I could do for you."

Blanch dropped her eyes, as if thinking earnestly; and then her face dimpled all over with smiles as she said,

"I wish you could help me to be good, so that my aunt and cousin, and every body, will love me—I should be quite happy then."

"What, don't you want to be rich, and ride in a coach, and have servants, and dress grandly—and then let your aunt and cousin be poor, and go with bare feet, just as you do!"

"Oh dear, no," said Blanch, turning quite pale, "how could you think of such a thing?"

"Well, let your aunt and cousin be rich, too, then wouldn't you like to dress grandly, Blanch?"

"Oh dear, I only want to be good, and be loved," said the poor girl, turning her head away quite sorrowfully.

Fontana took her in her arms, and kissed her many times, and Blanch felt the tears upon her cheek; she heard sweet far-off melody; the sky seemed brighter than ever, and she thought she must be dreaming, she felt so happy. Then the lady placed her upon the green bank, and when the child looked round, there was nothing to be seen or heard, but the birds singing in the trees, and the water leaping over the white pebbles.

"Oh dear, dear, my aunt will scold me," and she filled the pitcher and ran home just as fast as she could go.

Her aunt met her at the door, and had opened her mouth to utter hard words, and raised her hand to give her a blow on the ear, when the sight of the coronal upon the girl's head arrested her.

"Blanch, where did you get this? Was there ever

anything so beautiful!" and she tore it from the child's head, and held it to the light where it did look truly exquisite, for every little leaf, and bud, and flower, was made up of innumerable small gems of the purest water.

"Come in, child, and tell me all about it."

Blanch did tell every word, for there was something within, that told her she ought to tell the truth, and the whole truth. Sometimes her aunt laughed, and sometimes she frowned, but when she came to that part, where the lady would have given her fine clothes, and a coach to ride in, her cousin called her "a poor, mean spirited fool—so then you only asked to be good, you precious little fool, did you?" she said scornfully.

The tears came into Blanch's eyes, and fell upon her lap.

"What is that rolling about your lap?" said Adeline. "I never saw such tears before; they don't soak in;" and the heartless girl shook them upon the floor. Sure enough they rolled away, clear, brilliant diamonds, large as peas.

Adeline laughed and scrambled after them, and told Blanch to "cry away;" she liked such tears. But the little girl laughed as well as her cousin, and scrambled too for the diamonds, it made her feel so happy to see smiling faces.

"I will go down to the well, too," said Adeline, "and see if I cannot get something handsome."

She soon came back, flushed and angry; she declared there was nobody to be seen at the well, and Blanch must have found the gems and then have invented the story as an excuse for staying so long. She struck Blanch upon the shoulder, and shook her rudely.

"Don't be angry, cousin, you shall have all the pretty stones," cried the child, offering those she had picked up.

But she had no sooner opened her mouth to speak, than pearls, and diamonds, and all precious stones fell therefrom, and rolled upon the floor, and flashed, and sparkled in the sunlight, till the room seemed all paved with jewels.

For many days Adeline said nothing further about going to the well, for both she and her mother were so occupied in fastening the gems upon their dresses, that they had no time even to scold poor little Blanch; and she was now the happiest child in the world—she smiled, and sang all day, and was so attentive to all the wants of her aunt and cousin, that she seemed to know what was desired even before they spoke. She wished, in the guilelessness of her young heart, that she only had a whole mine of jewels to give them, so thankful did she feel for gentle words and kind looks.

It was soon found, that jewels came from the mouth of Blanch, only when she returned a gentle reply to the harshness of others—her tears were gems only when they were tears of compassion or of sorrow.

Adeline was making a lily, all of pearls—she hadn't quite enough to finish it. Half in earnest, half in sport, she gave Blanch a blow, saying, "Cry, child, I want some more pearls."

Blanch had never felt just so before; her face reddened, and she was about to make an angry reply, when she felt a dash of water all over her face. She stopped short, and looked about, but no one was near but Adeline. Then she thought of the sinful feeling within, and knew it must have been Fontana, that

sprinkled the drops in her face. Blanch knew she had felt wrong, and she shed tears of penitence—they were pearls.

"Come, Blanch," said Adeline, "take the picher, and I will go down to the well with you—I like the lady's gifts vastly; and shall know better what to ask for than you did."

The child did as she was bid, stepping, with her little bare feet, lightly over the stones and brambles; and prattling all the way about the beauty, and dress of the lady, and wondering she had never seen her but once.

When they came to the fountain, all was still; the waters looked clear and cool, and they peered down, but nothing was to be seen, but white stones, rounded by the water flowing over them, and the small fish darting about in the sunshine. They sat down upon the bank, hoping the lady might appear. But she did not—no one approached, but a little old woman, with a lean wrinkled face, who came from the woods, leaning heavily upon a staff, for she was bent nearly double with age.

Both girls looked earnestly at her, till she drew near, and sunk down upon the grass beside them.

"I am faint and weary, ladies—will you give me to drink from the fountain?" said the old woman in a low, trembling voice.

Little Blanch descended the bank instantly, to do as she was desired—but Adeline cruelly spurned her with her foot, saying, "Get up, you old hag, I wouldn't give you a drink, not I."

The old woman glanced at the hard-hearted girl with a severe and searching look; and slowly rose from the ground. The old staff became a wand of ivory—the lean face became soft and round; the bent form erect and graceful, and the beautiful lady of the fountain stood before them. She was even more splendidly attired than before, and her look more sweet and tender.

"Dear, dear Fontana," said Blanch, springing toward her. The lady took her to her bosom, and again, and again kissed her cheek; then the child heard yet again that low, sweet melody, as if the very air, and everything about were full of it—again all was still—and now the two girls stood alone by the fountain.

"How strange," said little Blanch, "when she is gone, I can hardly think I have seen anything in reality it seems so like a dream, or the pleasant thoughts I have when I am all alone."

"Pretty well, too," said Adeline; "she could only frown upon me"—she stopped short, for just then a small green lizard hopped from her mouth, and the terrified girls ran home fast as they could go.

Adeline struck Blanch, and said she had bewitched her; and every time she spoke, small snakes and toads darted from her mouth—then she would cry with horror and vexation, when bugs and spiders fell from her eyes.

Poor Blanch stood by, weeping and wringing her hands, and the pearls and precious stones rolled all about the room, for no one heeded them. She thought of a thousand things, but not one that had any prospect of relieving her cousin.

"Oh dear, dear, I wish Fontana were only here!" cried Blanch. She felt a slight sprinkle upon her face, and then she knew the lady must be near. Then she began to think Fontana very cruel to punish her cousin so, and wished she were only visible, and she would

tell her so. All at once some one whispered close to her ear, and said,

"Are not pride, and anger, and cruelty, like lizards, and toads, and serpents?"

"Oh dear, dear, try to feel gentle, cousin Adeline; perhaps they come because you are angry."

"Angry," cried Adeline, stamping with her feet, "isn't this enough to make any body angry? I wish I had hold of that old woman, and I would tear her all to pieces."

Just then a large serpent sprang from her mouth, and both her mother and Blanch ran out of the house.

Years passed away, and Blanch had become an exceedingly handsome maiden, with a skin like the embrace of the rose and lily, and eyes clear, soft and blue. She was still gentle and loving, like a little child, with a smile always ready for a cheerful look, and a tear for a sad one. Some thought it goodness alone, that made her so beautiful; others thought it the kisses of the lady of the fountain, for she still sometimes appeared, when Blanch was sad or unhappy, and spoke words of hope and consolation.

Adeline too, had grown a tall, proud girl, with large black eyes of glittering brightness, and a step like a queen. There were yet times when the reptiles sprang from the mouth of the violent girl, in her moments of pride or irritation. Sometimes amidst the splendor and triumph of a ball, she would be obliged to retire in the greatest confusion, for pride, and envy, and malice, would bring the reptiles to her throat.

Blanch still wept her pearls and spoke all sorts of precious things, and the fame of the two girls spread far and wide. Many came to see them, hoping they might witness things so very strange. But the girls didn't speak gems or reptiles just to please strangers, they came unbidden, indicating always the exact state of their hearts.

In spite of the reptiles Adeline had many suitors, for her beauty was of the noblest kind. She contrived to keep Blanch out of sight, and so obscured in old uncouth garments, that her beauty was only noted by those who observed her closely, or saw her often.

So Adeline had all the lovers, and all the company to herself; and poor Blanch wore old clothes, and worked all day for her aunt and cousin. She gave them all her jewels, and tried to make them look beautiful whenever they went to the grand balls and parties, to which they were invited; while she staid at home, and did all the work, and then got nothing in return but blows and harsh words.

In this way, though Blanch was much talked of, very few had seen her.

At last, a gentleman commenced building a delightful little cottage close to the dwelling of the two girls. The gardens were arranged with the greatest taste, and bowers with vines and shrubbery of every kind, and ponds filled with fish, and brooks with rustic bridges thrown over them, made all seem the work of enchantment.

Adeline did nothing but arrange her dress and jewels, and play upon her harp close to the window where the stranger directed the laborers; and when he would look up and smile, or present her flowers, she was good-natured all day.

Blanch was delighted, and tried very hard to make her cousin look beautiful; and did just as she was bid, which was to keep out of sight of the strange gentleman. Blanch thought it an easy matter to do this, for

she didn't much like his looks, and thought him not half so elegant as a young servant she sometimes saw in the garden attempting to arrange the flowers, and to transplant them; but he was so awkward, spilling the earth and breaking the pots, that she couldn't keep from laughing to see him work—then the master would appear, and scold and rave, and Blanch would find her eyes filling with tears in spite of all she could do.

She one day told Adeline she thought the servant much handsomer than the master, and there was that about him, that appeared much more noble.

Adeline was indignant, and said she was no judge, and many other things that proud, love-sick girls are apt to utter—but her mother seemed much pleased with the idea; thought it might be so, and winking to her daughter declared Blanch was quite in love, and it would make an excellent match.

Blanch hadn't thought of this, and she blushed and hung down her head.

Every day now her aunt and cousin tried to throw her in the way of the young servant, and even were at some pains to dress her and arrange her hair, that she might look becoming. Adeline, it is true, was too much occupied with the master to pay much attention to the affairs of the servant, only so far as to encourage his advances, for she thought this a fine way to dispose of her poor cousin, by degrading her into a marriage with a menial.

Poor Blanch was greatly distressed at all this manoeuvring, and grew every day more pale and gentle, and a great deal more beautiful too; for love always softens, as well as exalts the style of beauty.

She sometimes wished she had never seen him, for she couldn't help looking through the lattice where the vines grew thickly, to see him at his work among the flowers, and he would sometimes look up, too, and she was certain he was growing pale and melancholy; and she thought it not unlikely that he might be in love with her cousin Adeline, and growing sad because there could be no hope for him. And Blanch wept in holy compassion for the poor, young servant.

So she took her pitcher in her hand, and went down to the fountain. She wept a long time, she could hardly tell why. Fontana came and kissed her cheek, and wiped her tears with gossamer muslin. Blanch saw that she smiled faintly, and looked quite sad, so she tried to talk of pleasant things.

"How I love you, Blanch," said Fontana; "you must have all you desire. What shall I do for you?"

"Smile upon me, dear Fontana; there is no one else to love me—and when you smile I am quite happy."

There was a rustling in the bushes—Fontana had disappeared, and the young servant stood beside her.

Blanch, hardly knowing what she did, darted away, but the stranger seized her hand, and begged she would stay just for a moment.

"I know you are unhappy, Blanch; I have often seen you weep, and even now, I heard you say there was no one to love you. I love you, Blanch, more than I can express—"

His voice trembled, and he pressed her fingers to his lips. Blanch looked up, and the kind, earnest look of the stranger, and the gentle tones of his voice so wrought upon her young heart, all unused as it had been to kindness and sympathy, that she covered her eyes with her hand, and burst into tears.

They were not pearls; they were the natural tears of a young and trusting heart.



All at once she remembered that her cousin was waiting for the water; and disengaging her hand she ran home, leaving, in her agitation, the pitcher at the fountain.

When she reached the house, both aunt and cousin were at the door, angry at her long absence—for the stranger of the cottage had that very morning made proposals of marriage, and Adeline was impatient to arrange her toilet in the most captivating style.

"Where is the pitcher, you idling hussy?" they both cried in a breath.

"I left it at the well," replied Blanch, trembling, and blushing.

"Left it at the well!" said Adeline, striking her on the face.

Blanch hesitated, but she felt the drops upon her face, and knew she ought to confess the truth. So she told all.

Adeline's anger gave way to the triumph of malice, for she was delighted to think Blanch would marry the servant of her own husband. So while she talked, the toads and snakes sprang from her mouth, but the family were so used to them, that they took no notice of them.

Poor Blanch only covered her face with her hands, while the pearls fell from between her fingers, and dropped among the grass at the threshold.

At this moment the young servant appeared at the door, bearing the pitcher of water; and he looked as if he knew just what it meant, when he saw the pearls and reptiles all about.

For many days nothing was seen of the young stranger, and poor Blanch grew quite pale and dispirited. Adeline was in high spirits, she ridiculed Blanch, teased and scolded her all in a breath, and then when she wept, she laughed, and said she should have the more jewels for her bridal. Blanch disliked Adeline's lover more and more every day; for though she thought he might be rich, he seemed low-bred and vulgar, and as ignorant as any dolt about. And then he was so loaded with finery he must at the very best be a conceited coxcomb. But as long as her cousin was pleased she had no right to say a word.

The day for Adeline's marriage arrived, and after Blanch had dressed her cousin, and done all the work she could do, before the arrival of the guests, her aunt took her and thrust her down into an old cellar, half filled with mire and water, that she might not be seen by any of the company.

Adeline look splendidly, with her proud beauty, and magnificent attire. The ceremony was just over, when they all heard the sound of carriage wheels and the trampling of horses. The bridegroom looked from the window, and was the first to go out and kneel to the stranger. All was awe and amazement. The guests had just time to observe the splendor of the carriage, and the rich livery of the servants, and the six snow-white steeds, when a gentleman richly dressed in velvet and cloth of gold, entered the room.

"Where is Blanch?" he inquired, looking sternly round.

"Blanch is dead," replied the aunt solemnly.

"Dead?" repeated the stranger, turning pale, while the bridegroom stared with astonishment.

"Dead!" he again repeated, "it cannot be; ho, here, search the house," he cried to his servants.

The bridegroom would have gone too, but Adeline haughtily detained him.

The aunt rose in great rage. "I demand, sir, by what right you order my house to be searched."

"The right that the king has over the lives and property of his subjects," replied the stranger with great majesty. Then removing the plumed cap, and velvet cloak, the young servant of the new cottage stood before them. Every head was uncovered, and every knee bent in the presence of the king. Adeline and her mother turned pale. The king went on.

"The fame of the goodness and beauty of Blanch had reached even to our palace, and I came here disguised as a servant, that I might learn the truth. I find the half has not been told me, and I have now come to claim her for my bride."

The servants returned, but could find nothing of Blanch. Aunt and daughter tried to suppress their exultation.

At this moment the door softly opened, and Fontana appeared leading in Blanch, pale and trembling, but more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in robes of the most magnificent material, and diamonds glittered upon her brow and girdle, and pearls encircled her arms and neck.

Fontana laid the hand of Blanch within that of the king, who knelt to receive it, while the fair girl blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Thus," said the lady, "are the good sometimes rewarded even in this life."

Then turning to Adeline and her mother, she said, "I leave you to the punishment prepared in your own hearts—to the envy, and malice, and hatred, that torture more than the fiends of darkness."

The same priest, who had married Adeline to the servant of the king, performed the ceremony for Blanch, and her royal lover.

Fontana pressed the bride to her bosom, and Blanch heard again that sweet, low melody, as the beautiful lady of the fountain disappeared.

We need not say that Blanch was gentle, and loving, and good, when she became a queen. Her subjects almost adored her, and the king used playfully to say, "They were dutiful subjects to him, only from love to his wife."

Blanch did all in her power to make her aunt and cousin happy, and even sent for them to court; but their evil dispositions produced so much disorder that the king banished them to the cottage he had built beside their old dwelling. Blanch often wept for them, and sent them many proofs of her kindness and remembrance.

#### DISCOVERY OF DANTE'S PORTRAIT.

AN article from Washington Irving was published in the Knickerbocker two or three years ago, giving a very interesting account of the discovery of a lost portrait of the poet Dante, which was effected by our countryman R. H. Wilde of Georgia, himself a poet, as is well proved by a single fragment.

"My life is like the summer rose," &c.

While Mr. Wilde was in Tuscany, it was mentioned to him that "there once and probably still existed in the Bargello, anciently both the prison and palace of the republican authentic portrait of Dante," and while searching for some of the particulars respecting the poet, to which he was led by the contradictory accounts of many incidents of his life, "he revolved in his mind the possibility that this precious relic might remain undestroy-

ed under its coat of white-wash, and might be restored to the world."

Mr. Irving gives the following curious account of the discovery of the portrait.

"For a moment he felt an impulse to undertake the enterprise; but feared that, in a foreigner from a new world, any part of which is unrepresented at the Tuscan court, it might appear like an intrusion. He soon however found a zealous coadjutor. This was one Giovanni Aubrey Bezzi, a Piedmontese exile, who had long been a resident in England, and was familiar with its language and literature. He was now on a visit to Florence, which liberal and hospitable city is always open to men of merit, who for political reasons have been excluded from other parts of Italy. Signor Bezzi partook deeply of the enthusiasm of his countrymen for the memory of Dante, and sympathized with Mr. Wilde in his eagerness to retrieve if possible the lost portrait. They had several consultations as to the means to be adopted to effect their purpose, without incurring the charge of undue officiousness. To lessen any objections that might occur, they resolved to ask for nothing but permission to search for the fresco painting at their own expense; and should any remains of it be found, then to propose to the nobility and gentry of Florence an association for completing the undertaking, and effectually recovering the lost portrait.

For the same reason the formal memorial addressed to the Grand Duke was drawn up in the name of Florentines: among whom were the celebrated Bartolini, now President of the School of Sculpture in the Imperial and Royal Academy, Signor Paolo Ferroni, of the noble family of that name, who has exhibited considerable talent for painting, and Signor Gasparini, also an artist. The petition was urged and supported with indefatigable zeal by Signor Bezzi; and being warmly countenanced by Count Nerli and other functionaries, met with more prompt success than had been anticipated. Signor Marini, a skilful artist, who had succeeded in similar operations, was now employed to remove the white-wash by a process of his own, by which any fresco painting that might exist beneath would be protected from injury. He set to work patiently and cautiously. In a short time he met with evidence of the existence of the fresco. From under the coat of white-wash the head of an angel gradually made its appearance, and was pronounced to be by the pencil of Giotto.

The enterprise was now prosecuted with increased ardor. Several months were expended on the task, and three sides of the chapel wall were uncovered; they were all painted in fresco by Giotto, with the history of the Magdalen, exhibiting her conversion, her penance, and her beatification. The figures, however, were all those of saints and angels: no historical portraits had yet been discovered, and doubts began to be entertained whether there were any. Still the recovery of an indisputable work of Giotto's was considered an ample reward for any toil; and the Ministers of the Grand Duke, acting under his directions, assumed on his behalf the past charges and future management of the enterprise.

At length, on the uncovering of the fourth wall, the undertaking was crowned with complete success. A number of historical figures were brought to light, and among them the undoubted likeness of Dante. He was represented in full length, in the garb of the time,

with a book under his arm, designed most probably to represent the "*Vita Nuova*," for the "*Comedia*" was not yet composed, and to all appearance from thirty to thirty-five years of age. The face was in profile, and in excellent preservation, excepting that at some former period a nail had unfortunately been driven into the eye. The outline of the eyelid was perfect, so that the injury may be easily remedied. The countenance was extremely handsome, yet bore a strong resemblance to the portraits of the poet, taken later in life.

It is not easy to appreciate the delight of Mr. Wilde and his coadjutors at this triumphant result of their researches; nor the sensation produced, not merely in Florence but throughout Italy, by this discovery of a veritable portrait of Dante, in the prime of his days. It was some such sensation as would be produced in England by the sudden discovery of a perfectly well authenticated likeness of Shakspeare; with a difference in intensity proportioned to the superior sensitiveness of the Italians.

The recovery of the portrait of the "divine poet," has occasioned fresh inquiry into the origin of the masks said to have been made from a cast of his face taken after death. One of these masks, in the possession of the Marquess of Torrigiani, has been pronounced certainly the *original*. Several artists of high talent have concurred in this opinion; among these may be named Jesi, the first engraver in Florence; Seymour Kirkup, Esq., a painter and antiquary; and our own countryman Powers, whose genius, by the way, is very highly appreciated by the Italians."

### COLLECTING.

THE Knickerbocker tells the following humorous and amusing story:

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some money due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of one hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a "doubtful case;" but added, that if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the room, would "annoy it out of the man." Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wal, 'Square, 'taint much use tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill monument as to c'lect a debt o' him. But any how, what'll you give s'pos'n I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll you half, if you collect it."

"'Greed!" replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin', any ways."

Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look'e here!" said he, "I had considerable luck with that bill of your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twant no use—not a bit! If he wasn't at home, he wa's short; if he was at home, I could get no satisfaction. By and bye, says I, after going sixteen times, I'll fix you; so I sot down on the door step, and sot all day and part of the evenin'; and begun airly next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me *my half* and I gin him up the note."

## THE THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

AN "EDITORIAL ARTICLE."

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

He comes on the wings of the warm south-west,  
In the saffron hues of the sunbeams drest,  
And lingers awhile on the placid bay,  
As the ice-cakes languidly steal away,  
To drink these gems which the wave turns up,  
Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.

Then hies to the wharves where the hawser binds  
The impatient ship from the wistful winds,  
And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,  
Less firmly pencill'd against the sky;  
And sports in the stiffened canvas there  
Till its folds float out in the wooing air:  
Then leaves these quellers of Ocean's pride  
To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,  
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread;  
And he turns him about to look wistfully back  
On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track;  
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,  
Like emerald gems from their bosom rolled,  
The sea just peering the headlands through,  
Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,  
And the thousand barks which securely sweep  
With silvery wings round the land-locked deep.

He loiters awhile on the springy ground,  
To watch the children gambol around,  
And thinks it hard that a touch from him  
Cannot make the aged as lithe of limb;  
That he has no power to melt the rime,  
The stubborn frost that is made by Time;  
And sighing he leaves the urchins to play,  
And launches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures of heavenly mould,  
Of charms not yet by the poet told;  
There were dancing plumes, there were mantles gay,  
Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,  
Such as of old on a festival day  
Th' Italian nymphs were wont to wear.  
And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,  
And his pulses flutter in every limb,  
As he gazed on many a beaming eye,  
And many a form that flitted by,  
With a twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,  
As he lounged the morning through;  
He sprang the frozen gutters aleak,  
For want of aught else to do;  
And left them black as the libeller's ink,  
To gurgle away to the sewer's sink.  
He sees a beggar, gaunt and grim,  
Arouse a miser's choler,  
And he laughs while he melts the soul of him  
To fling the wretch a dollar;  
And he thinks how small a heaven 'twould take,  
For a world of souls like his to make.

He read placarded upon a wall,  
"That the country now on its friends did call,  
For Liberty was in danger;"  
And he went to a room ten feet by four,  
Where a chairman and sec. and a couple more,  
(Making *fee* with our friendly stranger,)

By the aid of four slings and two tallow tapers,  
Were preparing to tell in the morning papers  
That the Union was broken  
By this very token,  
"That the *People* in mass last night had spoken!"

He saw an Oneida baskets peddling  
Around the place where the polls were held;  
And a Whig the copperskin kick for meddling,  
As the Indian a Democrat's ballot spelled.

That son of the soil  
Who had no vote,  
How dared he to spoil  
A trick so neat,  
Meant only to cheat

The voters who hither from Europe float!

And now as the night falls chill and gray,  
Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb,  
And his father, the Sun, has slunk away,  
And left him alone to gas and gloom,  
The Thaw-king steals in a vapor thin,  
Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein  
Music and mirth were gaily mingled;  
And groups like hues in one bright flower,  
Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled  
Some one on whom to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,  
And thrusts at a dandy's heart;  
But the vest that is made by *Frost*, defies  
The point of the Thaw-king's dart;  
And the baffled spirit pettishly flies  
On a pedant to try his art;  
But his aim is equally foiled by the dust-  
y lore that envelops the man of must.

And next he tries with a fiddler's sighs  
To melt the heart of a belle;  
But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,  
Which shields that lady well.  
And that waist! oh! that waist—it is one that you  
would  
Like to clasp in a waltz, or—wherever you could.

Her figure was fashioned tall and slim,  
But with rounded bust and shapely limb;  
And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,  
And her look as she bridled in beauty's pride,  
Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore  
When she blushed alone on the conscious shore,  
The wandering Dardan's unwedded bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,  
With her form of love and her looks of light,  
Till his spirits began to wane,  
And his wits were put to rout;  
And entering into an editor's brain,  
He thawed this "article" out.

PRODUCTS OF THE OREGON.—The Madisonian says: The value of the fisheries of the splendid rivers of the Oregon is beginning to be appreciated at the East. The finest salmon in the world are to be had for the taking. A lot of several hundred barrels arrived in Boston a short time since, in an American bottom: and the question of our right to the Territory was promptly settled at the Custom House, by the admission of the cargo as an American product.

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The enterprize was now prosecuted with increased ardor. Several months were expended on the task, and three sides of the chapel wall were uncovered; they were all painted in fresco by Giotto, with the history of the Magdalen, exhibiting her conversion, her penance, and her beatification. The figures, however, were all those of saints and angels: no historical portraits had yet been discovered, and doubts began to be entertained whether there were any. Still the recovery of an indisputable work of Giotto's was considered an ample reward for any toil; and the Ministers of the Grand Duke, acting under his directions, assumed on his behalf the past charges and future management of the enterprize.

At length, on the uncovering of the fourth wall, the undertaking was crowned with complete success. A number of historical figures were brought to light, and among them the undoubted likeness of Dante. He was represented in full length, in the garb of the time,

with a book under his arm, designed most probably to represent the "*Vita Nuova*," for the "*Comedia*" was not yet composed, and to all appearance from thirty to thirty-five years of age. The face was in profile, and in excellent preservation, excepting that at some former period a nail had unfortunately been driven into the eye. The outline of the eyelid was perfect, so that the injury may be easily remedied. The countenance was extremely handsome, yet bore a strong resemblance to the portraits of the poet, taken later in life.

It is not easy to appreciate the delight of Mr. Wilde and his coadjutors at this triumphant result of their researches; nor the sensation produced, not merely in Florence but throughout Italy, by this discovery of a veritable portrait of Dante, in the prime of his days. It was some such sensation as would be produced in England by the sudden discovery of a perfectly well authenticated likeness of Shakspeare; with a difference in intensity proportioned to the superior sensitiveness of the Italians.

The recovery of the portrait of the "divine poet," has occasioned fresh inquiry into the origin of the masks said to have been made from a cast of his face taken after death. One of these masks, in the possession of the Marquess of Torrigiani, has been pronounced certainly the *original*. Several artists of high talent have concurred in this opinion; among these may be named Jesi, the first engraver in Florence; Seymour Kirkup, Esq., a painter and antiquary; and our own countryman Powers, whose genius, by the way, is very highly appreciated by the Italians."

#### COLLECTING.

THE Knickerbocker tells the following humorous and amusing story:

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some money due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of one hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a "doubtful case;" but added, that if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the room, would "annoy it out of the man." Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wal, 'Square, 'taint much use tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze life out of Bunker Hill monument as to c'lect a debt o' him. But any how, what'll you give s'pos'n I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll you half, if you collect it."

"'Greed!' replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin', any ways."

Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look'e here!" said he, "I had considerable luck with that bill of your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twant no use—not a bit! If he wasn't at home, he wa's short; if he was at home, I could get no satisfaction. By and bye, says I, after going sixteen times, I'll fix you; so I sot down on the door step, and sot all day and part of the evenin'; and begun airly next day; but about ten o'clock he g'n in. He paid me my half and I g'n him up the note."



## THE THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

AN "EDITORIAL ARTICLE."

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

HE comes on the wings of the warm south-west,  
In the saffron hues of the sunbeams drest,  
And lingers awhile on the placid bay,  
As the ice-cakes languidly steal away,  
To drink these gems which the wave turns up,  
Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.

Then hies to the wharves where the hawser binds  
The impatient ship from the wistful winds,  
And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,  
Less firmly pencill'd against the sky;  
And sports in the stifled canvas there  
Till its folds float out in the wooing air:  
Then leaves these quellers of Ocean's pride  
To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,  
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread;  
And he turns him about to look wistfully back  
On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track;  
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,  
Like emerald gems from their bosom rolled,  
The sea just peering the headlands through,  
Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,  
And the thousand barks which securely sweep  
With silvery wings round the land-locked deep.

He loiters awhile on the springy ground,  
To watch the children gambol around,  
And thinks it hard that a touch from him  
Cannot make the aged as lithe of limb;  
That he has no power to melt the rime,  
The stubborn frost that is made by Time;  
And sighing he leaves the urchins to play,  
And launches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures of heavenly mould,  
Of charms not yet by the poet told;  
There were dancing plumes, there were mantles gay,  
Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,  
Such as of old on a festival day  
Th' Idalian nymphs were wont to wear.  
And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,  
And his pulses flutter in every limb,  
As he gazed on many a beaming eye,  
And many a form that flitted by,  
With a twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,  
As he lounged the morning through;  
He sprang the frozen gutters aleak,  
For want of aught else to do;  
And left them black as the libeller's ink,  
To gurgie away to the sewer's sink.  
He sees a beggar, gaunt and grim,  
Arouse a miser's choler,  
And he laughs while he melts the soul of him  
To fling the wretch a dollar;  
And he thinks how small a heaven 'twould take,  
For a world of souls like his to make.

He read placarded upon a wall,  
"That the country now on its friends did call,  
For Liberty was in danger;"  
And he went to a room ten feet by four,  
Where a chairman and sec. and a couple more,  
(Making fire with our friendly stranger,)

By the aid of four slings and two tallow tapers,  
Were preparing to tell in the morning papers  
That the Union was broken  
By this very token,  
"That the People in mass last night had spoken!"

He saw an Oneida baskets peddling  
Around the place where the polls were held;  
And a Whig the copperskin kick for meddling,  
As the Indian a Democrat's ballot spelled.

That son of the soil  
Who had no vote,  
How dared he to spoil  
A trick so neat,  
Meant only to cheat  
The voters who hither from Europe float!

And now as the night falls chill and gray,  
Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb,  
And his father, the Sun, has slunk away,  
And left him alone to gas and gloom,  
The Thaw-king steals in a vapor thin,  
Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein  
Music and mirth were gaily mingled;  
And groups like hues in one bright flower,  
Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled  
Some one on whom to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,  
And thrusts at a dandy's heart;  
But the vest that is made by Frost, defies  
The point of the Thaw-king's dart;  
And the baffled spirit pettishly flies  
On a pedant to try his art;  
But his aim is equally foiled by the dust-  
y lore that envelopes the man of must.

And next he tries with a fiddler's sighs  
To melt the heart of a belle;  
But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,  
Which shields that lady well.  
And that waist! oh! that waist—it is one that you  
would  
Like to clasp in a waltz, or—wherever you could.

Her figure was fashioned tall and slim,  
But with rounded bust and shapely limb;  
And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,  
And her look as she bridled in beauty's pride,  
Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore  
When she blushed alone on the conscious shore,  
The wandering Dardan's unwedded bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,  
With her form of love and her looks of light,  
Till his spirits began to wane,  
And his wits were put to rout;  
And entering into an editor's brain,  
He thawed this "article" out.

PRODUCTS OF THE OREGON.—The Madisonian says:  
The value of the fisheries of the splendid rivers of the  
Oregon is beginning to be appreciated at the East.  
The finest salmon in the world are to be had for the  
taking. A lot of several hundred barrels arrived in  
Boston a short time since, in an American bottom:  
and the question of our right to the Territory was  
promptly settled at the Custom House, by the admis-  
sion of the cargo as an American product.

## THE QUAKER AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Toby SIMPSON, a pattern to Quakers, inhabited a neat little house in London, beautified by the presence of his daughter Mary. She, scarcely seventeen, a beautiful blonde with blue eyes, and possessing as much wisdom as beauty, was sought after by all the young men among her father's acquaintances. Those of the neighborhood tried, in vain, to win a smile. Mary was not a coquette, and so far from turning to account the effect produced by her charms, she felt so much annoyed by it, that she could hardly treat with civility her many admirers, one only excepted—Edward Weresford—a young artist who was intimate with the family.

A simple occurrence was the cause of this intimacy. Premature death had taken away the wife of the Quaker, still in her youth and beauty, and he, wishing to perpetuate the memory of one so dear to him, had called a painter to her death-bed. It was there that Edward first met the afflicted daughter—there, between the tears of one, and the sacred employment of the other, grew up a serious attachment. The year passed since that event had only served to strengthen the bond formed under such circumstances, and the young man had already ventured to declare his hopes and desires.

Toby had no reasons for opposing the inclinations of the young people. Without being rich, Edward earned, by means of his brush and palette, enough to honorably maintain a family. His father, Mr. Weresford, an old city merchant, had retired with an immense fortune; a rare example of repeated successes in speculations, so rapid, even, that very few persons had been able to follow their progress. Mr. Weresford, being of a quick, stern disposition, lived alone in the west end of London, without troubling himself about his son, and leaving him to shift for himself. He was one of those obliging egotists, who troubled no one, in order not to be themselves troubled—one of the most perfectly complaisant, provided nothing is asked of them. Edward, then, had nothing to hinder his courtship of the fair Quakeress, well knowing that her father would not oppose her marriage. The situation of the lovers was most prosperous, and honest Toby waited for nothing to fix the wedding day, save the back rents due from his farms, intending to set apart that income to defray the expenses of the occasion. With this view, he left for his country seat, a few miles from London, in order to arrange his affairs. He was absent from home but a single day, and returning at night on horseback, he perceived, a little in advance, a horseman who blocked up the road. He stopped for a moment, uncertain whether to proceed or turn back. While in this predicament, the stranger advanced toward him. It was too late to think of escaping, and putting the best possible face upon the affair, he started his horse again. As he approached the troublesome stranger, he perceived that he was masked, an unpleasant augury of what was soon confirmed. The unknown drew a pistol, and pointing it to the traveler, demanded his purse. The Quaker was not a coward, but calm in character, unoffensive in religion, and unable, being unarmed, to resist an armed man, with the greatest coolness he drew from his pocket his purse, containing twelve guineas. The highwayman took it, counted out the money, and let the Quaker pass, who, believing himself cleared, quickened his pace to a trot. But the highwayman, seeing how little resistance had been of-

fered, and hoping for more booty, soon rejoined honest Toby, and again blocked up the way, and pointing his pistol, cried out, "Your watch!"

The Quaker, although surprized, did not show it in the least, and coolly taking out his watch, and noting the time, placed the jewel in the hand of the thief, saying:

"Now I pray you let me go home, for my daughter will feel uneasy at my absence."

"One moment," replied the masked cavalier, growing more hardened by his continued docility; "swear that you have no other sum."

"I never swear," replied the Quaker.

"Well, affirm then, that you have about you no more money, and upon the word of a highwayman, who will not resort to violence toward a man who yields with so much grace, I will no further molest you."

Toby reflected a moment, and shook his head. "Whoever thou art," said he, gravely, "you have noticed that I am a Quaker, who would not conceal the truth, although at the risk of my life. In my saddle-bags I have the sum of two hundred pounds sterling."

"Two hundred pounds sterling!" cried the highwayman, whose eyes glistened through his mask.

"If you are good, if you are human," replied the Quaker, "you will not take this money; my daughter is about being married, and this sum is necessary for the occasion; it would be a long time before I could get together a similar sum; the dear child loves her intended, and it would be exceedingly cruel to deny their union. You have a heart, perhaps you have loved; you would not, cannot do so wicked an action."

"What has your daughter, her lover, or their marriage to do with me? Fewer words and more promptness; give me the money!"

Toby, sighing, raised the saddle-bags, took out a heavy sack and handed it slowly to the masked man, then attempted to gallop off.

"Hold on, my Quaker friend," said the other, seizing the bridle. "The moment of your arrival you will denounce me to the magistrate; that is usual, and I have nothing to say; but I must, at least, be beyond pursuit to-night. My mare is feeble enough, and what is more, she is fatigued; your horse, on the contrary, appears vigorous, for the weight of the sack did not encumber him; dismount, and give me your horse; you may take mine, if you wish."

It was too late to think of resisting, and although the increasing demands were of a nature to heat the bile of the most patient man, good Toby dismounted, and with resignation accepted the sorry jade that was left in exchange. Had I known this, he contented himself with thinking, I should have ran away when I first met the rascal, and certainly he would never have overtaken me with this course.

Meanwhile, the masked man, thanking him ironically for his complaisance, burying his rowels, disappeared.

Before arriving in London, the plundered traveler had time to reflect upon his situation, and upon the disappointment of the poor young folks, who loved each other so much, and whose happiness would be postponed. The sum taken from him was irrevocably lost; there was neither means to find or recognize the audacious thief; nevertheless, as though struck by a sudden idea, he stopped short.

"Yes!" cried he, "I may succeed by this means. If this man resides in London, perhaps I shall be able to find him. Heaven has, doubtless, determined that he should be imprudent!"

A little consoled by some hope, Toby went home, without appearing the least troubled, and without speaking of his adventure. He did not go to a magistrate, but embraced his daughter, who, doubting nothing, retired, and as usual, slept, with pleasant dreams. Next morning he commenced his researches. Bringing out the mare from the stable where she had passed the night, he placed the bridle upon her neck, hoping that the animal, guided by habit, would naturally go to her master's house.

He let the unchecked beast go free in the streets of London, and followed her. But he overrated her instinct; for a long time she walked about, making a thousand turns or curves, without object or direction; sometimes stopping, then starting in a contrary course. Toby despaired! the thief, thought he, never resided in London; how silly I was, not to notify a magistrate before it was too late, instead of depending on this animal to find the vagabond.

He was interrupted in his reflections, by the cries of children who had been nearly trod upon by the mare; a moment since so quiet, now she started to run.

"Stop her! stop her!" cried every one.

"Let her go!" cried the Quaker, "in the name of Heaven, do not stop her!"

And following, with anxiety, the course of the animal, he saw her rapidly enter the half-open gate-way of a splendid residence at the West End.

'Tis here, thought the Quaker, thankfully raising his eyes to heaven. Then, in passing before the house, he saw a servant in the yard patting the beast, and conducting her to the stable; he then asked of the first person he met the name of the proprietor of the house.

"What! are you a stranger in this part of the town, that you do not know the residence of the rich merchant, Weresford?"

The Quaker stood petrified.

"Weresford," repeated the man, believing himself misunderstood; "you well know the man who has made so great a fortune."

"Thanks, my friend, thanks," replied Toby.

He was unable to recover himself. Weresford, Edward's father—a respected man—he my thief!

He believed himself the butt of a dream, and wished to return home. Nevertheless, he called to mind several instances of respectable men who had been connected with bands of malefactors. Then this immense fortune, the source of which was so uncertain; then this mare, which seemed to be going to her master. Toby was determined to solve the mystery. He went boldly into the yard, and demanded speech with the master, who, although it was nearly noon, was still in bed—another indication of a night of fatigue. The Quaker insisted upon being introduced immediately, and soon found himself in Weresford's bed-chamber. He had just waked, and, rubbing his eyes, asked, a little out of humor:

"Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

The sound of his voice awakened Toby's recollection, and completed his conviction. Quietly taking a chair, he posted himself near the bed, without removing his hat.

"You remain covered?" cried the surprized merchant.

"I am a Quaker," replied the other, with much calmness, "and you know that such is our usage."

At the first words of the Quaker, Weresford sprang up, and closely examined his visitor. Without doubt he recognized him, for he turned pale.

"Well," asked he, stammering, "what is, if you please, the—the—subject which brings you hither?"

"I ask pardon for having shown so much haste," replied Toby, "but among friends it is not usual to stand upon ceremony, and I am come, without form, to ask for my watch which you borrowed yesterday."

"The—watch!"

"I value it much—it was my poor wife's—and I cannot do without it. My brother-in-law, the alderman, never would pardon me for letting a jewel which recalls to mind his sister, to pass from my hand a day."

The name of the alderman seemed to make some impression upon Weresford. Without waiting for a reply, Toby continued:

"You will much oblige me by returning those twelve guineas which I lent you at the same time; nevertheless, if you are in want of them, I consent to lend them to you, on condition you give me a receipt."

The coolness of the Quaker so much disconcerted the merchant, that he dared not deny the possession of the stolen articles; but, not wishing to acknowledge it, he hesitated to reply, and Toby added:

"I have told you of the projected marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved a sum of two hundred pounds sterling for the bride's portion, but I have met with an accident; last evening, on the London road, I was completely robbed, so completely, that I am come to pray you to give your son a marriage portion, which, had it not been for that, I should never have asked of you."

"My son!"

"Eh! yes; don't you know that it is him that is in love with Mary, and is to marry her?"

"Edward!" cried the merchant, throwing himself at the foot of the bed.

"Edward Weresford," calmly replied the Quaker, taking a pinch of snuff. "Let us see; do something for him. I should dislike to have him know what passed last night, and if you do not furnish the sum I have promised, it will be necessary I should tell him how I lost it."

Weresford ran to a secretary, took out a box with a triple lock, opened it, and placed in the hands of the Quaker, his watch, his purse, and his sack of money.

"Good!" said the Quaker, on receiving them; "I see I was right in depending upon you."

"Is this all you wish?" said the merchant, in a brisk tone.

"No; I require something further of your friendship."

"Speak!"

"You must disinherit your son."

"How?"

"You must disinherit him; I do not wish it said that I have speculated upon your fortune." And finishing these words, the Quaker left the chamber. "No," murmured he, when alone, "children are not bound by the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but touch his stolen money, never."

When in the yard, "Ho, my friend!" cried he to

Weresford, who was looking out of the window, "order my horse to be brought out."

A few moments after, Toby, well mounted, carrying behind his bag of money, and provided with his watch and purse, at a moderate pace regained his house.

"I have just made my marriage visit to your father," said he to Edward, whom he found there. "I believe that we shall be able to agree."

Two hours after, Weresford arrived at Toby's house, and taking him aside:

"Honest Quaker," said he, "your proceeding has touched me to the bottom of my soul; you might have dishonored me, have dishonored my son, ruined me in his estimation, and have made him unhappy in refusing him your daughter; you have acted like a wise man, and a man of heart. I wish no longer to blush in your presence. Take these papers; good by! you will never see me again."

He then left, and the Quaker opened the papers; first, there were checks of large amounts on the best houses in London; then came a long list of names, and by the side of each name was placed the amount of larger or smaller sums; a note was prefixed to it, upon which the Quaker read as follows:

"These are the names of those who have been robbed; the figures are the amounts which ought to be returned. Draw the money from my bankers, as though for the purpose or foreign exchange, and then make the restitution secretly. All that remains will be my legitimate fortune, and your daughter may be able, some day, to accept of my inheritance."

The next morning Weresford had left London, and all believed that he was gone to live on his income in France.

On the marriage day of Edward and Mary, the Quaker assembled a large company of joyous friends, among whom might be noticed a number of persons rejoicing themselves with the proceeds of the London thieves, who, by the interference of Toby, had been induced to return to them their lost property with interest.

### LIBERTY.

BY T. B. READ.

I.

WHEN Winter blew his fiercest blast,  
And wintry snows were drifting fast,  
A feeble child, of slender form,  
With scarce a shelter from the storm,  
Unshrinking, 'neath a howling sky,  
Listened to ocean's lullaby.  
Oppression's curse had driven the child  
To the lone desert, far and wild,  
With fetters bound his hands and feet,  
While on his head the tempest beat;  
But, though condemned with bonds to cope,  
The stripling's breast swelled high with hope.  
Like voice from subterranean cave,  
Or whisper wafted o'er the wave,  
Or like the harp's eolian trill,  
Or murmuring of the distant rill,  
He heard, within, the spirit sigh,  
And hie the name of LIBERTY.

II.

The youth, unyielding to the storm,  
More sturdy grew in mind and form,

While flying years sped hand in hand  
To seek oblivion's silent land.

When summer clothed the hills in green,  
And spread her thousand gems between,  
And taught the sunny shower to fill  
With joy the leaping, singing rill,  
Then rose the youth in nature strong,  
With nerve that spurned the oppressor's wrong;  
But on his spirit hung a spell—  
He felt the galling manacle.

What thrilled his soul? What lit his eye?

What caused his sad, crushed heart to cry,

"O Nature! hear my troubled voice;

Oh, say what makes thy heart rejoice?"

The bright plumed bird upon the limb,

That all day gave to heaven its hymn,

Sent forth a strain with sweeter swell—

"O mortal, hear thy spirit tell."

The silver stream that sought the sea,

Gave to the air its minstrelsy—

"Yon cruel rocks," the ramble cried,

"Would gladly bid me cease to glide;

But they, who came to curb my course,

Are overwhelmed at last by force.

You see me dancing down the steep;

You hear me laugh, you see me leap;

You see me lingering on the lea,

Or slumbering 'neath the willow tree—

Then hear your heaving heart confess

The name of all my joyousness."

As music bursting on the night;

As gleams from clouds sulphureous light;

As water from a fountain gushes,

Or down the cliff the torrent rushes,

He heard, within, the spirit cry

The thrilling name of LIBERTY.

III.

Behold the youthful Hercules,

Now on the land, now on the seas;

What though he wears a manacle?

It goads him to his duty well!

The strife begun—the battle done—

The links are falling one by one,

As fell the first at Lexington:

And still they fall at every stroke,

The chains and the oppressor's yoke,

Till, standing free, a victor now,

A Hercules with tranquil brow,

He casts around his fire-lit eye,

His thrilling voice sends up a cry,

By every hill and valley heard,

And far-off shores give back the word,

The gladdening name of LIBERTY!

*Columbian Magazine.*

### NEW YORK FOUNTAINS AND ASTOR BATHS.

BY CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

As I opened my window this morning, the air came in freshly, and as sweetly as if it were freighted with the fragrance of all the blossoming orchards on Long Island. I did not desist its invitation, and left my darkened chamber for a morning walk. "God made the country and man made the town," Cowper said in poetic phrase, and thousands have repeated the sentiment in prose and poetry. But is the city all man's journey-work? We leave out of consideration its in-



ner world, where, in its most abject conditions, Crabbe and Dickens have found the elements and most abundant sources of poetic creation. But is not the sky God's noblest architecture, hanging over the thronging homes of the city? Do not the eloquent sides of the ocean twice in twenty four hours beat against it? And is there no natural beauty in the young trees planted on either sides of our streets, whose boughs almost interlace over our heads? There are noble old trees, too, marking the site of some former country-home, now taken into the heart of the city and surrounded with brick and mortar walls; they seem like patriarchs looking complacently on the new homes of their children, and the fresh wreathing of their old boughs in this spring-time is like the clasp and embrace of childhood. Windows are filled with the loveliest flowers of the season, and Nature's hymn is not less sincere nor less touching because it comes from the prisoner-birds that are hung on the outer wall. With their music chimes in well the chorus of merry boys' voices, who are letting out the gushing water from an open hydrant. Children, birds and flowers are fresh from the hands of their Maker, and have still the air of Heaven about them. Such thoughts came thronging as I pursued my walk. I felt that God's witnesses were around me, and, undisturbed by the dissonant morning cries, I walked up to Union Square, where the din of the busy city subsides into a distant murmur. The herbage within the railing was freshened by last evening's shower, and the fountain was playing. The smaller fountains were sparkling around it—no, *playing* too, for this word, which all the world uses, best expresses what seems the sentient joyousness of a fountain.

If an artist can perceive divine forms in the unwrought marble, a poet should discern a divinity or nymph showering brilliants from her floating tresses invested in this column of water as it springs sixty feet sheer up into the blue atmosphere.

We are called a boastful people, and it must be confessed that we sometimes deal in superlatives when it would be more true as well as modest to fall a little lower in the scale of comparison, but surely we may hold up our heads beside our fountains. We have seen the renowned fountains of Rome. Those before St. Peter's are exceedingly beautiful from the simplicity and grace of their ornaments, but their small amount of water makes them inexpressive compared with ours. The Fountain Paolina, though its name was designed to illustrate its architect and Pope Paolo V., does them little honor. The effect of the rich volume of water is impaired by the cumbrous ornaments that are placed about it. Art has indeed oftener injured than adorned the abounding fountains of Rome. We can see neither reason nor beauty in water being poured through the mouths of lions and dragons; and an immense labor and expense seems to us wasted on the huge fountain of Trevi, which has been thus pleasantly enough described.

"The fountain of Trevi has been renowned through the world, and so highly extolled that my expectations were raised to the highest stretch; and great was my disappointment when I was taken into a little, dirty, confined, miserable piazza, nearly filled up with one large palace, beneath which spouted out a variety of tortuous streamlets that are made to gurgle over artificial rocks, and to bathe the bodies of various sea-horses, arions, and other marble monsters, which are sprawling about in it. After some cogitation, you discover

they are trying to drag Neptune on, who, though stuck up in a niche of the palace wall as if meant to be stationary, is standing at the same time with his feet on a sort of car, as if intended to be riding over the waters."

In our fountains we are safe in our simplicity. Nature is made our captive by art, and then left to her own power and inimitable grace. Is not this wisest? If the art of the old world, aided by the profuse expenditure of papal revenues, has failed to attain its object, we could hardly hope for success.

We are but beginning to feel the immense benefits to be derived from the introduction of the Croton water. If we have said "something too much" of our canals and unpaid and unfinished railroads, this great work of the Croton aqueduct has been going quietly on, and the people have intelligently given their consent, man by man, to an enormous tax to procure the incalculable good of pure water and plenty of it at every door—yes, plenty for our present handful of three hundred thousand—and plenty, too, for the three millions in perspective.

So unobtrusively has the work been done, that to many visitors to our city it is first proclaimed by the voice of our fountains.

Calculations have been made of the economical effect of the water in the promotion of health, and the reduction of insurance against fire. But has any one calculated the refining influence of the power to cover every ragged wall with a grape-vine, and to fill every yard—be it but a space of ten feet square—with flowers. Heat and water are the elements of vegetation. That we have heat enough, and tropical heat, no one will deny that has survived a New York summer; and now we have pure water without measure.

The lovely fountains seem like a message from the spirit-land. They give a new value to existence in our city, see and hear them when we may; in the brightest of hot noonday, or with the rose and purple of the twilight clouds upon them, or with the rainbow hovering round them—in the moon-beams, or by the pale starlight, or if you but hear their silken rustling in a dreary winter's night, when nothing can be seen but the dimmed lamp-light straggling through the foggy atmosphere. Material results may be estimated, but who that marks the hard faces softening into smiles as they gather round the basins of the fountains, and the clusters of children that linger there, will undertake to calculate the amount of soul they breathe into this dull mass of humanity? Body and spirit, languishing in the fiery summer heat of the city, will be refreshed by these fountains. Old age will have its tranquilizing seats about them, and friends and lovers moonlight strolls within the sound of their music.

They will inspire ideas of grace and beauty, and prompt longings for higher species of enjoyment than mere animal gratification. A scrubbed little boy brought a parcel to a lady in Union Square the other day. She told him she was sorry she must detain him for half an hour. "Oh, never mind, ma'am," he replied, "I can go in and look at the fountain!" How many dead and idle half hours may thus have life and enjoyment breathed into them! How many fretted and galled in the harness of dull working-day life may here find refreshment! The gifted and educated have more direct ministrations to their spirits, but the Fountains are ministers to the great mass, whose minds are reached only through their sensations. And, perhaps, as their

dews fall on the cheeks furrowed in Wall street, the cares accumulated there may press less heavily—and perhaps, too, as their cool airs float around younger and fairer brows, the mass of city frivolities may melt away, and a response come from the living nature, deep buried in the heart, to beautiful external nature.

No—if man has made our city, God has not abandoned it. We have gained another great source of spiritual refinement in the Greenwood Cemetery. The position of this burial place is well chosen, being separated by water from the city, so that it can never, in any case, endanger its health; while it is near enough to be of easy and pleasant access. We can hardly imagine a mind so dull as not to be excited by a visit to this great cemetery. There is magnificence in its extent. It was a great thought to rescue from our accumulating, thronging, living population, four hundred acres for the repose of the dead. Near as it is to the city, the consecration of nature is yet upon it. Man has not mutilated nor in any way changed the natural form of the ground. There is every variety in its face, hills and wavy eminences, glades, dells and ravines. There are still lovely woodlands, where the dog-wood blossoms in the springtime over sheets of violets and anemones. There are bits of water that look out upon you like living eyes from the green earth, and deep sunk amidst surrounding hill-sides, is a little lake—"Sylvan Water." It is fitly set here, still, serene, and shadowy, an image of death, and silently breathing forth in its reflection of the ever-burning light of Heaven, a promise of immortality.

There are points of view where you perceive your proximity to the city, and this juxtaposition produces the effect of sublimity. There is the "full tide of human existence," and those living throngs whose blood is now hot with projects, pursuits, loves and hates, are to be borne, one after another, in solemn procession, hither to await the resurrection and the life. What a comment on their present being!

The noblest and perhaps the most harmonious feature of this scene, is the far-stretching view of the ocean—the best image of eternity—the sublimest type of His power, whose power is love.

It is in its scenery that Greenwood Cemetery seems to us far to surpass anything we have seen at home or abroad. Beside the metropolitan city and its suburbs, (we beg pardon of beautiful, independent Brooklyn,) there is the bay and its accompaniments, islands, fortifications, ships and steamers, the lovely villages of Long Island, that seem sleeping on the lap of their mother earth, while Heaven smiles on them; the fruitful farms and homesteads of the Long Island farmers, images of rural occupation and contentment.

These multiplied objects are not stretched out before you in one great overwhelming and confusing scene, but are in parts perceived at different points as you emerge from the deeply shaded drive, each view an harmonious picture beautifully set in a leafy framework. Yes! surely this Greenwood Cemetery is an antagonist spirit to our city-world.

But, to return once more to the fountains. I crossed Union Park this evening in the twilight, and saw a man, as I thought, asleep on one of the benches. As I approached I recognized him. "Are you sleeping here?" I said. He roused, and smiling, replied, "Yes—no—yes, I have been a sleep, or *reverie*, as my mother calls it, when she has been surprized in her chair,

in what the rest of us call rather a profound nap. At any rate, I have been dreaming."

"Of some Undine?"

"No, but of some things naturally suggested by the fountain, and naturally enough, too, intermingled with previous thoughts. As I passed Mr. Astor's door this morning, I saw him getting into his carriage. I looked at the old gentleman, who you know is infirm, and has rather a sad countenance, and I sighed—for truly I do not envy any man his riches—at the thought that his immense wealth could procure for him neither health nor happiness. And now, as I sat dreaming here, I thought some years had passed over my head, and that I was wandering about the city, from which I seemed to have been absent for many years. Suddenly I came upon a pretty range of buildings that were new to me. On a tablet over a door was inscribed, in large golden letters,

ASTOR BATHS.

and underneath,

*The Lord forgetteth not him who remembereth the Poor.*

"'Astor baths!' I exclaimed to a passer by, 'what is the meaning of this?'

"'Oh, you are a stranger in the city,' he replied. 'This building, sir, was erected by our rich fellow citizen, Mr. Astor, soon after the introduction of the Croton water, for the free use of the poor. A very noble charity it is, sir. I live at the next house, and I see, sometimes, hundreds in a day—certainly hundreds during the hot months—who go in here wearied and exhausted, and come out refreshed and invigorated. Mothers, from close streets, and over-crowded habitations, bring their pale little children here. It would do your heart good to hear their splashing and shoutings.'

"'Strange,' I said, 'that I never heard of this before—I have heard of a library Mr. Astor gave to the city.'

"'Yes,' replied my informer, 'he did that too, and that was a noble benefaction—food and refreshment for the mind. I have heard it was that put him upon thinking of doing some great thing for the poor. He could, you know, without wronging relations or friends. It would be well if all rich men would think, as the shadows of the grave are falling upon them, that they but hold in trust what God has given them. They say Mr. Astor was a happier man ever after he built these baths, and I should not wonder if it were true. The breath of thanksgiving that rises from the comforted poor should make a healthy atmosphere about their benefactor; and surely when he departed hence, this work followed him to His bar, who saith, 'By their works shall they be judged.'

Would it were not a dream!—*Graham, for March.*

The following neat impromptu was, it is said, the happy reply of the first wife of the Rev. Dr. Nott, on his asking her hand in marriage. The Rev. Dr. has since, again and again, received the like gratifying enigmatical response to a similar question.

Why urge, dear Sir, a bashful maid

To change her single lot,

When well you know I've often said,

In truth I love you Nott.

For all your pain I do not care,

And trust me on my life,

Though you had thousands—I declare

I would, Nott, be your wife.



## LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

TO GENERAL JACKSON AT THE HERMITAGE AWAY OFF IN TENNESSEE.

DOWNINGVILLE, away down east, in the State of Maine, February 20, 1844.

DEAR GENERAL: My dear old friend; as Congress haint done nothin yet about reducin the postage, and as it keeps up so plaguy high that it takes more quarter dollars than I can very well spare, I've got a chance to send you a letter once in awhile in the Rover magazine free of postage. My old friend Seba Smith, that used to be so kind as to let me send all my letters in the Portland Courier, when you and I was carrying on the government, is editing the Rover Magazine now in New York, and he says he'll send letters for me in the Rover as often as I please, and it shant cost me a cent. And if the Postmaster General sues him for it, he says he'll stand a law-suit and carry it clear up to the Supreme Court of the United States before he'll give it up.

It's true I *could* pay the postage, high as it is, and not feel it a great deal, for I am doing a pretty snug sort of business in my literature deepo here, where I sell upon an average about three cords of cheap literature a week, and the profits, you know, is fifty per cent; so I aint so poor but what I could muster a little change when its necessary; but I go upon the principle that a penny saved is as good as a penny aint, and when I can save a quarter of a dollar I save it. I spose, too, you wouldn't mind a quarter of a dollar now and then if I should leave the postage for you to pay, as you must be a little flush of money now, for I see Congress has jest sent you a thousand dollars for that fine about the New Orleans business. But I shant do no sich thing, for I think it's our duty to let Congress know that we shall send our letters about the country in all manner of ways, every chance we can get, till they put the postage down where it ought to be; about three cents for long trips and one cent for short ones. Then we could write every day, where now we dont write more than once a month, and half the time, may be, not once in six months.

If Congress only knew how to cypher, they'd see in a minute that they'd be making money by reducin the postage. I've cyphered beyond the rule of three, and I see how it would work. I dont write to you now more than once in three months, and that, at a quarter of a dollar a time, comes to a dollar a year. But if

the postage wasn't but three cents, I should write to you as much as three times a week, for it would be jest like settin down every evening after I'd done work, and having a little chat with you. Well, that, you see, would come to a dollar and a half a year, and throw in two weeks into the bargain. Well, there's at least two millions of folks in this country, who would write to some friend or other in the same kind of way. So that by footin it up you see Congress would get a million of dollars a year more for postage than they do now. If they only knew how to cypher half as well as Stephen Furlong, our old schoolmaster, they'd chop the postage right down.

But this postage business isn't what I sot down to write to you about, though I couldn't help touching upon it a little. But our party is getting into trouble, and I want to know what you think it is best to do. I expect you may not get the papers very plenty away out there to the Hermitage, and so may not all the time know exactly what's going on. But you know how Mr. Van Buren got the Baltimore convention all cut and dried, because he told you all about that when he was out there more than a year ago. Well, things was going on as smooth as ile. The convention was to meet on the fourth Monday of next May, and every body had got their lessons all over the country, and knew exactly how to steer. Our party was jest as sure to beat, as the lection day was to come round. Our team was all trained so that they'd draw together like a charm. And now jest before the time for the tug to begin, the strongest horse we had in the team has kicked out of the traces. So here we are all agin a stump. Calhoun says he'll die before he'll go into the Baltimore convention or have anything to do with it. And he tells his friends to fight on their own hook, and not to go anear it. Now aint this a pretty kettle of fish, when Mr. Van Buren took so much pains to keep the party together, and went all over the country and told em all what to do, and now to have Calhoun upset the kettle and pour the fat all in the fire, it is too bad. And this is the more vexatious because the Clay party is sticking together like wax. We did think for a good while that Webster would be likely to upset their apple cart. He was stalking about like an elephant, and didn't seem to have his head turned no way, and nobody could tell whether he could ever be made to draw or not. But his old keepers, out there in New Hampshire, called him, and the moment he heard their voice he come right up to the team, and was harnessed without the least difficulty; and now they say there aint one in the whole team, when it comes to the real tug, that'll draw more than he will.

So you see the game seems to be going rather againt us, and if you can tell us how to contrive any way to get the upper hand again, it would be equal to another New Orleans victory. What makes the matter worse than all, is, that Calhoun's friends are getting up another convention to meet at Philadelphia on the 4th of July, and have appointed delegates to it already. And the friends of Cass are following this evil example, and are appointing delegates to attend a convention at Philadelphia on the 4th of July, too. Now, General, if things is going on at this rate, we're dished, and that's the upshot of the matter. If Calhoun and Cass only had the patriotism that Col. Johnson's got, we should be safe. I wonder if you have seen his letter to the editor of the Globe. There is more patriotism in it, than in anything that has come out since the days of

Washington. That man is worth his weight in gold. Put him into the battle and he'll fight like a Turk; put him on to the team and he'll draw like a horse; and when his work is done, he'll wait for his pay, as patient as a lamb. He says if the convention should nominate him for President, he would "accept the honor with gratitude and reluctance." If they should nominate him for Vice President, he should "accept it with thanks and with pleasure." And he is "willing to take his position among the rank and file, if such be the pleasure of the convention, without a murmur." Dear good man! I wish I had him here now, I'd shake his hand for a week; he's so considerate and so patriotic. If all our party was made up of such good timber as Col. Johnson, (I call it old Hickory timber) we shouldn't have nothin to fear. Our ship would stand thunder and lightning as well as ever old Ironsides did.

But how we are to get out of the scrape we are in now, I don't know. Uncle Joshua feels a good deal troubled about it. He says we shall have to rally round Captin Tyler yet, to save our necks. But I tell him I won't budge an inch till you write to me, and give me your advice about it. So hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your old beloved friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

CONTENTS OF THE ROVER FOR MARCH 2d, 1844.

"Sketch of the life and services of the late Commodore Porter," with a portrait.

"My Grandfather's Fireside." A new story from a new contributor, who says "I would like to ship some of my light wares on board your tidy schooner, provided you are not already overladen." Tumble your goods along, my dear sir; we make our trips so often we can carry a good deal of freight, and have no doubt we shall generally carry you to the best market. And since you claim a Yankee brotherhood with us, we may have a special leaning to look a little after your interest.

"Gems and Reptiles;" a gracefully told story by Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

"New York Fountains and Astor Baths;" by Catherine M. Sedgwick.

"The Thaw-king's visit to New York," by C. F. Hoffman.

"The Highwayman and the Quaker;" an interesting story.

"Liberty," by T. B. Read.

"Dante's portrait," by Washington Irving.

"Letter from Major Jack Downing," which goes far toward "defining the position" of sundry presidential candidates. &c. &c.

THE NEXT VOLUME OF THE ROVER.—Two numbers, after the present, will complete the first year, and the second volume, of this magazine. The third volume will commence on the 23d of the present month, with increased attractions which will undoubtedly give it a much wider circulation. Agents are desired to send in their orders in reference to the 3d volume at as early a day as possible.

A few complete sets of the work from the commencement can still be obtained of the publishers. Persons, however, who are desirous of making up full sets, ought to apply soon, as the number on hand is rapidly diminishing.

We take this opportunity to inform persons at a dis-

tance, who receive their copies by mail, that we will forward two copies a year for five dollars in advance, or five copies for ten dollars. Either the weekly or monthly form will be sent at this rate in all cases where we receive the money free of postage.

### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

Works recently published by J. WINCHESTER, *New World Press, 30 Ann street.*

Eldorado; being a narrative of the circumstances which gave rise to reports, in the sixteenth century, of the existence of a rich and splendid city in South America, including a defence of Sir Walter Raleigh's relations respecting it, and also respecting a nation of female warriors in the vicinity of Amazon, by J. A. Van Heuval. This work is accompanied with a map.

The Grumbler; a novel by Miss Ellen Pickering, author of *The Fright, The Expectant, &c. &c.*, in one volume complete from the London edition of three volumes.

St. Patrick's Purgatory; an essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the middle ages. By Thomas Wright, corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France. From proof sheets of the first London edition.

Singing for the Million. Wilhem's celebrated method of teaching singing in classes. Translated from the last French edition by J. H. Hamilton, professor of music.

Love and Money, an every day tale by Mary Howitt.

A Lecture on the Importance of a Christian basis for the science of political economy; and its application to the affairs of life. By Bishop Hughes.

### STEAM CARRIAGES.

A COMIC SONG.

BY G. WASHINGTON CUSTIS.

Of each wonderful plan  
E'er invented by man,  
That nearest perfection approaches,  
Is a road made of iron,  
That horses ne'er tire on,  
And traveled by steam in steam coaches!  
And you've no longer gee up and gee ho!  
But fiz, fiz, fiz, off ye go,  
Twelve miles to the hour,  
With thirty horse power;  
By day time and night time,  
Arrive at the right time,  
Without rumble or jumble,  
Or chance of a tumble,  
As in a chay, gig, or whiskey,  
When horses are frisky,  
Oh! the merry rail-way for me.  
At the inns on your route,  
No ostler comes out,  
To give water to Spanker or Smiler;  
But lol!d at your ease,  
You ask landlord to please  
Put a little more water in the boiler.  
And you've no longer, &c.  
Contractors wont fail  
When they carry the mail,  
Where no coachman e'er loiters or lingers:  
And should robbers approach  
The smoking steam coach,  
They'll rather be apt to burn fingers!



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*The Rhinoceros in its native Wilds.*







# THE ROVER.

## THE RHINOCEROS IN HIS NATIVE WILDS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE excellent plate we present the readers of the Rover this week was engraved in London for the Oriental Annual. As a specimen of art it is eminently beautiful. Being desirous of having so fine an engraving accompanied by appropriate letter-press illustration, and the writers in the neighborhood being pretty much "used up," we took occasion to write to our old friend Major Downing, of Downingville, in the State of Maine, to give us a little friendly aid in the matter. The following is his very satisfactory reply.

DOWNINGVILLE, Feb. 26, 1844.

My dear old friend—I received your letter and the picture about three days ago, and have been chawing upon it ever since. It was a new kind of business to me and I didn't know jest exactly how to take hold of it. When Lilly, Waite & Co. published my book of letters in Boston some years ago, it had pictures in it, but the business was done t'other end foremost then. That is, I didn't write the letters to match the pictures, but they made the pictures to match the letters. But they say it's a poor rule that wont work both ways, and I dont know but the business may be done one way as well as the other. And if I can be any help to you in this kind of way once in awhile, as you have so many of them pictures to publish, I shall be very glad to do it; for I haint forgot the kindness and favor you used to show me in the General's time.

When I got your picture of the rhinoceros, I took it into the house and showed it to aunt Keziah and cousin Nabby, and asked them what they thought of that. Aunt Keziah held up her hands in perfect astonishment, and said she thought he was the awfulest looking critter she ever see. Cousin Nabby said no; for her part she thought the whole picture was beautiful. Them birds standing in the water, and them little deers running up the mountain, and altogether it was the prettiest thing she had seen for a long time. But she said she couldn't think what they need to have them great speckled blankets spread over the rhinoceros for.

"Why," says aunt Keziah, says she, "dont you know, Nabby, they wouldn't dare to print animals without blankets or something over em, since them ministers in the Jarceys come out so against Harpers' bible."

At that I burst out a laughing, for I couldn't hold in no longer. And says I, he hasn't got a sign of a blanket on him; that is nothin but his skin; he's got a skin as thick as a pine board. And then I went to uncle Joshua's library and took down a book that told all about him, and Nabby sot down and read the whole of it.

"Well now," says I, "Nabby, I've got three extra loads of cheap literature come in to-day, right from York; and I shall have to go and help the boys and Zeb in packin and pilln away all day; and I dont see how I can stop to write about this rhinoceros for the editor of the Rover, and being you are pretty keen with a pen you must set down and do it."

Well, Nabby said she would, for she's an accommodatin creature. "But," says she, "must I write in prose or poetry?"

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"Well," says I, "for that matter, I suppose every writer has a right to cook his own fish in his own way. But seeln you've got a good deal of jingle in your head, I kind of think you'd do best in the poetry line."

"Well," says Nabby, says she, "I think so too; for it's the most poetical subject I've come across for a long time." And away she went to get her pen and ink, and I went off to work; and when I come back in the evening she'd got it all spun out as fine as silk. I send you a copy of it below, hoping it'll answer your turn first rate. Nabby says she dont want you to put her name to it; but I say go ahead and put the name on; no cloaks in literature; that's my way. In the mean time I remain your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## THE RHINOCEROS.

BY NABBY DOWNING.

Of all the animals under the sun,  
That roam the earth, I doubt  
If ever you'll find a more curious one,  
Than this I am writing about.

His name is Rhinoceros—sweet sounding word,  
On purpose for poetry made,  
And *should* be familiar and greatly prefer'd  
By all who are poets by trade,

He lives in Slam and old Bengal,  
And some parts of Africa,  
And he'll whip any animal, great or small,  
And drive ten thousand away.

He is twelve feet long and twelve feet round,  
And five or six feet high,  
With a leg as stout as an elephant's,  
And a most tremendous eye.

You may pound his tough hide with all your might,  
And he never will feel the blows;  
And the terrible horn is a terrible sight,  
That grows at the end of his nose.

The baby rhinoceros, two years of age,  
Has an inch of horn or so;  
But when he grows up to be old and strong,  
This monstrous horn is three feet long,  
And can battle with any foe.

He will tear down trees full thirty feet high,  
And strip them up, they say,  
Into basket stuff quite thin and fine,  
And then on a cord or so will dine,  
As an ox will dine on hay.

He walks about on his native hills,  
And in the silent dell;  
And rolls all day in the muddy pool  
Where the mountain shadows are deep and cool,  
For he loves his pleasure well.

He's gentle and quiet as any lamb,  
If you dont provoke his ire;  
But if a war with him you wage,  
He shakes the very earth in his rage,  
And his eye-balls flash with fire.

The flame of love the rhinoceros feels,  
And grieves if his mate be missing;  
And why should not love in his heart have birth?  
For there's not another lip on earth  
Can do such mighty kissing.

For the benefit of those who may like to know what the old fashioned writers say about the rhinoceros, before the present improvements in literature came about, we subjoin the description of this animal from *Nicholson's Encyclopedia*.

**RHINOCEROS**, in natural history, a genus of mammals of the order *Ferae*. Generic character: horn solid, perennial, conical, seated on the nose, but not adhering to the bone. This quadruped is exceeded in size only by the elephant. Its usual length, not including the tail, is twelve feet; and the circumference of its body nearly the same. Its nose is armed with a horny substance, projecting, in the full grown animal, nearly three feet, and is a weapon of defence, which almost secures it from every attack. Even the tiger, with all his ferocity, is but very rarely daring enough to assail the rhinoceros. Its upper lip is of considerable length and pliability, acting like a species of snout, grasping the shoots of trees and various substances, conveys them to the mouth, and it is capable of extension and contraction at the animal's convenience. The skin is, in some parts, so thick and hard, as scarcely to be penetrable by the sharpest sabre, or even by a musket-ball. These animals are to be found in Bengal, Siam, China, and in several countries of Africa; but are less numerous than the elephant, and of sequestered solitary habits. The female produces only one at a birth; and at the age of two years the horn is only an inch long, and at six only of the length of nine inches. The rhinoceros is not ferocious unless when provoked, when he exhibits paroxysms of rage and madness, and is highly dangerous to those who encounter him. He runs with great swiftness, and rushes through brakes the woods with an energy to which everything yields. It is generally, however, quiet and inoffensive. Its food consists entirely of vegetables, the tender branches of trees, and succulent herbage, of which it will devour immense quantities. It delights in retired and cool situations, near lakes and streams, and appears to derive one of the highest satisfactions from the practice of rolling and wallowing in mud: in this respect bearing a striking resemblance to the hog.

This animal was exhibited, by Augustus, to the Romans, and is supposed to be the unicorn of the Scripture, as it possesses the properties ascribed to that animal, of magnitude, strength, and swiftness, in addition to that peculiarity of a single horn, which may be considered as establishing their identity. This animal can distinguish, by its sight, only what is directly before it, and always, when pursued, takes the course immediately before him, almost without the slightest deviation from a right line, removing every impediment. Its sense of smelling is very acute, and also of hearing, and on both these accounts, the hunters approach him against the wind. In general, they watch him lying down to sleep, when advancing with the greatest circumspection, they discharge their muskets into his belly. The flesh is eaten both in Africa and India.

**R. bicornis**, or the two-horned rhinoceros, is similar in size and manners to the former, and is principally

distinguished from it by having two horns on its nose: the first being always the largest, and sometimes a foot and a half in length. These horny substances are said to be loose when the animal reposes, or is calm, but to be erected immovably, when he is highly agitated; a circumstance asserted by Dr. Sparman, though ridiculed by Mr. Bruce. It is however, observed by Dr. Shaw, that on inspection of the horns and the skin on which they are seated, they do not appear firmly attached to the bone of the cranium. This animal, after having devoured the foliage of trees, rips up their trunks, and dividing them with his horns into a sort of laths, fills his immense jaws with these fruits of his labor, and masticates them with as much facility as an ox does grass. Its swiftness is great, considering its bulk, but its security arises not so much from speed, as from its directing its course to thickets and woods, where sapless trees are broken by its violence, and green ones, after yielding to it, recoil upon the pursuers, and strike them from their horse sometimes with fatal consequences. In an open plain the horse speedily overtakes him, on which he makes a trust with his horn at the horse, which the latter readily evades by its agility. A man at this moment drops from behind the chief horseman, with a spear, and as the rhinoceros sees only immediately before him, wounds him in the tendons of his heels, and thus totally disables him from further motion. He is also occasionally taken by night while rolling himself in mire, in which he appears to experience a rapture which deprives him of all suspicion and vigilance: while thus abandoning himself to transport, the hunters approach and fix a mortal wound, by the spears or muskets, in his belly.

## THE DUEL.

BY THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD AND JOURNAL.

THE Rev. Mr. M—— was a veteran itinerant preacher of the West. He related many incidents of his itinerant life. Among them was the following, which I give in his own words as near as possible:

About four miles from N—— is an extensive grove, well known as the scene of several fatal duels. As I passed it one morning on my way to my appointment in that town, I perceived a horse and vehicle among the trees, guarded by a solitary man who appeared to be the driver. My suspicions were immediately excited, but I rode on. About a mile beyond I met another carriage, containing four persons besides the driver, and hastening with all speed.

My fears were now confirmed, and I could scarcely doubt that another scene of blood was about to be enacted in those quiet solitudes. What was my duty in the case? I knew to well the tenacity of these fictitious and absurd sentiments of honor which prevailed in that section of the country, and give to the duel a character of exalted chivalry, to suppose that my interference could be successful, yet I thought it was my duty to rebuke the sin if I could not prevent it; and in the name of the Lord I would do it. I immediately wheeled about and returned with the utmost speed to the grove.

The second carriage had arrived and was fastened to a tree. I rode up, attached my horse near it, and throwing the driver a piece of silver requested him to guard him. While threading my way into the forest, my thoughts were intensely agitated to know how to

present myself most successfully. The occasion admitted of no delay. I hastened on and soon emerged into an oval space surrounded on all sides by dense woods. At the opposite extremity stood the principals; their boots drawn over their pantaloons, their coats, vests and hats off, handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and tightly belting their waists. A friend and a surgeon were conversing with each, while the seconds were about midway between them, arranging the dreadful conflict. One of the principals challenged, appeared but twenty years of age. His countenance was singularly expressive of sensibility, but also of cool determination. The other had a stout ruffian like bearing—a countenance easy but sinister and heartless, and he seemed impatient to wreak his vengeance upon his antagonist.

I advanced immediately to the seconds, and declared at once my character and object. "Gentlemen," said I, "excuse my intrusion. I am a minister of the gospel. I know not the merits of this quarrel, but both my heart and my office required me to bring about a reconciliation between the parties if possible."

"Sir," replied one of them, "the utmost has been done to effect it, without success, and this is no place to make further attempts."

"Under any circumstances, in any place, gentlemen," I replied, "it is appropriate to prevent murder; and such, in the sight of God, is the deed you are aiding. It must not be, gentlemen. In the name of the law which prohibits it—in the name of your friends, the principals—in the name of God who looks down upon you in this solitary place, I beseech you to prevent it at once; at least wash your hands from the blood of these men. Retire from the field and refuse to assist in their mutual murder."

My emphatic remonstrances had a momentary effect. They seemed not undispensed to come to terms, if I could get the concurrence of the principals.

I passed immediately to the oldest of them. His countenance became repulsive as I approached him. It was deeply pitted with the small pox, and there was upon it the most cold blooded leer I ever saw on a human face. He had given the challenge. I besought him by every consideration of humanity and morality to recall it. I referred to the youth and inexperience of his antagonist—the conciliatory disposition of the seconds—the fearful consequences to his soul if he should fall, and the withering remorse which must ever follow him if he should kill the young man. He evidently thirsted for the blood of his antagonist, but observing that his friend the surgeon seconded my reasoning, he replied with undissembled reluctance, that he gave the challenge for sufficient reasons and that if those reasons were removed he might recall it, but not otherwise.

I passed to the other. I admonished him of the sin he was about to perpetrate. I referred to his probable domestic relations, and the allusions touched his heart. He suddenly wiped a tear from his eyes. "Yes sir," said he "there are hearts which would break if they knew I was here." I referred to my conversation with the seconds and the other principal, and remarked that nothing was now necessary to effect a reconciliation but retraction of the language which had offended his antagonist. "Sir," replied he, planting his foot firmly on the ground, and assuming a look which would have been sublime in a better cause, "Sir, I have uttered nothing but the truth respecting that man, and though

I sink into the grave, I will not sanction his villainous character by a retraction."

I reasoned with increased vehemence, but no appeal to his judgement or his heart could shake his desperate firmness, and I left him with tears which I have no doubt he would have shared under other circumstances. What could I do further? I appealed again to the first principal, but he spurned me with a cool smile. I flew to the seconds and entreated them on any terms to adjust the matter and save the shedding of blood. But they had already measured the ground and were ready to place the principals.

"Gentlemen," said I, "the blood of this dreadful deed be upon your souls. I have acquitted myself of it." I then proceeded from the area toward my horse.

What were my emotions as I turned away in despair? What! thought I, must the duel proceed? Is there no expedient to prevent it? In a few minutes one or both these men may be in eternity, accursed forever with blood guiltiness! Can I not pluck them as brands from the burning? My spirit was in a tumult of anxiety; in a moment, and just as the principals were taking their position, I was again on the ground. Standing on the line between them, I exclaimed, "In the name of God I abjure you to stop this murderous work. It must not, it cannot proceed."

"Knock him down," cried the elder duelist, with a fearful imprecation.

"Sir," exclaimed the younger, "I appreciate your motives, but I demand of you to interfere no more with our arrangements."

The seconds seized me by the arms and compelled me to retire. But I warned them to desist. Never before did I feel so deeply the value and hazard of the human soul. My remarks were without effect, except on one of the friends of the younger principal.

"This is a horrible place," said he, "I cannot endure it." And he turned with me from the scene.

"Now then for it," cried one of the seconds, as they returned. "Take your places."

Shudderingly I hastened my pace to escape the result.

"One—two—" and the next sound was lost in the explosion of the pistols!

"Oh God!" shrieked a voice of agony. I turned round. The younger principal, with his hand to his face, shrieked again, quivered, and fell to the ground. I rushed to him. With one hand he clung to the earth, the fingers penetrated the sod, while with the other he grasped his left jaw, which was shattered with a horrid wound. I turned with faintness from the sight. The charge had passed through the left side of the mouth, crossing the teeth, severing the jugular, and passing out at the back part of the head, laying open entirely one side of the face and neck. In this ghastly wound, amid blood and shattered teeth, had he fixed his grasp with a tenacity which could not be removed. Bleeding profusely, and convulsive with agony, he lay for several minutes, the most frightful spectacle I ever witnessed. The countenances of the spectators expressed a conscious relief when it was announced by the surgeon that death had ended the scene. Meanwhile the murderer and his party had left the ground.

One of the company was despatched on my horse to communicate the dreadful news to his family. The dead young man was cleansed from his blood, and borne immediately to his carriage. I accompanied it,

It stopped before a small but elegant house. The driver ran to the door and rapped. An elderly lady opened it, with frantic agitation, at the instant when we were lifting the ghastly remains from the carriage. She gazed for a moment, as if thunderstruck, and fell fainting in the doorway. A servant removed her into the parlor, and as we passed with the corpse into a near room, I observed her extended on a sofa, as pale as her hapless son.

We placed the corpse on a table, with the stiffened hand still grasping the wound, when a young lady, neatly attired in white, and with a face delicately beautiful, rushed frantically into the room, and threw her arms round it, weeping with uncontrollable emotion, and exclaiming with an agony of feeling,

My brother! my dear, dear brother! Can it be—oh, can it be?"

The attendant bore her away. I shall never forget the look of utter wretchedness she wore as they bore her away, her eyes dissolved in tears, and her bosom stained with her brother's blood.

The unfortunate young man was of New England origin. He had settled in the town of N—, where his business has prospered so well that he had invited his mother and sister to reside with him. His home, endeared by gentleness and love, and every temporal comfort, was a scene of unalloyed happiness; but in an evil hour he yielded to a local absurd prejudice—a sentiment of honor, falsely so called, which his education should have taught him to despise. He was less excusable than his malicious murderer, for he had more light and better sentiments. This one step ruined him and his happy family. He was interred the next day with the regrets of the whole community.

His poor mother never went from the house till she was carried to her grave, to be laid by the side of her son. She died after a delirious fever of two weeks duration, throughout which she ceased not to implore the attendants, with tears, to preserve her hapless son from the hands of assassins, who, she imagined kept him concealed for their murderous purpose. His sister still lives, but poor and broken hearted, her beauty and energies have been wasted by sorrow, and she is dependant on others for her daily bread. I have heard some uncertain reports of his antagonist, the most probable of which is, that he died three years after, of the yellow fever, at New Orleans, raging with the horrors of remorse. Such was the local estimation of this bloody deed, that scarcely an effort was made to bring him to justice. Alas for the influence of fashionable opinion! It can silence by its dictates the laws of man and of God, and exalt murder to the glory of chivalry!

When we consider how many hearts of mothers, sisters and wives have been made to bleed by this cruel and bloody custom, shall we invoke the influence of woman to abolish it? It rests upon an accidental state of public opinion—a fictitious sentiment of honor. Whose influence is more effectual in correcting or promoting such sentiments than woman's? Human laws have failed to correct it, but her influence can do it. Let her, then, disdain the duellist as stained with blood. Let her repel him from her society as one who has wrongly escaped the gallows. Let her exert all the benign influence of her virtue and her charms to bring into disgrace the murderous sentiments which tolerate him, and it cannot be long before the distinction between the duellist and the assassin will cease.

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;—  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chaunt this melancholy hymn,  
With solemn voice and slow.  
No purple flowers—no garlands green  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
The leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsion rent apart,  
Are running all to waste;  
And, as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned,  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the humbler plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;  
And in an earlier age than ours,  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers  
Lost vision to restore:  
It gave new strength and fearless mood,  
And gladiators fierce and rude  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give.  
For he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live!

The prayer of Ajax was for light!  
Through all the dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noon-day night,  
He asked but the return of sight  
To know his foeman's face.  
Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light;—and strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

Oh suffering, sad humanity!  
Oh ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Ye have been sorely tried!  
I pledge you in your cup of grief  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf  
The battle of our life is brief,  
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—  
Then sleep we side by side.



## THE PRINCETON.

HER PECULIAR CONSTRUCTION—HER ADVANTAGES AND GREAT DESTRUCTIVE POWERS AS A VESSEL OF WAR.

We find the following letter, descriptive of the steamer Princeton in the Washington Spectator. The Princeton has arrived at Washington.

*United States Ship Princeton,*  
Philad'a, Feb. 5, 1844.

Sir: The U. S. ship Princeton having received her armament on board, and being nearly ready for sea, I have the honor to transmit you the following account of her equipment, &c.

The Princeton is a "full rigged ship," of great speed and power, able to perform any service that can be expected from a ship of war. Constructed upon the most approved principles of naval architecture, she is believed to be at least equal to any ship of her class, with her sails. She has an auxiliary power of steam, and can make greater speed than any sea-going steamer or other vessel heretofore built. Her engines lie snug in the bottom of the vessel, out of reach of an enemy's shot, and do not at all interfere with the use of the sails, but can, at any time, be made auxiliary thereto. She shows no chimney, and makes no smoke, and there is nothing in her external appearance to indicate that she is propelled by steam.

The advantages of the Princeton over both sailing ships and steamers, propelled in the usual way, are great and obvious. She can go in and out of port at pleasure, without regard to the force or direction of the wind or tide, or the thickness of the ice. She can ride safely with her anchors in the most open roadstead; and may lie-to in the severest gale of wind with safety. She can not only save herself, but will be able to tow a squadron from the dangers of a lee-shore. Using ordinarily the power of the wind, and reserving her fuel for emergencies, she can remain at sea the same length of time as other sailing ships. Making no noise, smoke, or agitation of the water, (and if she chooses, showing no sail,) she can surprise an enemy. She can at pleasure take her own position, and her own distance from the enemy. Her engines and water-wheel, being below the surface of the water, safe from an enemy's shot, she is in no danger of being disabled, even if her masts should be destroyed. She will not be at daily expense for fuel, as other steamships are. The engines being seldom used, will probably outlast two such ships. These advantages make the Princeton, in my opinion, the cheapest, fastest, and most certain ship of war in the world. The equipments of this ship are of the plainest and most substantial kind; the furniture of the cabin being made of white pine boards, painted white, with mahogany chairs, table, and sideboard, and an American manufactured old cloth on the floor.

To economize room, and that the ship may be better ventilated, curtains of American manufactured linen are substituted for the more cumbrous and expensive wooden bulkheads, by which arrangement the apartments of the men and officers may, in an instant, be thrown into one, and a degree of spaciousness and comfort is attained unusual to a ship of her class. The Princeton is armed with two long 225 pound wrought iron guns, and twelve 42 pound carronades, all of which may be used at once on either side of the ship. She can consequently throw in a greater weight of metal at one broadside than most frigates. The big guns of the Princeton can be fired with an effect terri-

fic and almost incredible, and with a certainty heretofore unknown. The extraordinary effects of the shot were proved by firing at a target; which was made to represent a section of the two sides and deck of a 74 gun ship, and timbered, kneed, planked and bolted in the same manner. This target was 560 yards from the gun. With the smaller charges of powder, the shot passed through these immense masses of timber, (being 57 inches thick,) tearing it away and splintering it for several feet on each side, and covering the whole surface of the ground, for a hundred yards square, with fragments of wood and iron. The accuracy with which these guns throw their immense shot, (which are three feet in circumference,) may be judged by this, that six shots fired in succession at the same elevation, struck the same horizontal plank in a target more than half a mile distant.

By the application of the various arts to the purposes of war on board the Princeton, it is believed that the art of gunnery for sea service has, for the first time, been reduced to something like mathematical certainty. The distance to which these guns can throw their shot at every necessary angle of elevation, has been ascertained by a series of careful experiments. The distance from the ship to any object is readily ascertained with an instrument on board, contrived for that purpose, by an observation which it requires but an instant to make, and by inspection without calculation. By self-acting locks, the guns can be fired accurately at the necessary elevation, no matter what the motion of the ship may be. It is confidently believed that this small ship will be able to battle with any vessel, however large, if she is not invincible against any foe. The improvements in the art of war, adopted on board the Princeton, may be productive of more important results than anything that has occurred since the invention of gunpowder. The numerical force of other navies, so long boasted, may be set at naught. The ocean may again become neutral ground, and the rights of the smallest as well as the greatest nations, may once more be respected.

All of which, for the honor and defence of every inch of our territory is most respectfully submitted to the honorable Secretary of the Navy, for the information of the President and Congress of the United States, by your obedient and faithful servant,

R. F. STOCKTON, Captain U. S. Navy.

To Hon. David Henshaw, Secretary of the Navy.

## THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

BY J. H. DANA.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a golden morning in early summer, and a thousands birds were warbling on the landscape, while the balmy wind murmured low and musical among the leaves, when a young girl, attired in a rustic dress, might have been seen tripping over the leas. Her golden tresses, as she walked, floated on the wind, and the exercise had called even a richer carnation than usual to her cheek. Her form was one of rare beauty, and her gait was grace itself. As she glided on, more like a sylph than a mortal being, she caroled one of her country's simple lays; and what with her liquid tones, her sweet countenance, and her bewitching motion, she formed a picture of loveliness such only as a poet could have imagined.

At length she approached a ruined wall, half hidden

by one or two overshadowing trees. The enclosure partially concealed from view the figure of a young shepherd, who, leaning on his hand, gazed admiringly on her approaching figure. Unconscious, however, of the vicinity of an observer, the maiden tripped on, until she had almost reached the enclosure, when the shepherd's dog suddenly sprang from his master's side, and barking violently, would have leaped on the intruder, had not the youth checked him. The maiden started and turned pale; but when she perceived the shepherd, her cheeks flushed with crimson, and she stood before the youth in a beautiful embarrassment.

"Down, down, Wallace, mon," said the young shepherd, "ken ye not Jeanie yet—the flower o' Ettrick? Ah! Jeanie, Jeanie," he added—and his tone and manner at once betrayed the footing on which he stood with the maiden—"little did ye ken, when ye were tripping sae gaily o'er the lea, with a heart as light as a lavrock and a song as sweet as the waving of the broom at noonday, that one who lo'es ye sae dearly, was lookin' at ye frae behind this tree."

The maiden blushed again, and stealing a timid glance at her lover, her eyes sought the ground. The shepherd took her hand, which was not withdrawn from his grasp, and said,

"Ye ken weel, Jeanie dear, what ye were singin'," and his voice assumed a sudden seriousness as he spoke, which caused the maiden again to look up, although the allusion he made to the subject of her song, had dyed her cheeks with new blushes, "and I hae come hither this morning, for I ken ye passed here—to see ye if only for a moment. Ye ken, Jeanie, that we were to hae been one next Michaelmas, and that I was to get the Ellsey farm—a canny croft it is, doarie, and happy, happy would we hae been there"—the maiden looked inquiringly in his face at these words, and her lover continued mournfully—"ye guess the worst, I see, by that look. In one word, a richer man has outbid me, and so, for the third time, hae I been disappointed." And as he said these words with a husky voice, betokening the depth of his emotion, the speaker paused, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes. His affianced bride showed the true delicacy of her mind in this juncture. Instead of saying aught to comfort him, she drew closer to his side, and laying her hand on his arm, gazed up into his face with a look so full of sympathy and love, that its mute, yet all-powerful eloquence, went to the shepherd's heart. He drew her tenderly to his bosom, kissed her unresisting brow, and gazed for some moments in silent rapture on his face. At length he spoke.

"Jeanie," he said, and his voice grew low and tremulous as he spoke, "can ye hear bad news? I canna bide here longer," he added, after a pause, and with an obvious effort. The maiden started; but having introduced the subject, her lover proceeded firmly—"I canna bide here, year after year, as I hae done for the last twelvemonth, and be put off, month by month, wi' promises that are never to be fulfilled. I will go away and seek my fortune in other lands. They say money is to be had amais for the asking in the Indies, and ye ken we may never marry while I remain as now, with na roof to lay my ain head under, to say naething of yours, Jeanie, which I hold dearer than ten thousand, thousand sic as mine. So I hae engaged to go out to the Indies, and the ship sails to-morrow. Do not greet, my flower o' the brae," said he, as the maiden burst into tears, "for ye ken it is only sufferin' a lighter

evil to put off a greater one. If I stay here we maun make up our minds never to be one, for not a farm is to be had for a pair man like me, from Ettrick to Inverness. In two years, at maist, I will return," and his voice brightened with hope, as he proceeded, "and then, Jeanie dear, naething shall keep us asunder, and ye shall be the richest, and I hope the happiest bride in all the border."

The manly pathos of his words, his visible attempt to stifle his feelings, and the grief she felt at the contemplated absence of her lover, all conjoined to heighten the emotion of the maiden, and flinging herself on her lover's bosom, she wept long and uncontrollably. Her companion gazed on in silence, with an almost bursting heart; but he knew that he could not recede from his promise, and that the hour of anguish must be endured sooner or later; Then why not now? At length the sobs of Jeanie grew less violent and frequent—the first burst of her emotion was passing away. Gently then did her lover soothe her feelings, pointing out to her the advantages to result from his determination, and cheering her with the assurance, that in two years, at farthest, he would return.

"I hae no fears, Jeanie, that ye will not prove true to me, and for the rest we are in God's guidle hands. Our lives are as safe in his protection awa on the seas as by our ain ingle-side. And now farewell, for the present, dearie—I maun do many things before we sail to-morrow. God bless you!" and with these words, dashing a tear from his eye, he tore himself from the maiden, and walked rapidly across the lea, as if to dissipate his emotion by the swiftness of his pace. When he reached the brow of the hill, however, he turned to take a last look at the spot where he had parted with Jeanie. She was still standing where he left her, looking after his receding form. He waved his hand, gazed a moment on her, and then whistled to his dog, and dashed over the brow of the hill.

Poor Jeanie had watched him with tearful eyes until he paused at the top of the hill, and her heart beat quick when she saw him turn for a last look. She made an effort to wave her hand in reply; and when she saw him disappear beyond the hill, sank against the wall. Directly a flood of tears came to her relief. It was hours before she was sufficiently composed to return home.

All through that day, and until late at night, Jeanie comforted herself with the hope of again beholding her lover; but he came not. Long after nightfall, a ragged urchin from the village put into her hands a letter. She broke it open tremblingly, for she knew the handwriting at a glance. It was from her lover. It was kindly written, and the hand had been tremulous that penned it; but it told her that he had felt himself unequal to another parting scene. Before she received this—it continued—he would be far on his way to the place of embarkation. It contained many a sweet message that filled the heart of Jeanie with sunshine, even while the tears fell thick and fast on the paper. It bidden her remember him to her only surviving parent, and then it contained a few more words of hope, and ended with "God bless you!—think often in your prayers of Willie."

That night Jeanie's pillow was wet with tears, but, even amid her sobs, her prayers might have been heard ascending for her absent lover.

#### CHAPTER II.

The family of Jeanie was poor but virtuous, like

thousands of others scattered all over the hills and vales of Scotland. Her father had once seen better days, having been indeed a farmer in a small way; but his crops failing, and his stock dying by disease, he had been reduced at length to extreme poverty. Yet he bore his misfortunes without repining. He had still his daughter to comfort him, and though he lived in a mud-built cottage, he was happy—happy at least, so far as one in his dependant condition could be; for his principal support was derived from the labor of his daughter, added to what little he managed to earn by doing small jobs occasionally for his neighbors. Yet he was universally respected. If you could have seen him on a sunny Sabbath morning, leaning on his daughter's arm, walking to the humble village kirk: if you could have beheld the respect with which his juniors lifted their bonnets to him, while his own gray locks waved on the wind as he returned their salutations, you would have felt that even utter poverty, if respectable, and cheered by a daughter's love, was not without its joy.

The love betwixt Jeanie and the young shepherd was not one of a day. It had already been of years standing, and dated far back, almost into the childhood of each. By sunny braes, in green meadows, along-side of whimplin brooks, they had been used to meet, seemingly by chance, until such meeting grew necessary to their very existence, and their love—pure and holy as that between the angelic choristers—became intermixed with all their thoughts and feelings, and colored all their views of life. And all this time Jeanie was growing more beautiful daily, until she became the flower of the valley. Her voice was like that of the cushat in its sweetest cadence—her eye was as blue and sunny as the summer ether—and the smiles that wreathed her mouth came and went like the northern lights on a clear December eve. Thus beautiful, she had not been without many suitors; but to all she turned a deaf ear. Many of them far above her station in life, but this altered not her determination. Nor did her father, though perhaps, like many of his neighbors, he attached more importance to such offers than Jeanie, attempt to influence her. He only stipulated that her lover should obtain a farm before his marriage. We have seen how his repeated failures in this, and his hopelessness of attaining his object, unless at a very distant period, had at length driven him to seek his fortune elsewhere.

We are telling no romantic tale, but one of real life; and in real life years often seem as hours, and hours as years. We shall make no excuse, therefore, for passing over an interval of more than two years.

It was the gloamin hour when Jeanie and her father sat at their humble threshold. The face of the maiden was sad almost to tears; while that of the father wore a sad and anxious expression. They had been conversing, and now the old man resumed their discourse.

"Indeed, Jeanie," he said, "God knows I would na urge ye do that which is wrong; but we hae suffered and suffered much sin' Willie left us. Twa years and a half, amais! a third, hae past sin' that day. Do not greet, my dochter, an' your auld father may na speak that which is heavy on his mind," and he ceased, and folded the now weeping girl tenderly to his bosom.

"No, no, father, go on," sobbed Jeanie, endeavoring to compose herself, an effort in which she finally succeeded. Her father resumed.

"I am growing auld, Jeanie, aulder and aulder every day; my shadow already fills up half my grave—and the time canna be far awa, when I shall be called to leave you afoone in the world."

"Oh! say not so," sobbed Jeanie, "you will yet live many a year."

"Na, na," he answered, shaking his head, "though it pains my heart to say so, yet it is best you should know the truth. It will na be long before the snows shall lie aboon me. But I see it makes you greet. I will pass on, Jeanie, to what lies heavy on my heart, and that is, when I am awa, there will be no one to protect you. Could I hae seen ye comfortably settled, wi' some one to shield ye from the cauld world, I could hae gone to my grave in peace. But it maun na be, it maun na be."

Poor Jeanie had listened to her father's words with emotions we will not attempt to portray. Long after every one else had given up her lover for lost—and besides a rumor, now of two years standing, that he had been drowned at sea, there was the fact of his not returning at the appointed time, to silence all skepticism—she had clung to the hope of his being alive, even when her reason forbade the expression of that hope. She had long read her father's thoughts nor could she indeed blame them. Their poverty was daily growing more extreme, so that while her parent's health was declining, he was compelled to deny himself even the few comforts which he had hitherto possessed. These things cut Jeanie to the heart, and yet she saw no remedy for them, except in what seemed to her more terrible than death. Her affection for her lover was only strengthened and purified by his loss. Try as she would, she could not tear his image from her heart. Loving him thus, living or dead, how could she wed another?—how could she take on herself vows her heart refused to fulfil? Day after day, week after week, and month after month, had this struggle been going on in her bosom betwixt duty to her father and love for him to whom she had plighted her virgin vows. This evening her parent had spoken to her mildly but seriously on the death of her lover, and Jeanie's heart was more than ever melted by the self-devotedness with which her gray-haired father had alluded to her want of protection in case of his death, not even saying a word of the want of the common comforts of life which his growing infirmities rendered more necessary than ever, but of which her conduct—oh! how selfish in that moment it seemed to her—deprived him. It was some moments before Jeanie could speak, during which time she lay weeping on her parent's bosom. At length she murmured,

"Do wi' me as ye wish, father, I maun resist no longer, sin' it were wicked. But oh! gie me a little while to prepare, for the heart is rebellious and hard to overcome. I know you do all for the best—but I maun hae some delay to tear the last thoughts o' Willie, thoughts which soon wi' be sinfu', from my heart!"—and overcome by the intensity of her emotions she burst into a new flood of tears. Her father pressed her to his bosom, and murmured,

"Oh! Jeanie, Jeanie, could ye know how this pains my auld heart! But the thought that when I die ye will be left unprotected in the world, is sair within me. Time shall ye hae, darlint!—perhaps," he added after a moment's pause, "it were better to gie up the scheme altogether. Aye! Jeanie, I will na cross your wishes even in this; but trust in a gude God to pro-

fect you when I am gone. Say no more, say no more about it, dear one; but do just as ye will."

"No, father," said Jeanie, looking firmly up, while the tears shone through her long eye-lashes like dew on the morning grass, "no I will be selfish no longer. Your wish shall be fulfilled. Do not oppose me, for indeed, indeed, I act now as I feel right. Gie me only the little delay for which I ask, and then I will do as you say, and—and"—and her voice trembled as she spoke—"then you will no longer be without those little comforts, dear father, which not even all my love has been able to procure for you. Now kiss me, for I maun go in to be by myself for awhile."

"God bless you my dochter, and may *he* ever hae you in his keeping," murmured that gray-haired sire, laying his hands on his child's head—his dim eyes suffusing with tears as he spoke, "God bless ye forever and ever!"

When that father and daughter rejoined each other, an hour later in the evening, a holy calm pervaded the countenance of each; and the looks which they gave each other were full of confidence, gratitude and overflowing affection. And when the daughter drew forth the old worn Bible, and read a chapter in her silvery voice, while the father followed in a prayer that was at times choked by his emotion, there was not, in all broad Scotland, a sweeter or more soul-subduing sight than that lowly cot presented.

#### CHAPTER III.

Although Jeanie was a girl of strong mind, the sacrifice which she contemplated was not to be effected without many inward struggles. But having made up her mind to what she considered her duty, she allowed no personal feelings to swerve her from the strict line she had laid down for herself wherein to walk. Dally did she seek in prayer for aid; and never did she allow her parent to hear a murmur from her lips. Yet, let her strive as she would, the memory of her lover would constantly recur to her mind. At the gloamin hour, in the still watches of the night—by the ingle-side, abroad in the fields, or in the kirk of God—on Sabbath or week day—when listening to her aged sire's voice, or sitting all alone in her little chamber, the image of him she had loved would rise up before her, diffusing a gentle melancholy over her heart, and seeming, for the moment to raise an impassable barrier betwixt her and the fulfilment of her new vows—for those vows had already been taken, and the evening which was to make her another's, was only postponed until the intended bridegroom—a staid farmer of the border—could make the necessary preparations in his homestead, necessary to fit it for a new mistress, and she the sweetest flower of the district.

We are telling no romantic tale, drawn from the extravagant fancy of a novelist, but a sober reality. There are hundreds, all over this broad realm, who are even now sacrificing themselves like Jeanie. Aye! in many a lowly cottage, unrecked of and uncaared for by the world, wither away in secret sorrow, beings who, had their lot been cast in happier places, would have been the brightest and most joyous of creatures. How many has war driven, unwilling brides, to the nuptial altar! Who can tell the sacrifice woman will not make to affection, although that sacrifice may tear her heart's fibres asunder? And thus Jeanie acted. Although she received the attentions of her future husband with a smile, there was a strange unnatural meaning in its cold moonlight expression. Even while

he talked to her, her thoughts would wander away, and she would only be awakened from her reverie by some sudden ejaculation of his at perceiving her want of attention. He knew her history, but he had been one of her earliest lovers, and he flattered himself that she had long since forgotten the absent; and although at times her demeanor would, for a moment, make him suspect the truth, yet a conviction so little in unison with his wishes, led him instantly to discard it. And Jeanie, meanwhile, continued struggling with her old attachment, until her health began to give way beneath the conflict. She scarcely seemed to decline—at least to eyes that saw her dally—but yet her neighbors marked the change. In the beautiful words of the ballad,

"Her cheek it grew pale,  
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail."

The morning of her wedding day saw her as beautiful as ever, but with how touching, how sweet an expression of countenance! As she proceeded to the kirk, her exquisite loveliness attracted every eye, and her air of chastened sadness drew tears from more than one spectator acquainted with her history. The bridegroom stood smiling to receive his lovely prize, the minister had already begun the service, and Jeanie's heart beat faster and faster as the moment approached which was forever after to make all thoughts of Willie sinful, when suddenly the rattling of rapid wheels was heard without, and instantaneously a chaise stopped at the kirk door, and a tall form leaping from the vehicle strode rapidly up the aisle at the very moment that the minister asked the solemn question, if any one knew aught why the ceremony should not be finished.

"Ay," answered the voice of the intruder, and, as he spoke, he threw off the military cloak he wore and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the spectators the features—scarred and sunburnt, but still the features—of the absent shepherd, "Aye! I stand here, by God's good aid, to claim the maiden by right of a prior betrothal. I am William Sandford."

Had a thunderbolt fallen from heaven, or a spirit risen from the dead, the audience would not have been more astonished than by this *denouement*. All eagerly crowded around the intruder, gazing on his face, as the Jews looked on the risen Lazarus. Doubt, wonder, conviction, enthusiasm followed each other in quick succession through the minds of the spectators. But the long absent lover, pushing aside the friends who thronged around him, strode up to Jeanie's aide, and, clasping her in his arms, asked, in a voice no longer firm, but husky with emotion,

"Oh! Jeanie, Jeanie, has ye too forgotten me?"

The bride had fainted on his bosom; but a score of eager tongues answered for her, and in hurried words told him the truth.

What have we more to say? Nothing—except that the returned lover took the place of the bridegroom, who was fain to resign his claim, and that the minister united the now re-animated Jeanie and her long-remembered lover, while the congregation looked on with tears of joy.

The returned Shepherd—for we shall still call him so—at length found time to tell his tale. He had been shipwrecked, as rumoured, but, instead of being drowned, had escaped and reached India. There he entered the service and was sent into the interior, where he rose rapidly in rank, but was unavoidably detained beyond the appointed two years, while the communica-



tions with Calcutta, being difficult and uncertain, the letters written home apprising Jeanie of these facts had miscarried. At length, he had succeeded in resigning his commission, full of honors and wealth. He hastened to Scotland. He reached Jeanie's home, learned that she was even then becoming the bride of another, hurried wildly to the church, and—our readers know the rest.

## THE DECLARATION.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I LEFT the hall, as late it wore,  
And glad to be in her boudoir  
From surveillance exempt, I  
Gazed on the books she had read,  
The chair her form had hollowed,  
And grieved that it was empty.  
And Sleep his web was round me weaving,  
While listening to that wind-harp's breathing,  
Whose melody so wild is,  
When one, whose charms are not of earth,  
(Her father just a *plum* is worth,  
And she his only child is,)  
With stealthy step before me stood,  
As if to kiss in mad-cap mood,  
My eyes, in slumber folded.  
Her form was full—too full, you'd say,  
And marvel!—at the graceful play  
Of charms so plumply moulded.  
Her eyes were of a liquid blue,  
Like sapphires limpid water through  
Their softened lustre darting;  
Her mind-illumined brow was white  
As snow-drift in the pale moonlight;  
The hair across it parting  
Was of that paly brown, we're told  
By poets takes a tinge of gold  
When sunbeams through it tremble,  
While round her mouth two dimples played  
Like—nothing e'er on earth was made  
Those dimples to resemble.  
And there she stood in girlish glee  
To win a pair of gloves, or see  
How odd I'd look when waking,  
When I her round and taper waist  
So unexpectedly embraced,  
The bond there was no breaking.  
Her snowy bosom swelled as though  
The lava there beneath the snow  
Would heave it from its moorings;  
Her eye seemed half with anger fired,  
And half with tenderness inspired  
In lightning-like endurings.  
But when I loosed the eager grasp  
In which I to my breast did clasp  
Her struggling and unwilling,  
I felt somehow her fragile fingers  
(The tingling in my own yet lingers)  
Within my pressure thrilling.  
I spoke to her—she answered not—  
I told her—now I scarce know what—  
I only do remember  
My feelings when in words expressed,  
Though warm as August in my breast,  
Seemed colder than December.  
But how can words the thoughts express  
Of love so deep, so measureless

As that which I have cherished?  
O God! if my seared heart had given  
The same devotedness to Heaven,  
It would not thus have perished!  
I said, "you know—you must have known  
I long have loved—loved you alone,  
But cannot know how dearly."  
I told her if my hopes were crossed,  
My every aim in life was lost—  
She knew I spoke sincerely!  
She answered—as I breathless dwelt  
Upon her words, and would have knelt,  
"Nay, move not thus the least,  
You have—you long have had"—"Say on,  
Sweet girl! thy heart?"—"Your foot upon  
The flounce of my *battiste*."

## DEATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

MR. FIELD of the New Orleans Playune, in sketches of his journey to the Rocky Mountains, relates the following touching incident:

Inquiry seeming to be especially alive in regard to one unhappy occurrence that has been mentioned as having taken place during our far travel, it may be as well to relate the death of poor little Francois at once.

On the 18th of last July we encamped about midday under the "Red Buttes," having made our crossing of the north fork of the Platte, and being then in high spirits, on account of our near approach to the mountains, the glittering snows of which like fleecy vapors on the far horizon, we had now seen for several days. Forming camp at midday on this occasion was on account of our having met an old trader by the name of Vasquez, who was traveling inward to Fort John, at Larabee, with a large number of pack animals laden with robes and skins. We halted to exchange greeting, many of both parties having known each other of old, and the afternoon was wearing pleasantly away, when smiles were suddenly exchanged for deep solemnity, and a gloom spread round among us that hitherto had been a stranger in our camp. One of the letters designed for this paper, that never came to hand, was written at this encampment. The epistle was the sunniest and liveliest kind, aiming to assure friends at home of our complete safety, and how well everything was going on with us, dwelling upon our freedom from molestation of danger, our capacity to set peril at defiance, and our happy escape from accident or peril of any kind.

The red wax of the seal was scarcely cold upon that letter, when—*Bang!* *whir!*—a man's voice exclaiming, "Great G—d!"—followed by more juvenile accents of pain and horror enunciating, "*Mon dieu! mon Dieu!*" gave all ears warning of some frightful harm having occurred. "What is it?" "Who fired?" "What's the matter?" "Who's hurt?" were rapid inquiries of people jumping up and running in all directions. The next instant all eyes were directed to the spot where the misfortune occurred, by a still louder voice calling hurriedly for "Doctor Tilghman!" and there lay poor little Francois Clement in the arms of Sir Wm. Stewart, with the blood rushing in torrents from his left breast.

Stedman Tilghman, a young gentleman from Baltimore, and a thorough graduate in surgical science, though only yet in his first year of manhood, was soon upon the spot, coolly and skilfully performing all that

could be done; but the wound in the breast of Francois was one over which no science could hold control. All left to be done was but to see how long the spark of life could be made to linger yet within the mutilated frame; and so desperate was the wound, through and through the very vital region of the body, that it seemed to us all strange that the boy survived ten minutes after being shot.

Francois was the youngest brother of Antoine Clement, one of the first among the best hunters known upon the western prairies, but of him we shall have occasion to speak elsewhere. The boy was a favorite with Capt. Stewart, and generally rode with him as page or *portège*. He was but fifteen years old, the pet of his mother at home, and a forward smart boy, at least in everything that pertained to hunting or forest life. On one occasion, young Walker, of St. Louis, an active and spirited amateur hunter, was out from camp after black-tailed deer, when he found Francois striving to outstrip him in pursuit of the game.

"Why, Frank, what are you doing here?" said Walker.

"I'm after that deer," replied the boy.

"You after a deer! why, you couldn't hit the side of a barn at twenty yards, if it was tied fast for you!"

"*Je ne sais pas*," said Frank; "but may be I could hit you at a hundred!"

Such a youth was Francois Clement—too forward for his years or place, which fact in a great measure led to the sad catastrophe of his demise.

Sitting outside of a tent, he saw a gun inside, when he took hold of the muzzle, seeking to draw it out from under the stretched canvas, and while in this act, some obstruction touched the lock, discharging the instrument, and driving an ounce ball through the lower lobe of poor Frank's left lung!

It was about an hour before sunset, and when that hour was fading to an instant, he was still reclining upon Doctor Tilghman's knee. A prophetic, but chilling intelligence seemed to kindle in the boy's eye, as if imparted by an ice-bolt in the heart, when his gaze turned from the darkening west to the Doctor's face, and he mournfully said—

"Let me down, Doctor; lay me down and let me rest; I am dead! I am dead!"

The Doctor endeavored to assure him that he should still be calm and cherish hope, but the cold conviction of sudden death seemed to have frozen into the poor boy's soul.

"*Mon Dieu! je suis mort! O! mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, baring his face from the sinking sun.

He was born in St. Charles, Missouri, of French parents, and always spoke in that language when most affected.

It is known that two Catholic priests, besides several lay brothers, accompanied us to the mountains—missionaries going to settle with the Flathead tribe. Father de Vos came to poor Frank soon after his accident, and never left him again until his last breath had passed away, save a few moments when he went to robe himself for administering the extreme unction. The presence of this good old man rendered the scene one of deep and affecting solemnity. With calm and impressive persuasion, he banished fear from the boy's heart, and turned his thoughts on happiness and heaven. Then flew the heart of Francois homeward to his mother, and all his remaining words were for her.

"*Oh! ma mere! ma chere mere! je meurs, je ne te*

*verrai encore!*" Still he went on, but his words were all in French, mourning in the tenderest manner for his mother.

"My dear mother will never see me again! I am going to another world, and she is not near me! She will never kiss Francois again! She does not see me—she will see me no more; Mother, mother, oh my dear mother!"

He lived until about eight o'clock in the evening, during which time he faded gradually, his brow growing paler, but his eye preserving until nearly the last moment its clear boyish lustre, that seemed even brighter and more remarkable as his parting moment came nearer. The group around that dying boy was a thing that riveted the gaze of many an eye in the camp; but one object especially, held a peculiar and marked prominence—this was Antoine, the hunter, the brother of Francois.

The fine form of the sturdy, sun-burned mountaineer seemed like a figure hardened into bronze, as he knelt, speechless and immovable beside his dying brother the gloomy hours of that evening. He kissed the boy repeatedly, but never wept or uttered a syllable. He sat with the corpse and never spoke. When the camp moved away from the grave, next day, there we left Antoine, all alone, and there he stood, his figure growing indistinct in the distance, until all sight of him was gone! and never, during all the rest of our travels, did Antoine mention his brother, until, when on the steam boat, nearing his home, with a choking voice and eyes filled with tears, he asked the writer of this to give him on paper the dying words of Francois.

Poor Francois! All the decencies of the grave were given to him; mass was said for his youthful, and we presume innocent spirit; the ground was leveled over him, and fire was burned upon the spot, for it was necessary to hide, not mark, a Christian's grave in that far land of desolation. So we left Francois, and there he is sleeping now, beneath the towering masses of the Red Buttes.

## WINCKELMANN.

It was at Verona, I believe, that Winckelmann, the celebrated antiquary, was assassinated. His death was brought about in a very romantic manner; but to give the story connection, it is necessary to go back to the days of his youth. Winckelmann was the son of poor parents, who had bestowed on him the best education they could afford, which was far, however, from satisfying Winckelmann himself; and when a young man, full of enthusiasm, he left his native village to acquire more instruction. He had felt the sphere in which he was born too narrow for his genius; and with no plan for the future, but possessed of an indomitable resolution to accomplish his purpose, he set out in quest of knowledge. With a few books in his wallet, and very little money in his purse, he set out one fine morning, as the birds were tuning their melodious bills, bidding "good-bye" to no one, he was far on the road. His journey was long, and on foot; and as he drew near to Heidelberg, whither he had directed his steps, travel-worn and fatigued, he bethought him of arranging his toilet before entering the town. With this view he retired to the river side, where he sat down, with the river for his looking-glass, to wash and trim his beard. His bundle was open, and he now took out his razor. At this moment a young and beau-

tiful woman, followed by an elderly lady, (her mother) hurried toward him, and as he raised his hand she seized his razor. "Rash and miserable man!" she exclaimed, "what would you do?" "Madame, I would shave myself," replied Winckelmann, with unaffected surprise. At this naive and reasonable answer, the fears of the ladies vanished, and they both burst into laughter. They then told him they had observed him on the road—that to them he seemed miserable and disconsolate—sometimes talking to himself, at others laughing wildly; but what to their apprehension appeared like wretchedness and despair, was only exhaustion and excitement. They had left their carriage to enjoy the air of the summer's evening; and coming upon Winckelmann, at the very moment he drew his razor to his chin, they thought he was about to destroy himself. Mutual explanations followed, in which Winckelmann told his simple story and his object in coming to Heidelberg; and by this remarkable meeting he at once accomplished his wishes. He was introduced by the ladies to Prof. —, who soon discovered his talents, and was so pleased with his eccentricity and genius, that he obtained him entrance at the university, where he became one of its brightest ornaments.

Twenty years and more had passed, and Winckelmann was renowned all over Europe. He had now come to Verona for two purposes—one was to see the Countess—the friend of his youth, the girl who had snatched the razor from his hand—she had wedded an Italian nobleman, and was living at Verona, a widow—and her daughter was on the eve of being married. His other object was to examine some rare *antiques*, and particularly a sarcophagus belonging to the Marquis —. This could only be effected by stealth and bribery, for the museum was shut against the whole world.

What will an antiquarian not do to obtain his purpose! He had bought over the servant of the Marquis, and he (Winckelmann) was to be introduced to the museum at a late hour in the evening, when the marquis would be absent. Faithful to the appointment were both Winckelmann and the servant; and the latter having conducted him to the museum, locked him in. Here Winckelmann was amply repaid for the pains he had taken to gain access. It had been arranged that the servant should fetch him again; and Winckelmann had made such good use of his time that he was already waiting the signal for departure, seated beside a screen in total darkness, when an old man entered the room carrying a small lamp. There was something in his aspect so mysterious and touching, that Winckelmann could not help watching him. He approached the sarcophagus and knelt beside it. Tears rolled from his eyes, while he prayed like a woe-begone man to be delivered from some terrible misery.

Poor Winckelmann was now at his wit's end, was ashamed of his situation, an unwilling witness in ambush; and he was just about to come forward, and explain the nature of his visit, when a door was suddenly thrust open, and a young man rushed into the apartment. He ran toward the elder, as he was rising from the sarcophagus, and demanded money.

"Begone, profligate," cried the old man, "I will give you no more!"

"Wretched miser!" exclaimed the youth, "I will not leave you until you have satisfied me; money I must have."

"Gamster and villain, I will not indulge you; too often have I listened to you."

"By Heaven, I will be heard, too, now!—You have gold concealed in the sarcophagus and I will have it!" and, as he spoke, he sprang toward it.

"No! no! no!" screamed the old man, while he tried to arrest the youth; but he drew a dagger, and threatened him with death. "Oh! I am deservedly punished," he cried; "I killed my father to inherit his wealth, and my son would murder me. Open the sarcophagus. There is no gold, but behold your grandfather's bones within! At their side do I forever pray to be forgiven my guilt."

Winckelmann made his escape unperceived, but his horror was so great that he almost fainted on the way. The next day he was calling at the house of his friend, the countess, and found her daughter painting the portrait of a young man.

He was struck with the great resemblance it bore to the assassin of the museum, and inquired of her whose portrait it was. It was her lover's. Just at that moment a horseman appeared beneath the balcony, and waved his hand to her; it was her *promesso sposo*—the gamester and the would-be paricide. Winckelmann, concealing his agitation as well as he was able, sought the countess, and communicated to her all that he had witnessed the evening before. The consequence of this disclosure was that the marriage was immediately given up. A few days afterward Winckelmann was found murdered.

The following interesting particulars in the life of the lady of General Gaines are given by a Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, under date of February 13.

#### MRS. GENERAL GAINES.

The two most important cases now before the Supreme Court are those of the heirs of Stephen Girard, versus the city of Philadelphia, and that of Mrs. Gaines, the wife of General Gaines, who has long and earnestly labored for her rightful possession. Eminent Counsel are engaged in these cases, and it is pleasant to contrast the quiet dignity of the Supreme Court Room, with the more animated bustle of inferior Courts.

The history of Mrs. Gaines, were it unfolded, would be seen to possess something of the romantic. For a long time her parentage was concealed from her. In early life she was brought from N. Orleans to the middle states, and for many years living in the family of a Col. Davis, near Wilmington, Del., passing under the name of Myra Davis, as the niece or perhaps daughter of this man, who was believed to have possession of some portion of her property. As her mind was unfolded with the growth of her person, Myra naturally became inquisitive on the subject of her lineage, expectations, &c., but obtained little satisfaction from her reputed uncle or father. Davis, however, sent her to the best schools, that she might receive a finished education, where she learned French, drawing, &c. Arrived at womanhood, with a sprightly mind, good person, and a very frank, affectionate and confiding disposition, Myra became an object of interest to those of the other sex, who are not insensible to the charms of the more tender portion of our race. Probably the air of mystery that surrounded her did not diminish that interest.

There was one young man in particular, who was smitten with her charms—Mr. Whitney, son of Gen. Whitney, of your state, a lawyer by profession, an amiable young man, and in the estimation of Miss Davis, to be preferred before all others to a place in her affections. To his proposal for a union, Miss D. assented, with a frankness which presented a strong contrast to the feelings of her uncle. He was violently opposed to it, without, it is believed, assigning a satisfactory reason. Every obstacle, however, thrown in the path of the lovers, served only to strengthen their mutual attachment. Miss D. fled the house of her uncle, took refuge in a seclusion which he in vain endeavored to penetrate, awaited with a maiden's modesty and a lover's anxiety, the arrival of her betrothed, for lovers will exchange pledges, though it be through stone walls or over tempestuous waves—made a grand mistake in meeting another gentleman by the name of Whitney, who happened to arrive at a certain place in a train of cars, in which, at the same hour, she expected the real Whitney. At length, after the course of their true love had run with a roughness to which their young hearts had hitherto been strangers, they were happily and triumphantly married.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney went to New Orleans, the seat of some millions worth of property, which she claimed as her own, and which she contends is fraudulently withheld from her. Mr. W. there investigated the matter with untiring diligence, met the usual obstinate opposition in such cases, and was, I believe, even thrown into prison. He was not destined either to recover the property, or to continue in life with his beloved bride. Mrs. Whitney became a youthful widow, and a very sincere mourner. In this state of widowhood, she was approached by the gallant old General, who sympathized so deeply with her sorrows as to offer to take that place in her affections which had been occupied by her departed husband. Whether those substantial charms in expectancy had any hand in vanquishing the heart of the old gentleman, it would be presumptuous in any way to determine, without looking into the interior of his mind, and inspecting his motives. The frank-hearted girl, however, was understood to have assured the brave soldier, in accepting his hand, that one condition must ever be reserved. She was always to have the privilege of eulogizing the character, loving the memory, and descending on the virtues of her first and youthful love, *ad libitum*. Who would refuse such a boon?

Of late years the General and his lady have been engaged at times in traveling as the ministers of peace and good will to men; at times in prosecuting this claim, involving an immense fortune. The law's delay has for a long time held the result in abeyance. But at this session of the Supreme Court, it has been argued by eminent counsel at length—the matter is before the Judges in full—the parties are anxiously awaiting that decision which is to make or break. But if justice be done, there is little doubt that Mrs. Gaines will win the cause, and come into the possession of that property which I believe has been unjustly denied her.

Mrs. G. is a lady of many fine qualities. Happily, among the list of her virtues is to be found that of perseverance, and every buoyant hope, which have carried her safely thus far. Should she even fail of her object, fortitude will not forsake her. Resignation will then be expected to adorn that mind which has hitherto been equal to every emergency.

### THE FIRST OF MARCH.

THE bud is in the bough,  
And the leaf is in the bud,  
And Earth's beginning now  
In her veins to feel the blood,  
Which, warmed by summer's sun  
In th' alembic of the vine,  
From her founts will overrun  
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom  
That shall decorate the flower,  
And quickening in the gloom  
Of their subterranean bower;  
And the juices meant to feed  
Trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed  
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought  
Of the wonders under ground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought  
In the silent, dark profound;  
How each thing upward tends,  
By necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends  
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark,  
And this sunny-plumed day  
Is commissioned to remark  
Whether Winter holds her sway:  
Go back, thou dove of peace,  
With the myrtle on thy wing,  
Say that floods and tempests cease,  
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth  
Till her dreams are all of flowers,  
And the waters look in mirth  
For their overhanging bowers;  
The forest seems to listen  
For the rustle of its leaves,  
And the very skies to glisten  
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell  
Has been felt beneath the wave,  
By the dormous in its cell,  
And the mole within its cave;  
And the summer tribes that creep  
Or in air expand their wing,  
Have started from their sleep,  
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices  
From the valleys and the hills,  
And the feathered race rejoices  
With a gush of tuneful bills;  
And if this cloudless arch  
Fills the poet's song with glee,  
Oh thou sunny first of March,  
Be it dedicate to thee!

### THE GREAT HAARLEM ORGAN.

I LEFT Leyden with regret, and pursued my way to Haarlem by the Treckschuyt. The canal between the two towns is thought very fine. The greater part of my stay in this town was spent in listening to the



famous organ. It is indeed "the sovereignest thing on earth," and seems made of the very soul and essence of musical harmony. The variety of its tones is astonishing; and its power in imitating all instruments, whether single or combined, can neither be conceived by those who have not been in Haarlem, nor described by those who have. The warlike flourish of the trumpet, the clear note of the octave, and the mellow tone of the flute, are heard in beautiful succession, when these appear to swell into a thousand instruments, and the senses are nearly overpowered by the united effect of a most powerful and harmonious military band, which again sinks away into those more gentle and impressive sounds which an organ alone can produce. The organist, whose name is Schumann, played a very fine battle piece, in which every imaginable sound of joy and sorrow—fear, courage, misery, and despair—were combined with the roaring of musketry, the thunderous sweep of cannon, and the loud and irresistible charge of a thousand horses; and commingled with these, during the dread intervals of comparative silence, were the shouts of the victors, the lamentations of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. No painting could have presented so clear and terrible a picture of two mighty armies advancing in battle array, mingling in the mortal conflict, and converting the face of nature into one universal scene of confusion, dismay and death. Rarely does music produce an effect on the mind so permanent as either poetry or painting; but in my own case there is, in this instance, an exception to the general rule. I have listened "to the notes angelical of many a harp," but never were my ears seized with such rapture as on the evening I passed at Haarlem. The organist afterward took me up to the organ-loft, where I was favored with a near inspection. I thought the appearance of the keys very diminutive, when contrasted with the sublime effect produced by them. There are about five thousand pipes belonging to this organ. The largest is thirty-eight feet long, and fifteen inches in diameter.

### A TRUE STORY.

FROM MRS. CHILDS' LETTERS IN THE BOSTON COURIER.

I will tell a true story, not without significance at this season of Valentines.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of

right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public garden, on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentle of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the garden he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I suppose you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no wrong, and retrieved injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be as dim as the recollection of last year's butterflies, when her, the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride? Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison.

There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate treaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he; "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man then went to the hotel and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprized that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent voice took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no barayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to turn to her

distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac: "Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room he found a handsomely dressed young matron with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty at the voice of the Angel Love.

L. M. C.

SOME of our old gems of poetry are richer and better than most of the new. The following is a good specimen.

#### FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

I saw the virtuous man contend  
With life's unnumbered woes;  
And he was poor—without a friend—  
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pilant slave  
In gallant trim, and gay;  
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,  
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,  
And joined her giddy train—  
But found her soon the nurse of Care,  
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding power  
Which rightly suffers wrong—  
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—  
But Virtue, late and long!

#### ANECDOTE OF GALL,

THE FOUNDER OF THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

ONE scene I must here describe, which surprized and amused me. Goethe had come over from Weimar to hear Gall, and sat with his imposing mien in the midst of his hearers. Even his still attentiveness had something commanding in it; and the repose of his unchanged features did not entirely conceal the rising interest he felt in the development of the lecture. On his right sat the great philologist Wolf; and on his left, my father-in-law, Reichardt. Gall was occupied in explaining the organs of the different faculties; and, in his easy way of lecturing, did not scruple to look around upon his hearers' heads for the confirmation of his doctrines. At first he spoke of those skulls that present no particular elevation, but are developed in full and beautiful harmony; and then remarked, that whoever noticed the head of the great poet who honored his lecture by his presence would see a splendid illustration of the kind of skull of which he had been speaking. The whole audience at once turned their eyes upon Goethe. He remained calm, a scarcely perceptible expression of dissatisfaction was immediately lost in a suppressed smile of irony, and the perfect and imposing repose of his countenance continued undisturbed. Gall next came to the organ of tune. Reichardt had a remarkable development of it, and, as his head was completely bald, the lecturer pointed to it as to a skull expressly prepared for the occasion. At last came Wolf's turn, who rejoined in an equally striking development of the organ of language. Wolf, however, wore glasses that concealed this organ. As Gall proceeded to speak of the faculty of language, Wolf could well suppose that the lecturer would make use of his head as he had of Goethe's and Reichardt's. And it was most amusing to see how the great philologist lent his aid to carry into execution the design of the cranologist.

With the greatest composure, he took off his glasses, looked round in all directions, and at the same moment his pate was converted, in the hands of the lecturer, into a craniological specimen, which, more by the operator than by himself, was put into motion, and shown to all the spectators. Although there was some-

thing comical in the whole scene, Gall accomplished his object. The striking confirmation of his doctrines by heads so distinguished produced a great effect upon all his hearers.—*My Experience, by Henry Stephens.*

#### A MONKEY TRICK.

IN 1818, a vessel that sailed between Whitehaven and Jamaica, embarked on her homeward voyage, and, among other passengers, carried a female, who had at the breast a child only a few weeks old. One beautiful afternoon, the captain perceived a distant sail, and after he had gratified his curiosity, he politely offered the use of his glass to his passenger, that she might obtain a clear view of the object. Mrs. B. had the baby in her arms; she wrapped her shawl about the little innocent, and placed it on a sofa upon which she had been sitting. Scarcely had she applied her eye to the glass, when the helmsman exclaimed,

"Good God! see what the mischievous monkey has done."

The reader may judge of the female's feelings, when, on turning round, she beheld the animal in the act of transporting her beloved child apparently to the very top of the mast! The monkey was a very large one, and so strong and active, that while it grasped the infant firmly with one arm, it climbed the shrouds nimbly by the other, totally unembarrassed by the weight of its burden. One look was sufficient for the terrified mother, and that look had well nigh been her last, and had it not been for the assistance of those around her, she would have fallen prostrate on the deck, where she was soon afterward stretched, apparently a lifeless corpse. The sailors could climb as well as the monkey, but the latter watched their motions narrowly; and as it ascended higher up the mast the moment they attempted to put a foot on the shrouds, the captain became afraid that it would drop the child, and endeavor to escape by leaping from one mast to another. In the meantime, the little innocent was heard to cry; and though many thought it was suffering pain, their fears on this point were speedily dissipated when they observed the monkey imitating exactly the motions of a nurse, by dandling, soothing, and caressing its charge, and even endeavoring to hush it asleep. From the deck the lady was conveyed to the cabin, and gradually restored to her senses. In the meantime, the captain ordered every man to conceal himself below, and quietly took his own station on the cabin stair, where he could observe all that passed without being seen. This plan happily succeeded: the monkey, on perceiving that the coast was clear, cautiously descended from his lofty perch, and replaced the infant on the sofa, very cold, fretful, and perhaps frightened, but safe. The respect as free from harm as when he was picked up. The humane seaman had now a most grateful task to perform: the babe was restored to his mother's arms, amid tears, and thanks, and blessings.

#### WARWICK CASTLE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

WARWICK CASTLE, being the first castle I had ever seen, except afar off, or in decay, is now before me as distinct and massive with all its huge proportions pictured upon the blue sky, as if it were something approachable on horseback. It is beyond all question one of the two or three finest castles of the whole

country; a strong-hold worthy of that Guy, whose porridge-pot and flesh-fork they still show—the one about the size of a potash-kettle, and the other of a barn-fork—to say nothing of the jaw-bone of the terrible dun cow still exhibited over the principal gate-way of Coventry, in size and shape like the broadside of a whale's or a mammoth's jaw. It is indeed a fortress—a baronial strong-hold worthy of more than has ever been said of it, and capable even now of withstanding the assault of a beleaguering host. The best of the ancient parts are still in high preservation, though it was built in 1394; and the outline of turrets, wall, embrasures and keeps, when spread upon the western sky, is altogether one of the most picturesque and magnificent shows of warlike and feudal strength now to be found in that or any other country.

I have already mentioned another part of the show, Guy's porridge-pot and flesh-fork, both of which are gravely shown, though the former is a huge boiler, and the latter made to match his tilting pole and sword. Yet Guy of Warwick was really a giant; seven feet high or so, and this at a period when stature, bravery and strength were of themselves sufficient to make any body a ruler of men by law. The painted windows of Warwick Castle, too, were the first I had seen of real worth, and they did not appear to me very ancient, though patches of the lost scarlet were to be found in them; and the prospect was one of the finest I ever saw. Kenilworth lay like the ruins of a walled village a little way off, all overgrown with the beauty and greenness of summer, which lay heaped up here and there, among the wreck of battlement and tower, in masses larger than a common church, though it was now the twenty-first of January—it exceeded all that I had ever imagined of the effect of ruins, and high-cultured decay, and strength, huddled up together in the same picture.

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

INVOICE—Shipped, in good condition, on board the light schooner Rover, for the voyage commencing on Saturday March 9, 1844, assorted cargo, as follows.

One live Rhinoceros, with a description of the animal by Major Jack Downing, and a poem to match, by Nabby Downing.

One Goblet of Life, well mixed and finely flavored, by H. W. Longfellow.

One Princeton Steamer, by Captain Stockton; an article that will go ahead of anything in that line ever before known.

One Winkelman, murdered.

One Declaration, being bottled love, of the highest proof; by C. F. Hoffman.

One Death in the Wilderness, of the New Orleans manufacture.

One Shepherd's Love, by J. H. Dana. This article is of modern construction, and well put together.

One true story, by Mrs. Child. The goods from this house need no recommendation, their reputation being well established.

One Duel, by a minister of the gospel. &c. &c.

This cargo is assorted to suit all markets, and will be sold at the lowest cash price. Apply to the skipper, or any of his agents.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

**NAPIER'S PENINSULA WAR.**—We have received the first number of the great work of Napier, from J. Redfield, Clinton Hall. He proposes to complete the whole work in nine numbers at 25 cents each. This is confessedly the best history of one of the most exciting periods of modern times. The brilliant but devastating war of the Peninsula in which the master spirits of the age, such as Napoleon, Wellington, Sir John Moore, Soult, Pictor, Ney, Murat, were the principal actors, is rich with thrilling incidents and terrible carnage. The author was himself an actor in many of the scenes he describes, and in gathering materials for his history had access not only to published documents and official papers, but to the unpublished memoranda of a number of the most distinguished British and French officers who were engaged in the Peninsula campaigns.

**J. WINCHESTER,** Wew World Press, 30 Ann street, has commenced a monthly publication, call "The Musical Album," a collection of concerted vocal pieces for soprano voices; edited by E. Ives Jr. The first part containing 24 pages of music is now before us. It is beautifully printed on fine white paper, at 25 cents.

We have also Winchester's edition of Blackwood's Magazine for February. Two dollars a year.

Also, "Fifty days on board a Slave vessel," in the Mozambique channel. Price 6 cents.

"**THE ORIFLAMME,** or New York Illustrated Miscellany," is the title of a new monthly periodical announced to make its appearance on the first of April, by R. F. Greeley and J. A. Maybie. According to the prospectus, it is to be splendidly embellished with the best of wood engravings, put into a cover of the richest style, and all together intended to be a splendid affair. It is to be four dollars and fifty cents a year, or thirty-eight cents single numbers. Office at Wadleigh's bookstore, 337 Broadway, where all communications must be addressed.

**NEW LITERARY DEPOT.**—James Mowatt & Co. have opened a new publication office at 174 Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane, where can be found their own and most of the publications of the day. On their list of publications are many useful and valuable ones; such as "Infant Treatment, with directions to Mothers," price 25 cts; "The management of the sick room, with rules for diet, cooking for the sick, &c," 25 cts; "Curtis on the Preservation of Sight," 12 1-2 cts. "The Little Robinson in Paris," a very interesting tale, 25 cts. They have also several valuable publications, particularly for the ladies, at 12 1-2 cents each.

**NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC.**—Atwill, whose taste and style in publishing music are known to all lovers of the art, has just issued from his Music Repository, 201 Broadway, four compositions, of which it is difficult to say, whether they are more beautiful in their appearance, or excellent in character. Two of these, "Ride o'er the Waves," and "The Foreman Comes," are magnificent songs of the sea, with splendid title pages. Another is a new edition of Gen. Morris' song, "Oh! Boatman Haste," and the last "Sweet is the Twilight Hour," one of Mrs. Page's pretty ballads.



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J. M. Wright

Lucie

HIGHLAND MARY.

"The Golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew over me and my dearie;  
For dear to me; as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary."







# THE ROVER.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THIS celebrated poem was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell; but Mr. Cromek has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs. Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems, are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more prosaic edition of the history. According to her, Burns spent that day, though laboring under cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as twilight deepened, he appeared to grow "very sad about something," and wandered out into the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him, in vain, to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fire-side. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance; but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, that "shone like another moon;" and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, those sublime and pathetic verses.—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Thou lingering star, with less'n'ing ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usherest in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbly shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be preat,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of parting day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
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Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy blissful place of rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## THE BRIDE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

THE battle which was fought at Chad's Ford, on the banks of the Brandywine, September 11th, 1777, was in many respects one of the most important engagements that occurred during the revolutionary struggle. In no other battle were there so many distinguished and experienced general officers of the opposing armies actively engaged in the fight—and on few if any fields of strife, were there so many who were numbered among the killed and wounded. Among the republican commanders who were present, were Washington, Greene, Sullivan, La Fayette, Sterling, Wayne, Stephens, Smallwood, Pulaski, and others; while among those who led on the British and Hessian forces, were Howe, Knyphausen, Cornwallis, Grey, and many other brave generals, whose military renown had preceded their arrival on our shores. The consternation which filled the minds of the colonists of the adjacent country, as the news of the disastrous termination of the battle was spread abroad, can only be conceived by those who have been placed in like circumstances of imminent peril; and the general dismay was heightened by the frequent incursions of foraging parties, which were subsequently sent out from the main body of the victorious army, for the avowed purpose of spoil and plunder. It is not strange, therefore, that the inhabitants of those parts of Pennsylvania and Delaware which lie contiguous to the Battle Ground, should regard it with feelings of peculiar interest, and continue to cherish in their recollections the history of that dark and gloomy period which preceded and followed the battle.

It was during my sojourn in the State of Delaware, and in the midst of the exciting political campaign which terminated in the election of President Harrison, that a convention, or "mass meeting," as it was termed, was announced by the friends of one of the candidates for the Presidency, to be holden at Chad's Ford, on the 11th of Sept., the 63d anniversary of the battle. I had long felt an earnest desire to visit the scene of that memorable struggle; and that desire was strengthened by the recollection of many a tale of thrilling interest to which I had listened in my early years, from one who had himself been a sharer in its conflict and perils. As the "glorious Eleventh" approached, the popular excitement grew more and more intense—the din of preparation to attend the convention continued to increase—and the proposed meeting became the general topic of conversation among all classes and conditions of men. Among the preliminaries, were almost necessarily sage debates and angry controversies. That the specific and general object of the meeting was, to advance the interests of a

favorite candidate for the Presidency, admitted of no dispute; but the day and place of meeting were made the fruitful theme of comment, and not unfrequently led to bitter and long-continued heart-burnings between opposing partisans. On one side, it was contended that the object of assembling on the field consecrated by patriot-blood, on the anniversary of the battle, was to commemorate the martyr-spirit which their fathers manifested in the cause of liberty during that dark hour of the Revolution; while, on the other hand, it was urged with equal zeal, and perhaps with equal sincerity, that they were to celebrate the victory of Lord Howe, and the defeat of the American arms!

But notwithstanding these disputes, the bustle of preparation still went on; and by the time the eventful day arrived, every thing in the shape of a vehicle was in requisition. As several eminent statesmen and orators from a distance were expected to be present, and participate in the exercises of the convention, very many of the opposite party, and some too who were among the most earnest in denouncing its unpatriotic designs, were early on their way to the "Battle Ground." Many who had failed in procuring conveyances, or who were moved by pecuniary considerations, performed the journey on foot. Amidst all this excitement, it can hardly be supposed that I should remain entirely uninfected by the prevailing enthusiasm. The scenes and events which had been like a picture of romance on my fancy from childhood, seemed to pass before me in real and life-like forms. Curiosity invited—circumstances seemed to favor my inclination—and I resolved to follow the current. In company with a friend who was perfectly familiar with the localities of the place, and the history of the battle, I set my face toward the point of attraction. The "mass" had already assembled and the speaking commenced when we reached our destination. Enquiring the name of the speaker, and ascertaining that he was one whose fame had not previously reached us, we turned aside from the dense "forest of human heads," and took a ramble over the suburbs of the battle-field. The rise of ground to the left of us, was pointed out by my friend as the point on which Washington was stationed, overlooking the fight and directing the points of attack—near that half-decayed tree Lafayette received his wound, and a little farther on, the brave De Flury had his horse shot from beneath him—a few rods to the south of us the gallant Robinson and his comrades crossed the Brandywine, on their desperate and fatal errand—there, Lord Howe and suite were stationed in the early part of the engagement—and here were drawn up the lines of British cavalry. My thoughts were busy with the past, and for a time I forgot the great assembly and the eloquent men who had met to address them. Nearly two hours were thus spent in visiting the interesting localities in the vicinity, and reviewing the incidents of the battle, when the simultaneous shouts of the thousands who were gathered a short distance from us, indicated that a new and probably some favorite speaker had taken the stand.

Accordingly, we joined the multitude, and by dint of much pushing and an extra share of perseverance, we at length succeeded in gaining an "eligible position" near the staging erected for the accommodation of the officers of the meeting and the speakers. An orator from the sunny South, whose name has long been a talisman to his political friends in the state in

which he resides, and whose fame is as broad as the republic, had commenced an address. He spoke with deep and earnest feeling of the hallowed spot upon which we had assembled. The atmosphere around us had once been darkened by the smoke and hail of battle; the soil beneath our feet had been made red with the blood of patriots; ay, we were treading above the dust of kindred hearts who had freely poured out their life-tide in defence of their country. And this is the price our fathers paid for the liberties we are now enjoying. The orator as he proceeded seemed to rise with his theme; his manner became more impassioned, his language grew more and more fervid, until the eyes of stern manhood moistened, and cold and frigid hearts were melted beneath his burning eloquence.

Seated not far from the speaker, I had from the first noticed some fifteen or twenty venerable men, whose appearance seemed to indicate that they had all of them long since passed the age usually allotted to our race. These, I subsequently learned, were survivors of the Battle of the Brandywine! Just sixty-three years ago, on that day, they had met on that very ground—in the flush of early manhood—surrounded by a hostile and implacable foe; and now when the palsy of age was upon them, and long after most of their compatriots had passed to the land of spirits, they had met again! But how wide was the contrast between their first and last meeting! The hardships and dangers of war were over; friends were about them; they had come up from their pleasant homes, with their children and their children's children—not to join in the shout of "God save the King"—but to swell the psalm to Liberty. One of these aged men, in particular, attracted my attention. His high, manly brow—his tall and dignified figure—his flashing eye, and hoary locks, bespoke a man of no ordinary character. He sat bending forward, leaning upon his staff, and looking earnestly at the speaker, as if intent on catching every word that fell from his lips. With too much of manliness to weep, he was yet occasionally compelled to hide his face for a moment that he might veil or stifle his rising emotions, or, perhaps, that he might brush back the intruding tear. On inquiry, I learned that he had been an officer of rank and merit through the greater part of the war of independence: that his life had been a peculiarly eventful one; and that although he was verging upon ninety years of age, he yet retained a vivid recollection of the scenes and occurrences of his long career of honor and usefulness. I expressed a wish to learn more of his history, and if possible to obtain an interview with him. As we had concluded to stop for the night in the neighborhood, my companion readily offered to accompany me to his residence on the following day.

The morning of the 12th of September dawned gloriously, and at an early hour we were at the door of the dwelling of the venerable Major Gifford. He received us with all the politeness and cordiality so peculiar to gentlemen of the old school. We remained for several hours, during which time he related many thrilling adventures and marvelous escapes of himself and comrades. But it is not, now, our intention to give them publicity; but simply to refer to the history of the Major and his family as connected with a tale which at the time deeply interested and affected us—part of which we received from his own lips, and the remainder from an aged matron still living in the vicinity.

Previous to the breaking out of the war, he had resided with his parents and an only sister, near the foot of the "Iron Mountain," as it is called, a blue range of hills which bounds the southern, or rather the southwestern horizon. There, in the quiet old homestead of his ancestors, he had spent the morning of his life in an uninterrupted flow of social and intellectual enjoyment. In his "sweet sister Mary," as he was wont to call her, he found abundant society; it was their mutual delight to accompany each other, alike in their morning studies and in their afternoon rambles. He watched with pride and pleasure, the development of her intellectual and personal charms; and well he might be proud to claim kindred and companionship with such a being. She was gay, beautiful, intelligent, and affectionate—with a young spirit filled with the bright, romantic visions of youth and inexperience.

Among the most frequent at the festive board and in the social circle of this happy family, was Frank Middleton, the acknowledged and accepted suitor of Mary. He was, withal, the intimate and confidential friend of George Gifford; and though the latter sometimes inwardly felt that he occupied a larger share of her time and thoughts than his own selfish heart would lead him to desire, still he was far from being jealous of his rival. From a long and uninterrupted intimacy, he had learned to love him for his affectionate and congenial spirit, and to honor him for his commanding talents and many noble virtues. He could not but see that the two fond hearts were devotedly attached to each other; he saw, too, that the mysterious ties which united them were daily becoming stronger and stronger. He even fancied that he now discovered a shade of sadness on the countenance of Mary in the absence of her lover, and sometimes took occasion, laughingly, to rally her on the cause of her moodiness—when she would suddenly awake from her apparent reverie, and, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and by the brightness of her smiles, banish all thoughts of gloom from herself and those around her. Months glided away, during which George was much of the time absent from home, prosecuting his studies at a literary institution of a distant colony. The lovers now met more frequently than usual, and scarcely an afternoon was permitted to pass, without their accustomed ramble to some favorite retreat amidst the wild and picturesque scenery by which they were surrounded. They had already begun to look forward with bright and glowing anticipations to the time when their hands should be united at the altar, as their hearts had long been by the bonds and vows of affection.

But the clarion of war sounded. The neighboring colonies had already leagued together with the design of freeing themselves from the yoke of British oppression. A foreign enemy had landed upon our shores, and our country called for brave hearts and willing hands to repel the invaders. The fire of the revolution was already burning in the breasts of Frank Middleton and George Gifford, and after mutual consultation, they resolved to join the army, and their determination soon became known to the family and the neighborhood. At first, the report came like a shock to the confiding, affectionate Mary. The thought that her affianced suitor and her only brother must both be exposed to the privations, hardships, and dangers of war, almost overcame her, and she gave vent to her anguish in a gush of bitter and fast-flowing tears. They each of them assiduously endeavored to calm

her troubled spirit, by urging the necessity of immediate action—the glory they might achieve for themselves—and above all, the blessing which would follow to the country and posterity, by the establishment of the independence of the colonies. She felt the force of their arguments—she honored them for their bravery and patriotism—but how could she yield up the dearest objects of her love without a struggle? But the day of parting came. The aged father and mother, with almost bursting hearts, gave them the blessing, and commended them to the protection of the God of armies—the lovers renewed their solemn vows—the son and brother gave and received the farewell kiss—and the two young soldiers went forth to join their countrymen in the great struggle for freedom.

It will be unnecessary to follow them in all the tedious marches and perilous battles through which they passed. Suffice it to say, that, though they were often widely separated, they still, through months of danger and duty, maintained, unaltered, their love for each other and for their country. Their intrepidity and heroism early attracted the attention and won the admiration of their officers, and during the first year of their military life, they were both promoted to stations of responsibility and honor.

As may well be supposed, during their absence the minds of Mary and her parents were kept in a state of continual suspense and anxiety—not only on account of the loved ones who were absent, but not unfrequently for their own safety. Reports of the ravages and murders of marauding parties in the adjoining counties, were often rife in the neighborhood, and were the cause of much alarm—especially as that portion of the country was often left entirely defenceless by the absence of a large part of its efficient and able-bodied men. And subsequent events proved that the fears which had been entertained were by no means groundless. In August, 1776, the town in which they lived was thrown into consternation by the rumor that a band of more than two hundred British, Indians and Tories, had actually entered the lower part of the town, and were pillaging and destroying whatever came in their way; and in an hour or two, the throng of people (most of them women and children) flying before the advancing foe, attested the truth of the dreadful rumor. Mr. Gifford, becoming convinced of the certain danger of remaining where he was, deemed it advisable to desert the old homestead, and he determined upon seeking refuge with a brother who resided in the northern part of Delaware. Harnessing his horse, and hastily packing up some articles of clothing and a few necessaries for the journey, with what money he had laid up, he took his wife and daughter with him into the wagon, and fled with his neighbors. As he proceeded he found the whole country, through which he passed in a state of panic and consequent confusion. Reaching Wilmington late at night, and not knowing whether he was surrounded by friends or foes, himself and family, with several refugees who had preceded him, took shelter in the "Old Swedes' Church," which was even then regarded as a relic of olden time, and which still stands in the suburbs of the city, bearing upon the outer walls of its porch, in long, antique, iron figures, the date of its erection, 1698. The next morning he proceeded to the residence of his brother, where they were received with affectionate cordiality, and where they found a comfortable home until the ensuing spring. But alas! on the night of their departure,

the home they left behind them, with all the out-buildings, was burned to the ground. Mary, in particular, wept over its destruction; it was the place of her nativity—the home of her infancy and childhood—and had since been rendered doubly dear by a thousand tender and cherished recollections.

Through the assistance of friends, and with the aid of the money he had saved, he was enabled to procure for himself and family a new home, in a delightful and secluded valley on the banks of the Brandywine, where they were once more happy in the enjoyment of comparative peace and tranquillity. The country around them was no longer disturbed by rumors of immediate danger; and there, at length, they had the unspeakable pleasure of receiving to their embraces their loved and long absent friends. The lost ones returned—not indeed to meet around the old familiar hearthstone—but to the warm greetings of unchanged hearts, and the cordial pressure of hands moved by the purest impulses of affection. Much of the time during their absence, Frank and George had been in different companies and sometimes in different regiments, and therefore had seldom met. They had both been honored with lieutenants' commissions from the hands of the commander-in-chief; and each now hastened to congratulate the other on his safety and success, while the aged parents regarded with evident satisfaction and pride, the rising fame of their sons.

The two lieutenants had obtained leave of absence, until some further movement of the enemy should render their services again necessary; and the probability was that several weeks and perhaps months would elapse before their furlough would terminate. The love-making rambles were renewed, and surely no more delightful spot could have been selected or desired for such a purpose, than was presented in the sylvan and romantic paths along the borders of the stream which murmured its wild music at the foot of the garden, and but a few rods from their rural dwelling. Three weeks had thus glided away like a dream of enchantment to the young lovers, and the scenes around them had become if possible even dearer than those they had left by the Iron Mountains. The day appointed for the celebration of their nuptials had come, and the invited guests began to arrive. Ample provisions had been made for the reception and entertainment of friends; the bride and bridegroom were in readiness; and all were now anxiously waiting for the arrival of the clergyman who was to perform the solemn ceremony; when lo!—a mounted messenger, in the garb of a subaltern, rode furiously up to the door, and demanded the immediate presence of Lieutenants Middleton and Gifford. His face was flushed with excitement, and his horse bore evidences of the speed with which he had performed his journey. The gay assemblage was thrown into confusion by the suddenness of his approach and the abruptness of his manner. The officers presented themselves, and desired to know his mission; without making any reply, he handed them the following note, and wheeling his horse, he galloped away in the direction from which he came.

“Head Quarters, Sept'r. 11th.

“LIEUTENANTS—The enemy are at Kennet Square, and bound toward us. An engagement is momentarily expected. Your immediate presence is demanded at Chadsford.

Hastily, Yours,

J. ARMSTRONG, Gen'l &c.,

By order of the Com'r in Ch'f.”

The order was imperative, and admitted of no delay. The consternation produced on the minds of all present, by the unexpected tidings, caused them to forget for a time the object of their convening, and most of them hastened to their own homes without even the formalities of parting. The horses of the lieutenants were ordered; a few hurried farewells were spoken, with promises to return as soon as their duties would permit; and in a few minutes they were on their way to join their companions in arms.

But who shall describe the heart-breaking anguish of the devoted Mary, when the unnatural excitement of the moment was over, and she had leisure to reflect on the terrible danger to which the absent ones would be exposed. Parents, and daughter, and sympathizing friends, freely commingled their tears; and, with their sorrows, were blended fearful apprehensions that they themselves might be again rendered homeless, and their lives become jeopardized, by the enemy, should they prove to be the conquerors in the anticipated battle. Not long after the departure of the officers, the clergyman arrived without having previously heard the intelligence which had rendered his services for the present unnecessary. His appearance seemed to have been the first circumstance that fully aroused Mary to a consciousness of the truth; as he entered, the sad reality flashed upon her mind with the suddenness of an electric shock, and she gave vent to her agony in loud and bitter lamentations. In vain her friends endeavored to console her with the probability that her lover would return to her at evening; she wept until the fountain of her tears seemed to be dried up. Through all that eventful day, she could distinctly hear the roar of the cannon and musketry of the opposing armies, and this was by no means calculated to quiet her fears or assuage her grief.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the firing ceased, and several horsemen were shortly after seen hurrying along the road, as if flying from the foe. As they passed many eager inquiries were made respecting the result of the fight; and from them it was learned that the American army were defeated—several of their number killed—others taken prisoners, and the remainder had fled in every direction!

But we need not follow the painful details farther. It is sufficient for the reader to know, that Lieutenant Middleton died on that day, bravely fighting for the liberties of his country. His remains were taken from the field on the succeeding morning, and conveyed to the residence of Mr. Gifford. Mary exchanged her bridal-ropes for the habiliments of mourning; the guests of the preceding day were invited to the funeral of him who was to have been the bridegroom; and the minister who was to have performed the marriage ceremony, was called upon to attend his burial rites. At the request of Mary, his grave was made beneath the spreading branches of a cedar, upon the little mound not far from her cottage, which had been their favorite trysting-place during the few preceding weeks.

She lived for many years, in a state of widowhood, blessing all around her by her offices of mercy and charity, yet steadily resisting every offer to change her situation in life. She continued to cherish the memory of her “first love,” to the last; and now she sleeps by his side—their bridal couch, the grave!

Two substantial head-stones mark the place of their repose, on the oldest of which is carved this inscription:



Here lyeth,  
In hopes of a Blessed Resurrection,  
the Body of  
LIEUT. FRANCIS MIDDLETON,  
who fell in Battle.  
September ye 11th, 1777,  
Æ 22 years.

The other contains the following;

MARY GIFFORD,  
Died, August 2nd, 1802,  
Aged 42.  
"She sleeps in Jesus."

Before concluding, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be informed that George Gifford was among those who were taken prisoners at the battle of the Brandywine—that after suffering almost incredible privations, he was exchanged, and subsequently fought in some of the severest engagements of the war; and for his gallantry at the taking of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he was promoted to the rank of Major. At the close of the war, he took up his abode with his parents and sister, where, up to the time of our visit at his cottage in 1840, he still continued to reside—though they had long since passed to the land where partings and farewells are unknown. With deep feelings, he pointed out to us the solitary graves of Frank and Mary, and though more than sixty years had elapsed since the death of the former, his affection for his memory seemed undiminished. A few months ago, I heard of his death, and I have since learned that one of his latest requests was, that he might be buried on the green mound, by the side of his brother and sister.

Hartford Ct. Columbian.

#### JUDGE GASTON'S LAST WORDS.

Few men in this country have been more esteemed for talent, learning, integrity and patriotism, than Judge Gaston of North Carolina, whose death at Raleigh was recently announced. A Southern paper gives the following beautiful and impressive sketch of the death-bed scene of this excellent man:

"His last words were in admirable keeping with the purity and piety of his long life. Surrounded by a few of his chosen friends, who were at his bed-side on the first intimation of a danger to which he was insensible, he was relating with great playfulness, the particulars of a convivial party at Washington city, many years ago, and spoke of one who on that occasion avowed himself a 'free thinker' in religion. 'From that day,' said Judge Gaston, 'I always looked on that man with distrust. I do not say that a free thinker may not be an honorable man; that he may not from high motives scorn to do a mean act; but I dare not trust him. A belief in an over-ruling Divinity, who shapes our ends, whose eye is upon us, and who will reward us, according to our deeds, is necessary. We must believe and feel that there is a God—*All-wise*—and"—raising himself and seeming to swell with the thought—"ALMIGHTY!" There was a sudden rush of blood to the brain. He sank in the arms of his friends—and in five minutes his spirit was gone! Not a struggle betokened its flight; not a groan pained the ear of his agonized friends. His body has gone to the dust; his spirit, we cannot doubt, now rests in the bosom of that God Almighty whose name was last on his lips, and to whom he had long given the homage of a pure and devout heart.

#### SONG.—A DOZEN YEARS AGO.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

Do you still remember, Jane,  
The little ashful beau  
Who follow'd you through grove and lane,  
A dozen years ago?  
The little school house on the hill,  
To which we sauntered slow;  
The stream where flourish'd many a mill,  
A dozen years ago?

Have you not forgotten yet  
How, often and again,  
By merest accident, I met  
The little blushing Jane?  
And then the flowers I chanced to have,  
Not pluck'd for you—oh, no!  
Yet all of them to you I gave  
A dozen years ago.

Can I e'er forget those days,  
Those happy, peaceful hours,  
When we of this life's varied ways  
Then only trod the flowers?  
And will you not remember, Jane,  
The little bashful beau,  
Who followed you through grove and lane,  
A dozen years ago?

#### THE PESTILENCE OF BAGDAD.

THE following account of the condition of Bagdad, the ancient seat of the Caliphs, is given by Mr. Fraser, in his "Travels in Koordistan," and offers one of the most striking pictures ever presented of an Eastern town under the infliction of war, pestilence, inundation, and famine. The account refers to the years 1830—1, during the pashalik of Daood, whom the Sultan resolved to supplant in his government.

Daood had long applied himself to the formation of an efficient army, and had succeeded so well that he might have laughed to scorn all the military array which the Sultan could have sent against him. Thus stood matters when, in the commencement of 1831, the plague, which had been desolating Persia, made its appearance in Bagdad. Insulated cases had occurred, it was said, so early as the preceding November, but they were concealed or neglected; and it was not until the month of March, 1831, that the fatal truth of the plague being in, and increasing in Bagdad, became notorious and undeniable.

On the last day of March, Col. Taylor shut up his house, in accordance with the painful but necessary custom of the Europeans, who find, by experience, that if this precaution be taken in time, they generally escape the malady, which appears to be communicable only by contact, or close approach to *lesser* of an infected person. On such occasions, all articles from *without* are received through wickets cut in the wall, and are never touched till passed through water. Meat, vegetables, money, all undergo this purifying process, and letters or papers are received by a long pair of iron tongs, and fumigated before being touched by the hand. Well were it for the natives of the country if they could be prevailed upon to submit to the same measures of precaution; the disease would then be robbed of half its terrors, and its victims greatly reduced in numbers; but indolence and indifference, combined with a *dux* belief in predestination, prevent them from effectual

exertions; although the fact, that thousands fly from the city in hopes of escaping the pestilence which had penetrated into their dwellings, proves indisputably that their faith in fatalism is by no means firm or complete.

In some cases this flight was made in time, and the fugitives escaped, though too often only to perish at another period and in another place. In others, they carried the disease with them, spreading its poison, and dying miserably in the desert. Even all the care observed by Europeans has sometimes been insufficient to preserve them from contagion. The virus is so subtle that the smallest possible contact suffices for communicating it, and the smallest animal serves to convey it. Cats, rats, and mice, are, for this reason, dangerous inmates or visitors: and cats in particular, as being more familiar with men, become more dreaded, and consequently are destroyed whenever they are seen by those who have faith in the value of seclusion. An instance of the fatal consequence of contact with such animals occurred in the house of a native Christian attached to the British Residency, who had the good sense to follow the Resident's example in shutting up his house on a former occasion. A cat belonging to the family was touched by his eldest child, a girl of 14 or 15. The animal had neither been abroad itself, nor received the visit of a neighbor, for the contact brought the plague: the child took it and died of it. Poor thing! from the first moment she was aware of her danger and fate.

It was, probably, by some such casual means that the disease was brought into Col. Taylor's house, although he and all its inmates conceived it to be almost hermetically sealed from its approaches. On the 10th of April a Sepoy died of it, and four of his servants were attacked. By this time the disease had made such progress that seven thousand persons had died of it in the eastern half of the city, which contains the residence of the Pasha, the British mission, and all the principal inhabitants. From the other side the accounts were not less disastrous, and the distress of the inhabitants was further aggravated by the rise of the waters of the Tigris, which, having burst or overleaped the dams made upon its banks higher up, had inundated the low country to the westward, and even the town, where two thousand houses were already said to have been destroyed. Many who would have fled were prevented from doing so, not only by this spread of the waters, but by the Arabs, who had now congregated around the city, and who robbed and stripped naked all who came out of it.

Thus pent up, the pestilence had full play, and the people fell beneath it with incredible rapidity; and Col. Taylor, finding his own house, infested, had nothing left but to use the means in his power of flying, while a possibility remained of so doing. His own boats, in which he and his family had come from Bussora, remained always moored beneath the walls of the Residency, and in a state of readiness for immediate service. In those he resolved to embark; and one great advantage was, that being in a manner confined to the precincts of the Residency, and so much raised by the heightened waters, that the deck of the yacht was on a level with the postern-door of the house, its inmates could make their preparations and get on board without being subjected to any foreign intercourse whatever. Matters being thus arranged, Col. Taylor invited the Rev. Mr. Groves, a missionary, with his family, to

accompany his party to Bussora, where, in a house in the country, sanguine hopes were entertained that they might avoid the contagion.

Mr. Groves, however, on mature deliberation, declined availing himself of Colonel Taylor's friendly offer. The reverend gentleman had undertaken the care of a certain number of young persons, the children of Christian families of Bagdad; and motives of duty prevented him from taking a step which appeared to him like a desertion of his duty. He resolved to remain at his post; and putting his trust in that mighty Power which had sent the dreadful affliction, and who, he well knew, could save as well as destroy, he shut up his house, in which were twelve persons, including an American school-master and his family, and calmly awaited the issue. It is from this gentleman's journal that the best accounts of this dreadful period are to be collected; and from it, therefore, so far as the plague and inundation are concerned, I shall take the liberty of quoting occasionally, in the following short account of the condition of Bagdad.

Colonel Taylor left Bagdad on the 12th of April. On the previous day, the number of deaths was understood to amount to twelve hundred, and on that day it was ascertained that one thousand and forty deaths had actually taken place on the east side of the river alone. Next day, Mr. Groves had the pain of becoming aware that the disease had entered the house of his next-door neighbor, where thirty persons had congregated, as if for the very purpose of supplying it with victims. That same day, the report of deaths varied from one thousand to fifteen hundred, and that exclusive of the multitudes who died beyond the walls. On the succeeding day, the deaths increased to eighteen hundred; and so terrified were the survivors, that they scarcely could be prevailed upon to stay and bury their dead. Many prepared for the fate they anticipated, by providing winding-sheets for themselves and family before the increased demand should consume the whole supply. Water also became scarce; for every water-carrier, when stopped, replied that he was taking his load to wash the body of some dead person. [Washing the body being considered an indispensable funeral rite in Mahomedan countries.]

For several days together, about this time, that is, from the 16 to 20th or 21st of April, the mortality, so far as could be known, remained stationary at about two thousand a day; but many singularly distressing cases of individual distress occurred. In the family of one of Mr. Groves' little pupils, consisting of six persons, four were ill with the plague—the father and mother, a son and a daughter, leaving but one son and a daughter untouched. Of the Pasha's regiments of seven hundred men each, some had already lost five hundred; and the report from the neighborhood was still worse than in town. The water, too, in the swollen river, was fast increasing, and the danger of a total inundation became every day more imminent.

On the 23d, a little girl of 12 years old, was seen passing by with an infant in her arms; and on being asked whose it was, said she did not know; she had found it on the road and heard that its parents were dead. This was a very common effort of charity, especially on the part of the females, and not unfrequently proved fatal to them. An Armenian woman, who had come to beg for some sugar for an infant thus found, mentioned that a neighbor of hers had in the same manner rescued two, which she discovered thus aban-

doned in the street. Both these infants died, and were followed by their charitable protectress. Of all the painful incidents that attended the benevolent expeditions which Mr. Groves occasionally made from home, the sight of the number of infants thus exposed was the most distressing.

On the 25th, the fall of a wall in the Residency, from the sapping of the water, induced Mr. Groves again to visit that place. Not a soul did he meet in the streets, except those who carried dead bodies, and persons infected with the pestilence. One of the principal sellers of cotton for burying-clothes (who had taken advantage of the times to raise his prices exorbitantly) this day died himself. There was then no more of the stuff in the city. The price of rope, too, had become quadruple. Instead of formal burial, the bodies even of persons of considerable wealth were now just laid across the back of a mule or ass, and taken to a hole, attended, perhaps, by a single servant. Mr. Groves mentions the gesticulations of the few Arab women whom he met on the way as particularly striking; they seemed to demand of Heaven why Franks and infidels like him were suffered to live, while so many of the faithful died. The effect upon his mind was peculiarly startling and painful, surrounded as he was by the dead and the dying, the growling of the dogs that were mangling the bodies (scarcely waiting till life was fled to begin their horrid feast,) united with the cries of the exposed miserable infants, formed a scene of horror which he avers—and no wonder—can never be erased from his memory.

The mortality, meantime, increased. On the 26th, it was affirmed at the serai that the deaths had reached *five thousand in one day!*—there seems no doubt that they exceeded four thousand, and this out of a population which at that time did not exceed fifty or sixty thousand; for at least one-third of the late inhabitants had, first and last, quitted the city. The water, too, had risen frightfully, and the anticipations in case of its breaking into the city, were terrible. Dreadful as they were, however, they were more than realized on the two following days. That night a large portion of the wall fell, and the water rushed in full tide into the city. The quarter of the Jews was speedily inundated, and two hundred houses fell at once. A part also of the wall of the citadel fell; nor was there much hope that any house or wall which the water had reached could stand, owing to the very dissolvable nature of the cement with which the greater part was built. By the following night, the whole lower part of the city was under water; and seven thousand houses are said to have fallen at one crash, burying the sick, the dying, and the dead, with those still in health, all in one common grave.

The difficulty of obtaining provisions had now become extreme. Very respectable persons would now present themselves at the door to beg for some of the common necessities. The number of the dead, too, left in the streets, had increased to a frightful degree; nor was there a possibility of removing them. This extremity of distress was shared to the full by the ruler of the smitten city. The serai of the Pasha was by this time like the dwellings of most of his subjects—a heap of ruins, where he himself remained in the utmost terror and perplexity. He declared to a servant of Mr. Groves that he knew not where to sleep in safety. He dreaded every night being buried in the ruins of the remaining portion of his dwelling. He

sent to request the Resident's remaining boat that he might fly from the place; but of its crew, only one man was to be found alive; and even the Pasha could not find men to man her. "Fear of him is passed," says Mr. Groves, "and love for him there is none." Even in his own palace he was without power; death had been full as busy there as elsewhere; and that authority which was absolute in times of mere human agency, had sunk into nothing before the effects of an Almighty mandate. Out of one hundred Georgians that were about him, four only remained alive. All that could be done was to throw the dead out of the windows into the river, that they might not shock or infect the living. The stables of the palace, like the palace itself, fell in pieces, and all the Pasha's beautiful horses were running wild about the streets, where they were caught by any one who could, and most of them were sold to the Arabs.

During this frightful mortality around, the home prospects of Mr. Groves and his family, although they had hitherto been providentially exempted from actual disease, were sufficiently gloomy and distressing. From the little passage opposite, they had seen twenty-five bodies carried out, and they knew of several persons being ill. In one of the houses, which had contained eight inmates, only one remained alive; and in like manner of another household of thirteen, but one solitary individual survived. Nor were these by any means uncommon or singular cases. Of eighteen servants and Sepoys left by Col. Taylor in charge of the Residency, by the end of the month only four remained, and of these two were affected, and afterward died. There were five teachers of Arabic and Armenian connected with Mr. Groves' establishment, and *every one of these died!* Nor, with all this continued mortality, did the virulence of the disease abate, nor the number of daily deaths decrease. The remaining population crowded into smaller and smaller compass by the increasing inundation, presented, as it were, a more sure and deadly aim to the shafts of the pestilence. The influx of new inhabitants into infected houses, supplied fresh objects, and their dead remained poisoning the air in all the court-yards and areas, and literally encumbered the streets.

Nor was this dreadful destruction of human life confined to the city. A large caravan for Damascus had left Bagdad at the commencement of the mortality; but it carried the deadly contagion along with it, and met, moreover, with an enemy scarcely less destructive in the inundation. They gained a comparatively elevated spot, where they remained pent up for three weeks, the water constantly gaining on them, and their numbers daily thinning. In the same manner a caravan of a thousand persons, who left Bagdad for Hamauan, in Persia, carried their pestilence along with them, and lost more than half their number on the road. [The plague lasted till about the beginning of May, when clear weather set in, and on the 26th day of that month, it had disappeared. Melancholy was the scene to the survivors.] Of all the buildings of Bagdad, there remained standing but a small knot upon the banks of the river, where the ground was highest, with a mosque or two, the walls and foundations of which had been more securely built than those of the others; and even of those that did remain, scarce one had escaped damage. Even after the waters had subsided, houses continued to fall from the effect produced on the materials, and from the sinking of the

ground. Of the long lines of bazaars, many had shared the general wreck, and long it was before those that remained began to fill, and shops to open in any numbers. Most of the merchants, and almost all the artificers were dead. Even now, if you require some article of manufacture, for which the place was formerly celebrated, the answer is—"Ah! you can't get that now, for all those that made it are dead of the plague." Whole trades were swept away, and it was sometime before the common necessities of life, food and clothing, were to be had for the surviving population.

#### ASTONISHING ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

AN astonishing feature of the word of God is, notwithstanding the time at which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered, in the books of the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigation of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the Heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots, and, while you apply yourself to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, or the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history, it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the Heavenly and invisible world, while it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judea; in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and, finally, in the centre of the Western civilization, in the mid of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the mid of polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and the elements were endowed with intelligence, reacted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual alluvium. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well: search among its 60 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1,189 chapters, and its 31,713 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and moderns committed when they speak of the Heavens

or of the earth—of their revolutions, of their elements; search—but you will find none.—*From the German of Gausson.*

#### THE STARRY HOME.

THE greenwood wild, to the roving child,  
With its brake and deepened dell,  
With its fitful gleam in the pale moon-beam,  
Seems the work of magic spell.  
His pleasures here are found—no care  
Steals over his lightsome soul—  
For the spangled sky with its dome so high,  
Presents him the promised goal;  
And he looks and laughs for his home so bright,  
Which should come ere the morrow descends in night,  
And the thick grove ring as they hear the song  
Of the roving boy while he strolls along.

He has seen the spring, and the young birds wing  
Their way to the tallest pine,  
Has watch'd their rest 'neath the mother's breast,  
Still his hand's unstained by crime.  
No spoiler he of their liberty—  
Or else for the rover wild,  
Those scenes so dear of the greenwood here  
Soon would lose their solace mild;  
And while stars fly up with sparkling spring,  
He is waiting with hope when time shall bring  
The day he'll readily take his flight,  
To dwell in those realms of diamond light.

The Spring is gone, and the Summer come,  
Fields wave high their golden sheen,  
And the harvest cheer of the ripening year  
Is spread on the village green.  
But he seeks the brook with anxious look,  
For his soul still longs to mount,  
And lists to the rill, while rippling shrill,  
For call from the fairy fount.  
But its gurgling note, though a pleasant sound,  
Has failed in producing that joyous bound  
Which would to the rover sure have come,  
Had it told a tale of his welcome home.

The trees have now shed their leafy head,  
And the wind is cold and chill,  
And the garnered store on the well-threshed floor,  
With the heavy crashing mill,  
Bid all prepare for the close of year;  
But the child still seeks the grove,  
And his voice full strong is fired with song  
In praise of his greenwood love.  
And the cheerful hearth he seeks that night,  
Telling his mother, with proud delight,  
That ere the morrow shall dawn in day,  
In a starry home he'll be far away.

She has laid him down in his russet gown,  
And his tabor pipe put by;  
The berries red hang o'er his head,  
But his eye's toward the sky;  
And his bed with leaves and strown sheaves  
She has made near the oaken tree,  
For the hectic flush, like a summer blush,  
Says the spirit soon will flee.  
But to soothe her grief, as the ebb of life  
Is passing strong—with emotion rife  
He cries, while the birds still near him sing,  
"Why weep?—I shall return with spring." D. M. B.



## SEBAGO POND.

DURING a journey through the eastern part of New England, in the May of 18—, I made a pedestrian excursion with an old college friend, from Portland to Sebago Pond, a paradise of waters amid the wilderness of Maine. It was a glorious morning. We were in motion and among the fields, as all true pedestrians should be, in time to see the sun rising from the ocean, a thing of light and life, gladdening every living being and every feature of scenery into beauty and brightness at his approach. All nature seemed awakening at the summons of her master, and to be throwing off the veil of darkness which had hidden her beauties from his sight, and the dew drops around us were glittering in his beams, as if the elves, started at his approach, had fled, and in their haste left their jewels behind them to beautify and adorn the earth. A soft morning breeze was stirring and waving the grass by the road side, as if in harmony with its music. To a melancholy or a speculative man there is an undefinable pleasure in spring-time musings, and in the conversations which grow out of them. The old year has passed away. The tempests of winter have sunk and died before the softening and perhaps enervating influence of spring, and, as if in unison with nature, the invalid who has lingered on in life, during the severity of our northern climate, and who has, during its dreariness, baffled for a while the slow inroads of consumption, brightens at the return of spring, with the hectic colors "that dazzle as they fall," and at last sinks into his grave just as the flowers have begun to bloom and blossom around him.

With good company, walking, is, for a while, a most excellent means of getting along and enjoying the way-faring amusement of the traveler. But solitary pleasures, let philosophers say what they will, are dull things. There is more truth than the world, or perhaps even the poets and rhymers who talk about them, imagine, in what they say of the intercourse of tried friends. When a man cannot have a vent for his perpetually recurring thoughts, they will turn and prey upon his own mind, and render him a gloomy misanthrope. It is impossible to be forever thinking. Were it so, the brain would soon be filled, and leave no room for fresh thick-coming fancies. During a walk of five hours in the country every sense is continually conveying to us the materials for new thoughts, the brightness and value of which are doubly increased by being shared with another.

We in due time reached our destination. The approach to Sebago Pond is through a rugged, hilly land, which opens a communication between the solitude of the waters and the busy world around them. From an elevation of the path there are suddenly seen a few fishing huts and raftsmen's cabins close beside a slight bridge, which is continually thronged with the most patient of sportsmen. On the lower side of the bridge the pond empties itself into a small river, which in its course to the sea, sets in motion the manufactories and machinery of a thickly settled country, while on the other, the pond lies expanded to the view, "a burnished sheet of living gold." We saw the water in its deep tranquillity. I have seen it in storms, (for there are storms even upon our peaceful inland lakes,) when its wooded islands would be dimly seen looming up like spectres through the fog, and the waves would toss angrily about, as if vexed that their banks detained them from mingling with the ocean. But this day, every-

thing was so calm that it seemed hardly possible to disturb the tranquillity of the scene. The numerous small craft of the fishermen were plying silently about in pursuit of their sport; at intervals, a pleasure-boat would be seen containing a party with faces as bright and joyous as the scenes amid which they were moving; and ever and anon the cry of the raftsmen from far up the lake, would come pealing over the waters, making the whole appear like a festival day of the desert.

We soon procured a boat and a boatman, and commenced, in compliance with the custom of all the visitors of Sebago, trailing our lines amid scores of others. Ah! old Izaak Walton, thou wouldst never more have hung over the narrow streams of old England, couldst thou once have gazed into the clear depths of this beautiful lake; couldst thou have reclined with thy rod and thy basket and spent the livelong day in "meditation and angling" on its banks, and have seen the noble fish sporting in its waters, as if proud of their spacious habitation.

Whoever has floated on the calm surface of a summer lake, may imagine or recollect the happiness of the moment. The water around and beneath as clear and as smooth as polished glass, the trees and cliffs and headlands pictured in its depths by the bright sun, and the sun himself in his glory, with all the blue firmament around him, reflected from the wave with a softness which the eye can bear, and with a magnificence only equaled by the intolerable brightness of his real presence in the sky. We seemed to be in the midst of a vast circle, extending beneath, above and around, as far as the eye reached and the horizon extended; the centre of a vast globe of earth, and sky, and water, over which two unclouded suns reigned together. At such a time, there is a deep hush over nature, which communicates itself to the mind. The very oursman will pause, though not from weariness, and in the profound stillness, you will feel that breathlessness—that rising of the heart, which is the effect of gazing on silent sublimity. And then will come, stealing along, a gradual swell, under whose power your boat will rock, and bend, and carry your body and mind with it in its every vibration, until it again sink to its motionless repose. And then a breeze will sweep by, blending earth and water in whimsical forms, as in a distorting mirror, and ruffle the sunny water, making it appear like the folds of a flowing drapery.

As we moved along we gradually lost sight of our fellow laborers, and a more varied prospect of the lake began to open upon us. It is of a much softer and more delicate character than is the generality of our eastern scenery. With one remarkable exception, there are none of the bold rough features so common in New England. But at times would be seen a clearing, filled with the charred stumps of the pines, whose blackened surfaces and desolate cheerlessness, were fit emblems of the ancient nobleness, withered and blasted as it now is, of the *rightful* lords of the soil, the American aborigines. At another point appeared young fields of grain in the bloom of vegetation, and again our course would be altered by tracts of wood- and stretching out into the water, while the little islands with which the lake is studded, here a barren rock visited only by the wild fowl, and there a solitary pine which seemed to be growing out of the water, served as marks to note our progress.

I have said that there was a remarkable exception

to the general softness of the scenery. At the distance of about five miles from the bridge before mentioned, rises an immense ridge of gray rocks, standing in bold contrast with the softness of the surrounding water and landscape like the habitation of the *genius loci*. At first rose a precipice to the height of more than a hundred feet, without a single break to afford a resting place to the foot, or relief to the eye, and casting its sombre shadow over the water, which at its base, was unfathomably deep. The stupendous height of the precipice, and the gloomy stillness of the lake, seemed to discourage all attempts to unveil their mysteries. But the effect cannot be described. The poet may give glowing descriptions of the calm tranquility in which Nature sometimes reposes in the midst of her most magnificent creations, or the painter may sketch her productions on his canvas. But still there is something wanting to the imagination. In the real landscape we see her in deep and pleasing slumber, while in the copy she must appear in the gloomy stillness of death.

Farther on the rocks become more broken and uneven, towering over each other in the most grotesque forms, and hanging as if suspended by some unseen enchantment. The fishers and raftsmen had given names to many of the detached masses which bore a real or fancied resemblance to objects which they had met with elsewhere. Midway in air hung the "table," the surface of which was covered by a cloth of the richest verdure, as if nature, by the profusion of her bounties, wished to draw men from the cities, to woo and love her in the wilderness. Hard by stood the "arm chair," offering a place of rude repose to the wanderer as he climbed toward the summit, and on the summit itself stood the "pulpit-rock," to which in a clear day the laugh and shout would return in a thousand merry echoes from the surrounding crags. But the most remarkable feature of the landscape was a dark cavern, the hollow of which had probably been opened from the solid rock by some convulsion of the earth. Its entrance from the water would admit a small boat. Of its downward course nothing is known. Its depths are hidden in the deep gloom of the waters. But upwards there is a rough winding passage through the mass of stone to the summit of the precipice, the only ascent at the place from the water to the brow of the hill. The entrance to the upper air is narrow, and so well concealed by scattered masses of granite, as to be unknown except to the people of the vicinity. Directly over the lower entrance, are traced some rude figures in red paint bearing some resemblance to the human form, and standing as if the guardians of the dark portal beneath, and they have there remained since the first discovery of the country, as fresh and vivid in their coloring, as when they first waked the curiosity of the white man. They are covered with the same veil of mystery as the other parts of the gloomy spot where they are standing. But romance ever ready to lend her light, when that of truth is obscured, has preserved the following tradition, which we heard in substance from the lips of our boatman.

"Many years ago, long before the whites had penetrated to this wilderness, the inhabitants of an Indian village in the vicinity were surprized by a party of hostile warriors. They had formed their encampment around the point which you see jutting out into the water, and proceeded silently to the abode of their

enemy. The forest resounded with the cries of Indian combat. The villagers fought with the energy of desperation, but were at length obliged to yield to superior numbers, and leave their wives, children and property, in the power of their enemies. Among the prisoners was an Indian girl, betrothed to a young warrior, who had signalized himself by his desperate valor in the defence. The enemy remained for a few days at the scene of their triumph, employed in hunting and fishing, preparatory to their return. On the eve of their departure, the moon had risen in a cloudless sky, and was gliding lake and woodland with her light. Every thing on earth was seemingly as peaceful as the heavens. The party, after having, as they thought, secured their prisoners, had lain down to rest ere the march of the morrow. A slight rustling suddenly aroused a warrior, and on looking up, the captive maiden was seen flying like a deer toward the precipices. The alarm was given, and the pursuit instantly commenced. The distance between the pursuers and the fugitive was small, when suddenly she appeared to vanish through the solid rock. A few moments of breathless amazement succeeded, when the plash of oars was heard from the water. The brow of the rock was thronged with the dark forms of the savages, gazing into the abyss. Suddenly a canoe, containing two figures, shot from the cave. The whistling of a few unsuccessful arrow shots, and a shout of triumph from the lake, disturbed for a while the tranquility of nature, and the wilderness again sunk into the stillness of midnight.

In after times the young warrior and his bride returned to the scene of their nocturnal adventure, and painted these figures in commemoration of it. Time has not impaired their work, or their memory, and to this day the spot retains the name of the "Lovers Cave."

#### THE EVE OF BATTLE.

SHIPS were stationed to watch and report the enemy's motions. From various quarters information came that they were quite close; but on the 13th of February, Captain Foote, in the *Niger* frigate, joined, to announce that he had kept sight of them for three days; and on the same day, the *Minerva* frigate, Captain Cockburn, bearing Commodore Nelson's broad pendant from the Mediterranean, and the *Lively* frigate, Captain Lord Garlies, with Sir Gilbert Elliot and suite, from Corsica, joined; and from those officers, also, Sir John Jervis received corresponding information. Commodore Nelson immediately shifted his broad pendant into the Captain, and the signal was made to keep close order and to prepare for battle. Lord Garlies, with Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Captain Hallowell (a passenger in the *Victory*) were among Sir John's guests at that day's dinner, which was not a late one; and at breaking up a toast was drunk, "Victory over the Dons in the battle from which they cannot escape to-morrow!" It is believed that Sir John Jervis did not go to bed that night, but sat up writing; it is certain that he executed his will. In the course of the first and middle watch the enemy's signal guns were distinctly heard; and, as he noticed them sounding more and more audible, Sir John made more earnest and particular inquiries as to the compact order and situation of his own ships, as well as they could be made out in the darkness. Long before

the break of day he walked the deck in more than even his usual stern silence.

When the gray of the morning of the 14th enabled him to discern his fleet, his first observations were high approbation of the captains for "their admirable close order, and that he wished they were now well up with the enemy, for," added his confidence in his force, and thoughtfulness for a desponding country, "victory is very essential to England at this moment." The morning was very foggy: as the mist cleared in the distance, the Lively and then the Niger signaled "a strange fleet." The Bonne Citoyenne was ordered to reconnoitre; but very soon afterward the Culloden's signal guns announced the enemy. At twenty minutes after nine the signal was made to the Culloden, Blenheim, Prince George, and shortly afterward to the Irresistible, Orion and Colossus to chase. The Commander-in-Chief still walked the quarter-deck; and as the hostile numbers were counted, they were duly reported to him by the Captain of the fleet.

"There are eight sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty-seven sail, Sir John!" and this was accompanied by some remark on the great disparity of the two forces.

"Enough! sir—no more of that; the die is cast; and if there are fifty sail, I will go through them," was to this, in sharp tones, the silencing answer, which so delighted Captain Hallowell, walking beside the Commander-in-Chief, that, in the ecstasy of the moment, he could not help patting his admiral's back, exclaiming:

"That's right, Sir John—that's right; by — we shall give them a d—d good licking."—*Memoirs of Earl St. Vincent.*

#### THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

A STEAMBOAT leaves Stockholm every week, and touches at Gefle, Hudiksvall, Hernösand, Umeå, and other points on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, as well as Wassa on the eastern, on its way to Torneå, at the head of the gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice, (the 23d of June, or St. John's day,) when, from a neighboring mountain, they can have their faith confirmed in the Corpenican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the north-west, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches midnight, its lowest point when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course toward the north-east, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches its zenith in the south. Even to one who is in Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened, about that time, about four years ago to be going up to the Promotion at Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter

at midnight with ease, even while passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure moments by sitting at the window of the house where we stayed, on the English quay in St. Petersburg, a city north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight, during that period, scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions at this period of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon, even when full, hardly, formed a shadow. At that season, there is something unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, and all nature falls into stillness and repose while it is yet light; and if you have been unaccustomed to such a state of things, you seem as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm or St. Petersburg, Hernösand or Torneå, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen anywhere, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel with his gray coat and musket.

#### CAPTAIN HALE AND MAJOR ANDRE.

THE tragical death of Captain Hale is one of the most patriotic, yet melancholy episodes in the history of the revolution. But a few of our readers are probably acquainted with the story, and a brief recital may not be inappropriate, recording as it does one of the most brilliant acts of self-sacrifice and devotion ever recorded in the annals of any country.

Nathan Hale was a native of the town of Coventry in Connecticut. He graduated from Yale College in the class of 1773, with the highest honors, and was remarkable for quiet and studious habits and his gentlemanly demeanor. Immediately after the Battle of Bunker's Hill, he abandoned his intentions of entering into the ministry, and received a commission as lieutenant in one of the Connecticut regiments, commanded by Major Thomas Knowlton. He was in the detachment commanded by that gallant officer when he destroyed the barracks of the British troops on one of the islands in Boston harbor; and after the evacuation of that city, accompanied the regiment to New York, and was for a time stationed on Bergen heights, to keep the Jersey in check. At the battle of Long Island this regiment acted nobly—Knowlton was raised to the rank of Colonel, and Hale was commissioned a Captain. The regiment was taken into the line of the army as a corps of light infantry of rangers.

After the retreat from Long Island, General Washington was anxious to ascertain the situation and intentions of Sir William Howe, and requested Colonel Knowlton to ascertain if any officer of his regiment was willing to cross to the enemy's camp as a spy. Colonel Knowlton called his officers together, and related the request of the commander-in-chief. Captain Hale at once volunteered his services to undertake the dangerous enterprise.

He crossed to Long Island in disguise, was in the British camp for two or three days, and after fulfilling his mission, was about to return, when he was recognized by a refugee and carried before Sir William Howe. On being questioned, he acknowledged he was an of-

ficer in the service of his country, and proclaimed his object in entering the British camp.

A court marshal was instantly ordered, and Captain Hale was tried and condemned to suffer death the next morning as a rebel and spy. He received the notice of his execution with the serenity of a christian and a patriot, and asked that he might be allowed a bible and pen and paper the evening previous to his death. He wrote several letters to his parents and sisters, and the morning light ushered to his ear the drum-beat that told his last moments were nigh.

He was taken in charge of the provost guard to an orchard, where a rope had been affixed to a tree, and was hung up like a common felon, amid the taunts and jeers of a licentious soldiery, while the last sentence he was heard to utter, was, "I regret that I have but one life to lay down for my country!" Noble death, and glorious expressions! Now mark the contrast. The bones of John Andre, Adjutant General of the British army, Arnold's victim, who was hung at Tappan, were dug up and carried three thousand miles across the sea by order of the Government of Great Britain, and they now rest amid the ashes of England's glorious dead, in Westminster Abbey, surmounted by a monument that tells in gorgeous marble his career and his death.

But where lies the remains of the chivalrous Hale? The place of his sepulchre is unknown. No marble column tells his story to his countrymen—the gallant soldier, the devoted patriot, the noble Christian, rests almost forgotten and unknown.

### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

#### CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

This number completes the second volume and the first year of *The Rover*. The first number of the third volume will appear at the usual time next week, and with *new attractions*, that cannot fail to add to its interest and to extend its circulation. We make no great pretensions, and no great promises for the future; we rather choose to *let our works praise us*. We keep quietly and industriously at work, endeavoring to give our readers the best magazine we can possibly make for the price. The result thus far has been satisfactory to ourselves, and we trust satisfactory to our readers; for had it not been satisfactory to *them* it could not have been so to *us*.

If ever a periodical rose into existence and grew up to support itself simply by its own merits, the *Rover* is the one. It was commenced without a single subscriber, without experience, and without any extra influence or aid from the press or any other quarter. And yet in six months it reached a point to support itself, and a little more, and has maintained that point through a hard winter, doing a wholesale cash business, and the weekly receipts being constantly without exception above the weekly expenses. And now it is ready to enter on the second year of its existence greatly improved in its appearance, and with very favorable prospects.

**TERMS OF THE ROVER.**—Three dollars a year, payable in advance, two copies for five dollars, or five copies for ten dollars. Single number six cents.

Any person at a distance, wishing to receive the work for a less term than a year, can have it forwarded four

months for one dollar, or eight months for two dollars, by sending the money to the publishers free of postage. Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters inclosing subscription money.

Dealers or agents, wishing to receive the work to sell again, will be supplied with any quantities by the publishers, at the wholesale price.

**BACK NUMBERS.**—A few full sets of the *Rover* may still be obtained of the publishers, from the commencement of the work, in weekly numbers, monthly parts, quarterly parts, or in bound volumes. It is believed that so good a collection of tales, sketches, poetry, and engravings cannot be found in any other work at any thing like the price for which these are sold.

### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

J. WINCHESTER, New World Press, 30 Ann street, has published, *Hans of Iceland*, or the *Demon of the North*, a Romance by Victor Hugo, translated from the French.

Also, *The life and adventures of Jack of the Mill*, commonly called *Lord Othmill*, created for his eminent services, Baron Waldeck and Knight of Kitcottie. A *Freside Story*, by William Howitt.

Also, *The Crock of Gold*, a rural novel by Martin Farquhar Tupper. The three works form the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth numbers of the New World Library of Fiction.

J. C. RICKER, 129 Fulton street, has the handsomest assortment of *Albums* to be found in the city, together with a choice variety of standard books in rich bindings.

### SONG.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

Mary, when the rosy morn  
Sheds her smile o'er mead and mountain,  
When her dew-drops deck the lawn,  
And her breath plays o'er the fountain,  
Earth an Eden seems to be,  
And only waits a smile from thee.

Mary, at the lovely hour,  
When nature's gems with beauty glisten,  
Let thy song rejoice the bower;  
While leaves and flowers fondly listen,  
And the birds on boughs above  
Warble forth the lay of love.

Mary, when the pale moon's light  
On the silent scene is sleeping  
And the beauteous stars of night  
Through their azure veil are peeping,  
Like the first pair to Eden given,  
We'll chant our evening hymn to Heaven.

**THAMES TUNNEL.**—A printer, formerly employed in the office of the New York Journal of Commerce, writes thus from London, under date of January 2d: "We passed through the Thames Tunnel, and it certainly is a great curiosity. There is a printing press in it, on which a small paper is printed. I told the man who had charge of it that I would purchase one, provided he would let me print it. He did so, and I pulled off two sheets."



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